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OLD AND NEW LONDON:

A NARRATIVE OF

ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings from the most Authentic Sources.

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CHAPTER I.

FISHMONGERS' HALL AND FISH STREET HILL.

The First Fishmongers' Hall—William Walworth—The Wealth and Power of the Old Fishmongers—Their Quarrels—Their Records—The present Hall—Walworth's Dagger—Walworth's Pall—Fish Street Hill—The Churchyard of St. Leonard's—Goldsmith and Monument Yard.

WHERE Fishmongers' Hall, that handsome Anglo-Greek building at the west side of the foot of London Bridge, still stands this rich semi-marine Company have had a stronghold ever since the reign of Edward III. It was in this convenient spot, also, that that most warlike and eminent of Fishmongers, Sir William Walworth, himself resided during the reign of Richard II., the monarch whose crown he saved by a single blow of his prompt sword.

Mr. Herbert, who took great pains about this question, says that there were originally five tenements on the site of Fishmongers' Hall. The frontage towards Thames Street was 120 feet, and the depth to the river about 200 feet. The plot of ground stood in Upper Thames Street, between the Water Gate and Old Swan Lane, and lay in three parishes. It was parted into six great slips by five stairs to the Thames, as seen in "The Exact Survey of the Ruins of London after the Fire of 1666." The stairs were—Water Gate (originally called Oyster Hill, and afterwards the Gully Hole), the site of the old water works, Churchyard Alley, Fleur de Luce Alley,

Black Raven Alley, and Ebgate (Old Swan Lane), and after the Fire, Wheatsheaf Alley.

Henry III., in order to increase his queen's customs at Queenhithe (Thames Street), prohibited any fish being landed from fishing-vessels except at that port. This led to a great London fish-market being established in Old Fish Street (near Doctors' Commons), and Knightrider Street soon became famous, as Stow tells us, for fish dinners. The stalls soon grew into houses, and this is why St. Nicholas Coleabbey contained the tombs of so many celebrated Fishmongers.

Edward I., finding the old restrictions work badly, restored the Fishmongers to their ancient liberty, and in the next reign they removed to Bridge Street, thenceforward called New Fish Street. Here the Fishmongers could correspond with Billingsgate, and their other colonies at Fish Wharf, Oyster Gate, and Eastcheap. "The topping men," says Stow, "lived in Bridge Street." The Stock Market was also an early fish-market; in 1545 there were 25 fishmongers there, and only 18 butchers. After the change of market all the great Fishmonger mayors and aldermen were buried at St. Magnus' and St. Botolph's, while the Stock Fishmongers took a fancy to the cool vaults of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

Herrings, says Herbert, are mentioned soon after the Conquest, and in the 31st of Edward III. they had become fish of such importance, that a special Act of Parliament was passed relating to them. Whales accidentally stranded on our inhospitable coasts in that reign were instantly salted down and sent to the king for his consumption. As for porpoises, they were favourites with English cooks till after Elizabeth's reign.

Edward I. seems to have been a fish-loving king, for he fixed a tariff of prices. The edict limits the best soles to 3d. a dozen; the best turbot to 6d.; the best mackerel, in Lent, to 1d. each; the best pickled herrings to twenty the penny; fresh oysters to 2d. per gallon; a quarter of a hundred of the best eels to 2d.; and other fish in proportion. "Congers, lampreys, and sea-hogs" are enumerated.

The same King Edward, the born plague of fishmongers and Scotchmen, forbade all partnerships with foreign fishmongers, and all storing fish in cellars to retail afterwards at exorbitant rates. No fishmonger was to buy before the king's purveyors, and no fish (unless salted) was to be kept in London beyond the second day. The City had limited the profit of the London fishmonger to a penny in the shilling; moreover, no one was to sell fish except in the open market-place, and no one was permitted to water fish more than twice, under pain of fines and the market-place stocks.

In the reign of Edward II. all the London fishmongers had their stalls in Bridge Street, a market of a later date than Billingsgate and Old Fish Street. In the reign of Richard II. the Stock Fishmongers formed a new company, and had a hall of their own to the east of the Fishmongers'. The two companies united in the reign of Henry VI., and held their meetings at Lord Fairhope's house in Thames Street. The restless Stock Fishmongers again seceded in the reign of Henry VII.; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the two companies were again finally fused together, and on this occasion Lord Fairhope's hall saw cups of wine drained to the happy union.

The great tenant of Fishmongers' Hall in the reign of Edward III. was John Lovekyn, who was several times Lord Mayor of London. At the death of Lovekyn's wife the celebrated William Walworth lived there, and carried on his honest but unheroic business of stock fishmonger, a great trade in Catholic times, when fish was in demand for frequent fast-days. To Walworth succeeded William Askham, one of his apprentices, and twice Mayor of London. The building is then spoken of as having a wharf, a loft, and a tower which Walworth had built.

The Fishmongers must have been wealthy in the reign of Edward III., when they contributed £40 towards the expenses of the French wars—only one pound less than the Mercers, the grandest Company; and two years later they again contributed the same sum. In the 50th Edward III. the Fishmongers ranked the fourth Company, as at present, and returned six members to the common council, the greatest number any guild sent.

In spite of Walworth's "swashing blow" and loyal service, the reign of Richard II. proved a vexatious one to the Fishmongers. John de Northampton, Mayor in 1380, obtained an Act of Parliament to entirely throw open the trade, and compelled the Fishmongers to admit that their occupation was no craft, and unworthy to be reckoned among the mysteries. He also went further, for in the year 1382 Parliament, indignant at the frauds of Billingsgate, enacted that in future no Fishmonger should be admitted Mayor of London. This prohibition was removed next year, when the Fishmongers pleaded their own cause in Parliament. During this discussion the Fishmongers prayed for the king's protection from "corporal hurt," and pleaded malice in their accusers. Upon which John Moore, a Mercer, angrily charged Walter Sybell, a spokesman of the Fishmongers,

with having let the rebels of Kent and Essex, Wat Tyler's followers, into the City. This same Walter, a violent and rash man, was, by-the-bye, afterwards fined 500 marks for slandering Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Even in 1383 the anti-Fishmonger agitation still continued, for we find John Cavendish, a Fishmonger, challenging the Chancellor for taking a bribe of £10 in the fore-named case. The Chancellor freed himself by oath on the Sacrament, and John Cavendish, being found guilty, was



THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON BRIDGE. *From Hollar's View.* (*See page* 4.)

sentenced to pay the Chancellor 1,000 marks, and was also sent to prison.

Herbert says that the Fishmongers were amongst the earliest of the metropolitan guilds. They were one of those amerced in the reign of Henry II.; and we have seen that charters were granted to them not only by Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II., but by Edward I. They were fined 500 marks as a guild, in the 18th of the latter prince, for forestalling, contrary to the laws and constitutions of the City, and it was soon afterwards found necessary to make fresh regulations for them, which are to be found in the "Liber Horn." These, amongst other things, ordain "that no fishmonger shall buy fish beyond the bounds appointed—namely, the chapel on London Bridge, Baynard's Castle, and Jordan's Key." This was to prevent their going and meeting the boats before their arrival at London. "No fish were to be brought in any boat without first being landed at the chapel on the bridge; fresh fish was only to be sold after mass, and salt fish after prime." Eight years later—viz., in 1298—the Company displayed their great wealth by meeting the brave king, Edward I., on his return from Scotland, with very splendid retinue and costly trappings. We have already (Vol. I., p. 305) noticed a great affray which took place between the Fishmongers and the Skinners, in the midst of Cheapside, in 1340, which ended in the apprehension and execution, by the mayor, of several of the ringleaders. These quarrels were common amongst the great companies in early times; and in the above, and most other instances, arose from disputed claims about precedency, which were uniformly settled by the Court of Aldermen. Stow's allusion to the ancient amity between the Fishmongers and Goldsmiths, which he charges the former with ignorance for not knowing, but which he himself has not explained, was the consequence of one of these decisions,

which were always accompanied by orders for them to alternately take precedence, dine together, exchange livery hoods, and other methods calculated to make them friends, as will be shown to have been the case in both instances. The Fishmongers and Goldsmiths have no commemoration of this amity at present; but the Skinners (who were similarly reconciled after the above affray, of which a notice will also be seen in the account of that Company), when members of their courts dine with each other, drink as toasts the "Merchant Taylors and Skinners," and "Skinners and Merchant Taylors."

When Alderman Wood, as prime warden of the Company, was examined before the Commissioners of Municipal Inquiry, he stated that till the year 1830 only eight liverymen were made a year, but that year (for election purposes) 400 liverymen had been elected, on signing a declaration foregoing all rights to dine in hall. The fee for coming on the livery was then £25, the purchase-money of the freedom £105; and for translation from another Company double that sum.

The Fishmongers' books do not extend far enough back to give any account of their ancient livery. For many years the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers, as proof of amity, exchanged each others' liveries.

Every year, on the festival of their patron saint, St. Peter, all the brethren and "sustern" of the fraternity went in their new livery to St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, and there heard a solemn mass in the worship of God and St. Peter, and offered at offering-time whatever their devotion prompted them. They kept three priests to celebrate obits, which was one more than is mentioned in any other Company. The ancient custom of electing wardens is still retained by this Company. A sort of cap, fronted with a metal plate, is placed successively on the head of each new warden.

The second Fishmongers' Hall, though usually ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren, was built by a Mr. Jerman, who was also the architect of Drapers' Hall and the second Royal Exchange. Old Fishmongers' Hall was a stately structure, particularly the front towards the river, of which it commanded a very fine view. The Thames Street front was a mere cluster of houses; the entrance, however, was pleasing. It was ornamented with sculptured pilasters, sustaining an open pediment, which had the Company's arms carved in bold relief. The buildings environed a square court, handsomely paved. The dining-hall formed the south side of the court, and was a spacious and lofty apartment, having, besides the usual accompaniment of a screen of Grecian architecture, a capacious gallery running round the whole interior, and a statue of Sir William Walworth, said by Walpole to have been carved by an artist named Pierce. The rooms for business lay on the west side of the court, and those for courts and withdrawing at entertainments on the east, which were ornamented with many rich decorations, and paintings of a great variety of fish, not easy to be described.

In Hollar's large four-sheet view of London, 1647, we perceive two courtyards, evidently formed by running a dining-hall, or refectory—high-roofed and turreted, like that of Westminster—across the original quadrangle. This view also affords a good representation of the Thames front, which appears of an irregular form and unornamental, but to have been at one time regular and handsome. It consists of two wings and a receding centre, the latter having a balcony at the first floor, double rows of windows, a lofty octagonal tower or staircase rising above the roof, and crowned with a sort of cupola; there was also a large arched doorway leading to a small terrace on the Thames, similar to the present house. The wings were evidently, when perfect, uniform square towers, harmonising with the centre; but only the western one here remains in its original state, the eastern one being modernised and roofed like a common house.

In De Hogenberg's earlier plan of London, Fishmongers' Hall appears as a square pile of masonry, with embattled parapets, towers at the angles, a central gateway, and steps leading from the river to one of the side towers.

In no worse spot in all London could the Great Fire have broken out than Pudding Lane. It found there stores of oil, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, cordage, hops, wines, brandies, and wharves for coal and timber. Fishmongers' Hall was the first great building consumed when, as Dryden says, in two splendid lines,

> "A key of fire ran all along the shore,
> And frightened all the river with a blaze."

The building on the river-side was reduced to a shell. Even the hall itself, which was at the back, with a high roof and turret, was entirely destroyed, as well as two sets of stairs, and the houses round the Old Swan and Black Raven Alley. After the Fire, the building committee met at Bethlehem Hospital. Sir William Davenant (Shakespeare's supposed son), describing this part of London before the Great Fire, says: "Here a palace, there a wood-yard; here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwelt a lord, there a dyer; and between both duomo commune." A strange, picturesque

spot, half Dutch, half Venetian, this part of the river-side must have been before the Great Fire.

The present Fishmongers' Hall, at the north-west foot of London Bridge (says Timbs), was rebuilt by Roberts in 1830–33, and is the third of the Company's halls nearly on this site. It is raised upon a lofty basement cased with granite, and contains fire-proof warehouses, which yield a large rental. The river front has a balustraded terrace, and a Grecian-Ionic hexastyle and pediment. The east or entrance front is enriched by pilasters and columns, and the arms of the Company and crest. The entrance-hall is separated from the great staircase by a screen of polished Aberdeen granite columns; and at the head of the stairs is Pierce's statue of Sir William Walworth a Fishmonger, who carries a dagger. In his hand was formerly a real dagger, said to be the identical weapon with which he stabbed Wat Tyler; though, in 1731, a publican of Islington pretended to possess the actual poniard. Beneath the statue is this inscription :—

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The dagger to the City armes,
In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381."

A common but erroneous belief was thus propagated; for the dagger was in the City arms long before the time of Sir William Walworth, and was intended to represent the sword of St. Paul, the patron saint of the Corporation. The reputed dagger of Walworth, which has lost its guard, is preserved by the Company. The workmanship is no doubt that of Walworth's period. The weapon now in the hand of the statue (which is somewhat picturesque, and within recollection was coloured *en costume*) is modern.

Amongst celebrated Fishmongers and their friends we must mention Isaac Pennington, the turbulent Lord Mayor of the Civil War under Charles I.; and Dogget, the comedian and Whig, who bequeathed a sum of money for the purchase of a "coat and badge," to be rowed for every 1st of August from the "Swan" at London Bridge to the "Swan" at Battersea, in remembrance of George I.'s accession to the throne.

In Fishmongers' Hall there is an original drawing of a portion of the pageant exhibited by the Fishmongers' Company on the 29th of October, 1616, on the occasion of Sir John Leman, a member of the Company, entering on the office of Lord Mayor of the City of London, and the following portraits: William III. and queen, by Murray; George II. and queen, by Schakleton; Dukes of Kent and Sussex, by Beechey; Earl St. Vincent (the admiral), by Beechey; Queen Victoria, by Herbert Smith; the Margrave of Anspach and Margravine, by G. Rowney; the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley, by Wells.

"The Fishmongers," says Herbert, "have no wardens' accounts or minutes of an earlier date than 1592, their more ancient ones having been either destroyed in the Fire of London or otherwise lost. The title-deeds of their various estates commence as far back as 9 Edward III., and are finely preserved, as are also their Book of Ordinances and some other ancient documents relating to the Company. The minutes remaining—or, as they are termed in this Company, 'court ledgers'—consist of eight folio volumes, separately dated."

The Fishmongers' greatest curiosity is their pall, commonly although erroneously described as "Walworth's pall;" it is in three pieces, like the famous pall of the Merchant Taylors, and exactly resembles in shape one belonging to the Saddlers'—namely, that of a cross. It consists of a centre slip, about 12 feet long and 2½ feet wide, and two shorter sides, each 8 feet 11 inches long by 1 foot 4 inches wide, and when laid over a corpse must have totally enveloped the coffin, but without corner falls, like our modern palls. In the style of ornament, workmanship, and materials, this is one of the most superb works of its kind of ancient art, and in this country, as a relic of the old Catholic faith, has probably no parallel. The pattern of the central part is a sprig, or running flower, which is composed of gold network, bordered with red, and the whole of which reposes on a smooth, solid ground of cloth of gold. The end pieces and side borders to this middle slip are worked in different pictures and representations. The end pieces consist of a very rich and massy wrought picture, in gold and silk, of the patron, St. Peter, *in pontificalibus*. He is seated on a superb throne, his head crowned with the sacred tiara. One hand holds the keys; the other is in the position of giving the benediction. On each side of the saint is a kneeling angel, censing him with one hand, and holding a sort of golden vase with the other. Each of these end pieces is perfectly similar; and the materials, which are beautifully worked, are of gold and silk. The angels' wings, according to the old custom in such representations, are composed of peacocks' feathers, in all their natural vivid colours. The outer robes are gold, raised with crimson; their under-vests white, shaded with sky-blue. The faces are finely worked in satin, after nature; and they have long yellow hair. St. Peter's vest, or under-robe, is crimson, raised with gold; the

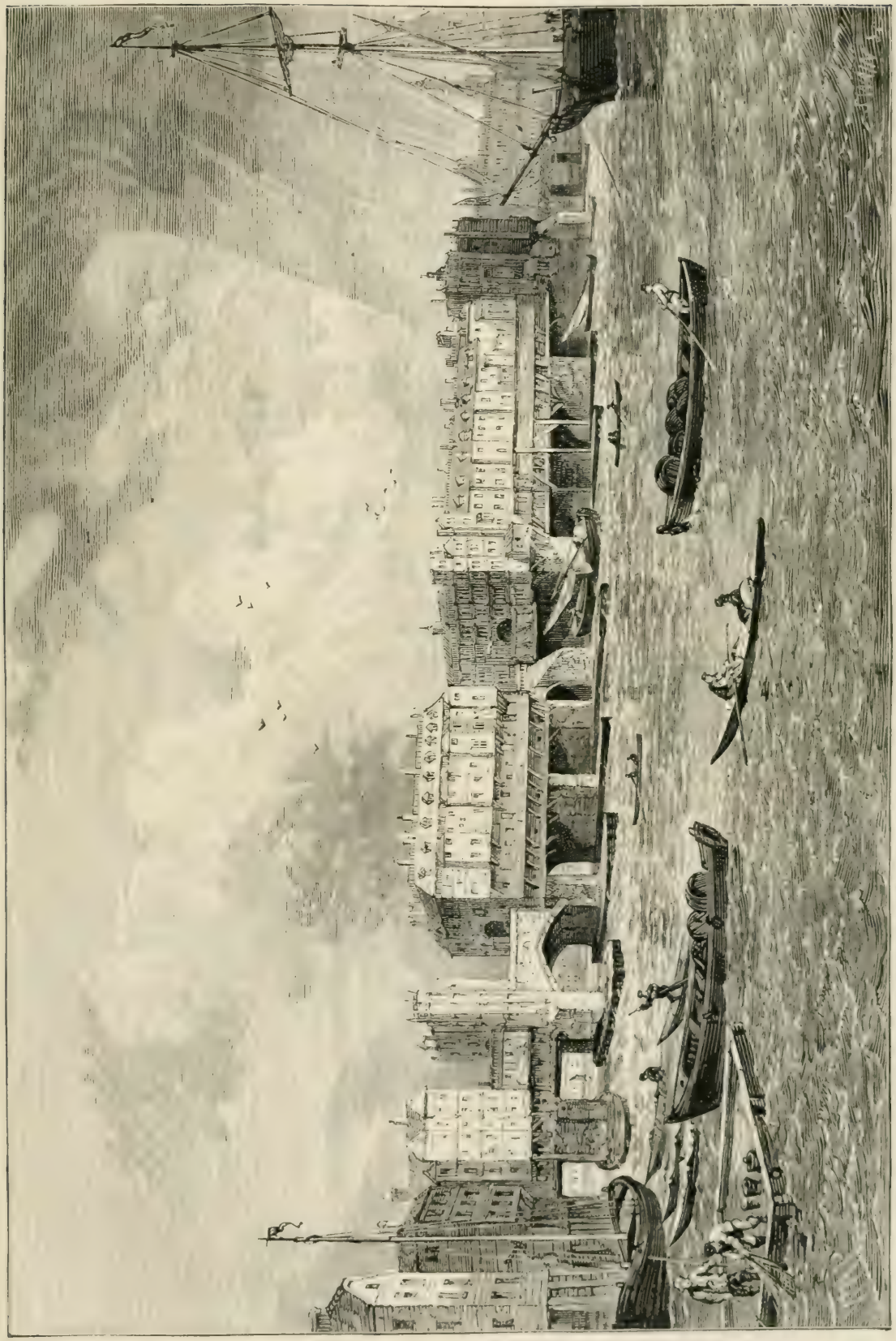
inside of the hanging sleeve of his outer robe, or coat, azure, powdered with gold stars. A golden nimbus, or rather glory, encircles his head; and in his lap is placed an open book, having the following inscription in old English black-letter on a silver ground: "Credo in Deum Patrem, Omnipotentem," at the one end piece; and at the other similarly, "Credo in Deum Patrem, omnium." The pictures of the side pieces are divided into three compartments. The centre is Christ delivering the Claves Regum Cœlo'm." Both figures stand in a beautiful arched recess, within Gothic-pinnacled buildings and ornaments. On each side of this middle picture (which is the same on both sides) the decorations are made up of the Fishmongers' arms, richly and properly emblazoned. The supporters (merman and mermaid) are worked in their natural colours. The merman wears gold armour. The mermaid's body is of white silk thread, beautifully worked; her long tresses of golden thread.



THE SECOND FISHMONGERS' HALL (*see page* 4).

keys to Peter, the latter of whom is kneeling, and habited as in the end pieces, but with only a glory encircling the head, and no crown (he not being crowned Prince of the Apostles). The Saviour is habited agreeably to the usual representations of him as regards costume. His robe is crimson, raised with gold; the inner vesture purple, and very rich. Around the head is a superb circular glory, jewelled and coronetted. He graciously stoops to deliver the two golden keys of heaven and hell with one hand; while with the other he poises the golden orb of sovereignty, surmounted with the cross. A label proceeding from the mouth has inscribed, in black-letter and on a silver ground, as before: "Tibi dabo A superb jewel hangs by a gold chain from her neck. Her mirror reflects a head like that of Christ or St. Peter. The entire pall has a fringe two inches deep of gold and purple silk threads, and is lined inside with black silk. The weight of the whole, owing to the quantity of gold and silver worked into it, is very considerable; and it is in the finest preservation.

The Saddlers' Company also still have a valuable pall, though not so costly. It is of crimson velvet. The centre is of yellow silk, forming an elegant sprig pattern. On one side of the pall there is embroidered in raised work of gold thread, in the old English character, the words, "In te Domine speravi;" and on the other side, worked in like



LONDON BRIDGE, 1756. *From an Old View, taken shortly before the Demolition of the Houses.*

manner, the words, "Ne me confunde in æternam." The head and foot of the pall have embroidered on them the arms of the Company, and four kneeling angels surrounding the letters I.H.S. encircled by a glory. The whole is bordered with a broad gold fringe.

"A curious relic of the old shows," says Mr. Herbert, "is kept by the Fishmongers. It is the original drawing for the mayoralty procession of their member, Sir John Leman, in 1616, and which, from containing allusions in it to the story of Walworth and Wat Tyler, has been called, in the most modern accounts of London, 'The Procession of Sir William Walworth in 1380.' The representation occupies a roll of strong paper several feet in length, filled with characters and objects six or seven inches high, well drawn, and all properly coloured, emblazoned, and gilt. The pageants have inscriptions over them in the handwriting of the time, from which we learn that it was the custom to suspend them from the roof of the hall when done with, for future solemnities. Several of the Companies still possess remains of their old shows, in particular the Grocers. The scenes were painted like those of the theatres, in distemper, and the animals, or 'beasts which drew the pageants,' were fabricated so like what are used there, that there seems little doubt that the latter specimens, at least, were the work of theatrical artists. Those who had no pageants (which were confined to the twelve) have many of them other articles which were used in their processions. We saw in the old pageant-chamber at Brewers' Hall the fittings-up of their state barge, with various other relics; and in a corner of the room stood silk banners and streamers, covered with dust and dropping from their staves—a melancholy memento of former splendour."

Fish Street Hill was formerly called New Fish Street. The Black Prince once lived there, according to Stow. "Above Crooked Lane end, upon Fish Street Hill," he says, "is one great house, for the most part built of stone, which pertained some time to Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III., who was in his lifetime lodged there. It is now altered to a common hostelry, having the 'Black Bell' for a sign." Here, too, was the scene of Jack Cade's utmost fury, when he let slip the dogs of war, and, according to Shakespeare, shouted out his cruel commands of "Up Fish Street! Down St. Magnus' corner! Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!"

The churchyard of St. Leonard marks the site of a church of no interest destroyed by the Great Fire. Many of the Doggets were buried there. In Ben Jonson's time King's Head Court, near the Monument, was a tavern, celebrated for its wine, and much resorted to by roysterers. He mentions it in that wretched play of his paralytic old age, *The Magnetic Lady;* and "Fish Street dinners" are especially noted as luxurious things in one of the Roxburghe ballads.

Any spot in London that can be connected with the name of Goldsmith becomes at once ennobled. It was in Monument Yard that the poor poet, on his return from his foreign tour, served as shopman to a chemist. "He went among the London apothecaries," says Mr. Forster, "and asked them to let him spread plaisters for them, pound in their mortars, run with their medicines; but they asked him for a character, and he had none to give. 'His threadbare coat,' says the 'Percy Memoir,' 'his uncouth figure, and Hibernian dialect, caused him to meet with repeated refusals.' At last a chemist of the name of Jacob took compassion upon him; and the late Conversation Sharp used to point out a shop at the corner of Monument Yard, on Fish Street Hill, shown to him in his youth as this benevolent Mr. Jacob's." Of his struggles at this time Goldsmith himself tells us, in his "Vicar of Wakefield." "Upon my arrival in town, sir," he says, in his delightful novel, "my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to receive civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the smallpox?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.'"

It was from his rough training here that Goldsmith was afterwards enabled to start as a humble physician, taking care to hide the holes in the front of his coat with his hat when he paid his visits.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON BRIDGE.

"Old Moll"—Legend of John Overy—The Old Wooden Bridge—The First Stone Bridge—Insults to Queen Eleanor—The Head of Wallace—Tournament on London Bridge—Welcome to Richard II.—Murderers' Heads—Return of Henry V.—The Post Lydgate—Funeral of Henry V.—Brawls on London Bridge—Accident to a Ducal Barge—Lollards' Heads on the Bridge—Entry of Henry VI.—Fall of the End Tower—Margaret of Anjou—Jack Cade and his Ruffianly Crew—Falconbridge—Other Heads on the Bridge—Bishop Fisher—Sir Thomas More—Wyatt's Rebellion—Restoration in Elizabeth's Reign—Fire on the Bridge—Removal of the Houses—Temporary Wooden Bridge—Smeaton's Repairs—Rennie's New Bridge—Laying the First Stone—Celebrated Dwellers on the Old Bridge—The Force of Habit—Jewish Tradition about London Bridge—Average Number of Passengers over the Bridge.

THERE are few spots in London where, within a very limited and strictly-defined space, so many historical events have happened, as on Old London Bridge. It was a battle-field and a place of religious worship, a resort of traders and a show-place for traitors' heads. Its Nonsuch House was one of the sights of London in the reign of Elizabeth; and the passage between its arches was one of the exploits of venturous youth, down to the very time of its removal. Though never beautiful or stately, London Bridge was one of those sights that visitors to the metropolis never forgot.

There is no certain record of when the first London Bridge was built. It is true that Dion Cassius, writing nearly two hundred years after the invasion of Britain by Claudius, speaks vaguely of a bridge across the Thames in the reign of that emperor; but it is more probable that no bridge really existed till the year 994, the year after the invasion of Olaf the Dane, in the reign of King Ethelred. It is at least certain that in the year 1008, in the reign of Ethelred II., the Unready, there was a bridge, for, according to Snorro Sturlesonius, an Icelandic historian, Olaf the Norwegian, an ally of Ethelred, attacking the Danes who had fortified themselves in Southwark, fastened his vessels to the piles of London Bridge, which the Danes held, and dragged down the whole structure. This Olaf, afterwards a martyr, is the patron saint from whom the church now standing at the south-east corner of London Bridge, derived its Christian name. Tooley Street below, a word corrupted from Saint Olave, also preserves the memory of the Norwegian king, eventually slain near Drontheim by Knut, King of Denmark.

Still, whenever the churchwardens and vestry of St. Mary Overie's, Bankside, meet over their cups, the first toast, says an antiquary who has written an exhaustive history of London Bridge, is to their church's patron saint, "Old Moll." This Old Moll was, according to Stow, Mary, the daughter of a ferryman at this part of the river, who left all her money to build a house of sisters, where the east part of St. Mary Overie's now stands. In time the nunnery became a house of priests, who erected the first wooden bridge over the Thames. There is still existing at the Church of St. Mary Overie's a skeleton effigy, which some declare to be that of Audery, the ferryman, father of the immortal Moll. The legend was that this John Overy, or Audery, was a rich and covetous man, penurious, and insanely fond of hoarding his hard-earned fees. He had a pious and beautiful daughter, who, though kept in seclusion by her father, was loved by a young gallant, who secretly wooed and won her. One day the old hunks, to save a day's food, resolved to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, vainly expecting that his servants, from common decency, would fast till his funeral. With his daughter's help he therefore laid himself out, wrapped in a sheet, with one taper burning at his feet, and another at his head. The lean, half-starved servants, however, instead of lamenting their master's decease, leaped up overjoyed, danced round the body, broke open the larder, and fell to feasting. The old ferryman bore all this as long as flesh and blood could bear it, but at last he scrambled up in his sheet, a candle in each hand, to scold and chase the rascals from the house; when one of the boldest of them, thinking it was the devil himself, snatched up the butt-end of a broken oar, and struck out his master's brains. On hearing of this unintentional homicide, the lover came posting up to London so fast that his horse stumbled, and the eager lover, alas! broke his neck. On this second misfortune, Mary Overy, shrouding her beauty in a cowl, retired into a cloister for life. The corpse of the old miser was refused Christian burial, he being deemed by the clergy a wicked and excommunicated man; the friars of Bermondsey Abbey, however, in the absence of their father abbot, were bribed to give the body "a little earth, for charity." The abbot on his return, enraged at the friars' cupidity, had the corpse dug up and thrown on the back of an ass, that was then turned out of the abbey gates. The patient beast carried the corpse up Kent Street, and shook it off under the gibbet near the small pond once called St. Thomas à Waterings, where it was roughly interred. The ferryman's effigy referred to

before is really, as Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," says most of such figures are, the work of the fifteenth century. Now the real Audery, if he lived at all, lived long before the Conquest, for the first wooden bridge was, it is thought, probably built to stop the Danish pirate-vessels.

The old wooden bridge was destroyed by a terrific flood and storm, mentioned in the "Chronicle of Florence of Worcester," which, in the year 1090, blew down six hundred London houses, and lifted the roof off Bow Church. In the second year of Stephen a fire, that swept away all the wooden houses of London from Aldgate to St. Paul's, destroyed the second wooden bridge.

The first stone London Bridge was begun in 1176, by Peter, a priest and chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, a building which, till the Great Fire made short work of it, stood in Conyhoop Lane, on the north side of the Poultry. There long existed a senseless tradition that pious Peter of the Poultry reared the arches of his bridge upon woolpacks; the fact, perhaps, being that Henry II. generously gave towards the building a new tax levied upon his subjects' wool. Peter's bridge, which occupied thirty-three years in its construction, boasted nineteen pointed stone arches, and was 926 feet long, and 40 feet wide. It included a wooden drawbridge, and the piers were raised upon platforms (called starlings) of strong elm piles, covered by thick planks bolted together, that impeded the passage of barges. On one of the piers was erected a two-storeyed chapel, forty feet high and sixty feet long, to St. Thomas à Becket. The lower chapel could be entered either from the chapel above or from the river, by a flight of stone stairs. The founder himself was buried under the chapel staircase. Peter's bridge was partly destroyed by a great fire in 1212, four years after it was finished, and while its stones were still sharp and white. There were even then houses upon it, and gate-towers; and many people crowding to help, or to see the sight, got wedged in between two fires by a shifting of the wind, and being unable to escape, some three thousand were either burnt or drowned.

King John, after this, granted certain tolls, levied on foreign merchants, towards the bridge repairs. Henry III., according to a patent-roll dated from Portsmouth, 1252, permitted certain monks, called the Brethren of London Bridge, with his especial sanction, to travel over England and collect alms. In this same reign (1263) the bridge became the scene of great scorn and insult, shown by the turbulent citizens to Henry's queen, Eleanor of Provence, who was opposed to the people's friends, the barons, who were still contending for the final settlement of Magna Charta. As the queen and her ladies, in their gilded barge, were on their way to Windsor, and preparing to shoot the dangerous bridge, the rabble above assailed her with shouts and reproaches, and casting heavy stones and mud into her boat, at her and her bright-clothed maidens, drove them back to the Tower, where the king was garrisoned. Towards the end of the same year, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, marched on London, the king and his forces occupied Southwark, and, to thwart the citizens, locked up the bridge-gates, and threw the ponderous keys into the Thames. But no locks can bar out Fate. The gates were broken open by a flood of citizens, the king was driven back, and Simon entered London. After the battle of Evesham, where the great earl fell, the king, perhaps remembering old grudges, took the half-ruinous bridge into his own hands and delivered it over to the queen, who sadly neglected it. There were great complaints of this neglect in the reign of Edward I., and again the Holy Brothers went forth to collect alms throughout the land. The king gave lands also for the support of the bridge—namely, near the Mansion House, Old Change, and Ivy Lane. He also appointed tolls—every man on foot, with merchandise, to pay one farthing; every horseman, one penny; every pack carried on horseback, one halfpenny. This same year (1281) four arches of London Bridge were carried away by the same thaw-flood that destroyed Rochester Bridge.

The reign of Edward I. was disgraced by the cruel revenge taken by the warlike monarch on William Wallace. In August, 1305, on Edward's return from the fourth invasion of Scotland, "this man of Belial," as Matthew of Westminster calls Wallace, was drawn on a sledge to Smithfield, there hanged, embowelled, beheaded, quartered, and his head set on a pole on London Bridge. An old ballad in the Harleian Collection, describing the execution of Simon Fraser, another Scotch guerilla leader, in the following year, concludes thus—

> "Many was the wives-chil' that looked on him that day,
> And said, Alas! that he was born, and so vilely forlorn,
> So fierce man as he was.
> Now stands the head above the town bridge,
> Fast by Wallace, sooth for to say."

The heads of these two Scotch patriots were, no doubt, placed side by side on the gate at the north or London end of the bridge.

The troublous reign of the young profligate, Richard II., brought more fighting to the bridge, for

Wat Tyler and his fierce Kentish and Surrey men then came chafing to the gates, which the Lord Mayor, William Walworth, had chained and barred, pulling up the drawbridge. Upon this the wild men shouted across to the wardens of the bridge to let it down, or they would destroy them all, and from sheer fear the wardens yielded. Through that savage crowd the Brethren of the Bridge, as Thomas of Walsingham says, came passing with processions and prayers for peace.

In 1390 fighting of a gayer and less bloodthirsty kind took place on the bridge. No dandy Eglinton tournament this, but a genuine grapple with spear, sword, and dagger. Sir David Lindsay, of Glenesk, who had married a daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, challenged to the joust Lord Wells, our ambassador in Scotland, a man described by Andrew of Wyntoun, a poetical Scotch chronicler, as being

> "Manful, stout, and of good pith,
> And high of heart he was therewith."

Sir David arrived from Scotland with twenty-nine attendants and thirty horses. The king presided at the tournament. The arms Lindsay bore on his shield, banner, and trappings were gules, a fesse chequé argent and azure; those of Wells, or, a lion rampant, double queué, sable. At the first shock the spears broke, and the crowd shouted that Lindsay was tied to his saddle. The earl at that leaped off his charger, vaulted back, and dashed on to the collision. At the third crash Wells fell heavily, as if dead. In the final grapple Lindsay, fastening his dagger into the armour of the English knight, lifted him from the ground and dashed him, finally vanquished, to the earth. According to Andrew of Wyntoun, the king called out from his "summer castle," "Good cousin Lindsay, do forth that thou should do this day," but the generous Scotchman threw himself on Wells and embraced him till he revived. Nor did he stop there; during Wells's sickness of three months Lindsay visited him in the gentlest manner, even like the most courteous companion, and did not omit one day. "For he had fought," says Boethius, "without anger, and but for glory." And to commemorate that glorious St. George's day, the Scotch knight founded a chantry at Dundee, with a gift of forty-eight marks (£32) yearly, for seven priests and divers virgins to sing anthems to the patron saint of England.

In 1392, when Richard II. returned to London, reconciled to the citizens, who had resented his reckless extravagance, London Bridge was the centre of splendid pageants. At the bridge-gate the citizens presented the handsome young scapegrace with a milk-white charger, caparisoned in cloth of gold and hung with silver bells, and gave the queen a white palfrey, caparisoned in white and red; while from every window hung cloths of gold and silver. The citizens ended by redeeming their forfeited charter by the outrageous payment of £10,000.

In 1396, when Richard had lost his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, and married the child-daughter of Charles VI. of France, the crowd was so great to welcome the young queen, that at London Bridge nine persons were crushed to death in the crowd. The reign of Richard II. was indeed a memorable one for London Bridge.

The year Richard II. was deposed, Henry of Lancaster laid rough hands on four knights who had three years before smothered the old Duke of Gloucester, by the king his nephew's commands. The murderers were dragged to Cheapside, and there had their hands lopped off at a fishmonger's stall. The heads were then spiked over the gate of London Bridge, and the bodies strung together on a gibbet. Nor did these heads long remain unaccompanied, for in 1407–8 Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was beheaded, while Lord Bardolf, one of his adherents who had joined in a northern insurrection, was quartered, and the earl's head and a flitch of unfortunate Bardolf were set up on London Bridge.

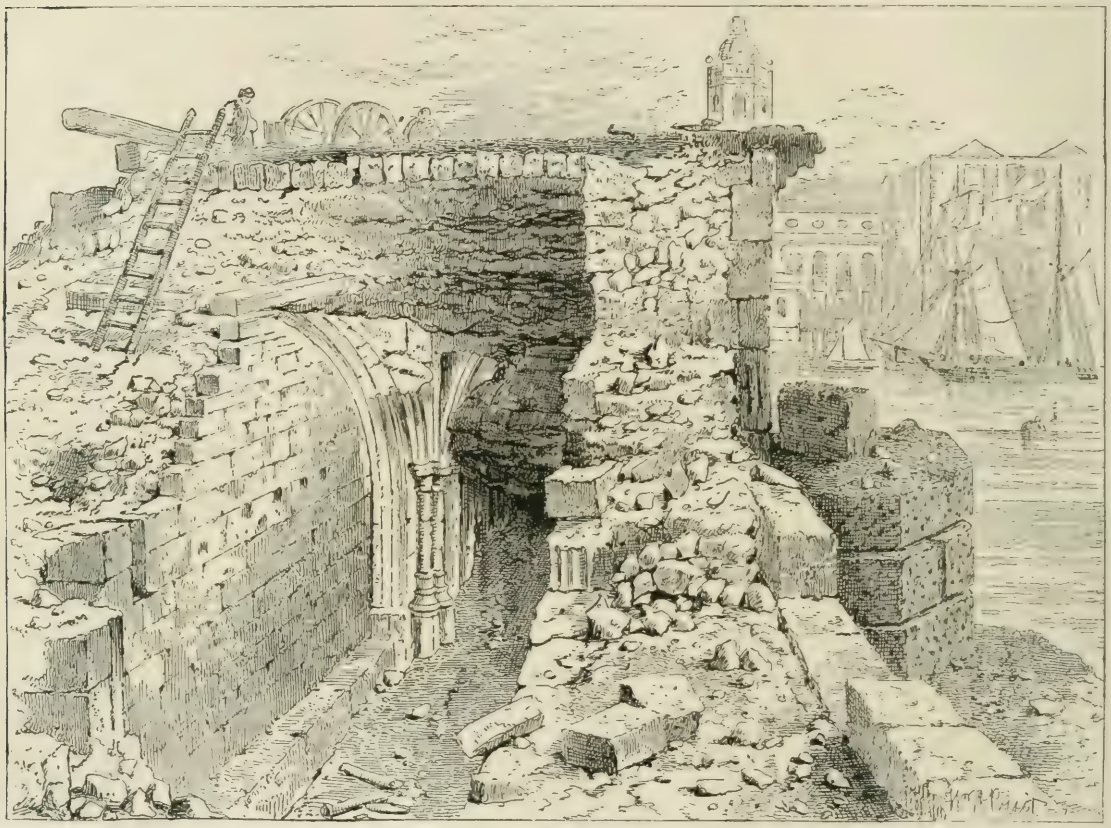
There was a great rejoicing on London Bridge when Henry V. returned with his long train of French captives from the red field of Agincourt, in November, 1415. The Mayor of London, with all the aldermen and crafts, in scarlet gowns and red and white hoods, welcomed him back to his capital; and on the gate-tower stood a male and a female giant, the former having the keys of the City hanging from a staff, while trumpeters with horns and clarions sounded welcome to the conqueror of the French. In front of the gate was written, "The King's City of Justice." On a column on one side was an antelope, with a shield of the royal arms hanging round his neck, and holding a sceptre, which he offered to the king, in his right foot. On the opposite column stood a lion rampant, with the king's banner in his dexter claw. At the foot of the bridge rose a painted tower, with an effigy of St. George in complete armour in the midst, under a tabernacle. The saint's head was crowned with laurel interwoven with gems, and behind him spread a tapestry emblazoned with escutcheons. The turrets, embossed with the royal arms, were plumed with banners. Across the tower ran two scrolls, with the mottoes, "To God only be honour and glory," and "The streams of the river make glad the city of God." In the house

adjoining stood bright-faced children singing welcome to the king, accompanied by the melody of organs. The hero of Agincourt rode conspicuous above all on a courser trapped with parti-colours, one-half blue velvet embroidered with antelopes (the arms of the De Bohun family) having large flowers springing between their horns. These trappings were afterwards utilised as copes for Westminster Abbey.

Lydgate, that Suffolk monk who succeeded Chaucer, in the bead-roll of English poets, wrote a poem on this day's celebrations. "Hail, London!" he makes the king exclaim at the first sight of the red roofs; "Christ you keep from every care." The last verse of the quaint poem runs thus:—

"And at the drawbridge that is fast by
Two towers there were up pight;
An antelope and a lion standing hym by,
Above them Saint George our lady's knight,
Beside him many an angel bright;
'Benedictus,' they gan sing,
'Qui venit in nomine Domini, Godde's knight.
Gracia Dei with you doth spring.'
Wot we right well that thus it was—
Gloria tibi Trinitas."

Seven years after this rejoicing day, the corpse of the young hero (only thirty-four) was borne over the bridge on its way from Vincennes to Westminster Abbey. On a bier covered with red silk and beaten gold lay a painted effigy of the king, robed and crowned, and holding sceptre, ball, and cross. Six richly-harnessed horses drew the chariot, the hangings blazoned with the arms of St. George, Normandy, King Arthur, St. Edward the Confessor, France, and France and England quarterly. A costly canopy was held over the royal bier; and ten bishops, in their pontificals, with mitred abbots, priests, and innumerable citizens, met the corpse and received it with due honour, the priests singing a dirge. Three hundred torch-bearers, habited in white, surrounded the bier. After them came 5,000 mounted men-at-arms, in black armour, holding their spears reversed; and nobles followed, bearing pennons, banners, and bannerolls; while twelve captains preceded, carrying the king's heraldic achievement. After the body came all the servants of the household, in black, James I. of Scotland as chief mourner, with the princes and lords of the



REMAINS OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. THOMAS, OLD LONDON BRIDGE (*page* 10). *From a View taken during its demolition.*

royal blood clad in sable; while at the distance of two miles followed Queen Katherine and her long train of ladies.

Readers of Shakespeare will remember, in the first part of *Henry VI.*, how he makes the serving-men of the Protector Gloucester wrangle with the retainers of Cardinal Beaufort, till tawny coat beats blue, and blue pommels tawny. Brawls like this took place twice on London Bridge, and the proud and ambitious cardinal on one occasion assembled a weaver of Abingdon, who had threatened to make priests' heads "as plentiful as sheep's heads," was spiked upon the battlements. The very next year the child-king, Henry VI., who had been crowned at Notre Dame in 1431, entered London over this bridge. Lydgate, like a true laureate, careless who or what the new king might be, nibbed his ready pen, and was at it again with ready verse. At the drawbridge there was a tower, he says, hung with silk and arras, from



LONDON BRIDGE. (*From a Print dated* 1796.)

his archers at his Bankside palace, and attempted to storm the bridge.

The dangers of "shooting" London Bridge were exemplified as early as 1428 (in the same reign—Henry VI.). "The barge of the Duke of Norfolk, starting from St. Mary Overie's, with many a gentleman, squire, and yeoman, about half-past four of the clock on a November afternoon, struck (through bad steering) on a starling of London Bridge, and sank." The duke and two or three other gentlemen fortunately leaped on the piles, and so were saved by ropes cast down from the parapet above; the rest perished.

Several Lollards' heads had already adorned the bridge; and in 1431 the skull of a rough reformer, which issued three empresses—Nature, Grace, and Fortune.

> "And at his coming, of excellent beauty,
> Benign of part, most womanly of cheer,
> There issued out empresses three,
> Their hair displayed, as Phœbus in his sphere,
> With crownets of gold and stones clear,
> At whose outcoming they gave such a light
> That the beholders were stonied in their sight."

With these empresses came fourteen maidens, all clad in white, who presented the king with gifts, and sang a roundel of welcome.

If Old London Bridge had a fault, it was, perhaps, its habit of occasionally partly falling down. This it did as early as 1437, when the great stone gate

and tower on the Southwark end, with two arches, subsided into the Thames.

There was another gala day for the bridge in 1445, when the proud and impetuous William de la Pole (afterwards Duke of Suffolk) brought over Margaret, daughter of René (that weak, poetical monarch, immortalised in "Anne of Geierstein"), as a bride for the young King of England, and the City welcomed her on their river threshold. The Duke of Gloucester, who had opposed the match, preceded her, with 500 men clad in his ducal livery, and with gilt badges on their arms ; and the mayor and aldermen rode on in scarlet, followed by the City companies in blue gowns and red hoods. Again Lydgate tuned his ready harp, and produced some certainly most unprophetic verses, in which he called the savage Margaret—

> "The dove that brought the branch of peace,
> Resembling your simpleness, Columbyne."

In 1450, and the very month after Margaret's favourite, De la Pole, had been seized in Dover Roads, and his head brutally chopped off on the side of a boat, the great insurrection under Jack Cade broke out in Kent. After routing a detachment of the royal troops at Sevenoaks, Cade marched towards London, and the commons of Essex mustering threateningly at Mile End, the City, after some debate, admitted Cade over London Bridge. As the rebel passed over the echoing drawbridge, he slashed in two the ropes that supported it. Three days after, the citizens, irritated at his robberies, barred up the bridge at night, and penned him close in his head-quarters at Southwark. The rebels then flew to arms, and tried to force a passage, eventually winning the drawbridge, and burning many of the houses which stood in close rows near it. Now the battle raged by St. Magnus's corner, now at the bridge-foot, Southwark side, and all the while the Tower guns thundered at the swarming, maddened men of Kent. At nine the next morning both sides, faint and weary, retired to their respective quarters. Soon afterwards Cade's army melted away ; Cade, himself a fugitive, was slain in a Kentish garden where he had hid himself; and his grim, defaced head was placed on the very bridge-gate on which he had himself but recently, in scorn and triumph, placed the ghastly head of Lord Say, the murdered Treasurer of England. Round Cade's head, when the king re-entered London, were placed the heads of nine of his captains.

At the entry of Edward IV. into London, in 1461, before his coronation, he passed over London Bridge, escorted by the mayor and his fellows, in scarlet, and 400 commoners, "well horsed and clad in green."

In 1471, when Henry was a prisoner in the Tower, the Bastard of Falconbridge, one of the deposed king's piratical partisans, made a dash to plunder London. While 3,000 of his men attacked Aldgate and Bishopsgate, the rest set fire to London Bridge, and burnt thirteen houses. But the citizens, led by Ralph Jocelyn, a brave Draper, made a gallant defence, drove off the filibusters, and chased them to Blackwall.

In 1481 another house on the bridge fell down, drowning five of its inhabitants.

The reign of Henry VII. brought more terrible trophies to London Bridge ; for in 1496 Flamock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a farrier of Bodmin, leaders of a great Cornish insurrection, contributed their heads to this decorative object. But Henry VII. was not half such a mower off of heads as that enormous Turk his son. Henry VIII., what with the wives he grew tired of, and what with the disbelievers in his ecclesiastical supremacy, kept the headsman's axe very fairly busy. First came the prior and several unfortunate Charter House monks, and then the good old Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher. The parboiled head of the good old man who would not bow the knee to Rimmon was kept, that Queen Anne Boleyn might enjoy the grateful sight. The face for a fortnight remained so ruddy and life-like, and such crowds collected to see the so-called miracle, that the king, in a rage, at last ordered the head to be thrown down into the river. The next month came the head of a far greater and wiser man, Sir Thomas More. This sacred relic More's daughter, Margaret Roper, bribed a man to remove, and drop into a boat in which she sat ; and the head was, long after, buried with her, under a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

In Queen Mary's reign there was again fighting on London Bridge. In the year 1554, when rash Sir Thomas Wyatt led his 4,000 Kentish men to London, to stop the impending Spanish marriage, the rebel found the drawbridge cut away, the gates of London Bridge barred, and guns planted ready to receive him. Wyatt and his men dug a trench at the bridge-foot, and laid two guns. The night before Wyatt retreated to Kingston, to cross the Thames there, seven of his arquebusiers fired at a boat from the Tower, and killed a waterman on board. The next morning, the Lieutenant of the Tower turning seven cannon on the steeples of St. Olave's and St. Mary Overie's, the people of Southwark begged Wyatt to withdraw, which he generously did.

In Elizabeth's reign the bridge was restored with great splendour. The City built a new gate and tower, three storeys high, at the Southwark end—a huge pile, full of square Tudor windows, with a covered way below. About the same time was also reared that wonder of London, Nonsuch House—a huge wooden pile, four storeys high, with cupolas and turrets at each corner, brought from Holland, and erected with wooden pegs instead of nails. It stood over the seventh and eighth arches, on the north side of the drawbridge. There were carved wooden galleries outside the long lines of transom-casements, and the panels between were richly carved and gilt. In the same reign, Peter Moris, a Dutchman, established water-works at the north end of London Bridge; and, long before this, corn-mills had been erected at the south end of the same overtaxed structure. The ghastly custom of displaying the heads of the victims of the scaffold continued for many years after, both here and at the Tower. In the next reign, after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, the head of Father Garnet (the account of whose execution in St. Paul's Churchyard we gave in a previous chapter) was added to the horrible collection on the bridge.

In 1632 forty-two houses on the north side of the bridge were destroyed by a fire, occasioned by a careless servant setting a tub of hot ashes under a staircase; and the Great Fire of 1666 laid low several houses on the same side of the bridge.

There are several old proverbs about London Bridge still extant. Two of these—"If London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better," and "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under"—point to the danger of the old passage past the starlings.

The old bridge had by the beginning of the eighteenth century become perilously ruinous. Pennant speaks of remembering the street as dark, narrow, and dangerous; the houses overhung the road in such a terrific manner as almost to shut out the daylight, and arches of timber crossed the street to keep the shaky old tenements from falling on each other. Indeed, Providence alone kept together the long-toppling, dilapidated structure, that was perilous above and dangerous below. "Nothing but use," says that agreeable and vivacious writer, Pennant, "could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamour of watermen, and the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." Though many booksellers and other tradesmen affected the great thoroughfare between Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, the bridge houses were, in the reign of George II., chiefly tenanted by pin and needle makers; and economical ladies were accustomed to drive there from the west end of the town to make cheap purchases.

Although the roadway had been widened in the reigns of James II. and William, the double lines of rickety houses were not removed till 1757–60 (George II.). During their removal three pots of Elizabethan money were dug up among the ruins.

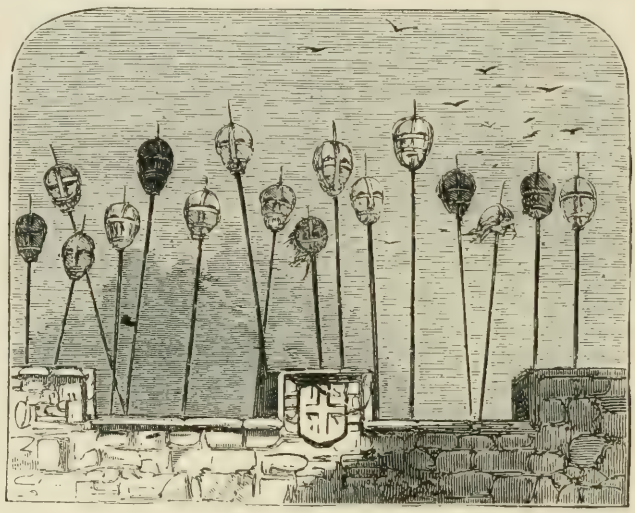
In 1758, a temporary wooden bridge, built over the Thames while repairs of the old bridge were going on, was destroyed by fire, it was supposed by some footman in passing dropping his link among the woodwork. Messrs. Taylor and Dance, the repairers, chopped the old bridge in two, and built a new centre arch; but the join became so insecure that few persons would venture over it. The celebrated Smeaton was called in, in 1761, and he advised the Corporation to buy back the stone of the old City gates, pulled down and sold the year before, to at once strengthen the shaky starlings. This was done, but proved a mere makeshift, and in 1768 the starlings again became loose, and an incessant wail of fresh complaints arose. The repairs were calculated at £2,500 yearly; and it was rather unfeelingly computed that fifty watermen, bargemen, or seamen, valued at £20,000, were annually drowned in passing the dangerous bridge. In 1823, the City, in sheer desperation, resolved on a new bridge, 100 feet westward of the old, and in 1824 Mr. Rennie began the work by removing 182 houses. The earlier bridges had been eastward, and facing St. Botolph's. During the excavations coins were discovered of Augustus, Vespasian, and later Roman emperors, besides many Nuremberg and tradesmen's tokens. There were also dredged up brass rings, buckles, iron keys, silver spoons, a gilt dagger, an iron spear-head, some carved stones, a bronze lamp, with a head of Bacchus, and a silver effigy of Harpocrates, the god of silence. This figure having attached to it a large gold ring, and a chain of pure gold, is supposed to have been a priest's amulet, to be worn at religious ceremonies. The bridge cost £506,000. The first stone was laid in June, 1825, by the Right Honourable John Garratt, Lord Mayor, the Duke of York being present.

Among the celebrated persons who have resided on London Bridge there may be mentioned, among the most eminent, Hans Holbein, the great painter of Henry VIII.'s court; Peter Monamy, the marine painter, apprenticed to a sign-painter on the bridge—he died in 1749; Jack Laguerre, the humorist, singer, player, and scene-painter, son of the Laguerre satirised by Pope; and Crispin Tucker,

a waggish bookseller and author, who was intimate with Pope and Swift, and who lived under the southern gate, in a rickety bow-windowed shop, where Hogarth, when young, and engraving for old John Bowles, of the Black Horse, Cornhill, had once resided. This Bowles was the generous man who used to buy Hogarth's plates by weight, and who once offered an artist, who was going abroad on a sketching tour, clean sheets of copper for all the engravings he chose to send over.

The second edition of that curious anecdotic old book, "Cocker's Dictionary," the compilation of the celebrated penman and arithmetician, whose name has grown into a proverb, was "printed for T. Norris, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge; C. Brown, at the Crown in Newgate Street; and A. Bettesworth, at the Red Lyon in Pater-noster-row. 1715."

One anecdote of the old bridge must not be forgotten. Mr. Baldwin, haberdasher, living in the house over the chapel, was ordered, when an old man of seventy-one, to go to Chislehurst for change of air. But the invalid found he could not sleep in the country for want of the accustomed sound of the roar and rush of the tide under the old ruinous arches. In 1798 the chapel was a paper warehouse. Within legal memory, says the *Morning Advertiser* of that date, "service has been performed there every Sabbath and saint's-day."



HEADS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

The English Jews still have a very curious tradition which associates London Bridge with the story of the expulsion from England of their persecuted forefathers in the reign of Edward I. Though few Jews have probably ever read Holinshed, the legend is there to be found, and runs thus:—"A sort of the richest of them," says Holinshed, "being shipped with their treasure in a mighty tall ship, which they had hired, when the same was under sail and got down the Thames, towards the mouth of the river, near Queenborough, the master-mariner bethought him of a wile, and caused his men to cast anchor, and so rode at the same, till the ship, by ebbing of the stream, remained on the dry sands. The master herewith enticed the Jews to walk out with him on land for recreation; and at length, when he understood the tide to be coming in, he got him back to the ship, whither he was drawn up by a cord.

"The Jews made not so much haste as he did, because they were not aware of the danger; but when they perceived how the matter stood, they cried to him for help; howbeit he told them that they ought to cry rather unto Moses, by whose conduct their fathers passed through the Red Sea, and therefore, if they would call to him for help, he was able enough to help them out of those raging floods, which now came in upon them. They cried, indeed, but no succour appeared, and so they were swallowed up in the water. The master returned with the ship, and told the king how he had used the matter, and had both thanks and reward, as some have written; but others affirm (and more truly, as should seem) that divers of those mariners, which dealt so wickedly against the Jews, were hanged for their wicked practice, and so received a just reward of their fraudulent and mischievous dealing."

That this story of Holinshed is true there seems little doubt, as the modern English Jews have preserved it by tradition, but with an altered locality. Mr. Margoliouth, an Anglo-Jewish writer, says:—"The spot in the river Thames, where many of the poor exiles were drowned by the perfidy of a master-mariner, is under the influence of ceaseless rage; and however calm and serene the river is elsewhere, that place is furiously boisterous. It is, moreover, affirmed that this relentless agitation is situated under London Bridge. There are, even at the present day, some old-fashioned Hebrew families who implicitly credit the outrageous fury of the Thames. A small boat is now and then observed by a Hebrew observer, filled with young and old credulous Jews, steering towards the supposed spot, in order to see and hear the noisy sympathy of the waters. There are many traditions on the subject."

An average day of four-and-twenty hours will

witness (it was computed some years ago) more than 168,000 persons passing across the bridge from either side—107,000 on foot, and 61,000 in vehicles. These vehicles, during the same average day of twenty-four hours, number 20,498, including fifty-four horses that are led or ridden.

Every day since then has increased the vast and tumultuous procession of human beings that momentarily pass in and out of London. In what congestion of all traffic this will end, or how soon that congestion will come to pass, it is quite impossible to say; while by what efforts of engineering genius London will eventually be rendered traversable, we are equally ignorant.

CHAPTER III.

UPPER THAMES STREET.

Noblemen's Mansions in Thames Street—Clarence's House—Queen's Pin Money—The old Legend of Queen Eleanor—The "Three Cranes" in the Vintry—Cromwell's Widow—Chaucer's Patron—Vintners' Hall—Old Wines—Wine Patentees—The Vintners' Swans—The Duke of Buckingham's House on College Hill—Dryden's Zimri—George Villiers—The Mercers' School, College Hill—St. Michael's Church—Cleveland the Poet.

AMONG the great mansions and noblemen's palaces that once abounded in this narrow river-side street, we must first of all touch at Cold Harbour, the residence of many great merchants and princes of old time. It is first mentioned, as Stow tells us, in the 13th of Edward II., when Sir John Abel, Knight, let it to Henry Stow, a draper. It was then called Cold Harbrough, in the parish of All Saints ad Fœnum (All Hallows in the Hay), so named from an adjoining hay-wharf. Bequeathed to the Bigots, it was sold by them, in the reign of Edward III., to the well-known London merchant, Sir John Poultney, Draper, four times Mayor of London, and was then called Poultney's Inn. Sir John gave or let it to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, for one rose at Midsummer, to be given to him and his heirs for all services. In 1397 Richard II. dined there, with his half-brother John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, who then lodged in Poultney's Inn, still accounted, as Stow says, "a right fair and stately house." The next year, Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, lodged in it. It still retained its old name in 1410, when Henry IV. granted the house to Prince Hal for the term of his life, starting the young reveller fairly by giving him a generous order on the collector of the customs for twenty casks and one pipe of red Gascony wine, free of duty. In 1472 the river-side mansion belonged to Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter. This duke was the unfortunate Lancastrian (great-grandson of John of Ghent) who, being severely wounded in the battle of Barnet, was conveyed by one of his faithful servants to the Sanctuary at Westminster. He remained in the custody of Edward IV., with the weekly dole of half a mark. The duke hoped to have obtained a pardon from the York party through the influence of his wife, Ann, who was the king's eldest sister. But flight and suffering had made both factions remorseless. This faithless wife obtaining a divorce, married Sir Thomas St. Leger; and not long after, the duke's dead body was found floating in the sea between Dover and Calais. He had either been murdered or drowned in trying to escape from England. Thus the Duke of Exeter's Inn suffered from the victory of Edward, as his neighbour's, the great Earl of Worcester, had paid the penalties of Henry's temporary restoration in 1470. Richard III., grateful to the Heralds for standing up for his strong-handed usurpation, gave Cold Harbour to the Heralds, who, however, were afterwards turned out by Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, whom Henry VIII. had forced out of Durham House in the Strand. In the reign of Edward VI., just before the death of that boy of promise, the ambitious Earl of Northumberland, wishing to win the chief nobles to his side, gave Cold Harbour to Francis, the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, and its name was then changed to Shrewsbury House (1553), six days before the young king's death. The next earl (guardian for fifteen years of Mary Queen of Scots) took the house down, and built in its place a number of small tenements, and it then became the haunt of poverty, as we see by the following extracts from old writers:—

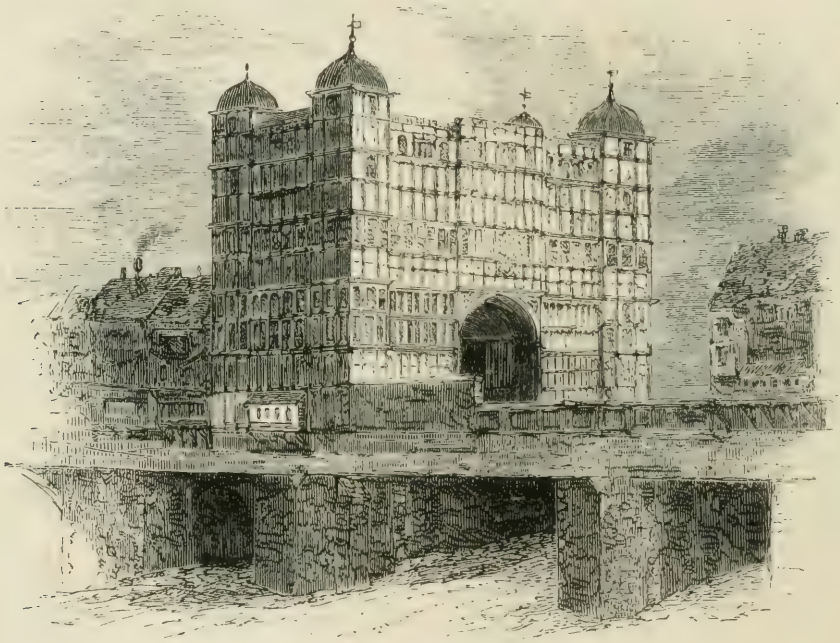
> "Or thence thy starvèd brother live and die,
> Within the Cold Coal-harbour sanctuary."
> *Bishop Hall's "Satires,"* b. v., s. 1.

"*Morose.* Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; . . . or it (knighthood) shall do worse—take sanctuary in Cole-Harbour, and fast."—*Ben Jonson, "The Silent Woman,"* act ii., sc. 1.

"*Old Harding.* And though the beggar's brat—his wife, I mean—
Should, for the want of lodging, sleep on stalls,
Or lodge in stocks or cages, would your charities
Take her to better harbour?

"*John.* Unless to Cold Harbour, where, of twenty chimneys standing, you shall scarce, in a whole winter, see two smoking. We harbour her? Bridewell shall first."—*Heywood and Rowley*, "*Fortune by Land and Sea*," 4to, 1655.

On the east side of Dowgate, near the church of St. Mary Bothaw, formerly stood a celebrated old house frequently mentioned by Stow and the old chroniclers, and called, we know not why, the Erber. Edward III. is known to have given it to one of the Scropes. The last Scrope, in the reign of Henry IV., gave it to his brother, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who married Joan, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. This earl was the son of John, Lord Neville of Raby, the knightly companion of Edward III., and who had shared with his chivalrous monarch the glory won in France. From the earl it descended to the king-making Earl of Warwick, that great warrior, who looms like a giant through the red battle-fields of the Wars of the Roses, who lodged his father, the Earl of Salisbury, and 500 men here in the congress of 1458, when there was a pretended reconciliation of the Houses of York and Lancaster, to be followed in two years by the battle of Northampton and the deposition of the weak king. The great earl himself lived in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street. After the death of this maker and unmaker of kings, the house passed to the "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who had fought on both sides, and, luckily for himself, at last on the victorious side. Clarence obtained, after the battle of Barnet, a grant of the house in right of his wife, Isabel, daughter of Warwick. After Clarence's murder in the Tower, his younger brother, Richard of Gloucester—the Crookback and monster usurper of Shakespeare—occupied the Thames Street house, repaired it, and called it "the King's Palace." Ralph Darnel, a yeoman of the Crown, kept the building for King Richard till that hot day at Bosworth Field rendered such matters indifferent to him; and Henry VII. then gave it back to Edward, son of the Duke of Clarence, who kept it till his attainder in 1500. It was rebuilt in 1584 by Sir Thomas Pullison (a Draper, ancestor of the Stanleys), Lord Mayor of London, and was afterwards honoured by being the residence of that great sea-king, Sir Francis Drake, who must have found it convenient for dropping down to Greenwich.



NONSUCH HOUSE. (*See page* 15.)

Mr. Jesse, in writing of the Neville family, dwells with much pathos on the fate of the family that once held the Erber. "When the granddaughter of John of Gaunt," he says, "sat in her domestic circle, watching complacently the childish sports and listening to the joyous laughter of her young progeny, how little could she have anticipated the strange fate which awaited them! Her husband perished on the bloody field of Wakefield; her first-born, afterwards Edward IV., followed in the ambitious footsteps of his father, and waded through bloodshed to a throne; her second son, Edmund,

Earl of Rutland, perished at the battle of Wakefield; her third son, 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,' died in the dungeons of the Tower; and her youngest son, Richard, succeeded to a throne and a bloody death. The career of her daughters was also remarkable. Ann, her eldest daughter, married Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, whose splendid fortunes and mysterious fate are so well known. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and lived to see



THE "THREE CRANES," THAMES STREET. (*See page* 20.)

her son, the second duke, decapitated on Tower Hill for his attachment to the House of York. Lastly, her third daughter, Margaret, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy. This lady's persevering hostility to Henry VII., and open support of the claims of Perkin Warbeck, believing him to be the last male heir of the House of Plantagenet, have rendered her name conspicuous in history."

Queenhithe—or Queenhive, as it was corruptly called by the Elizabethan dramatists—was originally, according to Stow, called "Edred's Hythe," or bank, from some Saxon owner of that part of Thames Street. It was royal property as early as the reign of King Stephen, who bestowed it upon William de Ypres, who left it to the convent of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate. King John is said to have given it to his mother, Eleanor, queen of Henry II. If two vessels came up the river together, one had to discharge at Billingsgate and one at Queenhithe; if three, two went to Queenhithe and one to Billingsgate. The tolls were, in fact, the Queen of England's pin-money. Vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports usually discharged their cargoes here. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, Fabian says the harbour dues at Queenhithe were worth only £15 a year. A century later (Stow's time) it was quite forsaken. In the curious old ballad quoted with such *naïveté* in Peele's chronicle-play of Edward I., Queen Eleanor (Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I.), having taken a false oath, sinks into the ground at Charing Cross and rises again at Queenhithe. The ballad-writer makes her say:—

"If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wished the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink.

"With that at Charing Cross she sunk
Into the ground alive,
And after rose to life again
In London at Queenhithe."

It was at Queenhithe that the rash Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, took boat after the affray in the City, when he was beginning to be hemmed in, and he rowed back from here to Essex House in the Strand, where he was soon after besieged. He might as well, poor fellow! have pulled straight to the Tower, and ordered the block to be got ready.

St. Nicholas Olave's stood on the west side of Bread Street Hill, in the ward of Queenhithe. That it is of great antiquity is evident by Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, having given the same to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's about the year 1172; and its name is supposed to be derived from Olave, or Olaus, King of Norway. The church sharing the common fate in the flames of 1666, was not rebuilt, and the parish was annexed to the church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. The following epitaph relating to Blitheman, organist of the Queen's Chapel, and buried in St. Nicholas, has been preserved :—

"Here Blitheman lies, a worthy wight,
Who feared God above;
A friend to all, a foe to none,
Whom rich and poore did love.
Of Prince's Chapel, gentleman,
Unto his dying day,
Whom all tooke great delight to heare
Him on the organs play;
Whose passing skill in musicke's art
A scholar left behind,
John Bull (by name), his master's veine
Expressing in each kind.
But nothing here continues long,
Nor resting-place can have:
His soul departed hence to heaven,
His body here in grave.

"He died on Whitsunday, Anno Domini 1591."

The "Three Cranes" was formerly a favourite London sign. Instead of the three cranes which in the Vintry used to lift the barrels of wine, three birds were represented. The "Three Cranes" in Thames Street was a famous tavern as early as the reign of James I. It was one of the taverns frequented by the wits in Ben Jonson's time. In one of his plays he says :—

"A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your 'Three Cranes,' 'Mitre,' and 'Mermaid' men! Not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all."—*Bartholomew Fair*, act i., sc. 1.

And in another of his plays we have :—

"*Iniquity.* Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the sluts and the roysters,
At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
From thence shoot the bridge, child, to the 'Cranes,' in the Vintry,
And see there the gimblets how they make their entry.'
Ben Jonson, "*The Devil is an Ass*," act i., sc. 1.

On the 23rd of January, 1661–2, Pepys suffered a bitter mortification of the flesh in having to dine at this tavern with some poor relations. The sufferings of the snobbish secretary must have been intense :—"By invitacion to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a *pitiful*, *old*, *ugly*, *ill-bred woman* in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, *sorry*, *mean people*; and after choosing our gloves we all went over to the 'Three Crane' Taverne, and (though the best room of the house), in such a narrow dogg-hole we were crammed (and I believe we were near forty), that it made me loath my company and victuals, and a sorry poor dinner it was too."

The *Mercurius Politicus* of May 14th, 1660, says: "Information was given to the Council of State that several of His Majesty's goods were kept at a fruiterer's warehouse near the 'Three Cranes,' in Thames Street, for the use of Mistress Elizabeth Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, sometime called Protector; and the Council ordered that persons be appointed to view them, and seventeen cart-loads of rich house stuff was taken from thence and brought to Whitehall, from whence they were stolen."

"New Queen Street," says Strype, "commonly called the 'Three Cranes,' in the Vintry, a good open street, especially that part next Cheapside, which is best built and inhabited. . . . At the low end of the street, next the Thames, is a pair of stairs, the usual place for the Lord Mayor and aldermen to take water at, to go to Westminster Hall, for the new Lord Mayor to be sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer. This place, with the 'Three Cranes,' is now of some account for the costermongers, where they have their warehouses for their fruit."

The church of St. Martin in the Vintry was sometimes, according to Stow, called by the name of St. Martin de Beremand. This church, destroyed in the Great Fire, was not rebuilt. A curious epitaph in it related to Robert Dalusse, barber in the reign of Edward IV. :—

"As flowers in the field thus passeth life,
Naked, then clothed, feeble in the end;
It sheweth by Robert Dalusse, and Alison, his wife,
Christ them save from power of the Fiend."

A little to the west of Vintner's Hall once stood a most celebrated house, in Lower Thames Street, the residence of that learned nobleman, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Lord High Treasurer of England (Edward IV.), but more distinguished to later generations as the generous patron of Caxton, our first great printer.

In the dedication of his "Cicero," Caxton says of the earl: "I mean the right virtuous and noble

earl, the Earl of Worcester, which late piteously lost his life, whose soul I recommend unto your special prayers; and also in his time made many other virtuous works, which I have heard of. O good blessed Lord God, what great loss was it of that noble, virtuous, and well-disposed lord! when I remember and advertise his life, his science, and his virtue, me thinketh God displeased over the great loss of such a man, considering his estate and cunning; and also the exercise of the same, with the great labours of going on pilgrimage unto Jerusalem; visiting there the holy places that our blessed Lord Jesu Christ hallowed with his blessed presence; and shedding there his precious blood for our redemption, and from thence ascended unto his Father in heaven; and what worship had he at Rome in the presence of our Holy Father the Pope. And so in all other places unto his death, at which death every man that was there might learn to die and take his death patiently, wherein I hope, and doubt not, but that God received his soul into his everlasting bliss."

"The Earl of Worcester, while he resided in Italy, was a great collector of books. 'The Earl of Worcester,' says Laurentius Carbo, 'captivated by the charms of the Muses, hath remained three years in Italy, and now resides at Padua, for the sake of study, and detained by the civilities of the Venetians, who, being exceedingly fond of books, hath plundered, if I may so speak, our Italian libraries to enrich England.' After his return home the earl made a present of books to the University Library of Oxford, which had cost him 500 marks —a great sum in those times," &c. But this prosperity was not of long duration. A new revolution took place. Edward IV. was obliged to abandon his kingdom with great precipitation to save his life. The Earl of Worcester was not so fortunate as to escape; but, after he had concealed himself a few days, he was discovered on a high tree in the forest of Waybrig, conducted to London, condemned at Westminster, and beheaded on Tower Hill, October 15, 1470. He was accused of cruelty in the government of Ireland; but his greatest crime, and that for which he suffered, was his steady loyalty to his rightful sovereign and generous benefactor, Edward IV. "The axe," says Fuller, in his usually pithy way, "then did, at one blow, cut off more learning than was in the heads of all the surviving nobility." While the earl resided at Padua, which was about three years, during the heat of the civil wars in England, he visited Rome, and delivered an oration before Pope Pius II. (Æneas Silvius) and his cardinals, which drew tears of joy from His Holiness, and made him say aloud, "Behold the only prince of our times who, for virtue and eloquence, may be compared to the most excellent emperors of Greece and Rome;" and yet so barbarous was the age, that this same learned man impaled forty Lancastrian prisoners at Southampton, put to death the infant children of the Irish chief Desmond, and acquired the nickname of "the Butcher of England."

Vintners' Hall—one of the most interesting buildings now existing in Thames Street, once so much inhabited by the rich and noble—stands on the river-side not far from Queenhithe.

According to worthy Stow, the Vintry, up till the 28th of Edward I., was the special spot where the Bordeaux merchants unloaded their lighters and sold their wines. Sir John Stodie, Vintner, gave the ground, in 1357 (Edward III.), to the Vintners, with all the neighbouring tenements, and there the Vintners built a fair hall, and thirteen almshouses for thirteen poor people.

The contentions between the citizens of London and the Gascon wine merchants, in the reign of Edward I., it has been remarked, would lead us to infer that the Vintners had long before that time acted as a fraternity, though not formally incorporated till the reign of Henry VI. Edward I. granted them Botolph Wharf, near Billingsgate, in the mayoralty of Henry de Valois, on their paying a silver penny annually at the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. Towards the French wars they contributed £23 6s. 8d., a greater sum than that given by the majority of the companies; and in 50 Edward III. they sent six members to the Common Council, which showed their wealth and importance.

The Saxons seem to have had vineyards. In the Norman times there was a vineyard in the Tower precincts. It is supposed this uncomfortable home-made wine was discarded when Gascony fell into our hands. Some writers who disbelieve in English wines declare that the Saxons used the English word "vineyard" for "orchard," and that wine was, after all, cider. Certain, however, it is that at Bath and other old towns there are old streets still called the Vineyard. The traffic in Bordeaux wines is said to have commenced about 1154, when Henry II. married Eleanor of Aquitaine.

"The Normans," says Herbert, "were the great carriers, and Guienne the place from whence most of our wines came." The wines enumerated are Muscadell, a rich wine; Malmsey, Rhenish; Dale wine, a sort of Rhenish; Stum, strong new wine; Gascony wine; Alicant, a Spanish wine, made of mulberries; Canary wine, or sweet sack (the grape of which was brought from the Canaries); Sherry,

the original sack, not sweet; Rumney, a sort of Spanish wine. Sack was a term loosely applied at first to all white wines. It was probably those species of wines that Fitzstephens, in the reign of Henry II., mentions to have been sold in the ships, and in wine-cellars near the public places of cookery on the Thames' bank.

There were four Vintner mayors in the reign of Edward III., and yet, says Stow, gravely, "Gascoyne wines were then sold at London not above 4d., nor Rhenish wine above 6d. the gallon." In this reign John Peeche, a fishmonger, was imprisoned and fined for having obtained a monopoly for the sale of sweet wines; and in the 6th of Henry VI., John Rainewell, Mayor of London, finding that the Lombard wine merchants adulterated their sweet wines, he, in his wrath, ordered 150 vessels to be staved in, "so that the liquor, running forth, passed through the cittie like a stream of rain-water in the sight of all the people, from whence there issued a most loathsome savour."

In 2 Henry VI. there was a petition to Parliament praying that the wine-casks from Gascony—tonnes, pipes and hogsheads—should be of full and true measure; and in 10 Henry VI. there was another petition against the adulteration of Gascon and Guienne wines, in which the writer says, "wines that formerly had been fine and fair were drinking for four or five lives."

The charter confirmed by Henry VI. forbids any but such as are enfranchised by the craft of Vintners to trade in wines from Gascony; and Gascoigners were forbidden to sell wine except in the tun or pipe. The right of search in taverns and the regulation of prices was given to four members of the Company, annually chosen. It also permitted merchant Vintners to buy cloth, and the merchants of Gascoigne to purchase dried fish in Cornwall and Devon, also herrings and cloth, in what other parts of the kingdom they please. All wines coming to London were to be unloaded above London Bridge, at the Vintry, so that the king's bottlers and gaugers might there take custom.

Charles I., always arbitrary and greedy, seems to have extorted 40s. a tun from the Vintners, and in return prohibited the wine coopers from exporting wines. Licences for retailing wine were at this time granted by the Vintners' Company for the king's benefit. He also forbade the sale of wines in bottles instead of measures.

The Vintners have six charters—Edward III., Henry VI. (two), Mary, Elizabeth, and their acting charter, 9 James I. The Vintners' arms, granted by Henry VI., are sable, a chevron cetu, three tuns argent, with a Bacchus and loving-cup for the crest.

Patents received their death-blow from the Parliament in 1641, when two patentees, Alderman Abell and Richard Kilvert, were severely fined for having obtained from Charles I. an exclusive patent for wine. The *Perfect Diurnall* of 5th February, 1641, thus notices the transaction:—"A bill was brought into the House of Commons concerning the wine business, by which it appeared that Alderman Abell and Mr. Kilvert had in their hands, which they deceived the King of, £57,000 upon the wine licence; the Vintners of London, £66,000; the wine merchants of Bristol, £1,051; all of which moneys were ordered to be immediately raised on their lands and estates, and to be employed to the public use."

A very scarce and satirical contemporaneous tract on the subject (says Herbert) gives, in a supposed dialogue between the two parties, a ludicrous exposure of this business of patent hunting. Abell and Kilvert, who in the tract are called "the two maine projectors for wine," accidentally meet, and the latter claiming acquaintance with the alderman, as one at whose house he had often been a guest, "when he kept the 'Ship' tavern behind Old Fish Street," Abell answers that he did indeed get a good estate there by retailing wines, but chiefly through finding hidden treasure in digging a vault near his cellar, or, as he terms it, "the cardinal's cellar," and without which, he adds, "I had never came to wear this gold chaine, with my thumbes under my girdle." Kilvert's proposal contains a fine piece of satire on the mode in which such patents were first obtained:—

"*Kilv.* Marry, thus: We must first pretend, both in the merchant and vintner, some gross abuses, and these no meane ones either. And that the merchant shall pay to the king forty shillings for every tun ere he shall vent it to the vintner; in lieu of which, that the vintner may be no looser, he shall rayse the price also of his wines—upon all French wines a penny in the quart, upon all Spanish wines two-pence the quart: it is no matter how the subject suffers, so we get and gaine by it. Now to cover this our craft (I will not say coinage), because all things of the like nature carry a pretence for the king's profit, so we will allow him a competent proportion of forty thousand pounds per annum; when, the power of the patent being punctually executed, will yield double at least, if not treble that sume, and returne it into the coffers of the undertakers.

"*Abell.* Mr. Kilvert, I honour thee before all the feasts in our hall. Nay, we are free Vintners and brothers of the guild, and are for the most part true Trojans, and know where to find the best butts of wine in the cellar, and will pierce them for thee; it shall be pure wine from the grape, not mixt and compounded, but real and brisk. You thinke there are no brewers but such as brew ale and beere; I tell you we do brew and cunger in our sellers, as much as any brewer of their ale. Yea, and without fire too; but so much for that. Methinkes I see myselfe in Cheapside, upon an horse richly caparisoned, and my two shrieves to attend me; and

methinkes thee in thy caroch, drawn by four horses, when I shall call to thee and say, 'Friend Kilvert, give me thy hand.'

"*Kilv.* To which I shall answer, 'God bless your honour, my good Lord Maior!'"

The song we annex occurs at the end of the only printed pageant of the Vintners, and was sung in the hall. No subsequent City pageant was ever publicly performed since; that written for 1708 was not exhibited, owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. For that pageant no songs were written, so that this is the *last* song of the *last* City poet at the *last* City pageant, and a better specimen than usual of his powers:—

"Come, come, let us drink the Vintners' good health;
'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;
If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,
The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.
Then, next to the Queen, let the Vintners' fame shine;
She gives us good laws, and they fill us good wine.

"Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,
To discover the mines of an Indian world,
To find beds of gold so far they could roam;
Fools! fools! when the wealth of the world lay at home.
The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew:
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

"Let misers in garrets lay up their gay store,
And keep their rich bags to live wretchedly poor;
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd:
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all around.
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,
But the Vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy."

Many of the documents of the Company kept at the first hall are supposed to have been lost in the Fire of London, which is said to be the reason why some of the almshouse and other donations cannot be satisfactorily accounted for.

The New View of London (1708) describes Vintners' Hall to be "situated on the south side of Thames Street, near Queen Street," and to be "well built of brick, and large and commodious. The room," it adds, "called the Hall is paved with marble, and the walls richly wainscoted with right wainscot, enriched with fruit leaves, &c., finely carved, as is more especially the noble screen at the east end, where the aperture into the Hall is adorned with columns, their entablature and pitched pediment; and on acrosters are placed the figures of Bacchus between several Fames, and these between two panthers; and there are other carved figures, as St. Martin, their patron, and the cripple, and pilasters; there are also other embellishments of several coats of arms, &c."

Two of the London Companies—the Dyers' and the Vintners' Companies—are, with the Crown, the principal owners of swans in the Thames. These two companies have long enjoyed the privilege of keeping swans on the river, from the Metropolis to a considerable distance above Windsor. "The swans in the Thames," says Mr. Kempe, "are much less numerous than they used to be. In August, 1841, the following number of old and young swans belonged to Her Majesty and the two civic companies:—

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
The Queen	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company	91	14	105
	355	82	437

At one period, however, the Vintners' Company alone possessed 500 birds.

"On the first Monday in August in every year, the swan-markers of the Crown and the two City companies go up the Thames for the purpose of inspecting and taking an account of the swans belonging to their respective employers, and marking the young birds. They proceed to the different parts of the river frequented by the swans for breeding, and other places where these birds are kept. They pay half-a-crown for each young bird to the fishermen who have made nests for the old birds, and two shillings per week to any person who during the winter has taken care of the swans by sheltering them in ponds, or otherwise protecting them from the severity of the weather. When, as it sometimes happens, the cob bird (male) of one owner mates with a pen bird (female) belonging to another, the brood are divided between the owners of the parent birds, the odd cygnet (except in Buckinghamshire) being allotted to the owner of the cob.

"The *marks* are made upon the upper mandible with a knife or other sharp instrument. The forms and devices greatly differ. Thus, the swan-mark of Eton College, which has the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames, is the armed point and feathered end of an arrow, and is represented by nail-heads on the door of one of the inner rooms of the college. The Dyers' and Vintners' marks date from the reign of Elizabeth, and anciently consisted of circles or amulets on the beak; but the cutting of these being considered to inflict more severe pain on the birds than straight lines, the rings are now omitted, and the lines are doubled. The two nicks are probably intended for two half-lozenges, or a demi-lozengsee on each side. The V is perhaps a chevron reversed, the arms of the Company being sable, a chevron between three tuns argent; for the true chevron could scarcely be cut on the beak of the bird without each lateral branch crossing its elongated and tender nostril; and this, from a

feeling of humanity, the marker would be disposed to avoid. That many of these swan-marks, besides being heraldic, have the adaptation of the initial letter of the word 'Vintner,' and form also the Roman numeral V, is supported by a custom at the feasts of the Vintners' Company, where one of the regular stand-up toasts of the day is, 'The Worshipful Company of Vintners with Five.' The royal swan-mark has been unchanged since the commencement of the reign of George III."

On College Hill, while intriguing with the City,



COLD HARBOUR. (*See page* 17.)

lived Dryden's "Zimri," the second Duke of Buckingham. In a pasquinade, preserved in the State Poems, entitled the "D. of B's. (Duke of Buckingham's) Litany," occur the following lines :—

"From damning whatever we don't understand,
From purchasing at *Dowgate* and selling in the Strand,
From calling streets by our name when we've sold the land,
Libera nos, Domine.

"From borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,
And then be un-chancellored against our will,
Nought left of a College but *College Hill*,
Libera nos," &c.

Nor would our readers ever pardon us if we omitted Dryden's immortal portrait of the mercurial duke :—

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel."

Lord Clarendon, in his life of himself, indeed, informs us that "the duke had many lodgings in several quarters of the City; and though his Majesty had frequent intelligence where he was, yet when the serjeant-at-arms, and others, employed for his apprehension, came where he was known to have

been but an hour before, he was gone from hence, or so concealed that he could not be found."

"Dryden's inimitable description," says Sir Walter Scott, who has himself nobly sketched the "Zimri" of the poet, "refers, as is well known, to the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the favourite of Charles I., who was murdered by



TOWER STREET WARD. (*From a Map made for Stowe's Survey.*)

famous administration called the Cabal, which first led Charles into unpopular and arbitrary measures, and laid the foundation for the troubles of his future reign. Buckingham changed sides about 1675, and becoming attached to the country party, made a most active figure in all proceedings which had relation to the Popish plot; intrigued deeply with Shaftesbury, and distinguished himself as a promoter of the Bill of Exclusion. Hence he stood an eminent mark for Dryden's satire, which, we may believe, was not the less poignant that the poet had sustained a personal affront, from being depicted by his grace under the character of Bayes in the *Rehearsal*. As Dryden owed the duke no favour, he has shown him none; yet, even here, the ridiculous rather than the infamous part of his character is touched upon; and the unprincipled libertine, who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while Felton. The Restoration put into the hands of the most lively, mercurial, ambitious, and licentious genius who ever lived, an estate of twenty thousand a year, to be squandered in every wild scheme which the lust of power, of pleasure, of licence, or of whim, could dictate to an unrestrained imagination. Being refused the situation of president of the North, he was suspected of having favoured the disaffected in that part of England, and was disgraced accordingly. But in 1666 he regained the favour of the king, and became a member of the

his adulterous countess held his horse in the disguise of a page, and who boasted of caressing her before he changed the bloody clothes in which he had murdered her husband, is not exposed to hatred, while the spendthrift and castle-builder are held up to contempt."

The death of this butterfly Pope has drawn with terrible force :—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies! alas, how changed from him!
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim;
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and a merry king;
No wit to flatter left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

It must, however, be allowed that the poet's shadows are too dark, for the duke died in the house of a respectable tenant in Yorkshire, from a fever caught out hunting.

The Mercers' School, College Hill, is one of the four ancient schools of London, of which number the Mercers' Company have the proud privilege of having given their generous patronage to two. It stood originally in the Old Jewry (west side), and formed part of a cemetery for strangers and a house of the Knights Hospitalers, founded during the reign of Henry II. by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles, who married Agnes, a sister of the so-called martyr Thomas à Becket. The school was held in a chapel of St. Thomas of Acon (Acre). It was classed among the four City schools which received the sanction of Parliament in 1447 (Henry VI.), when "four grave clergymen and parsons" of City parishes, seeing the gross ignorance prevalent in London since Henry V. had seized many of the alien priories and religious houses in England, and so reduced the number of schools, humbly petitioned that they might be allowed to play a part in the advancement of learning. These worthy men were at once allowed to set up schools of their own founding in their respective parishes —*i.e.*, Great Allhallows, St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Peter's, Cornhill, and St. Mary Colechurch (St. Thomas Acons). When Henry VIII. laid his eager hands on the Abbot of St. Nicholas' princely revenues, and sold the hospital to the Mercers' Company, he expressly stipulated that the school, chapel, and cemetery should be retained. After the Great Fire, in the Act for rebuilding the City (1676), it was expressly provided that there should be a plot of ground set apart on the west side of Old Jewry for Mercers' Chapel Grammar School. In 1787 the school was removed to No. 13, Budge Row, about thirty yards from Dowgate Hill. On the death of Mr. Waterhouse, the master, in 1804, the school was suspended for a time, and then removed to No. 20, Red Lion Court, Watling Street. There it remained till 1808, when it was removed to its present situation on College Hill. Up to 1804 it had been a free school with twenty-five scholars, the master being allowed to take private pupils. Greek and Latin were alone taught; but after 1804 English and the modern sciences were also introduced. The school reopened with a single scholar, but soon began to take root; and in 1805 the Company increased the number of scholars to thirty-five. There are two exhibitions of £70 each, founded by Mr. Thomas Rich, a master of the school, who died in 1672. The rules of 1804 require every boy to bring wax tapers for his use in winter. Mr. William Baxter, an eminent grammarian, who died in the year 1725, was master of this school for more than twenty years.

The list of eminent persons educated in the Mercers' School includes the wise and worthy Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus and founder of St. Paul's School; that great merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham; William Fulke, master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and a commentator on the Rheims Testament; John Young, Bishop of Rochester (died 1605); Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury (died 1641); Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer to James I.; and Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely (died 1667).

St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, College Hill, is mentioned as early as 1283, when Hugh de Derby was rector. It is interesting to us from having been rebuilt by the illustrious Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Here, on the north side of the church, he built almshouses (now the site of the Mercers' School), some years since removed to Highgate; and here, in great state, he was buried. Alas for human fame and human gratitude! no memorial of the good man now exists at St. Michael's—not even a half-worn-out stone—not even a thin, trodden, defaced brass. The great sculptured marble tomb is gone to dust; the banners have faded like the leaf. In the reign of Edward VI. one Mountain, an incumbent (may the earth lie heavy on him!), believing great riches of gold and jewels were buried with Whittington, dug him up, and, probably in his vexation, destroyed

the tomb. In the reign of Mary the parishioners reopened the grave, to re-wrap the dishonoured body in lead. It is now beyond desecration, nor could it be sifted from the obscurer earth. In the old epitaph, which is in excellent rhyming Latin, Whittington is quaintly termed "Richardus Albificans villam."

"Ut fragrans Nardus,
Fama fuit iste Richardus,
Albificans villam,
Qui juste rexerat illam.
* * * *
Pauperibus pater,
Et Major qui fuit urbis,
Martins hunc vicit,
En! Annos gens tibi dicit,
Finiit ipse dies,
Sis sibi Christe quies. Amen."

"This church," says Stow, "was made a College of St. Spirit and St. Mary by Richard Whittington, Mercer, four times maior, for a master, four fellows, Masters of Art, clerks, conducts, chorists, &c.; and an almshouse, called God's house or hospital, for thirteen poor men, one of them to be tutor, and to have 16d. a week, the other twelve each of them to have 14d. the week for ever, with other necessary provision; an hutch with three docks, a common seal, &c."

The original declaration of the executors begins thus: "The fervent desire and besy intention of a prudent, wyse, and devout man shal be to cast before and make seure the state and thende of the short liffe with dedys of mercy and pite; and, namely, to provide for such pouer persons which grevous penuere and cruel fortune have oppressed, and be not of power to get their lyving either by craft or by any other bodily labour; whereby that at the day of the last judgment he may take his part with them that shal be saved. This considering, the foresaid worthy and notable merchant, Richard Whyttington, the which while he lived had ryght liberal and large hands to the needy and poure people, charged streitly, in his deathbed, us his foresaid executors to ordeyne a house of almes, after his deth, for perpetual sustentacion of such poure people as is tofore rehersed; and thereupon fully he declared his wyll unto us."

The laws of the college required that "every tutour and poor folk every day first when they rise fro their bedds, kneeling upon their knees, say a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria, with special and herty commendacion-making of the foresaid Richard Whyttington and Alice, to God and our blessed lady Maidyn Mary; and other times of the day, when he may best and most commody have leisure thereto, for the staat of al the souls abovesaid, say two or three sauters of our Lady at the least—that is to say, threies seaven Ave Marias, with xv. Pater Nosters and three credes."

St. Michael's was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt under Wren's directions. The spire was erected in 1715. The parish of St. Martin Vintry is incorporated with that of St. Michael. In this church is Hilton's commendable picture of St. Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ, presented by the directors of the British Institution in 1820. There is some good carving in the oak altar-piece below the picture. The marble font was the gift of Abraham Jordan in 1700. The monument to Sir Samuel Pennant (an ancestor of the London historian), who died in the year of his mayoralty (1750), is worthy of record, as is that of Marmaduke Langdale, a descendant of that Lord Langdale who commanded the left wing of King Charles's army in the battle of Naseby. The lower storey of the steeple is formed by eight projecting Ionic columns, bearing an entablature and vases, and the effect, though fantastic, is not unpicturesque.

In St. Michael's lies buried that brave young Cavalier poet, John Cleveland, as clever and as unfortunate a bard as his contemporary, poor Lovelace. Expelled from a Cambridge fellowship as a malignant, Cleveland mounted his horse and drew sword for King Charles, for whom he wrote or fought till his life's end. He was thrown into prison by Cromwell, who let him out on his telling him that he was too poor to purchase his release. The poet then took up his abode in Gray's Inn, close to Butler, the author of "Hudibras," and there they established a nightly Cavalier club. Cleveland died young, and his friend, good Bishop Pearson, preached his funeral sermon. Of the poet's quick, overstrained fancy, and of his bitter satire against the Scotch, who had betrayed King Charles for money, we give two examples:—

UPON PHILLIS WALKING IN A MORNING BEFORE SUNRISE.

"The sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My Phillis broke from out her east,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees, like yeomen of the guard
(Serving her more for pomp than ward),
Ranked on each side, with loyal duty,
Weav'd branches to inclose her beauty.
* * * * *
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins, and the fan
Of whistling winds like organs played,
Until their voluntaries made
The wakened earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice.

The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads;
And he that for their colour seeks
May see it vaulting to her cheeks,
Where roses mix: no civil war
Divides her York and Lancaster."

Against the Scotch our poet discharges not merely bullets, but red-hot shot:—

"Come, keen iambicks, with your badgers' feet,
And bite like badgers till your teeth do meet:
Help ye tart satyrists to imp my rage
With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like witches: do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.
* * * * * * *
A land where one may pray with curst intent,
Oh, may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forc'd him wander, but confined him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
As if the devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live as rovers, and defy
This or that place—rags of geography.
They're citizens o' th' world, they're all in all—
Scotland's a nation epidemical.
* * * * * * *
A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose."

Some curious characteristic touches on Cromwell are to be found in Cleveland's prose satires, as for instance where he says: "But the diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an hosanna to Cromwel, one that hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his regiment: the muster-master uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew. This Cromwel is never so valorous as when he is making speeches for the association, which, nevertheless, he doth somewhat ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected Mahomet's pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey, too, by his bloody beak" (*i.e.*, poor Cromwell's red nose, the result of ague).

CHAPTER IV.

UPPER THAMES STREET (*continued*).

Merchant Taylors' School—Old Mulcaster—Anecdote of Bishop Andrewes—Celebrated Men educated at Merchant Taylors'—St. James's, Garlick Hythe—Wat Tyler's Master—The Steel Yard—Holbein's Pictures—Mr. Ruskin on Holbein—The Romans in Thames Street—Roman Walls—Thames Street Tributaries, North—St. Benet, Paul's Wharf—St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Fyefoot Lane—Paper Stainers' Hall—Pictures belonging to the Company—College Hill—Dowgate—The Skinners: their Origin and History—The Hall of the Skinners' Company—Parish Church of St. Laurence Poultney—Curious Epitaphs—Allhallows the Great—Swan Stairs—Dyers' Hall—Joiners' Hall—Calamy's Strange Adventure.

THE Merchant Taylors' School, so many years situated in Suffolk Lane, demands a special notice. The first intention of the Merchant Taylors' Company to found a grammar school, "for the better education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature," says Mr. Staunton, was manifested in the spring of 1561. About this period, a leading member of the fraternity, Mr. Richard Hills, generously offered the sum of £500 (equivalent to about £3,000 at the present day) towards the purchase of a part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the parish of St. Laurence Poulteney. The "Rose" was a spacious mansion, originally built by Sir John Pulteney, Knight, five times Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. Its fortunes had been various. After passing through the hands of several noble families—the Hollands, De la Poles, Staffords, and Courtenays—their tenancies in too many instances terminating by the tragical process of attainder, it was granted to the Ratcliffe or Sussex family, who obtained leave to part with it in a more business-like manner. Shakespeare has rendered the "Manor of the Rose," or "Pulteney's Inn," as it was sometimes called, a memorable spot to all time by his allusion to it in *King Henry VIII.* In the first act of that play, it will be remembered, Buckingham's surveyor appears before the court to impeach his master, and tells the king—

"Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke, being at the Rose, within the parish
St. Laurence Poulteney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey."

The name of the street, Suffolk Lane, from which it is entered, and of the parish, St. Laurence Poultney, or Pountney, in which it is situated, still recalls its former occupants. Ducksfoot Lane, in the vicinity, was the *Duke's Foot-lane*, or private pathway from his garden, which lay to the east of the mansion, towards the river; while the upper part of St. Laurence Pounteney Hill was, until the last few years, called "Green Lettuce Lane," a corruption of *Green-Lattice Lane*, so named from the lattice gate which opened into what is now named Cannon Street.

The Merchant Taylors' Company purchased, for a school, in 1561, part of Sussex House, including a gate-house, a long court, a winding stair leading to the leads over the chapel, two galleries at the south end of the court, and part of the chapel. The remainder of the mansion, and the site of the garden, which lay to the east of it, were acquired by the Company about 1860, for £20,000, in order to enlarge the school. In 1873 they expended the sum of £90,000 in purchasing a large portion of the Charterhouse, and thither the school will be moved. By the original statutes of 1561 it was ordained that the high master should be "a man in body whole, sober, discrete, honest, vertuous, and learned in good and cleane Latin literature, and also in Greeke, yf such may be gotten." He might be either wedded or single, or a priest that had no benefice. He must have three ushers. The number of scholars was limited to 250, "of all nations and countries indifferently." The children of Jews were afterwards ungenerously excluded. There was, lastly, to be every year an examination of the scholars.

The first head master was that famed old pedagogue, Richard Mulcaster, who wielded the ferule, and pretty sharply too, for many years. He was a Cumberland man, brought up at Eton, and renowned for his critical knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Oriental literature. A veritable old Tartar he seems to have been, according to Fuller, who says of him, that he was a severe disciplinarian, but beloved by his pupils when they came to the age of maturity, and reflected on the benefit they had derived from his care.

Mulcaster was great at Latin plays, and they were often acted at Hampton Court and elsewhere, before Queen Elizabeth. Many of his boys who went to St. John's, Oxford, became renowned as actors in Latin plays before Elizabeth and James. Mulcaster also wrote mythological verses, which were recited before long-suffering Queen Bess, and two educational treatises, dry but sound. The worthy old pedant had frequent quarrels with the Merchant Taylors, and eventually left them in 1586, and became upper master of St. Paul's School. To the Company, who would have detained him, he replied scornfully, "Fidelis servus est perpetuus asinus." He boldly resisted an attempt to tax teachers in 1581–2, was successful in preserving the immunities of the school granted after the Reformation, and died in 1610.

In 1566 the school made a tremendous stride. Sir Thomas White, a princely Merchant Taylor, founded St. John's College, Oxford, and munificently appropriated no less than forty-three fellowships in the college to the scholars of Merchant Taylors' School. Much quarrelling eventually took place between the Company and the President and Fellows of St. John's, who delayed, for inadequate reasons, the election of scholars, and declared that their funds were inadequate to support the expenses of coming to London every year to the St. Barnabas' Day examinations.

The school soon rising to eminence, several rich and benevolent citizens gave exhibitions to poor and struggling scholars, a very noble way of spending money. The most eminent of these were Walter Ffysshe, John Vernon, and Thomas Wheatenhole. The school was destroyed in the Great Fire, when only the books in the library were preserved; and ten years elapsed before the new building was completed. The new school, erected in 1675, consisted of a long school-room, supported on the east side by a number of stone pillars, forming a cloister (the only play-ground). The library was formerly the ducal chapel.

The list of eminent men educated at the Merchant Taylors' is a proud one. It boasts of William Juxon, Bishop of London, and, after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury, who faithfully attended Charles I. on the scaffold; William Dawes and John Gilbert, Archbishops of York; and Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh.

Among these bishops was that eminent scholar and divine, Bishop Andrewes, before whom even James I. dared not indulge in ribaldry. He defended King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings" against Cardinal Bellarmine, and in return obtained the see of Ely.

There is a pleasant story told of Andrewes while he was Bishop of Winchester. Waller the poet, going to see the king at dinner, overheard an extraordinary conversation between his Majesty and two prelates, Andrewes and Neale (Bishop of Durham), who were standing behind the royal chair. "My lords," asked the king, "cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it without all this formality in Parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the king turned and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied he, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king quickly rejoined, "No put-offs, my lord; answer me at once." "Then, sir," said he, "I think it quite lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it." Waller reports that the company were well pleased with the answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king.

The list of Merchant Taylor bishops also includes Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who, from his flowing white locks, called him the "Dove with silver wings;" Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, Sir Christopher's uncle, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, and was imprisoned in the Tower eighteen years, refusing to come out on Cromwell's offer; John Buckridge, also Bishop of Ely; Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester; and Peter Mews, Bishop of



THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, SUFFOLK LANE.

Winchester, who, expelled Oxford by the Puritans, entered the army, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders.

Of the other professions, Sir James Whitelocke, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the King's Bench; Bulstrode Whitelocke, his son, the author of the "Memorials of English Affairs, from the Beginning of the Reign of Charles II. to the Restoration," were Merchant Taylors' scholars. Whitelocke, the son, a but half-and-half Cromwellian, began life by supporting Hampden in his resistance to ship-money, and afterwards served Cromwell with more or less fidelity. At the Restoration Charles II. dismissed him to go into the country, and "take care of his wife and one-and-thirty children." Other pupils of the school were Thomas Lodge, the physician and dramatist, who wrote a novel, "Rosalynde," on which Shakespeare founded his *As You Like It;* James Shirley, the author of thirty-seven plays, who died of grief at being ruined by the Great Fire; Edmund Gayton; Sir Edwin Sandys, traveller, and author of "Europæ Speculum;" William Sherard, founder of the Oxford professorship of botany which bears his name; Peter le Neve, Norroy King-at-Arms, an eminent genealogist, and one of the earliest presidents of the Antiquarian Society; Samuel Harris, first professor of modern history at Cambridge; Daniel Neale, who wrote the "History of the Puritans;" Henry Woodward, the famous actor; John Byrom; James Townley, afterwards head master of the school; Robert, the first Lord Clive; John Latham, author of the "History of Birds;" Vicesimus Knox, who wrote the well-known book called "Knox's Essays;" Joshua Brookes, the most eminent anatomist of his time; Charles Mathews the elder, and his son, the present Charles James Mathews, the popular comedians; Charles Young, the favourite tragedian; Sir Henry Ellis, formerly librarian to the British Museum; Henry Cline, the



THE STEEL YARD AND NEIGHBOURHOOD IN 1540. (*From Van Wyngaerd's Plan, taken for Philip II. of Spain.*)

great surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital; Dixon Denham, the African traveller; Philip Bliss, editor of Wood's "Athenæ Oxon.;" John Gough Nichols, the antiquary; Sir Samuel Shepherd, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland (1828); Sir R. B. Comyn, Lord Chief Justice of Madras; Right Hon. Sir John Dodson, Judge of the Prerogative Court; Edward Bond, Chief Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum; Samuel Birch, Keeper of the Oriental and Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum; and the late Albert Smith.

St. James's, Garlick Hythe, was rebuilt by Richard Rothing, Sheriff, in 1326. Weever, that "Old Mortality" of his times, gives the epitaph of Richard Lions, a wine merchant and lapidary, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler's men, and buried here. According to Grafton the chronicler, Wat Tyler had been once servant to this merchant, who had beaten him, and this was the Kentish rebel's revenge. Stow says of this monument of Richard II.'s time—"Richard Lions, a famous merchant of wines and a lapidary, some time one of the sheriffs, beheaded in Cheap by Wat Tyler and other rebels, in the year 1381: his picture on his grave-stone, very fair and large, is with his hair rounded by his ears and curled, a little beard forked; a gown, girt to him down to his feet, of branched damask, wrought with the likeness of flowers; a large purse on his right side, hanging in a belt from his left shoulder; a plain hood about his neck, covering his shoulders, and hanging back behind him."

Destroyed in the Great Fire, this church was rebuilt by Wren at an expense of £5,357 12s. 10d. The coarse altar-piece of the Ascension was painted by A. Geddes, and given to the church in 1815 by the rector, the Rev. T. Burnet, brother of the eminent engraver. The organ was built by the celebrated Father Smith in 1697. On the dial, which projects from the face of the church, is a carved figure of St. James. In a vault beneath the church lies the corpse of a man in a singular state of preservation. Four or five mediæval lord mayors are buried in this church.

In the *Spectator* (No. 147) there is an interesting notice of St. James's, Garlick Hythe. Steele, speaking of the beautiful service of the Church of England, remarks—"Until Sunday was se'nnight, I never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. Being at St. James's Church, Garlick Hill, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." The rector of the parish at this period was the Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans, whose fine voice and impressive delivery are said to have been long remembered by his old parishioners.

The Steel Yard, on the river-side, near Cousin Lane (now Iron Wharf), was the old residence of the Hanse Town, German, and Flemish merchants, who obtained a settlement in London as early as 1250. Henry III., in 1259, at the request of his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, granted them very valuable privileges, renewed and confirmed by Edward I. The City also conceded them many privileges, on condition of their maintaining Bishopsgate in repair (they rebuilt it once), and sustaining a third of the charges in money and men to defend it when need was. In spite of English jealousy, the Steel Yard merchants flourished till the reign of Edward VI., when the Merchant Adventurers complained of them, and they were held, like all "other strangers," to have forfeited their liberties. In vain Hamburg and Lubeck sent ambassadors to intercede for their countrymen. Their monopoly was gone, but the Steel Yard men still throve, and continued to export English cloth. Elizabeth, however, was rougher with them, and finally expelled them the country in 1597–8.

"Their hall," says Stow, "is large, built of stone, with three arched gates towards the street, the middlemost whereof is far bigger than the others, and is seldom opened; the other two be secured up. The same is now called the old hall. The merchants of Almaine used to bring hither as well wheat, rye, and other grain, as cables, ropes, masts, pitch, tar, flax, hemp, linen cloth, wainscots, wax, steel, and other profitable merchandise."

In the Privy Council Register of the year 1597–8, Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered an entry appointing the Steel Yard as a house "for the better bestowing and safe custody of divers provisions of the navy (naval stores)."

"In the hall of this Company," says Pennant, "were the two famous pictures, painted in distemper by Holbein, representing the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. They were lost, being supposed to have been carried into Flanders, on the destruction of the Company, and from thence into France. I am to learn where they are at present, unless in the cabinet of M. Fleischman, at Hesse-Darmstadt. The celebrated Christian a Mechel, of Basil, has lately published two engravings of these

pictures, either from the originals, or the drawings of Zucchero, for 'Frid. Zucchero, 1574,' is at one corner of each print. Drawings of these pictures were found in England by Vertue, ascribed to Holbein, and the verses over them to Sir Thomas More. It appears that Zucchero copied them at the Steel Yard, so probably these copies, in process of time, might have fallen into the hands of M. Fleischman.

"In the triumph of Riches, Plutus is represented in a golden car, and Fortune sitting before him, flinging money into the laps of people holding up their garments to receive her favours. Ventidius is wrote under one, Gadareus under another, and Themistocles under a man kneeling beside the car; Crœsus, Midas, and Tantalus follow; Narcissus holds the horse of the first; over their heads, in the clouds, is Nemesis. There are various allegorical figures I shall not attempt to explain. By the side of the horses walk dropsical and other diseased figures, the too frequent accompaniment of riches.

"Poverty appears in another car, mean and shattered, half naked, squalid, and meagre. Behind her sits Misfortune; before her, Memory, Experience, Industry, and Hope. The car is drawn by a pair of oxen and a pair of asses; Diligence drives the ass, and Solicitude, with a face of care, goads the ox. By the sides of the car walks Labour, represented by lusty workmen with their tools, with cheerful looks; and behind them, Misery and Beggary, in ragged weeds, and with countenances replete with wretchedness and discontent."

According to Mr. Wornum (a most competent authority), in his excellent "Life of Holbein," these two pictures were presented, in 1617, by the representatives of the Steel Yard merchants to Henry Prince of Wales, a well-known lover of art. They afterwards passed into the possession of Charles I., and are said to have perished in the fire at Whitehall, 1698. Felibien, however, in 1661, describes having seen them in Paris; and it is more probable they were among the art-treasures sold and dispersed in Cromwell's time. Sandrart mentions having seen the pictures, or drawings of them, in the Long Gallery at Arundel House. Zucchero copied them in 1574, and Vosterman Junior engraved them. Vertue describes drawings of them at Buckingham House in black and white chalk, with coloured skies, which he supposes to be Vosterman's copies. Horace Walpole, however, who purchased them, considered one drawing only to be Vosterman's, and the other to be Zucchero's. The British Museum possesses copies of these pictures by Bischop, a Dutch artist, and a sketch of the "Riches," done by Holbein himself, drawn with the pen and washed with Indian ink. On the "Riches" of Bischop are written two lines on the penalties of wealth, attributed to Sir Thomas More—

"Aurum blanditiae pater est natusque doloris,
Qui caret hoc moeret, qui tenet hoc metuit."

These lines were originally inscribed over the entrance of the Steel Yard.

On a tablet suspended to a tree, in the picture representing "Poverty," is a Latin line, also attributed to More, as the reward of poverty—

"Qui pauper est, nihil timet, nihil potest perdere."

Holbein, on his return to London from Basel, in 1531, seems to have painted many portraits of his fellow-countrymen in the Steel Yard. Mr. Wornum especially mentions a nameless member of the Stahlhof in the Windsor collection. It represents a young man with a brown beard, clad in a black cap and furred surtout, who, seated at a table, is about to open a letter by cutting the string that fastens it with a knife. The letter is inscribed "Stahlhof." But the most celebrated picture of this class is the "George Gyze," in the Berlin gallery. He is also about to open a letter inscribed "To the Honourable George Gyze, in London, in England, my brother, to be delivered into his hands." Mr. Ruskin has adorned this picture with the rich enamel of his well-chosen words. "Every accessory," he says, "in the portrait of the Kauffmann George Gyzen is perfect with a fine perfection; the carnations in the glass vase by his side; the ball of gold, chased with blue enamel, suspended on the wall; the books, the steelyard, the papers on the table, the seal-ring, with its quartered bearings, all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shade is felt, every rich and rubied line of petal followed, every subdued gleam in the soft blue of the enamel, and bending of the gold, touched with a hand whose patience of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it, beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was—not more; but to all conceivable proof of sight—in all aspect of life or thought—not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived—but for ever.

"It is inexhaustible. Every detail of it wins, retains, rewards the attention, with a continually increasing sense of wonderfulness. It is also

wholly true. So far as it reaches, it contains the absolute facts of colour, form, and character, rendered with an unaccusable faithfulness. . . . What of this man and his house were visible to Holbein are visible to us; . . . if we care to know anything concerning them, great or small, so much as may by the eye be known, is for ever knowable, reliable, indisputable."

The original toll of the Steel Yard merchants was, at Christmas and Easter, two grey cloths and one brown one, with ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two vessels of vinegar. They had a special alderman for their judge, and they were to be free from all subsidies to the king.

According to Mr. Hudson Turner, the Steel Yard derived its name not from the steel imported by the Hanse merchants, but from the king's steel yard here erected, to weigh the tonnage of all goods imported into London, the tonnage-office being afterwards transferred to the City. The king's beam was moved, first to Cornhill, and then to Weigh House Yard, Little Eastcheap.

"At this time," says Pennant (in 1790), "the Steel Yard is the great repository of the imported iron which furnishes our metropolis with that necessary material. The quantity of bars that fill the yards and warehouses of this quarter strike with astonishment the most indifferent beholder. Next to the water-side are two eagles with imperial crowns round their necks, placed on two columns."

In few streets of London have more Roman remains been found than in Thames Street. In 1839, in excavating the ground for rebuilding Dyers' Hall, in College Street, Dowgate Hill, at thirteen feet eight inches below the level of the street, and just above the gravel, the remains were found of a Roman pavement, formed of small pieces of tiles about an inch square, bedded apparently on fine concrete; two thin earthen jars or bottles were also found near the same spot; and two coins, nearly obliterated. The lower part of the ground in which the above were discovered, for four feet six inches in thickness, appeared to be the sediment or earthy matter from water, probably from the ancient Walbrook; and in it, scattered over the surface, was a large quantity—twenty hundred weight—of animal bones.

A fibula or brooch was found in April (1831), in an excavation in Thames Street, at the foot of Dowgate Hill. The circular enamelled work in the centre was of a very peculiar description; the outlines of the features of a portrait, and those of the mantle and tunic on the bust (together with the nimbus or crown round the head) were executed in gold, into which enamel appeared to have been worked when in a fluid or soft state. The colours of the enamel were yellow, blue, purple, red, and white. This work was surrounded by a rich filagree border of gold, beautifully worked, in which were inserted, at equal distances, four large pearls. Nothing has hitherto been found that could be compared to this jewel; the gold-work interwoven with the enamel was new to every one. The general character, design, and ornamental gold-work, seemed Byzantine, and somewhat assimilated to the style of art of the time of Charlemagne; so that perhaps we should not be far wrong in assigning its date to the ninth or tenth century.

As to the old river-side ramparts in Thames Street, Mr. Roach Smith, one of the best-informed antiquaries on Roman London, writing in 1841, says—

"The line of the wall on the land side is well ascertained; of that portion which Fitzstephens informs us bounded the City on the banks of the Thames, many persons have hitherto been in doubt, though without reason. At the same time what Fitzstephens adds relative to this wall on the water-side being overturned and destroyed by the water, seems altogether erroneous and improbable, as the Roman masonry is well known to be impervious to the action of that element. The present Thames Street follows the line of the Roman wall.

"In 1840 some valuable contributions to our scanty topographical materials were furnished, which confirm the account given us of the line of the wall by the before-mentioned author. The excavations for sewerage, which led to the discovery I am about to detail, commenced at Blackfriars. The workmen having advanced without impediment to the foot of Lambeth Hill, were there checked by a wall of extraordinary strength, which formed an angle with the Hill and Thames Street. Upon this wall the contractor for the sewers was obliged to open his course to the depth of about twenty feet; so that the greater portion of the structure had to be overthrown, to the great consumption of time and labour. The delay occasioned by the solidity and thickness of this wall gave us an opportunity of making careful notes as to its construction and courses.

"It extends (as far as I had the means of observing) from Lambeth Hill to Queenhithe, with occasional breaks. In thickness it measured from eight to ten feet. The height from the bottom of the sewer was about eight feet, in some places, more or less; it reached to within about nine feet from the present street, and three from that which indicates the period of the Fire of London, in this district easily recognised. In some places the

ground-work of the houses destroyed by the Fire of 1666 abut on the wall.

"The foundation was made in the following manner:—Oaken piles were first used; upon these was laid a stratum of chalk and stones, and then a course of hewn sandstones, from three to four feet by two and two and a-half, firmly cemented with the well-known compound of quick-lime, sand, and pounded tile. Upon this solid substructure was built the wall, composed of rag and flint, with layers of red and yellow, plain and curved-edged tiles. The mortar throughout was quite equal in strength to the tiles, from which it could not be separated by force.

"One of the most remarkable features of this wall is the evidence it affords of the existence of an anterior building, which, from some cause or other, must have been destroyed. Many of the large stones above mentioned are sculptured and ornamented with mouldings, which denote their prior use in a frieze or entablature of an edifice, the magnitude of which may be conceived from the fact of these stones weighing, in many instances, half a ton. Whatever might have been the nature of this structure, its site, or cause of its overthrow, we have no means of determining. The probability of its destruction having been effected by the insurgent Britons under Boadicea suggests itself. I observed also that fragments of sculptured marble had been worked into the wall, and also a portion of a stone carved with an elegant ornament of the trellis-work pattern, the compartments being filled alternately with leaves and fruit. This has apparently belonged to an altar. In Thames Street, opposite Queen Street, about two years since, a wall precisely similar in general character was met with, and there is but little doubt of its having originally formed part of the same.

"In the middle of Pudding Lane, running to the bottom, and, as the workmen told me, even across Thames Street, is a strong wall formed of layers of red and yellow tiles and rag-stones, which appeared to have appertained to a building of considerable extent. The hypocaust belonging thereto was partly laid open.

"In Queen Street, near Thames Street, several walls crossed the street; among them were found two thin bands of pure gold, apparently used for armlets; and midway, opposite Well Court, at the depth of thirteen feet, was a flooring of red tesseræ, fourteen feet square. Three or four feet above ran chalk walls, such as are met with throughout London, which, of course, are subsequent to the Roman epoch.

"Advancing up Bush Lane, several walls of considerable thickness were crossed, which, together with abundance of fresco-paintings, portions of tessellated pavements and tiles, betokened the former appropriation of the site for dwelling-houses. But opposite Scot's Yard a formidable wall of extraordinary thickness was found to cross the street diagonally. It measured in width twenty feet. It was built of flints and rags, with occasional masses of tiles. On the north side, however, there was such a preponderance of flints, and on the south such a marked excess of ragstone, as to justify raising a question as to whether one half might not have been constructed at a period subsequent to the other, though the reason for an addition to a ten-foot wall is not apparent. So firmly had time solidified the mortar and ripened its power, that the labourers, in despair of being able to demolish the wall, were compelled literally to drill a tunnel through it to admit the sewer. Whatever might have been the original destination of this wall, whether it formed part of a public building or a citadel, it must have been perverted from its primary destination at some period during the Roman dynasty. The excavation was carried to the depth of fifteen feet, the remains of the wall appearing six feet below the street level. Adjoining the north side of the wall, and running absolutely upon it, was a pavement of white tesseræ, together with a flooring of lime and pounded tiles, supporting the tiles of a hypocaust, in rows of about one dozen, two feet apart.

"In Scot's Yard, opposite the great wall, at the depth of eight feet, was another wall, eight feet thick, composed entirely of the oblong tiles and mortar. It descended to the depth of thirteen feet, where, alongside, were pavements of lime and gravel, such, in fact, as are used as substrata for tessellæ, and are still, in many parts of the country, employed for the floorings of barns."

Having now visited the chief spots of interest in Upper Thames Street, let us note the chief tributaries north, for those south are, for the most part, alleys leading to wharves. The first, Addle Hill, like the street before mentioned by us in Aldermanbury, bears a Saxon name, either referring to King Athelstan or to the nobles who once dwelt there.

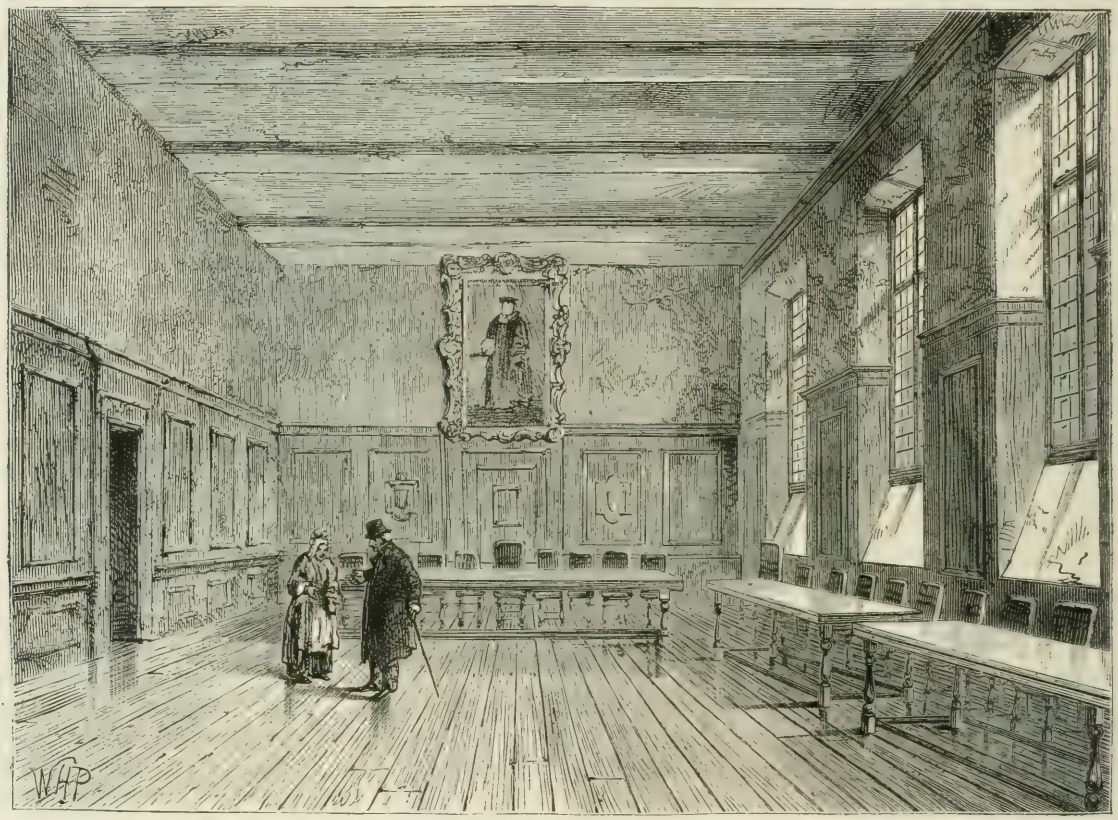
St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, is a small church rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire. Stow mentions the burial here of Edmund Denny, Baron of the Exchequer, whose learned son, Anthony, was gentleman of the bedchamber to Henry VIII. By his will the Baron desired twenty-eight trentals of masses to be said for his soul and the souls of his father, mother, and three wives. In this quiet

and unpretending river-side church lies buried Inigo Jones, the architect of the adjoining St. Paul's (1655). His monument, for which he left £100, was destroyed in the Great Fire, that also destroyed his work at St. Paul's. Many of the hair-splitting advocates of Doctors' Commons, and laborious heralds from Heralds' College, are also interred in this tranquil spot. We may mention Sir William Le Neve (Clarencieux), a friend of Ashmole; John Philpott (Somerset Herald), who spent many dusty days over "Camden's Remaines;" and, in the north aisle, William Oldys (Norroy), the herald whose eccentricities and love of humming ale we have described in a former chapter. The living is a rectory, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

Boss Alley is so called, says Stow, from a boss of water (small conduit or tap) there placed by the executor of Richard Whittington, who was buried hard by.

In Lambeth Hill is a warehouse once the Blacksmiths' Hall. The church of St. Mary Mounthaw, close by, was originally a chapel of the Mounthaws, an old Norfolk family, who lived on Old Fish Street Hill, and sold their house to the Bishops of Hereford about 1234. There was a Bishop of Hereford buried here, as well as one in the church of St. Mary Somerset, also now removed. People living close by have already forgotten the very names of the churches.

Concerning one of the Fish Street Hill churches, St. Mary Magdalen, Stow records nothing of interest, except that near it was a lane called Dolittle Lane, and another called Sermon or Shiremoniars Lane, from the Black Loft where, in the time of Edward I.,



CHAPEL OF MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

the king's minters melted silver. Old Fish Street Hill and its antecedents we have already glanced at in our chapter on the Fishmongers' Company. It was the early fish market of London before Billingsgate. The stalls, says Stow, first grew to shops, then gradually to tall houses. The change of garden stalls into shops may be very well seen in our suburban roads. Sir William Davenant, the author of "Gondibert," describes the odours of Fish Street Hill with much unction.

St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, situate on the south side of Old Fish Street, in the ward of Queenhithe, was named from *Cole Abbey*, from *Golden Abbey*, or from *Cold-Abbey* or *Cold-by*, from its cold or bleak situation. John Brand was rector before the year

1383. In 1560 Queen Elizabeth granted the patronage thereof to Thomas Reeve and George Evelyn, and their heirs in soccage, who conveying it to others, it came at last to the family of the Hackers; one whereof was Colonel Francis Hacker, commander of the guard that guarded Charles I. to and from his trial, and at last to the scaffold; for which, after the Restoration, he was executed. This church was destroyed in 1666, and handsomely rebuilt, and the parish of St. Nicholas Olave there-



DYERS' HALL (*see page* 41).

unto united. The following is among the monumental inscriptions:—

> "Leonard Smith, fishmonger, ended his days,
> He feared the Lord and walked in his wayes.
> His body here in earth doth rest,
> His soul with Christ in heaven is blest.
> The 14th day of May, Anno Dom. 1601."

The next turning eastward, Fyefoot Lane, should be written Five-foot Lane, as the lane was once only five feet wide at one end. Little Trinity Lane, the next turning eastward, derives its name from a church of the Holy Trinity, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt (a Lutheran church now occupies its site); and here we come on Painter-Stainers' Hall, No. 9, which existed as a guild or fraternity prior to 1580, although it had no charter of incorporation before that year. The company of skilled craftsmen seems to have laboured hard to obtain authority over London artists, forgetful of the fact that graining a door has no very near connection with the art of Raphael. Yet, no doubt, there was a time when the illuminator and the house painter were considered kinsmen, and it were well that there was more sympathy now between the higher and lower branches of all professions.

"The minutes of the Company," says Peter Cunningham, "commence in the early part of the reign of James I.; some of the entries are curious. Orders were made to compel the foreign painters then resident in London, Gentileschi, Steenwyck, &c., to pay certain fines for following their art, without being free of the Painters'-Stainers' Company. The fines, however, were never paid, the court painters setting the painters'-stainers in the City at defiance. Cornelius Jansen was a member, and Inigo Jones and Van Dyck occasional guests at their annual feasts. The Hall is very dark. Here are a few pictures that deserve attention:—No 21, 'The Fire of London,' by Waggoner, engraved in 'Pennant's London,' but hung out of sight; No. 31, full

length of Charles II., by John Baptist Gaspars; No. 37, full length of the Queen of Charles II., by Huysman; No. 33, full length of William III., by Sir Godfrey Kneller, presented by Sir Godfrey; No. 28, full length of Queen Anne, by Dahl; No. 41, 'Magdalen,' by Sebastian Franck (small, on copper); No. 42, 'Camden, in his dress as Clarencieux,' presented to the Company by Mr. Morgan, Master, in 1676. Camden left £16 by will to the Painters'-Stainers, to buy them a piece of plate, upon which he directed this inscription to be put:—'Gul. Camdenus, Clarencieux, filius Sampsonis, Pictoris Londinensis, dono dedit.' The loving cup of the great antiquary is produced every St. Luke's Day, at the annual feast of the Company. Charles Catton, herald painter, and one of the original members of the Royal Academy, was Master of the Company in 1784. No Royal Academician of the present day would ever dream of becoming a member."

In the barbarous days of the culinary art, when whales and dolphins were eaten, and our queens quaffed strong ale for breakfast, garlick was a great article of kitchen consumption, and according to Stow, was then sold on Garlick Hill.

Queen Street, that leads from Cheapside (in a line with King Street) right down to Southwark Bridge, was one of the improvements after the Great Fire. It opened out of Soper Lane, and was intended to furnish a direct road to the water-side from the Guildhall, as it still does. College Hill was so called from the College of St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by Whittington, and described by us in a previous part of the chapter. The Duke of Buckingham's house stood near the top, on the east side. The second and last Duke used to come here and intrigue with the City men of the Puritan party.

Dowgate Hill leads to one of the old water-gates of London, and gives its name to one of the twenty-six wards of the City. Stow enumerates two churches and five halls of companies in this ward—All Hallows the More and the Less; Tallow Chandlers' Hall, Skinners' Hall, Maltsters' Hall, Joyners' Hall, and Dyers' Hall. The Steel Yard, or depôt of the Hanse Town merchants, already noticed, is in this ward. Dowgate, or Down-gate, from its rapid descent, was famous in Strype's time for its flooding discharge during heavy rains: Stow mentions a boy losing his footing, and being carried down the stream, in spite of men trying to stop him with staves, till he struck against a cart-wheel, and was picked up dead. Ben Jonson, speaks of

"Dowgate torrents falling into Thames."

Pennant says that Dowgate (from Dwr, Celtic, *water*) was one of the old Roman gates of London, where passengers went across by ferry to a continuation of the military way towards Dover. It was a water wharf in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward III. Customs were paid for ships resting here, in the same manner as if they were at Queenhithe.

The Erber (already described) stood near Dowgate.

Suffolk Lane, with Merchant Taylors' School, which stands on the old De la Pole, or Suffolk property, we have already mentioned.

In Laurence Poultney Hill many eminent persons seem to have lived towards the end of the seventeenth century. Daniel and Eliab Harvey, brothers of Dr. William Harvey, Charles I.'s physician, and the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, were rich merchants on this hill.

The Skinners, whose hall is situated in Dowgate, were incorporated in the first year of Edward III. (1327), and made a brotherhood in the eighteenth of Richard II. Their original title is "Master and Wardens, Brothers and Sisters of the Guild or Fraternity of the Skinners of London, to the Honour of God, and the precious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Furs, though known to the Saxons, were brought into more general use by the Normans. A statute of Edward III. restricts the wearing of furs to the royal family, prelates, earls, barons, knights, ladies, and rich priests. A charter of Henry VII. enumerates ermine, sables, minever, badger, and many other furs then used to trim coats and gowns. Rabbit skin was also much worn, even by nobles and gentlemen.

The Skinners had a hall as early as the reign of Henry III., and they were among the first of the guilds chartered by Edward III. In this reign they ranked so high as to venture to dispute precedence with the powerful Fishmongers. This led, in 1339, to the celebrated fray, when prisoners were rescued, and one of the Mayor's officers wounded. The end of this was the rapid execution of two of the ringleaders in Cheapside. In the offerings for the French war (37 Edward III.) the Skinners contributed £40, which was double even the Goldsmiths' subsidy.

In 1395, the Skinners, who had previously been divided into two brotherhoods, one at St. Mary Spital, and the other at St. Mary Bethlehem, were united by Richard II. They then resided in St. Mary Axe, and in Strype's time they removed to Budge Row and Walbrook. In the Great Watch, on the vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul (6 Edward IV.), the Skinners rank as sixth among the twelve great

companies, and sent twenty men to attend. In Richard III.'s time they had stood as seventh of the thirteen mysteries. They then sent twenty-four members, in murry-coloured coats, to meet the usurper on entering London, the five great companies alone sending thirty; and at Richard's coronation John Pasmer, "pellipar" (Skinner), was in the deputation from the twelve companies, who attended the Lord Mayor as chief butler.

In the reign of Elizabeth, though the richer furs were less worn, the Skinners were still numerous. They employed "tawyers," or poor workmen, to dress the coney and other English furs, which pedlars collected from the country people. To restrict merchants from forestalling them in the purchase of furs, the Skinners petitioned Elizabeth for the exclusive monopoly, but were opposed by the Lord Mayor and the Eastland merchants.

The ordinances of the Skinners in the reign of Edward II. prescribe regulations for importing and manufacturing skins into furs, fixing the number of skins in a package, and forbidding the sale of second-hand furs for new.

One of the great ceremonials of the Skinners' Company was the annual procession on Corpus Christi Day. They had then borne before them more than 200 painted and gilded wax torches, "burning bright," says Stow; then came above 200 chanters and priests, in surplices and copes, singing. After them came the sheriffs' officers, the clerks of the City prisons, the sheriffs' chaplains, mayor's serjeants, the counsel of the City, the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, and lastly the Skinners in their best livery. The guests returned to dinner in the Company's Hall. On the following Sunday they again went in procession to church, heard a mass of requiem solemnised for their deceased members, and made offerings. The bead-roll of the dead was then called, and the Company repeated their orisons. The priests then said a general prayer for all the surviving members of the fraternity, mentioning each by name. They afterwards returned to their hall, paid their quarterage, and any balances of livery money, and enjoyed themselves in a comfortable but unpretentious dinner, for which they had duly and thriftly paid in advance. Oh, simple life of quiet enjoyment!

The election ceremonies of the Company are highly curious. "The principals of the Company being assembled," says Mr. Herbert, "on the day of annual election, ten Christchurch scholars, or 'Blue-coat Boys,' with the Company's almsmen and trumpeters, enter the hall in procession, to the flourish of trumpets. Three large silver cocks, or fowls so named, are then brought in and delivered to the master and wardens. On unscrewing these pieces of plate they are found to form drinking-cups, filled with wine, and from which they drink. Three caps of maintenance are then brought in; the first of these the old master tries on, and finds it will not fit him, on which he gives it to be tried on to several next him. Being tried by two or three whom it will not fit, it is then given to the intended new master, whom fitting, of course, he is then announced with flourish and acclamation as the master elect. The like ceremonies are afterwards repeated with the two other caps, on behalf of the wardens to be elected, who succeed in a similar manner, and are announced with the like honours when the healths of the whole are drank by the company."

The arms of the Company are—Ermine, on a chief gules, three crowns or, with caps of the first. Crest—A leopard proper, gorged with a chaplet of bays or. Supporters—A lucern (lynx) and a wolf, both proper. Motto—"To God only be all glory." Hatton, in his "New View of London," boasts of the Company having enrolled, in its time, six kings, five queens, one prince, nine dukes, two earls, and a baron.

Strype says the hall in Dowgate was built after the Fire of London at an expense of above £1,800. The original hall, "Coped Hall," had been purchased by the Company as early as the reign of Henry III. It was afterwards alienated, and passed into the hands of Sir Ralph de Cobham, who made Edward III. his heir. In the later hall the mayors sometimes held their mayoralty, and the new East India Company held its general courts before its incorporation with the old Company. The hall is described in 1708 as a noble structure, built with fine bricks, and richly furnished, the great parlour being lined with odoriferous cedar. The hall was altered by Mr. Jupp at the end of the last century. It is an Ionic building, with a rusticated basement. Six pilasters, sustaining an entablature and pointed pediment, divide a double tier of six windows. In the tympanum of the pediment the architect has shown a noble disregard to heraldry by doubling up the supporters of the Company's arms, to fit into the space. The frieze is ornamented with festoons and leopards' heads. A small paved court separates the front from the more ancient building, which is of brick. The hall, a light and elegant apartment, has an Ionic screen. The court-room is no longer wainscoted with odoriferous cedar. The staircase, says Herbert, displays some of the massy and rich ornaments in fashion in the reign of Charles II.

"The parish church of St. Laurence Poultney was increased, with a chapel of Jesus, by Thomas

Cole, for a master and chaplain; the which chapel and church were made a college of Jesus, and of Corpus Christi, for a master and seven chaplains, by John Poultney, mayor, and was confirmed by Edward III., the twentieth of his reign. Of him was this church called St. Laurence Poultney in Candlewick Street. The college was surrendered in the reign of Edward VI., who granted and sold it to John Cheke, his schoolmaster, and Walter Moyle." The following is one of the curious old epitaphs preserved by Strype :—

"Every Christian heart
Seeketh to extoll
The glory of the Lord,
Our onely Redeemer;
Wherefore Dame Fame
Must needs inroll
Paul Withypoll his child,
By Love and Nature,
Elizabeth, the wife
Of Emanuel Lucar,
In whom was declared
The goodnesse of the Lord,
With many high vertues,
Which truely I will record.

She wrought all needle-workes
That women exercise,
With Pen, Frame, or Stoole,
All pictures artificiall,
Curious Knots or Trailes,
What fancy would devise,
Beasts, Birds, or Flowers,
Even as things naturall.
Three manner hands could she
Write, them faire all.
To speak of Alegorisme,
Or accounts, in every fashion,
Of women, few like
(I thinke) in all this nation.
* * * *
Latine and Spanish,
And also Italian,
She spake, writ, and read,
With perfect utterance;
And for the English,
She the Garland wan.
In Dame Prudence Schoole,
By Graces' purveyance,
Which cloathed her with vertues
From naked ignorance;
Reading the Scriptures,
To judge light from darke,
Directing her faith to Christ,
The onely marke."

A monument at the upper end of the north aisle bore this inscription :—

"Hoc est nescire, sine Christo
plurima scire;
Si Christum bene scis,
satis est, si cætera nescis."

"St. Laurence Poultney Church," says Aubrey, "was the only London church that could then boast of a leaden steeple, except St. Dunstan in the East." Richard Glover, the author of that tenth-rate epic, "Leonidas," was also a merchant on this hill. "Leonidas," an epic in twelve books, praised by Fielding, and written to vex Sir Robert Walpole by covert patriotic allusions, had its day. By many people of his time Glover was generally believed to have written the "Letters of Junius," but Junius has more of the old nobleman about him than the Hamburg merchant. Sir Patience Ward, that great City politician, was living in 1677 on Laurence Poultney Hill; and in the same year also lived there William Vanderbergh, the father, as Mr. Peter Cunningham thinks, of the wit and dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim. Thomas Creede, the great play-printer of Queen Elizabeth's time, lived in this parish. The register records the marriage, in 1632–3, of Anne Clarges to Thomas Radford, farrier, of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. This lady (a laundress) afterwards married General Monk, the restorer of Charles II.

"On the south side of Thames Street," says Mr. Jesse, "close to where the Steel Yard formerly stood, is the church of All Hallows the Great, anciently called All Hallows the More, and sometimes All Hallows in the Ropery, from its being situated in a district chiefly inhabited by rope-makers. It was founded in 1361 by the Despencer family, from whom the presentation passed by marriage to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, and subsequently to the Crown. The present uninteresting church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, shortly after the destruction of the old edifice by fire in 1666. Stow informs us that there was a statue of Queen Elizabeth in the old church, to which the following verses were attached :—

"If Royal virtue ever crowned a crown;
If ever mildness shined in majesty;
If ever honour honoured true renown;
If ever courage dwelt with clemency;

"If ever Princess put all princes down,
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity;
This, this was she, that, in despite of death,
Lives still admired, adored, Elizabeth!"

"The only object of any interest in the interior of the church is a handsome oak screen, said to have been manufactured in Hamburg, which was presented to the church by the Hanse merchants, in grateful memory of their connection with the parish."

The Swan Stairs, a little "above bridge," was where people coming by boat used to land, to walk to the other side of Old London Bridge, when the current was swift and narrow between

the starlings, and "shooting the bridge" was rather like going down the rapids. Citizens usually took boat again at Billingsgate, as we find Johnson and Boswell once doing, on their way to Greenwich, in 1763.

Dyers' Hall, College Street, was rebuilt about 1857. The Company was incorporated as early as 1472, and the ancient hall, on the site of Dyers' Hall Wharf, was destroyed in the Great Fire. The Innholders' Hall, in the same street, was also built after the Great Fire. The Company was incorporated in 1515. Joiners' Hall, Joiners' Hall Buildings, has a carved screen and entrance doorway, and the piers are surmounted with the Company's crest—a demi-savage, life-size, wreathed about the head and waist with oak-leaves. The Joiners were incorporated about 1567. The Plumbers' Hall, in Great Bush Lane, is a modern brick building. The Company was incorporated by James I. in 1611.

The celebrated Calamy gives a curious account of an adventure he met with at Trigg stairs, in this district. "As I was going," he says, "one day, from Westminster into the City, designing to dine with Sir Richard Levet, I landed at Trigg Stairs. Walking up from the water-side towards Maiden Lane, where he lived, I was overtaken by a woman who had seen me pass by, and ran very eagerly after me, till she was almost out of breath. She seemed greatly frightened, and caught hold of me, begging me, for God's sake, to go back with her. I asked her what the matter was, and what she had to say to me. She told me there was a man had just hanged himself in a cellar, and was cut down, and she ran up and saw me go by, and was overjoyed at my coming so seasonably, and begged of me, for the Lord's sake, that I would go back with her and pity the poor man. I asked her what she expected from me, and whether she thought I could bring a dead man to life. She told me the man was not dead, but was cut down alive, and come to himself, and she hoped if, at such a season as this, he was seriously talked with, it might do him good. Though I was an utter stranger to this woman, I was yet prevailed with by her earnestness and tears, which were observed by all that passed, to go back with her. She carried me up-stairs into a handsome dining-room. I found a grave, elderly woman sitting in one corner; a younger woman in another; a down-looking man, that had discontent in his countenance, and seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, in a third corner; and a chair standing in a fourth, as if set for me, and upon that I placed myself." After reasoning with the man, and endeavouring to restore peace in the family, the good man left.

CHAPTER V.

LOWER THAMES STREET.

Septem Cameræ—A Legend about Billingsgate—Hogarth visits it—Henry Mayhew's Description of it—Billingsgate Dock in King Ethelred's Time—The Price of Fish as regulated by Edward I.—Billingsgate constituted a Free and Open Market by Act of Parliament—Fish Monopolists and their Evil Practices—The Habitual Frequenters of Billingsgate—The Market at its Height—Oyster Street—Fishing in the Thames a Long Time ago—A Sad Falling-off—A Curious Billingsgate Custom—A Thieves' College—The Coal Exchange—Discovery of Roman Remains on its Site—The Waterman's Hall—Thames Watermen and Wherrymen—Fellowship Porters' Hall—The Custom House—Growth of the Revenue—The New Building—Customs Officials—Curious Stories of the Customs—Cowper and his Intended Suicide—The System of Business in the Custom House—Custom House Sales—"Passing" Baggage.

In St. Mary-at-Hill Lane, Thames Street, is the fair parish church of St. Mary, called "on the Hill," because of the ascent from Billingsgate. "In this parish there was a place," says Stow, "called 'Septem Cameræ,' which was either one house, or else so many rooms or chambers, which formerly belonged to some chantry, the rent whereof went towards the maintaining of a priest to pray superstitiously for the soul of the deceased, who left those septem cameræ for that use."

Stow has preserved the following epitaph from a tomb in the chancel of St. Mary's:—

"Here lyeth a knight, in London borne,
Sir Thomas Blanke by name,
Of honest birth, of merchant's trade,
A man of worthy fame.
Religious was his life to God,
To men his dealing just;
The poor and hospitals can tell
That wealth was not his trust.
With gentle heart, and spirit milde,
And nature full of pitie,
Both sheriffe, lord maior, and alderman,
He ruled in this citie.
The 'Good Knight' was his common name,
So called of many men;
He lived long, and dyed of yeeres
Twice seven, and six times ten."

Billingsgate, though a rough and unromantic place at the present day, has an ancient legend of

its own, that associates it with royal names and venerable folk. Geoffrey of Monmouth deposeth that about 400 years before Christ's nativity, Belin, a king of the Britons, built this gate and gave it its name, and that when he was dead the royal body was burnt, and the ashes set over the gate in a vessel of brass, upon a high pinnacle of stone. Stow, more prosaic, on the other hand, is quite satisfied that one Biling once owned the wharf, and troubles himself no further.



THE CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS THE GREAT IN 1784 (*see page* 40).

In Hogarth's memorable tour (1732) he stopped at Billingsgate for the purpose of sketching. His poetical chronicler says—

> "Our march we with a song begin.
> Our hearts were light, our breeches thin.
> We meet with nothing of adventure
> Till Billingsgate's dark house we enter;
> Where we diverted were, while baiting,
> With ribaldry not worth relating
> (Quite suited to the dirty place);
> But what most pleased us was his Grace
> Of Puddle Dock, a porter grim,
> Whose portrait Hogarth, in a whim,
> Presented him, in caricature,
> He pasted on the cellar door."

The introduction of steamboats has much altered the aspect of Billingsgate. Formerly, passengers embarked here for Gravesend and other places down the river, and a great many sailors mingled with the salesmen and fishermen. The boats sailed only when the tide served, and the necessity of being ready at the strangest hours rendered many taverns necessary for the accommodation of travellers. "The market formerly opened two hours earlier than at present," says Mr. Platt, writing in 1842, "and the result was demoralising and exhausting. Drink led to ribald language and fighting, but the refreshment now taken is chiefly coffee, and the general language and behaviour has improved." The fish-fags of Ned Ward's time have disappeared, and the business is done smarter and quicker. As late as 1842 coaches would sometimes arrive at Billingsgate from Dover or Hastings, and so affect the market. The old circle from which dealers in their carts attended the market, included Windsor, St. Albans, Hertford, Romford, and other places within twenty-five miles. Railways have now enlarged the area of purchasers to an indefinite degree. In the Dutch auction system used at Billingsgate, the prices asked sink till they reach the level of the purchaser. The cheap fish-

sellers practise many tricks, blowing the cod-fish larger with pipes, and mixing dead eels with live ones. Railways have made fish a main article of food with the London poor, so that, according to Mr. Mayhew, the London costermongers sell one-third of the entire quantity of fish sent to Billingsgate. The salesmen divide all fish into two classes, "red" and "white." The "red" fish is salmon, all other descriptions are known as "white."



HALL OF THE SKINNERS' COMPANY.

To see this market in its busiest costermonger time, says Mr. Mayhew, the visitor should be there about seven o'clock on a Friday morning. The market opens at four, but for the first two or three hours it is attended solely by the regular fishmongers and "bummarees," who have the pick of the best there. As soon as these are gone the costers' sale begins. Many of the costers that usually deal in vegetables buy a little fish on the Friday. It is the fast-day of the Irish, and the mechanics' wives run short of money at the end of the week, and so make up their dinners with fish: for this reason the attendance of costers' barrows at Billingsgate on a Friday morning is always very great. As soon as you reach the Monument you see a line of them, with one or two tall fishmongers' carts breaking the uniformity, and the din of the cries and commotion of the distant market begin to break on the ear like the buzzing of a hornet's nest. The whole neighbourhood is covered with hand-barrows, some laden with baskets, others with sacks. The air is filled with a kind of sea-weedy odour, reminding one of the sea-shore; and on entering the

market, the smell of whelks, red herrings, sprats, and a hundred other sorts of fish, is almost overpowering. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is, soon after six o'clock, crowded with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps. Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes; and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until they have been to a fish-sale. Through the bright opening at the end are seen the tangled rigging of the oyster-boats, and the red-worsted caps of the sailors. Over the hum of voices is heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on their tables roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, capes, hardware, and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha-a-andsome cod! the best in the market! All alive! alive! alive, oh!"—"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! Here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?"—"Here you are, governor; splendid whiting! some of the right sort!"—"Turbot! turbot! All alive, turbot!"—"Glass of nice peppermint, this cold morning? Halfpenny a glass!"—"Here you are, at your own price! Fine soles, oh!"—"Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large, and no small!"—"Hullo! hullo, here! Beautiful lobsters! good and cheap. Fine cock crabs, all alive, oh!"—"Five brill and one turbot—have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor; you won't see a better lot in the market."—"Here! this way; this way, for splendid skate! Skate, oh! skate, oh!"—"Had-had-had-had-haddock! All fresh and good!"—"Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!"—"Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! Now's your time for fine fat mussels!"—"Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back; but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the newsvendor.—"Here's smelt, oh!"—"Here ye are, fine Finney haddick!"—"Hot soup! nice pea-soup! a-all hot! hot!"—"Ahoy! ahoy, here! Live plaice! all alive, oh!"—"Now or never! Whelk! whelk! whelk!"—"Who'll buy brill, oh! brill, oh?"—"Capes! waterproof capes! Sure to keep the wet out! A shilling apiece!"—"Eels, oh! eels, oh! Alive, oh! alive, oh!"—"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flounders?"—"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps!"—"Wink! wink! wink!"—"Hi! hi-i! here you are; just eight eels left—only eight!"—"O ho! O ho! this way—this way—this way! Fish alive! alive! alive, oh!"

Billingsgate Dock is mentioned as an important quay in Brompton's Chronicle (Edward III.), under the date 976, when King Ethelred, being then at Wantage, in Berkshire, made laws for regulating the customs on ships at Blynesgate, or Billingsgate, then the only wharf in London. 1. Small vessels were to pay one halfpenny; 2. Larger ones, with sails, one penny; 3. Keeles, or hulks, still larger, fourpence. 4. Ships laden with wood, one piece for toll. 5. *Boats with fish*, according to size, a halfpenny and a penny; 6. Men of Rouen, who came with wine or peas, and men of Flanders and Liege, were to pay toll before they began to sell, but the Emperor's men (Germans of the Steel Yard) paid an annual toll. 7. Bread was tolled three times a week, cattle were paid for in kind, and butter and cheese were paid more for before Christmas than after.

By King Stephen's time, according to Becket's friend and biographer, Fitzstephen, the different foreign merchants had drafted off to their respective quays—Germans and Dutch to the Steel Yard, in Upper Thames Street; the French wine merchants to the Vintry. In the reign of Edward I., a great regulator of the price of provisions, the price of fish was fixed at the following scale:—

	s.	d.
A dozen of best soles	0	3
Best haddock	0	2
Best mullett	0	2
Best John Dory	0	5
Best whitings, four for	0	1
Best fresh oysters, a gallon	0	2
Best Thames or Severn lamprey	0	4
Best turbot	0	6
Best porpoise	6d. to 0	8
Best fresh salmon (after Easter), four for	5	0
Best roach	0	1
Best pike	6d. to 0	8
(Probably brought from abroad, pickled).		
Best eels, a strike, or quarter of a hundred	0	2
Best conger	1	0

Seal, sturgeon, ling, and dolphin were also eaten.

Edward III. fixed the Billingsgate dues at 2d. for large ships, 1d. for smaller, and one halfpenny for boats or battles. For corn one farthing was paid for two quarters; one farthing for two measured quarters of sea-coal. Every tun of ale exported was taxed at 4d.; and every 1,000 herrings, one farthing.

In May, 1699, an Act of Parliament constituted Billingsgate a free and open market for the sale of fish six days in the week, and on Sundays (before Divine service) for mackerel; and any fishmonger who bought, except for his own sale, was to be sentenced to a fine of £20 for every offence. Several fishery-laws were passed in 1710, to restrain abuses, and the selfish greediness of fishermen. Eel-spears were forbidden, and it was made

unlawful to use a flue, trammel, hooped net, or double-walled net, or to destroy the fry of fish. No draw-nets were to be shot before sunrise or after sunset. No fisherman was to try for flounders between London Bridge and Westminster more than two casts at low and two at high water. No flounders were to be taken under the size of six inches. No one was to angle within the limits of London Bridge with more than two hooks upon his line; no one was to drag for salmon in the Thames with nets under six inches in the mesh; and all unlawful nets were to be destroyed.

An Act of the 33rd year of George II. was passed, to regulate the sale of fish at Billingsgate, and prevent a monopoly of the market. It was found that the London fishmongers bought up the fishing-boats, and kept the fish down at Gravesend, supplying the market with only boat-loads at a time, so as to keep up the price. An attempt had been made, in the year 1749, to establish a fish-market at Westminster, and fishing-boats were bought by subscription; but the fishmongers prevented any supply of fish reaching the new depôt. The Act of Parliament above referred to (33 Geo. II.) was intended to remedy these evils. The master of every fishing-vessel arriving at the Nore with fish had to report the time of his arrival, and the cargo he brought, to the clerk of the coast-office, under penalty of £20; and for any marketable fish he destroyed he was to be sentenced to not less than one month's hard labour. No fish was to be placed in well-boats or store-boats, unless to go straight to Billingsgate, under a penalty of £20. No one by the same Act was allowed to sell fish-spawn, or unsizable fish, or any smelt less than five inches long from nose to tail.

Stow (Elizabeth) describes Billingsgate as a port or harborough for ships and boats bringing fish, fresh and salt, shell-fish, oranges, onions, fruit, roots, wheat, rye, and other grain. It had become more frequented after the decline of Queenhithe. Steam-vessels, of late years, have superseded the old hoys and sailing-boats that once visited Billingsgate stairs. Steamers are not, of course, dependent on the state of the tide, and the old summons for their departure (under penalty) at the ringing of the bell, which announced high water at London Bridge, is no longer an observance.

Addison, who glanced at nearly every kind of London life, with his quiet kindly philosophy, and large toleration for folly, did not forget to visit Billingsgate, and refers, in his delightful way, to the debates which frequently arose among "the ladies of the British fishery." Tom Brown gives a ribald sketch of the fish-fag; and coarse-tongued Ned Ward, that observant publican of Defoe's time, painted a gross Dutch picture of the shrill-voiced, bloated Moll Flagons of the Dark House, scolding and chattering among their heaps of fish, ready enough to knock down the auctioneer who did not knock down a lot to them.

In Bailey's English Dictionary (1736) a Billingsgate is described as meaning "a scolding, impudent slut," and Munden, incomparable as Sir Abel Handy, in Morton's excellent comedy of *Speed the Plough*, when asked about the temper and manners of his wife, replies, in the true Socratic mode, by the query, "Were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?"

Mr. Henry Mayhew, writing in 1861, calculates that every year in Billingsgate there are sold 406,000 salmon, 400,000 live cod, 97,520,000 soles, 17,920,000 whiting, 2,470,000 haddocks, 23,520,000 mackerel, 4,000,000 lbs. of sprats, 1,050,000,000 fresh herrings, in bulk, 9,797,760 eels, 147,000,000 bloaters, 19,500,000 dried haddocks, 495,896,000 oysters, 1,200,000 lobsters, 600,000 crabs, and 498,428,648 shrimps. Of this vast salvage from the seas the 4,000 London fish costermongers sell 263,281,000 pounds' weight. Mr. Mayhew calculated that the sprat costermongers sell 3,000,000 pounds' weight annually, and realise £12,000.

The forestallers or middlemen at Billingsgate are called "bummarees" (probably a word of Dutch origin). They buy residues, and sell again in lots, at a considerable profit, to the fishmongers and costermongers. They are said to derive their name from the bumboat-men, who used to purchase of the wind-bound smacks at Gravesend or the Nore, and send the fish rapidly up to market in light carts.

The costermongers are important people at Billingsgate market. Sprat-selling in the streets generally commences about the 9th of November (Lord Mayor's Day), which is accordingly by costermongers sometimes called "Sprat Day." Sprats continue in about ten weeks. They are sold at Billingsgate by the "toss" or "chuck," which is about half a bushel, and weighs from forty to fifty pounds. The price varies from 1s. to 5s. A street sprat-seller can make from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day, and often more. About 1,000 "tosses" of sprats are sold daily in London streets during the season. The real costermonger thinks sprat-selling *infra dig.* A street shell-fish-seller will make his 15s. a week, chiefly by periwinkles and mussels. The London costermongers, in Mr. Mayhew's time, sold about 770,000 pints of shrimps annually, which, at 2d. a pint, a low calculation, amounts to £6,400 yearly. The costermongers sell about 124,000,000 oysters a year, which, at four a penny, the price some years

ago, would realise £129,650. The periwinkles sold in London Mr. Mayhew calculated from good data to be 3,600,000 pints, which, at a penny a pint, gives the large sum of £15,000. The sellers of "Wink, wink, winketty, wink, wink," make, on an average, 12s. a week clear profit in the summer season. Taking fresh, salt, and shell-fish together, Mr. Mayhew calculated that £1,460,850 was spent annually on fish by London street purchasers.

In the days before railways, when the coaches were stopped by snow, or the river by ice, fish used sometimes to command great prices at Billingsgate. In March, 1802, a cod-fish of eight pounds was sold to a Bond Street fishmonger for £1 8s. In February, 1809, a salmon of nineteen pounds went for a guinea a pound. In March, 1824, three lobsters sold for a guinea each; and Mr. Timbs mentions two epicures dividing the only lobster in the market for sauce, and paying two guineas each for the luxury. On the other hand, the prolific sea furnishes sometimes great gluts of fish. Sixty tons of periwinkles at a time have been sent from Glasgow; and in two days from ninety to a hundred tons of plaice, soles, and sprats have been landed at Billingsgate. Perhaps we may live to see the time when the better sorts of fish will grow scarce as oysters, and cod-fish will have to be bred at the Dogger Bank, and encouraged in its reproduction.

All fish is sold at Billingsgate by tale, except salmon, which go by weight, and sprats, oysters, and shell-fish, which are sold by measure. In Knight's "London" (1842), the number of boxes of salmon sent to Billingsgate is said to begin in February at about thirty boxes a day, and to increase in July to 1,000 boxes a day. In 1842 probably not less than 2,500 tons of salmon reached Billingsgate. In 1770 salmon was sent to London in panniers on horseback; after that, it was packed in straw in light carts. After April it was impossible to send the fish to market. About the year 1785, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, a servant of the East India Company, told a Mr. George Dempster, at the East India House, the Chinese fishermen's mode of conveying fresh fish great distances packed up in snow. Dempster instantly wrote off to a Scotch friend, who had already tried the plan of sending salmon, packed in ice, to London from Aberdeen and Inverness. In 1852 there were about sixty fish-salesmen in London, and fifty of these had stalls in Billingsgate.

The old water-gate of Beling, the friend of Brennus the Gaul, was long ago a mere collection of dirty pent-houses, scaly sheds, and ill-savoured benches, with flaring oil-lamps in winter, daybreak disclosing a screaming, fighting, and rather tipsy crowd; but since the extension of the market in 1849, and the disappearance of the fishermen, there is less drinking, and more sober and strenuous business.

Mr. Henry Mayhew has painted a minute yet vivid picture of this great market. "In the darkness of the shed," he says, "the white bellies of the turbots, strung up bow-fashion, shine like mother-of-pearl, while the lobsters, lying upon them, look intensely scarlet from the contrast. Brown baskets piled upon one another, and with the herring-scales glittering like spangles all over them, block up the narrow paths. Men in coarse canvas jackets, and bending under huge hampers, push past, shouting, 'Move on! move on, there!' and women, with the long limp tails of cod-fish dangling from their aprons, elbow their way through the crowd. Round the auction-tables stand groups of men, turning over the piles of soles, and throwing them down till they slide about in their slime; some are smelling them, while others are counting the lots. 'There, that lot of soles are worth your money,' cries the salesman to one of the crowd, as he moves on leisurely; 'none better in the market. You shall have 'em for a pound and half-a-crown.' 'Oh!' shouts another salesman, 'it's no use to bother him; he's no go.' Presently a tall porter, with a black oyster-bag, staggers past, trembling under the weight of his load, his back and shoulders wet with the drippings from the sack. 'Shove on one side,' he mutters from between his clenched teeth, as he forces his way through the mob. Here is a tray of reddish-brown shrimps piled up high, and the owner busy shifting his little fish into another stand, while a doubtful customer stands in front, tasting the flavour of the stock, and consulting with his companion in speculation. Little girls carrying matting-bags, that they have brought from Spitalfields, come up, and ask you in a begging voice to buy their baskets; and women, with bundles of twigs for stringing herrings, cry out, 'Halfpenny a bunch!' from all sides. Then there are blue-black piles of small live lobsters, moving about their bound-up claws and long 'feelers,' one of them occasionally being taken up by a looker-on, and dashed down again like a stone. Everywhere every one is asking, 'What's the price, master?' while shouts of laughter, from round the stalls of the salesmen, bantering each other, burst out occasionally over the murmuring noise of the crowd. The transparent smelts on the marble slabs, and the bright herrings, with the lump of transparent ice magnifying their eyes like a lens, are seldom looked at until the market is over, though the hampers and piles of huge maids,

dropping slime from the counter, are eagerly examined and bartered for.

"The costermongers have nicknamed the long row of oyster-boats moored close alongside the wharf 'Oyster Street.' On looking down the line of tangled ropes and masts, it seems as though the little boats would sink with the crowds of men and women thronged together on their decks. It is as busy a scene as one can well behold. Each boat has its black sign-board, and salesman in his white apron walking up and down 'his shop,' and on each deck is a bright pewter pot and tin-covered plate, the remains of the salesman's breakfast. 'Who's for Baker's?' 'Who's for Archer's?' 'Who'll have Alston's?' shout the oyster-merchants; and the red cap of the man in the hold bobs up and down as he rattles the shells about with his spade. These holds are filled with oysters—a grey mass of sand and shell—on which is a bushel-measure well piled up in the centre, while some of them have a blue muddy heap of mussels divided off from the 'natives.' The sailors, in their striped guernseys, sit on the boat-sides smoking their morning's pipe, allowing themselves to be tempted by the Jew boys with cloth caps, old shoes, and silk handkerchiefs."

Mr. Mayhew has also sketched, with curious photographic realism, the Dutch eel-boats, with their bulging polished oak sides, half hidden in the river mist. They are surrounded by skiffs full of traders from the Surrey and Middlesex shores. You see wooden sabots and china pipes on the ledges of the boats, and the men wear tall fur caps, red shirts, and canvas kilts. The holds of the vessels are tanks, and floating at the stern are coffin-shaped barges pierced with holes, with eel-baskets hanging over the sides. In the centre of the boats stand the scales, tall and heavy, with, on one side, the conical net-bag for the eels; on the other, the weights and pieces of stone to make up for the water that clings to the fish. The captain, when purchasers arrive, lays down his constant friend, his black pipe, and dives into the tank a long-handled landing-net, and scoops from the tank a writhing knot of eels. Some of the purchasers wear blue serge aprons; others are ragged women, with their straw pads on their crushed bonnets. They are busy sorting their purchases, or sanding them till they are yellow.

In old times the Thames fish half supplied London. Old Stow says of the Thames in his day, "What should I speak of the fat and sweet salmons daily taken in this stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? But what store also of barbels, trouts, chevens, perches, smelts, breams, roaches, daces, gudgeons, flounders, shrimps, eels, &c., are commonly to be had therein, I refer me to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit it seemeth from time to time to be, as it were, defrauded in sundry wise of these, her large commodities, by the insatiable avarice of fishermen; yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want, but the more it loseth at one time it gaineth at another."

Stow also tells us that, before 1569, the City ditch, without the wall of the City, which then lay open, "contained great store of very good fish, of divers sorts, as many yet living know, who have taken and tasted them, can well witness, but now (he says) no such matter." Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's "Angler" (1760), mentions that, about thirty years before, the City anglers were accustomed to enjoy their sport by the starlings of old London Bridge. "In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex Stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat. His method was to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they (the fish) settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the chalk hills (the deposit of chalk rubble) near London Bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was 'Himself, with an angler in his boat;' and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730." Mr. Goldham, the clerk or yeoman of Billingsgate Market, stated before a Parliamentary Committee that, in 1798, 400 fishermen, each of whom was the owner of a boat, and employed a boy, obtained a good livelihood by the exercise of their craft between Deptford and London, above and below bridge, taking roach, plaice, smelts, flounders, salmon, shad, eels, gudgeon, dace, dabs, &c. Mr. Goldham said that about 1810 he had known instances of as many as ten salmon and 3,000 smelts being taken at one haul up the river towards Wandsworth, and 50,000 smelts were brought daily to Billingsgate, and not fewer than 3,000 Thames salmon in the season. Some of the boats earned £6 a week, and salmon was sold at 3s. and 4s. a pound. The fishery was nearly destroyed at the time when this evidence was given, in 1828. The masters of the Dutch eel-ships stated before the

same committee that, a few years before, they could bring their live eels in "wells" as far as Gallion's Reach, below Woolwich; but now (1828) they were obliged to stop at Erith, and they had sustained serious losses from the deleterious quality of the water, which killed the fish. The increase of gas-works and of manufactories of various kinds, and of filth disgorged by the sewers, will sufficiently account for this circumstance. The number of Dutch eel-vessels which bring supplies to Billingsgate varied, in 1842, from sixty to eighty annually. They brought about fifteen hundredweight of fish each, and paid a duty of £13. Mr. Butcher, an agent for Dutch fishermen, stated before the committee above mentioned that, in 1827, eight Dutch vessels arrived with full cargoes of healthy eels, about 14,000 pounds each, and the average loss was 4,000 pounds. Twelve years before, when the Thames was purer, the loss was only thirty pounds of eels a night; and the witness deposed that an hour after high water he had had 3,000 pounds of eels die in an hour. (How singularly this accounts for the cheap eel-pie!) The river had been getting worse yearly. Fish were often seen trying to save themselves on floating pieces of wood, and flounders would climb up bundles of weeds for a moment's fresh air.

Bagford, the old antiquary, mentions a curious custom that once prevailed at Billingsgate. "This," he says, speaking of an old custom referred to in "Hudibras," "brings to my mind another ancient custom that hath been omitted of late years. It seems that in former times the porters that plyd at Billingsgate used civilly to entreat and desire every man that passed that way to salute a post that stood there in a vacant place. If he refused to do this, they forthwith laid hold of him, and by main force bouped him against the post; but if he quietly submitted to kiss the same, and paid down sixpence, they gave him a name, and chose some one of the gang for a godfather. I believe this was done in memory of some old image that formerly stood there, perhaps of Belus or Belin."



BILLINGSGATE. (*From a View taken in* 1820.)

Adjoining Billingsgate, on the east side, stood Smart's Quay or Wharf, which we find noticed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as containing an ingenious seminary for the instruction of young thieves. The following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Burleigh, in July, 1585, by Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, evinces that the

"art and mystery" of picking pockets was brought to considerable perfection in the sixteenth century:—

"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices; the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a *public hoyster;* and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged *a judicial nipper.* N. B.—That a *hoyster* is a pick-pocket, and a *nipper* is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse."



THE OLD COAL EXCHANGE (*see page* 50).

The Coal Exchange faces the site of Smart's Quay, Billingsgate. English coal is first mentioned in the reign of Henry III., who granted a charter to the people of Newcastle, empowering them to dig it. Soon afterwards, dyers, brewers, &c., began to use coal in their trade, and the nobles and gentry complaining of the smoke, a severe proclamation was passed against the use of sea-coal, though wood

was yearly growing scarcer and dearer. Edward I. also issued a proclamation against the use of coal. Nevertheless, a charter of Edward II. shows Derbyshire coal to have been then used in London. In 1590 (Elizabeth) the owners of the Newcastle coal-pits, combining, raised the price of coals from 4s. to 9s. per chaldron; and the following year the Lord High Admiral claimed the coal metage in the port of London. The mayor and citizens disputed and overthrew this claim, and, by the influence of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, obtained the Queen's confirmation of the City's right to the office. At one period in Elizabeth's reign it was prohibited to burn stone-coal during the session of Parliament for fear the health of the members (country gentlemen accustomed to their wood-fires) should be injured. Shakespeare speaks in a cozy way "of the latter end of a sea-coal fire;" but others of the dramatists abuse coals; and the sea-coal smoke was supposed to have much injured the stone of old St. Paul's. In 1655 (Commonwealth) the price of coal in London was usually above 20s. a chaldron; and there were 320 "keels" at Newcastle, each of which carried 800 chaldrons, Newcastle measure; and 136 of these made 217 chaldrons, London measure. A duty of only 1s. a chaldron was paid on coals in London, yet the great Protector generously granted the Corporation a licence to import 400 chaldrons every year for the poor citizens, duty free. The coal-carts numbered 420, and were placed under the regulation of the President and Governors of Christ's Hospital; and all coal-sacks and measures were illegal unless sealed at Guildhall. It was also at this same period generously provided that the City companies should lay up stores of coal in summer (from 675 chaldrons to three, according to their ability), to be retailed in the winter in small quantities. To prevent extortion, conspiracy, and monopoly, retail dealers, by the same Act, were prohibited under penalties from contracting for coals, or meeting the coal-vessels before they arrived in the port of London.

By statute 16 and 17 Charles II., all sea-coal brought into the river Thames was to be sold by the chaldron, containing thirty-six bushels; and all other coals sold by weight were to be sold after the proportion of 112 pounds to the hundred avoirdupois. By the 12th Queen Anne, the coal measure was ordered to be made round, and to contain one Winchester bushel and one quart of water; the sack to hold three such bushels; the bushel to be sealed or stamped at the Exchequer Office or the Guildhall, under penalty of £50.

In 1713 the master-meters of the Coal Office were only allowed to employ or dismiss the deputies sanctioned by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. An Act of George II. required the ancient custom to be kept up of giving one chaldron in addition to every score purchased on board ship, under penalty of £100. This bonus was called *ingrain*. and constituted good Pool measure. By a later Act any lighterman receiving any gratuity from owners or fitters for preference in the quality in lading ships was fined £500. All bargains for coals at Billingsgate had to be entered on the factor's book, signed by buyer and seller, and witnessed by the factor, who gave a copy of the contract to each. Masters of ships were fined for delaying their cargoes at Gravesend.

The old Coal Exchange, erected in 1805, for the use of the black-diamond merchants, was a quaint and picturesque building, with a receding portico, supported by small Doric pillars, and with some stone steps, that led into a quadrangle. The narrow windows lit the upper storeys. The present Coal Exchange was opened by Prince Albert in 1849, and Mr. J. B. Bunning was the architect. The design was thought original yet simple. The fronts in Thames Street and St. Mary-at-Hill are 112 feet wide and 61 feet high. The entrance vestibule is in a circular tower 109 feet high. The lowest storey is Roman-Doric; the first storey Ionic. The inner rotunda is crowned by a dome 74 feet high, which rests on eight piers. About 300 tons of iron were used in the building. The Raphaelesque decorations were designed by Mr. Sang. Above emblematical figures of the collier rivers are figures of the Virtues, and over these are groups of shells, snakes, and lizards. In some of the arabesques the leading features are views of the Wallsend, Percy, Pitt Main, and other celebrated collieries, adorned with groups of flowers and fossil plants.

While digging for the foundation of the new building, on the site of the old "Dog" tavern, the workmen came on a Roman sweating-bath, with tiled floors and several rooms. This hypocaust is still shown.

The floor of the rotunda is composed of inlaid woods, disposed in form of a mariner's compass, within a border of Greek fret. The flooring consists of upwards of 4,000 pieces of wood, of various kinds. The varieties of wood employed comprise black ebony, black oak, common and red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut, and mulberry. The appearance of this floor is beautiful in the extreme. The whole of these materials were prepared by Messrs. Davison and Symington's patent process of seasoning woods. The same desiccating process has been applied to the wood-work throughout the

building. The black oak introduced is part of an old tree which was discovered in the river Tyne, where it had unquestionably lain between four and five centuries. The mulberry-wood, of which the blade of the dagger in the shield of the City Arms is composed, is a piece of a tree planted by Peter the Great, when he worked as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard.

"The coloured decorations of this Exchange have been most admirably imagined and successfully carried out. They are extremely characteristic, and on this point deserve praise. The entrance vestibule is peculiarly rich and picturesque in its embellishments; terminal figures, vases with fruit, arabesque foliage, &c., all of the richest and most glowing colours, fill up the vault of the ceiling; and, looking up through an opening in the ceiling, a figure of Plenty scattering riches, and surrounded by *figurini*, is seen painted in the ceiling of the lantern. Over the entrance doorway, within a sunk panel, is painted the City Arms."

The Hall of the Watermen's Company was originally situated at Coldharbour, near the "Three Cranes," in the Vintry, and is referred to in the statute of 1 James I., 1603. It was burnt, with many of the Company's old records, in the Great Fire of 1666, but was again rebuilt in the old place. It was rebuilt once more in 1722, and in 1776 the Company removed to St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, where it now remains, Calvert's brewery occupying the old site. In 1555 an Act was passed, directing that the Court should consist of eight watermen, to be called overseers and rulers, to be annually appointed by the Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen. In 1641 an order was made by the Court of Lord Mayor, that fifty-five persons at the different stairs should select twenty of their number to choose the eight rulers to carry out the laws. These fifty-five persons assumed the title of "assistants."

In 1700 the lightermen of the City were incorporated with the watermen (called Watermen and Lightermen's Company). Three lightermen were to be appointed as additional overseers and rulers, and a court of forty assistants. In 1729 an Act was passed which reduced the number of assistants to thirty. In 1827 a new Act was passed, re-incorporating the Company, to consist of a master, four wardens, and twenty-one assistants. In case of vacancy in court, the court were to select three qualified persons, for the Court of Lord Mayor, &c., to choose one to fill the vacancy. In 1859 an Act was passed, by which the court were empowered to fill up vacancies, without reference to the Court of Lord Mayor, &c.

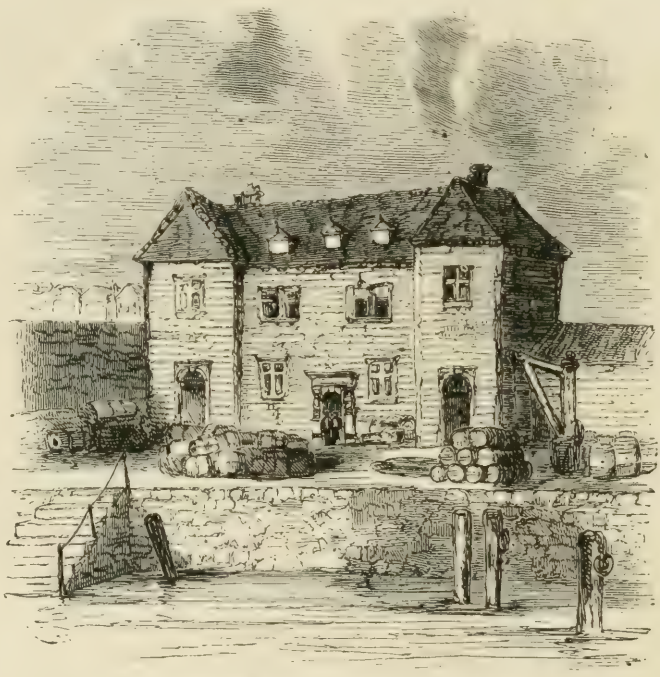
The various Acts passed from the time of Henry VIII. gave power to the Company to hold general courts, courts of binding, and courts for hearing and determining complaints, and to punish offenders by fine and imprisonment; power to license passenger-boats, register craft, and to appoint Sunday ferries, the rent of which has always been applied to the relief of the poor of the Company, and to make bye-laws for the regulation of boats, barges, and steam-boats on the river, and the men navigating the same. There are about 350 apprentices bound annually, and about 250 complaints are investigated during the year. The introduction of steam greatly reduced the watermen, but the lightermen and barges have been annually increasing. There are now about 6,000 freemen of the Company, and 2,000 apprentices. The court distribute about £1,600 per annum, out of their ferry-rents, in pensions to 400 poor freemen and widows. Forty almshouses have been established at Penge, supported by the voluntary contributions of the public.

The fares of the Thames watermen and wherrymen were regulated by Henry VIII. in 1514. Taylor, the water-poet, *temp.* Elizabeth, states the watermen between Windsor and Gravesend at 40,000. A third statute regulates the dimensions of the boats and wherries, then dangerously "shallow and tickle;" the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to limit the watermen's fares, if confirmed by the Privy Council. Strype was told by one of the Company that there were 40,000 watermen upon their rolls; that they could furnish 20,000 men for the fleet, and that 8,000 were then in the service. Taylor, the water-poet, with his fellow-watermen, violently opposed the introduction of coaches as trade-spoilers. The Company (says Mr. Timbs) condemned the building of Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, as an injury to the ferries between Vauxhall and the Temple, the profits of which were given to the poor, aged, decayed, and maimed watermen and their widows; and in both cases the Company were compensated for their losses. The substitution of steam-boats for wherries has, however, been as fatal to the watermen as railways to stage-coachmen.

The Lord High Admiral, or the Commissioners of the Admiralty, used to have power to demand a certain number of watermen to serve in the Royal Navy, by an Act of William and Mary; and in 1796 nearly 4,000 watermen were thus enrolled. The ribald banter of the Thames watermen was formerly proverbial, and is mentioned by Ned Ward, and nearly all the essayists. Dr. Johnson, Boswell says, was particularly proud of having silenced some watermen who tried to ridicule him. By an

order of the Company in 1761, this foul kind of extemporaneous satire was forbidden by the rulers and auditors of the Company; and any waterman or apprentice convicted of using indecent language was fined 2s. 6d. for each offence; the fines to go to the use of the "poor, aged, decayed, and maimed members of the Company, their widows and children."

All wherries were formerly required to be 12½ feet long and 4½ broad in the midships, under pain of forfeiture; and all wherries and boats were to be entered and numbered. Extortion and abuse was punishable by fine and imprisonment. A statute (34 George III.) placed the watermen more immediately under the mayor's jurisdiction; and the highest penalty was fixed at £3.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE—TIME OF ELIZABETH.

Before the time of steamboats, a bell used to ring at Gravesend at high water, as a warning to hurry off the London watermen. A report of the Dock Committee in 1796 shows that there were then 12,283 watermen, 8,283 freemen, 2,000 non-freemen, and 2,000 apprentices; the annual number of apprentices being from 200 to 300. In 1828 there were above 3,000 wherries on the Thames.

When the opening of Blackfriars Bridge destroyed the landing ferry there, established for the benefit of the Waterman's Poor Fund, the bridge committee gave £13,650 Consolidated Three per Cents to the rulers of the Company, as a recompense, and the interest is now appropriated to the same purpose as the ferry-fund used to be.

Close to Waterman's Hall is the Fellowship Porters' Hall. This brotherhood was incorporated as early as 1155 (Henry II.), and re-incorporated in 1613 (James I.). The business of the Fellowship Porters, which is now less strictly defined than in old times, is to carry or house corn, salt, coals, fish, and fruit of all descriptions. There were formerly about 3,000 Fellowship Porters; there are now about 1,500. The Ticket Porters and Tackle Porters have no hall. The fraternity of Fellowship Porters had the power, by an Act of Council of 1646, to choose twelve rulers, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen reserving the right to appoint one of the number. There are now six rulers. The governor, deputy-governor, and deputy of the ward act as superintendents of the Company. The Company has no livery or arms, and ranks the nineteenth in the order of precedence.

In accordance with a pretty old custom, every Sunday before Midsummer Day a sermon is preached to the Fellowship Porters in the church of St. Mary-at-Hill. They overnight furnish the merchants and families above Billingsgate with nosegays, and in the morning proceed from the hall to the church, two and two, carrying nosegays. They walk up the middle aisle to the communion-table, and each places an offering in one of the two basins on the communion-rails, for the relief of the Company's poor; and after they have prayed, the deputy, the merchants, their wives, children, and servants walk in order from their seats, and perform the same solemnity. The annual cost of the nosegays amounts to nearly £20.

And now we come to that great Government toll-bar, the Customs House. The first building of this kind in London was rebuilt by John Churchman, Sheriff of London, in 1385 (Richard II.), and it stood on the site of the present buildings. Another and larger edifice, erected in the reign of Elizabeth, was destroyed by the Great Fire. A new Custom House, built by Wren, was destroyed by fire in 1715, and its successor, the design by Ripley, was burnt down February 12, 1814.

In Elizabeth's time, the farmers of the Customs

made immense fortunes. A chronicler of her reign says: "About this time (1590) the commodity of the Custom House amounted to an unexpected value; for the Queen, being made acquainted, by means of a subtle fellow, named Caerwardine, with the mystery of their gains, so enhanced the rate, that Sir Thomas Smith, Master of the Custom House, who heretofore farmed it of the Queen for £14,000 yearly, was now augmented to £42,000, and afterwards to £50,000, which, notwithstanding, was valued but as an ordinary sum for such oppressing gaine. The Lord Treasurer, the Earls of Leicester and Walsingham, much opposed themselves against this Caerwardine, denying him entrance into the Privy Chamber, insomuch that, expostulating with the Queen they traduced her harkening to such a fellow's information, to the disparagement of the judgment of her Council, and the discredit of their case. But the Queen answered them, that all princes ought to be, if not as favourable, yet as just, to the lowest as the highest, deciding that they who falsely accuse her Privy Council of sloth or indiscretion should be severely punished; but that they who justly accused them should be heard. That she was Queen as well to the poorest as to the proudest, and that, therefore, she would never be deaf to their just complaints. Likewise, that she would not suffer that those toll-takers, like horseleeches, should glut themselves with the riches of the realm, and starve her exchequer; which, as she will not bear it to be *docked*, so hateth she to enrich it with the poverty of the people."

The revenue has grown like the green bay-tree of the Psalmist. In the first year of Elizabeth, the Customs realised £73,846; in her fifth year, £57,436; in her tenth, £74,875. The average of sixteen years, before the Restoration, was £316,402. In Elizabeth's time the Custom House establishment consisted of eight principal officers, each of whom had from two to six men under him; but the principal waiter had as many as sixteen subordinates. From 1671 to 1688, says D'Avenant, the first inspector-general of imports and exports, the revenue derived from the English Customs averaged £555,752 a year. From 1700 to 1714, the Customs averaged £1,352,764. At the close of the century they exceeded £6,000,000. They now exceed £20,000,000.

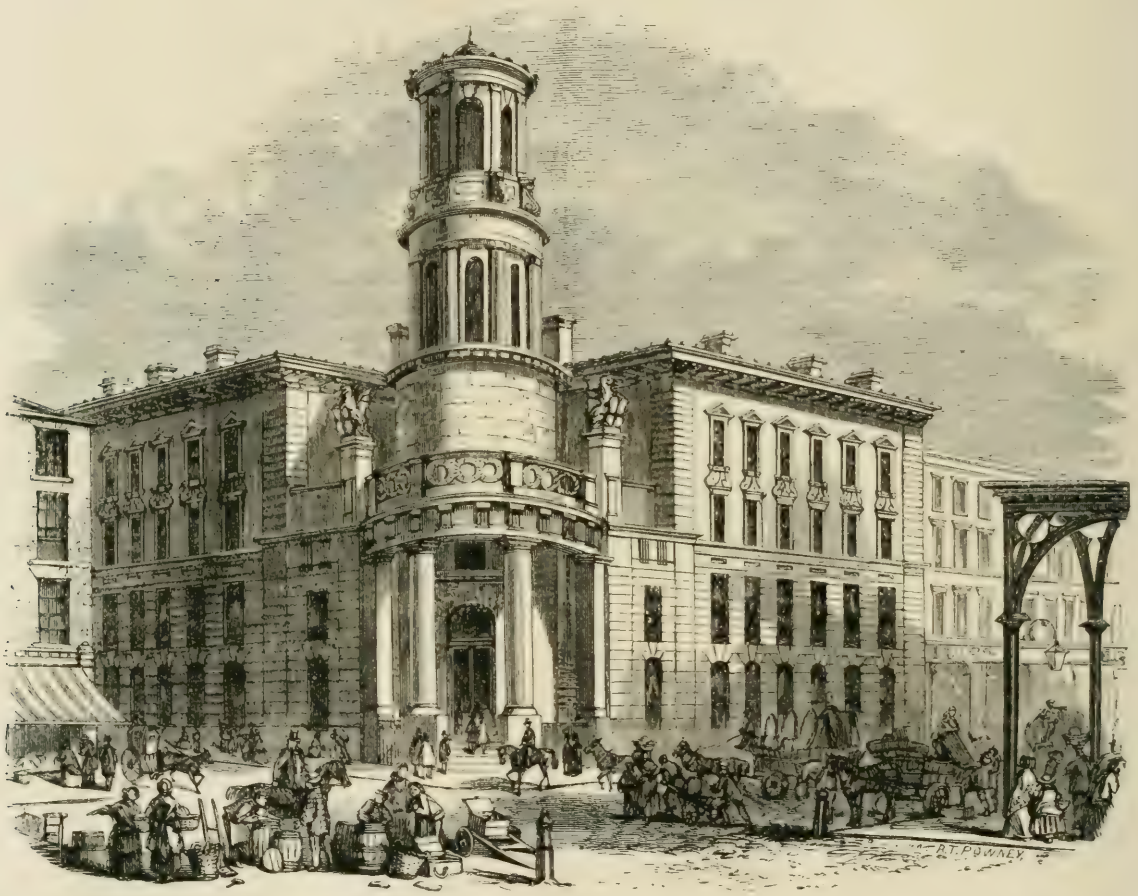
The Custom House built after the Great Fire was said to have cost £10,000. The new Custom House of 1718 had better-arranged apartments and accommodation for a greater number of clerks. The new building was 189 feet long, and the centre 29 feet deep. It was built of brick and stone, and the wings had a passage colonnade of the Tuscan order, towards the river, the upper storey being relieved by Ionic pilasters and pediments. The great feature of the building was the "Long Room," which, extending the whole length of the centre, was 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Here several commissioners superintended personally the numerous officers and clerks of various departments.

This building, already too small for the ever-growing commerce of London, was destroyed, as before mentioned, in 1814, by a fire, which also destroyed ten houses on the north side of Thames Street. Cellars and warehouses full of valuable property, and stores of documents and records, were also lost. But, several years before this catastrophe, the enlargement of the Custom House had been planned. It had been at first proposed to build an additional wing, but on a survey the old building was found too much decayed and dilapidated to warrant much expenditure on its renovation. The Lords of the Treasury selected Mr. Laing's design. Between the old Custom House and Billingsgate there had been eight quays, equal to 479 feet; but the site now selected was immediately east of Billingsgate, with only a landing-stair between. It had been suggested to place the Custom House on the north side of Thames Street, so as to save the expense of embankment; but this would have necessitated the widening of many narrow and crooked streets, and the formation of two docks, one east and one west of the quay. The estimate for the new building was £165,000, exclusive of the formation of the foundation-ground and some other contingencies. The owners of private property claimed £84,478, and were paid £41,700. The materials of the old building were sold for £12,400. The first necessity was to test the substratum. The soil was bored with huge augers that screwed down eighteen to twenty feet. A substratum of close gravel, at first promising well, proved to be artificial. The whole ground, from the level of the river to the south side of Thames Street, proved to have once been part of the bed of the river. Rushes were found mixed with mussel-shells and the chrysalids of water insects. The workmen also came on three distinct lines of wooden embankments at the distances of 58, 86, and 103 feet within the range of the existing wharves; and about fifty from the campshot, or under edge of the wharf wall, a wall built of chalk and rubble, and faced with Purbeck stone, was discovered, running east and west. This was, no doubt, the river rampart of London, mentioned by Fitzstephen. It was so strongly built that it could scarcely be broken even by iron wedges. Many

coins and other Roman antiquities were found. Rows of piles, twenty-eight and thirty feet long, were then sunk, and on these were placed sleepers of beech fitted in with brickwork.

The first stone of the new building was laid in 1813, by Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, and was opened for business, May 12, 1817. The north side, fronting Thames Street, was plain, but on the south front, towards the river, the central compartment projected, and the wings had a hexastyle detached Ionic colonnade. The central attic, comprising the exterior of the celebrated Long Room, was decorated with alto and basso relievos, representing in allegorical groups the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, Industry, and types of the nations who are our principal commercial allies. The dial-plate, nine feet in diameter, was supported by colossal figures of Industry and Plenty, while the royal arms were sustained by figures of Ocean and Commerce. The Long Room was 196 feet by 66.

Unfortunately, however, the work was done too cheaply or too quickly, and the foundation gave way. This was bitterly complained of in a Parliamentary Committee of 1828, when it was stated that this failure had led to a charge of nearly £180,000, in addition to the original expenditure of £225,000. The Long Room eventually had to be taken down by Mr. Laing, the architect, the foundations relaid, and the allegorical figures removed.



THE PRESENT COAL EXCHANGE.

The quay is too narrow to afford a good view, but there is a simple grandeur about the design, when seen from the bridge or river. The water front, says Mr. Platt, is 488 feet, 90 feet longer than the old Post Office, and 30 feet longer than the National Gallery.

The number of officers and clerks in this great public office is over 600, out and in. The out-door *employés* are about 300. The inspectors-general superintend the tide-surveyors, tide-waiters, and watermen, and appoint them their daily duty, each inspector attending in rotation at Gravesend. The tide-surveyors visit ships reported inwards or out-



THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE. (*From a View by Maurer, published in 1753.*)

wards, to see that the tide-waiters put on board discharge their duty properly. The tide-waiters, if the vessel is coming in, remain on board, unless the vessel be in the docks, like men in possession, till the cargo is discharged. The landing-officers, under the superintendence of the surveyors, attend the quays and docks, and take a note of goods as they are craned on shore, and on the receipt of warrants showing that the duties are paid, permit the delivery of goods for home consumption. The officers of the coast department attend to vessels arriving and departing between London and the outports, and give permits for landing their cargoes, and take bonds for the delivery at their destination of goods sent coastwise. They appoint the coast-waiters, who attend the shipping, and discharge all coastwise goods. The searchers see to all goods shipped for abroad, the entries of which, after passing the Long Room, are placed in their hands, and they examine the packages, to see that they duly correspond. As the amount of work fluctuates, and when a special wind blows, flocks of vessels arrive together, the number of supernumeraries employed at the Custom House is very large. There are sometimes, says a good authority, as many as 2,000 persons a day working at Custom House business between Gravesend and London Bridge.

The Long Room is the department where most of the documents required by the Customs' Laws are received by officials. The first thing necessary upon the arrival of a vessel from a foreign country is the report of the ship, that is, the master must, within twenty-four hours of entering the port, deliver at the Report Office in the Long Room an account of her cargo. Then, before any goods are delivered out of charge by the officers of the out-door department, who board and watch vessels on their arrival, entries of the goods passed also in the Long Room must have reached the officers. These entries are documents giving particulars of the goods in greater detail than is required in the master's report, and are delivered in the Long Room by the consignees of the cargo, or by their representatives. A single entry may suffice for an entire cargo, if it be all of one kind of goods and be the property of one person, or any number of entries may be necessary if the cargo be varied in nature. The report and the entries—that is, the account of the cargo rendered by the master and that supplied by the consignees—are compared, and delivery of goods not mentioned in the report, though correctly entered, is refused until the omission has been satisfactorily explained. In the case of goods liable to duty, the entries are not suffered to leave the Long Room until it is ascertained that the payment has been made. The entry for such goods, when signed by the Long Room officers, in testimony of its having been passed by them, vouches for the payment of the duty, and constitutes the warrant authorising the officers at the waterside to deliver the goods. Such is the general course of routine applicable to vessels arriving from foreign ports. The officers of the Long Room sit at their desks along the four sides. The visitors are chiefly weather-beaten sea-captains, shipowners, and shipowners' clerks, who come and report arrivals or obtain clearances, and wholesale merchants, who have goods to import or export, or goods to place in bond.

A correct account is also required of the cargoes of vessels sailing from this country, and the documents by which this is obtained are presented in the Searcher's Office in the Long Room either by the shippers of the goods or by the master of the vessel. The operation performed in the Long Room by the master of an outward-bound ship, which corresponds to the reporting of an arriving vessel, is termed "clearing" or "obtaining clearance."

The documents required from the masters of vessels engaged in trade from one port of the United Kingdom to another, termed "coasting trade," are less elaborate.

From the particulars obtained by the various papers thus delivered in the Long Room, are prepared the monthly returns of trade and navigation, published by the Board of Trade, and the collection and arrangement of the information so obtained occupies a large staff of clerks in the Statistical Department of the Custom House.

At each outport the room where the business described above is transacted bears the name of the Long Room, although in most cases it is neither long nor in any other way extensive.

The establishment of docks surrounded by high walls, from which goods can be removed only through gateways easily guarded, has made it possible to provide for the security of the duties upon importations with a far less numerous staff of officers than would be necessary if every vessel discharged in the river or at open quays. And the gradual reduction which has taken place in the number of articles in the tariff liable to duty during the last thirty years renders a less rigid examination of goods necessary than was previously requisite. These and other causes enable the present reduced staff to deal efficiently with an amount of business to which under former circumstances it would have been wholly inadequate.

The warehousing system, which consisted in per-

mitting the payment of duties upon goods deposited under Crown locks in warehouses duly approved for the purpose by the Board of Customs, to be deferred until the goods are wanted for consumption, offers great facilities to trade, and is largely availed of. This system involves the keeping of very elaborate accounts, which form the duty of the warehousing departments.

Of the 170 or so distinct apartments in the Custom House, all classified and combined to unite order and contiguity, the king is the Long Room, 190 feet long, 66 wide, and between 40 and 50 feet high. The eye cannot take in at once its breadth and its length, but it is not so handsome as the room that fell in, to the dismay of Mr. Peto. The floor is plank. The cellars in the basement form a groined fireproof crypt.

The rooms are perfectly plain, all but the Board Room, which is slightly decorated, and contains portraits of George III. and George IV., the latter by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Queen's Warehouse is on the ground floor. The entrance to the Custom House is on the north front. On the southern side there is an entrance from the quay and river.

Nearly one-half of the Customs of the United Kingdom, says a writer on the subject, are collected in the port of London. In 1840, while the London Customs were £11,116,685, the total of the United Kingdom were only £23,341,813. In the same year the only place approaching London was Liverpool, where the Customs amounted to £4,607,326. In 1849 the London Customs were £11,070,176. The same year the declared value of the exports from Liverpool amounted to no less than £33,341,918, or nearly three times the value of the exports from London, for in foreign trade London is surpassed by Liverpool. Mr. M'Culloch estimates, including the home and foreign markets, the total value of produce conveyed into and from London annually at £65,000,000 sterling.

The number of foreign vessels that entered the port of London in the year 1841 was estimated at 8,167, and the number of coasters at 21,122. The expense of collecting the Customs in Great Britain alone is calculated at over a million sterling. The Board of Commissioners, that sits at the Custom House, has all the outports of the United Kingdom under its superintendence. It receives reports from them, and issues instructions from the central Board. The recording of the business of the great national firm, now performed by the Statistical Office in the Custom House, was attempted in the reign of Charles II., and urged on the Commissioners of Customs by the bewildered Privy Council for Trade; but it was declared, after many trials, to be impossible. It was first really begun in the business-like reign of William III., when the broad arrow was first used to check thefts of Government property, and when the office of Inspector-General of Imports and Exports was established, and the Custom House ledger, to record their value, first started. The Act of 1694 required all goods exported and imported to be entered in the Custom House books, with the prices affixed. Cotton, therefore, was taxed at this the official value, till 1798. In this year the Government imposed a convoy duty of four per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all exports; and to do this equitably, every shipper of goods was compelled to make a declaration of their then actual value. This was what is called "the declared or real value." A daily publication, called the "Bill of Entry," is issued at the Custom House, to report the imports and exports and the arrival and clearance of vessels.

Prior to the year 1825, says a writer in Knight's "London," the statutes relating to the Customs had accumulated, from the reign of Edward I., to 1,500, and were naturally as confusing and entangled as they were contradictory. Mr. Huskisson, Mr. J. D. Hume, and eventually the slow-moving Board of Trade, at last revised the statutes, and consolidated them into eleven acts. They were still further simplified in 1833, and again consolidated in 1853. One of the Acts passed in 1833 enumerates not fewer than 1,150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, while the main source of revenue is derived from a very small number of articles. "For example," says a writer on the subject, "the duty on seventeen articles produced, in 1839, about 94½ per cent. of the total revenue of Customs, the duties on other articles being not only comparatively unproductive, but vexatious and a hindrance to the merchants, shipowners, and others. In the above year, forty-six articles were productive of 98⅔ per cent. of the total Customs' revenue.

"The occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of duties is often productive of amusing perplexity. Mr. Huskisson mentioned a case of this nature when he brought forward the plans of consolidation already mentioned. A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of Customs were not a little puzzled by this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality, muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago, could not be deemed a raw material, and therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that

his mummy should not be seized, stated its value at £400; and the declaration cost him £200, being at the rate of £50 per cent. on the manufactured merchandise which he was about to import. Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties on non-enumerated manufactured articles from £50 to £20 per cent., and of non-enumerated unmanufactured articles from £20 to £10 per cent." A somewhat similar case, relating to an importation of ice from Norway, was mentioned in a debate in the House of Lords in 1842. A doubt was started what duty it ought to pay, and the point was referred from the Custom House to the Treasury, and from the Treasury to the Board of Trade; and it was ultimately decided that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on dry goods; but as one of the speakers remarked, "The ice was dissolved before the question was solved."

In the time of Charles I. the Customs were farmed, and we find Garrard writing to Lord Stafford, January 11th, 1634, mentioning that the farmers of the Customs (rejoicing over their good bargains, no doubt), had been unusually liberal in their new year's gifts to the king, having sent him, besides the usual 2,000 pieces, £5,000 in pieces, and an unset diamond that had cost them £5,000. Yet what a small affair the Customs must have been compared to now, when sugar, tea, tobacco, wine, and brandy produce each of them more than a million a year!

Defoe says, "In the Long Room it's a pretty pleasure to see the multitude of payments that are made there in a morning. I heard Count Tallard say that nothing gave him so true and great an idea of the richness and grandeur of this nation as this, when he saw it after the Peace of Ryswick."

Mr. Platt's account of the working of the Custom House system of thirty years ago shows a remarkable contrast with that of the present day. Writing in the year 1853, he says, "The progress of an article of foreign merchandise through the Customs to the warehouse or shop of the dealer is as follows:—First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend, tide-waiters are put on board and remain until she reaches the appointed landing-place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. A landing-waiter is specially appointed to each ship; officers under him, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused, the goods are in charge of a locker, who is under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption, the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House certifying that the goods had been paid; he then looks out the goods, and the warehouse-keeper signs the warrant. When foreign or colonial goods are exported, the process is more complicated. The warehouse-keeper makes out a 're-weighing slip;' a landing-waiter examines the goods, which continue in the charge of the locker, and a cocket, with a certificate from the proper officers at the Custom House, as his authority for their delivery. The warehouse-keeper signs this document, and a counterpart of the cocket, called a 'shipping bill,' is prepared by the exporting merchant. The goods pass from the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs a tide-waiter to receive them at the water-side and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there; the tide-waiter is discharged, and the vessel proceeds. But before her final clearance the master delivers to the searcher a document called 'a content,' being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers."

Tide-waiters are not now specially appointed to each ship on arrival. There are no export duties now and no *ad valorem* duties. Cockets have been abolished.

The following statement from the "Statesman's Year Book" is valuable as a comparison:—

Ports.	1870.	1871.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
London	10,017,682	10,023,573	5,891	—
Liverpool ...	2,723,217	2,875,584	152,367	—
Other ports of England	3,131,902	2,991,888	—	140,014
Scotland.....	2,577,826	2,502,127	—	75,699
Ireland	1,919,072	1,942,721	23,649	—
Total	20,369,699	20,335,893	181,907	215,713
Decrease.....	—	—	—	33,806

It will be seen that the amount of Customs receipts collected in London in each of the years 1870 and 1871 was more than that of all the other ports of Great Britain taken together, and five times that of the whole of Ireland. Besides London and Liverpool, there is only one port in England, Bristol, the Customs receipts of which average a million a year, and one more, Hull, where they are above a quarter of a million. It is to be observed

that there has been a great reduction of Customs duties of late years. During the sixteen years from 1857 to 1872 the actual diminution of Customs has been no less than £14,255,855.

The annual summary as to trade in the port of London for the year 1872 shows a steady increase in the number of vessels arriving, and a trifling decrease in the departures. A total of 11,518 vessels arrived during the year, 7,054 of which were sailing and 4,464 steam-ships, thus indicating a total increase of 113 as compared with the previous year. The vessels which cleared outwards were 8,730, both kinds, 6,041 of which were with cargo, and 2,689 in ballast, or a total decrease of 339 as compared with the departures in 1871. A considerable increase arose in London in the total number of seizures of tobacco, cigars, and spirits, as compared with the year 1871, 293 cases having occurred in 1872. The total quantity of tobacco and cigars seized in London was 2,369 lbs., being an increase of 947 lbs. as compared with that seized in 1871, while the total quantity of spirits seized was 63 gallons only, being a decrease of 66 gallons.

The Custom House Quay fronts the Thames. Here Cowper, the poet, came, intending to make away with himself. "Not knowing," he says, "where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach."

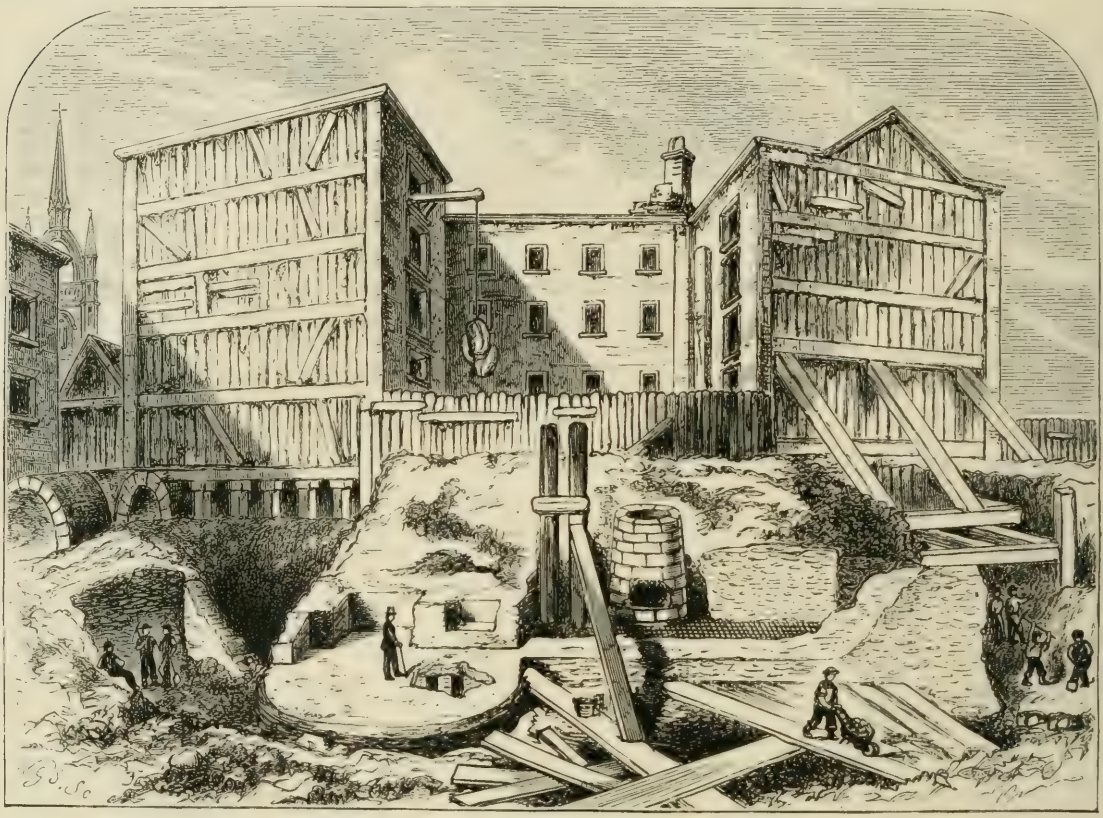
A modern essayist has drawn a living picture of the Custom House sales:—"The Queen's Warehouse is situated on the ground-floor of the Custom House. The Queen's Warehouse is not an imposing apartment, either in its decorations or extent; it is simply a large, square room, lighted by an average number of windows, and consisting of four bare walls, upon which there is not the most distant approach to decoration. Counters are placed in different directions, with no regard to order of effect. Here and there masses of drapery for sale are hung suspended from cords, or to all appearance nailed against the wall. Across one corner of the room, in the immediate vicinity of a very handsome inlaid cabinet, two rows of dilapidated Bath chaps are slung upon a rope. Close under these delicacies stands a rosewood piano, on which a foreign lady, supported by a foreign gentleman, is playing a showy fantasia. . . .

"Eighty-nine opera-glasses; three dozen 'companions'—more numerous than select, perhaps; forty dozen black brooches—ornamental mourning, sent over probably by some foreign manufacturer, relying in the helplessness of our Woods-and-Forest-ridden Board of Health, and in the death-dealing fogs and stinks of our metropolis; seventeen dozen daguerreotype plates, to receive as many pretty and happy faces; eighty dozen brooches; nineteen dozen pairs of ear-rings; forty-two dozen finger-rings; twenty-one dozen pairs of bracelets. The quantities and varieties are bewildering, and the ladies cluster about in a state of breathless excitement, or give way to regrets that the authorities will not sell less than ten dozen tiaras, or half-a-dozen clocks. The French popular notion, that every Englishman has an exhaustless store of riches, seems to hold as firmly as ever; for here we find about three hundred dozen portemonnaies, and countless purses, evidently of French manufacture. Presently we are shown what Mr. Carlyle would call 'a gigantic system of shams,' in five hundred and thirty-eight gross of imitation turquoises. . .

"On the particular occasion to which we have been all along referring three hundred gross of lucifer-matches figured in the bazaar, besides several acres of East India matting, forty-nine gallons of Chutney sauce; eighteen gallons of curry-paste; thirty millions of splints; seventy-seven hundredweight of slate-pencils, sixty-eight gallons of rose-water, one package of visiting cards, one ship's long-boat, and '*four pounds*' of books in the English language."

One of Mr. Dickens's staff has bitterly described the delay in passing baggage through the Custom House. "A fine view of the river," he says, "seen through one of the open windows, was being calmly enjoyed by a portly person, evidently of considerable official pretensions. A clerk, writing the reverse of a running hand, sat at a desk; another (who seemed, by the jaunty style in which he wore his hat, to be a dropper-in from some other department of the Customs) leaned lazily against the desk, enjoying the proceedings of the baffled, heated ladies and gentlemen who had escaped from the crowd, and who were anxiously threading the confused maze of passengers' effects strewed on the floor, to find their own. The scene was made complete by two or three porters, whose deliberate mode of opening carpet-bags, boxes, and trunks, showed that it was not their fate to be hurried, in their passage through this life."

All these inconveniences have now been removed, and much civility and promptitude is shown by the Custom House officials.



ROMAN REMAINS FOUND IN BILLINGSGATE (*see page* 50).

CHAPTER VI.

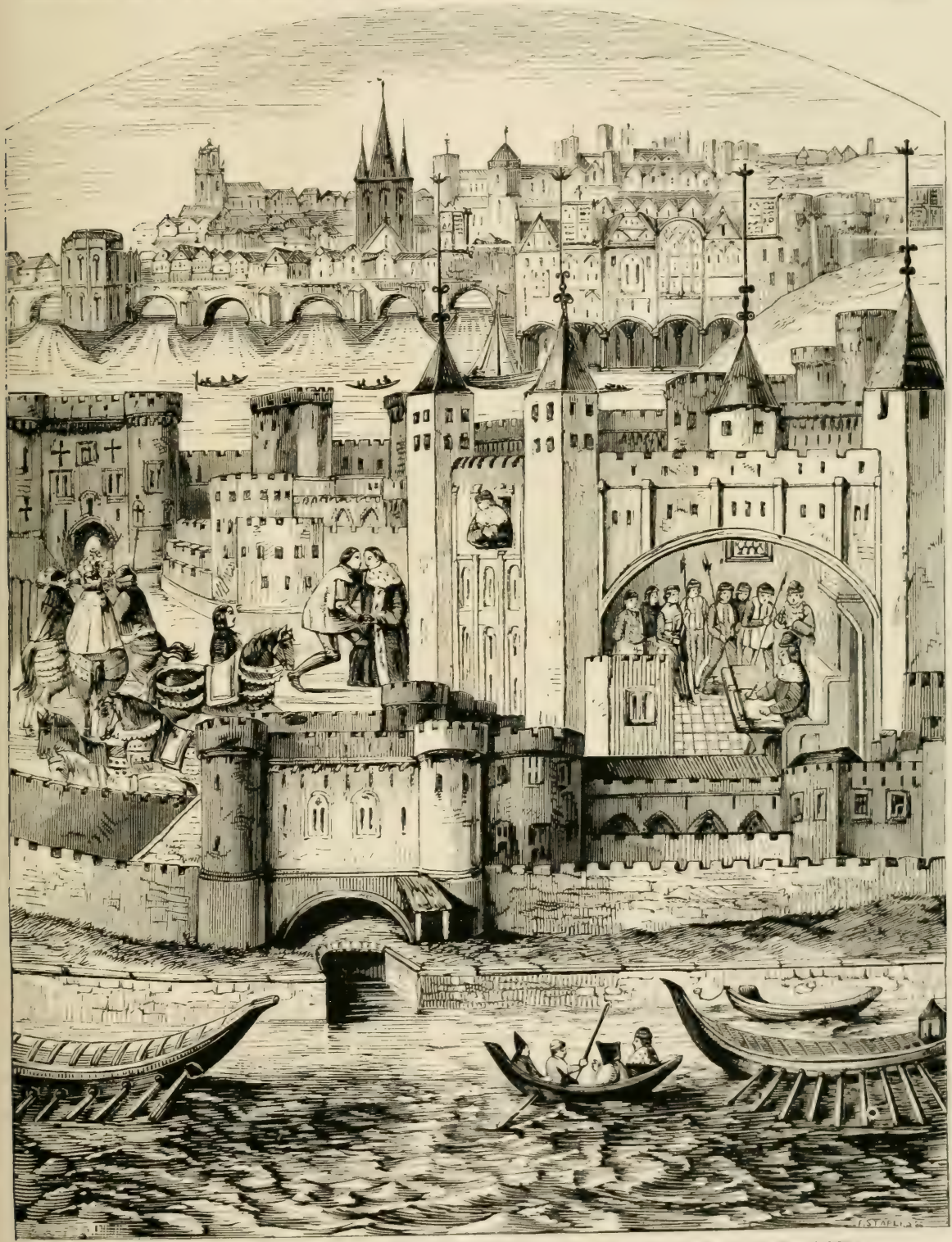
THE TOWER.

Cæsar's Tower—Bishop Gundulfus—Henry III.'s Buildings—The White Tower—Free Access to the Tower claimed by London Citizens—Flambard's Escape—Prince Griffin—Thomas de Beauchamp—Charles of Orleans—Lord Cobham—Wyatt and his Cat—Murder of the Young Princes—The Earl of Surrey—Pilgrims of Grace—Lady Jane Grey—Sir Thomas Wyat—The "White Rose of York."

THE Tower has been the background of all the darkest scenes of English history. Its claims to Roman descent we have before noticed. There can be little doubt that the Roman wall that ran along Thames Street terminated in this fort, within which bars of silver stamped with the name of Honorius have been discovered. Our Saxon chapter showed that Alfred unquestionably built a river-side stronghold on the same site. Alfred has been long forgotten within the Tower walls, but the name of Cæsar's Tower Shakespeare has, by a few words, kept alive for ever. This castle—for centuries a palace, for centuries a prison, and now a barrack, a show-place, a mere fossil of the sterner ages—was commenced, in its present form, by Gundulf, the Bishop of Rochester, for that stern represser of Saxon discontent, William the Conqueror. This Benedictine friar, who had visited the East, built the White Tower, the first St. Peter's Church, and the Hall (or Jewel) Tower. He lived to the age of eighty, and saw the Tower completed.

The next great builder at the Tower was Henry III., who erected Corfe, Conway, and Beaumaris Castles. He added to the tall square White Tower the Water Gate, the great wharf, the Cradle Tower, the Lantern (where his bedroom and private closet were), the Galleyman Tower, and the first wall of the *enceinte*. He adorned the St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower, with frescoes, and gave bells to St. Peter's Church on Tower Green. In the Hall Tower, from which a passage led through the Great Hall into the Lantern, he built that small private chapel before whose cross, says Mr. Dixon, Henry VI. was afterwards stabbed.

The embankment and wharf which the Water Gate commanded was Henry's greatest work. The land recovered from the river, and much exposed to the sweep of the tide, was protected by piles,



CAPTIVITY OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS IN THE TOWER. (*From an Illumination in the Royal MS.*)

enclosed by a front of stone. The London citizens rejoiced when, in 1240, the Water Gate and wall both fell, under the action of high spring-tides. The next year the Barbican fell again, and people said that the spirit of St. Thomas à Becket had appeared, and, indignant at the infringement of

public rights, had struck down the walls with a blow of his crucifix. After wasting more than 12,000 marks, the king at last secured a firm foundation, and reared the Water Gate as it now stands. The saints obnoxious to the walls raised against London citizens were propitiated by an oratory called the Confessor's Chapel, the martyr giving his name to the gate itself.

The whole wharf, 1,200 feet long, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron Gate, which led to the Hospital of St. Catherine the Virgin, where sheds and magazines were built (now the docks). To the river-front there were three stairs. The Queen's Stairs, where royalty landed, lay beneath the Byeward Gate and the Belfry, with a passage by bridge and postern through the Byeward Tower into Water Lane. The Water-way passed under St. Thomas's Tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane, and was generally known as Traitor's Gate, the entrance for prisoners. The Galleyman Stairs (seldom used) lay under the Cradle Tower, by which there was a private entrance to the royal quarters.

Under the Plantagenet kings, says Mr. Dixon, the Tower warden claimed a right, very obnoxious to the London citizens, of putting "kiddles" or weirs filled with nets in front of the Tower Wharf, and, indeed, in any part of the Thames. For sums of money any one could buy licences of the Tower wardens to set kiddles in the Thames, Lea, and Medway with nets that stopped even the smallest fish. Ceaseless were the complaints of this intolerable injustice, till Richard I. surrendered the Tower rights on religious grounds, for the salvation of his soul and those of his ruthless ancestors; but the warden soon reasserted his privileges.

By Magna Charta all kiddles were to be removed from the Thames. The warden still disregarding these claims of the citizens, the Sheriff of London, on one occasion, made a raid, and by force of arms destroyed all the obnoxious nets. In the reign of Henry III. this quarrel assumed a more serious aspect. Enraged at the kiddles placed in the Medway, Jordan de Coventry and a body of armed men proceeded to Yantlet Creek, near Rochester, carried off thirty kiddles, and made prisoners of five men of Rochester, seven men of Strood, and three men of Cliff, with nine other malefactors, and threw them into Newgate. The Rochester men resolved to bring the case before the king, and it was tried at his palace at Kennington. The justiciar who attended for the Crown was a collateral ancestor of Sir Walter Raleigh. The mayor's defence for putting the Kentish men into gaol was that they were infringing the rights of the City, lessening the dignity of the Crown, and, according to an express clause of Magna Charta, incurring the ban of excommunication. The judges agreed with the mayor, and the prisoners were each fined £10, and the captured nets were burnt with rejoicings in Westcheape.

The White Tower, says the latest chronicler, is ninety feet high, and from twelve to fifteen feet thick. It is built in four tiers—the vaults, the main floor, the banqueting-floor, and the state floor. Each tier contains three rooms, not counting the stairs, corridors, and small chambers sunk in the solid wall. In each storey there is a large west room running north and south the whole length of the tower, an east room lying parallel to the first, and a cross chamber at the south-west corner. The rooms are parted by walls never less than ten feet thick. On each angle of the tower is a turret, one of which is round. The vaults have no stairs or doors of their own. Loopholes in the wall let in the damp river air, but little light. The cross-chamber vault, or Little Ease, is darker and damper than its two brethren. There is some ground for belief, says Mr. Dixon, that Little Ease was the lodging of Guy Fawkes. On the walls of the vaults are many inscriptions; amongst them is one of Fisher, a Jesuit priest mixed up in the Powder Plot. It runs—

> "Sacris vestibus indutus,
> Dum sacra mysteria
> Servans, captus et in
> Hoc angusto carcere
> Inclusus.—I. FISHER."

That is, "While clad in the sacred vestments, and administering the sacred mysteries, taken, and in this narrow dungeon immured."

Out of the north-east vault a door opens into a secret hole built in the dividing wall. This place has neither air nor light, and is known as Walter Raleigh's cell. Absurd legend!

The main floor consists of two large rooms and the crypt. One of the rooms was a guard-room. The crypt, a lofty room, was used as a prison for three of the Kentish men taken with Sir Thomas Wyat, in Mary's reign. There are two niches in the solid wall, and the largest of these is also called Raleigh's cell, though he was never confined there. Mr. Dixon suggests that it may have been "the secret jewel-room in the White Tower," often mentioned in old records. The long room on the banqueting-floor was a banqueting-hall, and is the only room in the keep which boasts a fireplace. The cross-chamber, the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, occupied two tiers of the Keep. On this tier Bishop Flambard, Prince Griffin, John Baliol, and Prince Charles d'Orleans were confined.

On the state-room floor was the great council-chamber, a lesser hall where the justiciaries sat, and the galleries of St. John's Chapel, from which there was a passage into the royal apartments. The roof is flat, and strong enough to bear the carronades of later times. The largest of the four turrets, built for a watch-tower, was the prison of poor Maud Fitzwalter, King John's victim, and was afterwards used as an observatory by Flamstead, Newton's contemporary.

The Keep, though a palace, was also a fortress, and security, rather than comfort, was what its builder had in view. It had originally only one narrow door, that a single man could defend. One well-stair alone connected the vaults with the upper floors. The main floor had no way up or down, except by the same staircase, which could only be approached through a passage built in the wall. The upper tiers had other stairs for free communication with the council-chamber and the parapets. Thus we still have existing in the White Tower the clearest and most indelible proofs, better than any historian can give, of the dangers that surrounded the Conqueror, and the little real trust he had in the fidelity of those surrounding him.

The second church of St. Peter was built by Edward I. The bills for clearing the ground are still preserved in the Record Office in Fetter Lane. The cost of pulling down the old chapel was forty-six shillings and eight pence.

The Tower, says Mr. W. Dixon, was divided into two parts, the inner and the outer ward. The inner ward, or royal quarter, was bounded by a wall crowned by twelve towers. The points of defence were the Beauchamp Tower, the Belfry, the Garden Tower (now called the Bloody Tower), the Hall Tower, the Lantern, the Salt Tower, the Broad Arrow Tower, the Constable Tower, the Martin Tower, the Brick Tower, the Flint Tower, the Bowyer Tower, and the Devilin Tower. The inner ward contained the Keep, the Royal Galleries and Rooms, the Mint, the Jewel-house, the Wardrobe, the Queen's Garden, St. Peter's Church, the open Green, and in later days the Lieutenant's house. In the Brick Tower the master of the ordnance resided; in the Lantern turret lights were kept burning at night as river signals.

The outer ward contained some lanes and streets below the wall and works which overlooked the wharf. In this ward stood the Middle Tower, the Byeward Tower, the Water Gate, the Cradle Tower, the Well Tower, the Galleyman Tower, the Iron-gate Tower, Brass Mount, Legge Mount, and the covered ways. Into it opened the Hall Tower, afterwards called the Record Tower, and now the Jewel-house. Close by the Hall Tower stood the Great Hall, the doors of which opened into this outer court. Spanning the ditch on the Thames side was the Water Gate, or St. Thomas's Tower, and under the building was the wide arch so often depicted by painters, and called Traitor's Gate.

Into the outer ward, says Mr. Dixon, the Commons had always claimed a free access. On stated occasions the right of public entry to all citizens was insisted on with much ceremonial. The aldermen and commoners met in Barking Church on Tower Hill, and chose six sage persons to go as a deputation to the Tower, and ask leave to see the king, and demand free access for all people to the courts of law held within the Tower. They were also to beg that no guard would close the gates or keep watch over them while the citizens were coming or going, it being against their freedom for any but their own guard to keep watch during that period. On the king granting their request the six messengers returned to Barking Church, reported progress, and sent the citizen guard to keep the ground. The Commons then elected three men of standing to act as spokesmen and presenters. Great care was taken that no person should go into the royal presence who had sore eyes or weak legs, or was in rags or shoeless. Every one was to have his hair cut close and his face newly shaved. Mayor, aldermen, sheriff, cryer, beadles, were all to be clean and neat, and every one was to lay aside his cape and cloak, and put on his coat and surcoat.

The exact site of the two courts of justice Mr. Dixon has clearly made out. The King's Bench was held in the Lesser Hall, under the east turret of the Keep. The Common Pleas were held in the Great Hall by the river—a hall long since gone, but which stood near the Hall Tower, to which it gave a name. It seems to have been a Gothic edifice in the style of Henry III. After Henry VI.'s death, Hall Tower was turned into a Record Office.

One of the first prisoners ever lodged in the Tower that Gundulf built for William the Conqueror was Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the very treasurer and justiciar who had helped by his cruel greediness to collect the very money by which it was built. On the death of William Rufus, this prelate was seized by the Commons and thrown into the Tower, with the consent of Henry I. He was not kept very close, and one night, plying the Norman soldiers who guarded him with wine, Flambard, who had had ready a coil of rope sent to him in a wine-jar, let himself down from a window sixty-five feet from the ground, and escaped safe to France.

In the north-east turret of the White Tower King

John imprisoned Maud, the beautiful daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, Lord of Baynard's Castle, whose untimely fate we have noticed in a former chapter. In the banqueting hall, Edward I. lodged John de Baliol, whom he had stripped of his crown at the battle of Dunbar. It was from this campaign that Edward returned with the coronation-stone of Scotland, on which our own monarchs have ever since been crowned. Baliol, according to existing records, seems to have lived in state in the White Tower, having his chaplain, tailor, pantler, barber, clerk of the chapel, chamberlain, esquires, and laundress in attendance; and his dogs and horses in the stables waiting his commands, at the cost of seventeen shillings a day. He remained a prisoner 189 days, after which he was given up to the Papal nuncio, John de Pontissera, on condition of residing abroad. Fifty years after another regal Scotchman, David, son of the brave Robert Bruce, was taken prisoner and brought here by Queen Philippa, at the battle of Neville's Cross, while Edward was away chastising France.

Every new effort to widen England brought fresh prisoners to the Tower, and next came to Flambard's old room, Griffin, Prince of Wales, whom his brother David had surrendered to the English king. Resolute to escape, he tore up his bed-clothes, knotted them into a rope, and dropped ninety feet from the leads of the White Tower. Being a heavy man, however, the rope unluckily snapped, and he was killed in the fall. His son remained a prisoner, but was afterwards released, returned to Wales, and fought against Edward I. Slain in battle, his head was brought to London, and fixed on the turret of his old prison.

Edward II. and his cruel queen, Isabella, kept court in the Tower; and here the Prince Joanna de la Tour was born. John de Cromwell, the Constable, was dismissed from office for having let the royal bed-chamber become so ruinous that the rain penetrated through the roof. Here, in Edward's absence, Isabella fell in love with Roger Mortimer, a Welsh chief, who was then in prison in the Tower. By the connivance, no doubt, of the guilty wife, Mortimer escaped by the kitchen chimney, and down the river, to France. His death and the king's barbarous murder at Berkeley Castle were the result of these fatal days of dalliance in the White Tower.

The Beauchamp Tower, on the west wall of the fortress, derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, son of the earl who fought at Crecy and Poictiers. He was appointed by the House of Commons governor to the young king, Richard II., and his first act, in company with Gloucester, Arundel, and other great barons, was to march on London, and seize and put to death the young king's mischievous favourite, Sir Simon de Burley, whose greediness and insolence had rendered him hateful to the nation. This act of stern justice Richard never forgave; and directly he came of age the earl was banished to his own Warwick Castle, where he built Guy's Tower. The king resolved on obtaining despotic power. The earl was invited to dine with the king, and was seized as he was leaving the royal table, where he had been welcomed with special and treacherous hospitality. The king's uncle, the good Duke of Gloucester, was decoyed from his castle of Plasley by the king himself, then hurried over to Calais, and suffocated by his guards. Lord Arundel, another obnoxious lord, was also executed by this royal murderer. Beauchamp, in his trial before the House of Peers, pleaded a pardon he had obtained under the Great Seal for all offences. The Chief Justice declared the pardon had been repealed by the king. Ultimately the earl's castles, manors, and estates were all forfeited, and he was sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered. The king, however, afraid to put to death so popular a man, banished him to the Isle of Man, and then recalled him to his old prison in the Tower. Two years later, on the accession of Henry IV., the earl was released. He was buried in the nave of St. Mary's Church, Warwick, which he had built.

The next captive in the banqueting-hall of the White Tower was that poet-warrior, Charles of Orleans, grandson of Charles V. of France, and father of Louis XII., a gay knight, whom Shakespeare has glanced at in the play of *Henry V.* He had been a rival of Henry (when Prince of Wales) for the hand of Isabella of Valois, the widow of Richard II. She had married him, and died a year after in childbirth. The young prince shortly after, for reasons of state, was induced to marry a second wife, Bona, daughter of Bernard, Count of Armagnac. At Agincourt Charles was found sorely wounded among the dead, and carried to England: he was placed in the White Tower, where a ransom of 300,000 crowns was placed upon his head; for the knights of those days, however chivalrous, drove hard bargains with their prisoners. Orleans was twenty-four years old then, and he remained in the Tower five-and-twenty years. He had a daughter by Queen Isabella, and it was to Henry's interest, as he had married a French princess, and claimed the throne of France, that Orleans should die without having a son. Charles spent the long years of his imprisonment looking out on the Thames and the hills of Surrey, and writing admirable French

and English verses, which still exist. After Henry's death, and when Joan of Arc had recovered nearly the whole of France, the ransom was raked together, and Charles was released. He then married a third wife, Mary of Cleves, and by her had the son who afterwards became the invader of Italy, Louis XII.

The reign that saw Charles of Orleans enter the White Tower also saw Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," brought to the Beauchamp Tower. This Kentish nobleman, who had fought bravely in France and in Wales, was a favourer of the Lollard reformers, and a despiser of the monks. He accepted Wycliffe's doctrines, denied the real presence, read the Bible openly, and sheltered Lollard preachers. The great enemy of this bold man was Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had introduced from Spain the savage custom of burning contumacious heretics. Disobeying a citation of the primate, Lord Cobham was sent to the Tower. Before a synod Oldcastle boldly asserted the new doctrines, and was sentenced to be burnt to death. "Ye judge the body," said the old soldier to the synod, "which is but a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure that ye can do no harm to my soul. He who created that will of His own mercy and promise save it. As to these articles, I will stand to them even to the very death, by the grace of my eternal God."

In the Beauchamp Tower, when the monks spread reports that Cobham had recanted, he issued a bold denial that he had changed his view of "the sacraments of the altar," of which St. Paul had said to the Corinthians, "The bread which we break is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

The people were deeply agitated, and one October night, four weeks after, a band of citizens broke into the Beauchamp Tower (with or without the connivance of the guards), released Cobham, and carried him safely to his own house in Smithfield. There, defying the primate and the monks, Cobham remained for three months. The Lollards at last, probably urged forward by the primate's spies, agreed to meet, 100,000 strong, in St. Giles's Fields, and choose Lord Cobham as their general. The king, enraged at this, collected his barons, closed the City gates, put a white crusader's cross on his royal banner, rode with his spears into St. Giles's Fields, and dispersed the Lollard party, who were waiting for the good lord. For four years Cobham wandered through Wales and England, with 1,000 marks set on his head. Fisher, a skinner, the leader of the band that released Oldcastle from the Tower, was tried at Newgate, and afterwards hung at Tyburn, and his head stuck on London Bridge. Eventually, after a hard fight, Oldcastle was betrayed in Wales by a Welsh adherent named Powis. He was brought to London, and without further trial, he was burnt in front of his own house, in Smithfield, the first man there burnt for the true faith.

In the old monastic plays this brave and consistent man was always represented as a coward and buffoon. Shakespeare himself, following the convention, named his Falstaff at first Oldcastle; then, probably having his attention drawn by some better-read friend to the injustice done to the memory of a good man and true Protestant, he changed it to Falstaff, unfortunately, another brave soldier of Cobham's period, whom tradition had unjustly slandered. It is a singular fact that a "Boar's Head" in the Borough, not that in Eastcheap, had belonged to the great Falstaff of the French wars. The man who wrote in the epilogue to the *Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, the words "Oldcastle died a martyr," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "was a Puritan in faith." This dictum we hold, nevertheless, to be extremely doubtful, as nearly all the religious passages in Shakespeare's plays point to a great reverence for Roman Catholic traditions; and surely an honest writer can free a good man from slander without necessarily believing in his doctrines. Moreover, Lord Cobham was a Protestant, but by no means a Puritan, and probably as far apart in belief from the later martyrs of Smithfield as the Lollards were from John Wesley.

There is a pretty tradition connected with the Tower in the time of the Wars of the Roses. Sir Henry Wyatt, of Allington Castle, in Kent, father of the poet, and grandfather of the unfortunate rebel, was imprisoned in the Tower for being a resolute Lancastrian. He was thrown into a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, sufficient clothes to warm him, or enough food to eat. One day a cat came into his dungeon, and he laid her in his bosom to warm him, "and by making much of her won her love." After this the cat would come several times a day, and sometimes bring him a pigeon. The gaoler dressed these pigeons, without inquiring where they came from. Sir Henry Wyatt after this retained an affection for cats, and was always painted with one by his side. One day, when Wyatt was being tortured with the barnacles, Richard III., who was present, exclaimed with regret, "Wyatt, why art thou such a fool? Thou servest for moonshine in water. Thy master," meaning Henry of Richmond, "is a beggarly fugitive: forsake him and become mine. Cannot I reward thee?" To which Wyatt replied, "If I had first chosen you for my master, thus faithful would

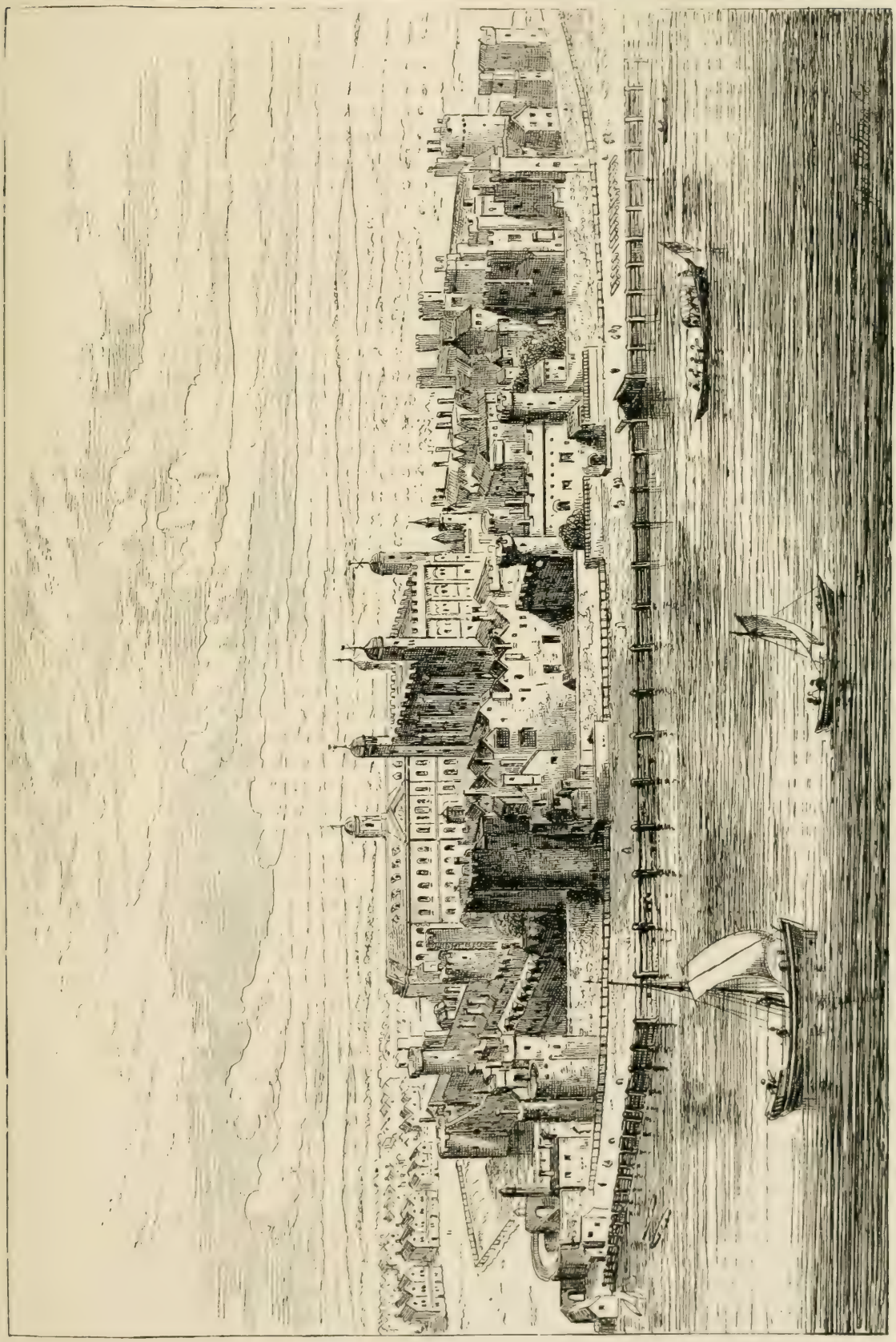
I have been to you if you should have needed it. But the earl, poor and unhappy though he be, is my master; and no discouragement, no allurement, shall ever drive me from him, by God's grace."

And now came, in due sequence, Gloucester's murder of the two princes, his nephews, usually said to have been in the Bloody Tower, but the locality of the crime is still uncertain. Bayley, the fullest and best historian of the Tower, thinks it highly unlikely that Gloucester would have sent the two young princes to such a mere porter's lodge as the Bloody Tower—a tower, moreover, which, in an official survey of the reign of Henry VIII., is called the Garden Tower, showing that the popular name is of later date. When sent to what was to be their tomb, Edward V. was twelve, and Richard, Duke of York, was eight. They stood between the Crookback and the crown, but not for long. Their mother was in sanctuary at Westminster. The Protector had already thrown out rumours that the children were illegitimate, and a bishop had been base enough, it is said, to have sworn to a previous secret marriage of the licentious Edward. Lord Hastings, under an accusation of witchcraft, had just been dragged from the council-chamber, and beheaded on a block of timber on Tower Green. Murder followed murder fast, and the word soon went forth for the children's death. Brackenbury, the Governor of the Tower, receiving the order, when on his knees in St. John's Chapel, refused to obey or to understand it. Gloucester, told of this at midnight in Warwick Castle, instantly rose from his bed, and sent Sir James Tyrrell, his Master of Horse, to London, with power to use the keys and pass-words of the Tower for one night. Two dogged ruffians, John Dighton and Miles Forrest, rode at Tyrrell's heels. It is said that one boy had his throat cut, and the other was smothered with a pillow. Tyrrell stood near the gate while the deed was doing, and saw the bodies of the poor children when all was over, then rode back to York to tell Richard. The two murderers, helped by an obsequious Tower priest, carried down the bodies, dug a hole near the gateway wall, and threw them in. They were afterwards re-interred, in a fit of superstition, by Richard, behind a staircase in the Keep. In Charles II.'s time the bones were found under the steps, and removed to a royal tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The last-named king had tried hard to find the bodies, and prove that Perkin Warbeck was not the son of Edward IV.; but the priest who had removed them was dead, and the search was unsuccessful. Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon both agree that the children were murdered by Richard's command.

The pride and cruelty of Henry VIII., his theologic doubts, and his Bluebeard habit of getting rid of his wives, sent many victims to the Tower. One of the most venerable of these was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, a determined opponent of the king's marriage with a Protestant beauty. He was imprisoned in the Belfry Tower, on the ground floor of which lived the Lieutenant. Fisher had professed belief in an hysterical Kentish girl, subject to fits, whom the monks had persuaded to utter rhyming prophecies against the divorce of Queen Catherine. The poor maid of Kent, urged forward by the priests, at last went too far, declaring that, if Henry put away his Spanish wife, he would die in seven months, and his daughter Mary would ascend the throne. Such prophecies, when spread among fanatics, are apt to produce their own fulfilment. Henry gave the signal, and in a very short time the monks who instigated the nun, and the nun herself, were in a cart bound for Tyburn. Fisher himself was soon arrested, and browbeaten by Cromwell, who told him he believed the prophecies true because he wished them to be true. Fisher was eighty years old, and might have been spared, had not Paul III. at that very time, unfortunately, and against the king's express command, sent him a cardinal's hat. "'Fore God," said Henry, with brutal humour, "if he wear it, he shall wear it on his shoulders." The death-warrant was at once signed. They brought the old man the news that he seemed to have expected, at five a.m. He slept till seven, then rose and donned his bravest suit, for what he called his marriage-day. He passed to the scaffold with the New Testament in his feeble hands. When he opened the book, he read the passage, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." A few hours after the old grey head fell on Tower Hill it was spiked upon London Bridge. The room over Coldharbour Gateway, says Mr. Dixon, where the Maid of Kent was imprisoned, was long known as the Nun's Bower.

The poet Earl of Surrey was another of Henry's victims, and he passed from the Tower to die on the block for blazoning the Confessor's arms upon his shield. His father, too, the third Duke of Norfolk, had a narrow escape from the same block, though he was a near relation of Henry, and the uncle of two queens. He was charged £22 18s. 8d. a month, and yet complained of having no exercise and wanting sheets enough for his bed. Luckily for him, Henry expired the very night the warrant for his execution was signed, and he escaped.

The Beauchamp Tower bears on its walls records of earlier prisoners than the duke—abettors of that



THE TOWER OF LONDON. (*From a View published about* 1700.)

very Pilgrimage of Grace which he had helped to put down. This last great struggle of English Popery against the Reformation brought many of the old North country families to this place of durance.

The royal decree for putting down monastic houses had, in 1536, set all Yorkshire in a ferment. A vast rabble had armed and threatened to march on London, hang Cromwell, weed the Court of evil councillors, restore Queen Catherine, and revive the religious houses. The pilgrims fastened on their breasts scrolls displaying the five wounds of Christ. Near Appleby a band of these fanatics stopped a lawyer named Aske, who was returning to London from a Yorkshire hunting party, and chose him as their general. Aske determined to make Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, the commander-in-chief. Percy, who had been a lover of Anne Boleyn, was the Warden of the East and Middle Marches. The earl was afraid to join them; but the pilgrims demanded the earl's brothers, Thomas and Ingram, in spite of the tears and remonstrances of their mother. York at once surrendered to the 30,000 pilgrims. At Pomfret Castle they enrolled Lord Darcy among their band. At Doncaster Bridge, however, the Duke of Norfolk met the wild rout, and by proffered pardon and promises of the changes they desired, soon broke up the host.

In the meantime lesser rebellions of the same kind prospered for a while. Foremost among the leaders of these were the Bulmers, one of whom had had the command of Norham Castle. Sir John Bulmer brought with him to the camp a dangerous and fanatical woman, named Margaret Cheyne, his paramour, and a bastard daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Henry VIII. had beheaded. When the first pilgrimage failed, and the news came that Cromwell was not disgraced, that no parliament was to be held at York, and that the king would place garrisons in Newcastle, Scarborough, and Hull, the Bulmers, urged on by this wild woman and Adam Sedburgh, Abbot of Jervaulx, and the Abbot of Fountains, resolved on a new pilgrimage. Thomas and Ingram Percy had been deprived of their command in the North by Earl Henry, and were ready for any desperate effort. They defied the king's new lieutenant, and prepared for a fresh outbreak. As Norfolk's army approached, the rebels seized Beverley, and Sir Francis Bigod prepared to fight for the old order of things; but Yorkshire was afraid of the king's power, and a vain attempt on Chillingham Castle, and another on Hull, led to total ruin. A few days more, and the ringleaders were all arrested and packed in the Tower. Aske, Darcy, Bigod, Sir Thomas Percy, the Abbot of Jervaulx, Sir John Bulmer, all perished at Tyburn, and Margaret Cheyne was burnt in Smithfield.

The next prisoners of importance who came to the Beauchamp Tower, the Garden Tower, and the Nun's Bower, were Lady Jane Grey, her young husband, and the ambitious nobles who forced on her the fatal crown to which she was indifferent. The nine days' reign of poor Lady Jane Grey filled the Tower prisons with the Dudleys, who had driven the mild, tender-hearted girl to usurp the crown on the death of Edward VI. With the Queen came Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland; John, the young Earl of Warwick; Lord Robert, already married to luckless Amy Robsart; Lord Ambrose Dudley, a mere lad; Lord Guildford, the weak youth who had married Lady Jane to gratify his father's ambition; and Lord Henry Guildford, his brother. The duke was shut in the Gate House, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry in the Nun's Bower, Jane herself in the house of the Deputy-Lieutenant, Lord Robert in the lower tier of the Beauchamp Tower, Lord Guildford in the middle tier. In two places, on the north side of his prison, and, in one instance, just above the name of the Abbot of Jervaulx, Guildford carved his wife's name, "Jane."

Lady Jane Grey's claim to the throne arose in this way. Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., on the death of her husband, Louis XII. of France, married her stalwart lover, Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. She had issue, two princesses, Frances and Eleanor. Frances married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Jane was the eldest of her three daughters. When King Edward, that precocious boy, died—as some still think, of poison—at Greenwich Palace, Dudley kept his death secret for a whole day, and then sent for the Lord Mayor and the richest aldermen and merchants of London, and showed them forged letters-patent giving the crown to Lady Jane, who had already married his son. The duke's first effort was to seize the Princess Mary, but here he failed; faithful friends had instantly warned her of her danger, and she had already taken flight, to rouse her adherents to arms. Lady Jane was then, against her will, proclaimed queen. She was taken to the Tower from Sion House, and was received as a monarch by crowds of kneeling citizens, her husband walking by her side, cap in hand. She refused, however, to let Guildford be proclaimed king, and the lad cried petulantly at her firmness. Mary's friends fast rising in Norfolk, Dudley was sent against them, with a train of guns and 600 men. As they rode along Shoreditch, the distrusted duke said to

Lord Grey, "The people press to see us, but no man cries 'God speed you!'" In London all went wrong. Ridley, Bishop of London, denounced Mary and Popery, but the crowd was evidently for the rightful heiress.

The rebellion was soon over. Dudley could do nothing in Norfolk without more men. The great nobles were faithless to the Queen of Nine Days. The tenth day Mary was proclaimed in Cheap, and in St. Paul's Churchyard. The archers came to the Tower and demanded the keys, which were given up. Grey rushed into his daughter's room, and found Lady Jane sitting, unconscious of her fate, beneath a royal canopy. "Come down, my child," said the miserable duke; "this is no place for you." From a throne the poor girl passed quickly to a prison.

In the middle room of the Beauchamp Tower, where Warwick and his brother Guildford were confined, Lord Warwick, in the dreary hours, carved an emblematic cipher of the family names, which has never yet been accurately read. Two bears and a ragged staff stand in a frame of emblems —roses, acorns, geraniums, honeysuckles—which some folks, Mr. Dixon says, fancy to indicate the initial letters of his kinsmen's names—the rose, Ambrose; the geranium, Guildford; the oak, Robert. Lord Robert (reserved for future greatness) carved in the lower room the plain words, "Robert Dudley." When sent to the upper room (probably after Guildford's death), he carved on the wall his emblem, an oak-branch, and the letters "R. D."

Lady Jane, with her two gentlewomen by her side, spent her time at Deputy Brydges' house, securely guarded, reading the Greek Testament, and mourning for her father's inevitable fate. Norfolk, released from prison, presided in Westminster Hall at the trial of his enemy, Dudley. The Duke, Warwick, and Northampton were condemned to death. Dudley and his son turned Roman Catholics, but failed to avert their doom. Wyat's mad rebellion brought Lady Jane and her foolish husband to the block. On the scaffold she declared her acts against the Queen were unlawful; "but touching the procurement and desire thereof, by me or on my behalf," she said, "I wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day." She refused the executioner's help, drew the white kerchief over her own eyes, and said to the kneeling executioner, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Kneeling before the block, she felt for it with inquiring hands. As she laid down her fair young head, she exclaimed, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" and the heavy axe fell.

It was while Lady Jane and the Princess Elizabeth were prisoners in the Tower that Wyat's mad rebellion was crushed, and the reckless man himself was locked up in the middle chamber of the Beauchamp Tower. On the slant of the window looking towards the Green can still be seen carved the name of "Thomas Cobham, 1555" (the cousin of the leader of the rebels). The final break-down of Wyat, in his attempt to stop the Spanish match, we have already described in our chapter on Ludgate Hill, where the last throws of the game were played, and we need not recur to it here. The last moments of Wyat are still to be reviewed. Wyat is described as wearing, when taken prisoner, a coat of mail with rich sleeves, a velvet cassock covered with yellow lace, high boots and spurs, and a laced velvet hat. As he entered the Tower wicket, Sir John Brydges, the Lieutenant, threatened him, and said, "Oh, thou villain—traitor; if it were not that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee through with my dagger." "It is no mastery, now," said Wyat, contemptuously, and strode on.

In the Tower, out of the moonshine of vanity and display, Wyat for a time faltered. He made a charge against Courtney, son of the Marquis of Exeter, and a descendant of Edward IV.; and even raised a suspicion against the Princess Elizabeth, which Renard, the Spanish Ambassador, used with dangerous effect. Chandos, the Keeper of the Tower, had planned a scene, as Wyat was led to execution, that should draw from him an open accusation of Elizabeth and Courtney. On his way to death he was taken into the Garden Tower, where Courtney lay. The Lord Mayor and the Privy Council were there, Courtney himself was brought in, but Wyat had nothing to allege. On the scaffold Wyat told the people that he had never accused either the Princess or Courtney of a knowledge of the plot; and a priest, eager for fresh victims, reminded him that he had said differently at the Council. "That which I then said, I said," replied Wyat; "that which I now say is true." And the axe fell.

The Courtney mentioned above was nearly all his life a prisoner in the Tower. His father was executed for treason by Henry VIII. On Mary's accession he was released, and seemed for a time to have persuaded himself that she would accept him as a husband. He was made Earl of Devon, and was called by his friends "the White Rose of York." As the Spanish marriage drew near, people began to mention Courtney as a fine husband for Elizabeth, who seems to have really had some youthful liking for the weak, handsome aspirant. On the outbreak of Wyat's rebellion he was again

thrown into the Tower. After Mary's marriage, however, he was released and sent abroad. He died suddenly at Padua. On Courtney's death the house of York was represented by the descendants of the Duke of Clarence, Edmund and Arthur, nephews of the Cardinal Pole. For some vague suspicion of encouraging the claim of Mary Queen of Scots to the English throne they were imprisoned for life in the Tower. In the Beauchamp Tower inscriptions by both brothers are still to be seen. Arthur has written, among other inscriptions—

"A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant."

Among the residents of the Tower, in Mary's cruel reign, were Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Cranmer, who had refused to fly when Mary marched to London, proved but faint of heart when thrown into the Garden Tower. He had resolved to stay to own his share in the changes which had been made in the days of Edward VI., but the fireless cell soon brought down his courage, and he trembled for his life. There was more of Peter than of Paul about him. The Tower's solitude led the way to his miserable recantation at Oxford. But he revived when Latimer and Ridley came to share his prison, and they searched the Scriptures together for arguments against Feckenham, the Queen's confessor, whom they met daily at the Lieutenant's, where they dined, and whose last argument was the Smithfield fire.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWER (*continued*).

Queen Elizabeth's Prisoners in the Tower—The Bishop of Ross at work again—Charles Bailly—Philip Howard—Earl of Essex—Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower—James I. and the Gunpowder Plot—Guy Fawkes—Father Garnet—Percy—Arabella Stuart—Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—Felton—Prynne—Strafford and Laud—A Long Roll of Notable Tower Prisoners—The Spa Fields Riots—The Cato Street Conspirators.

And now we come to Elizabeth's prisoners, the Roman Catholic plotters against her throne and life. In a room of the Belfry Tower are the names of the Countess of Lennox and her five attendants. This countess was first cousin to Elizabeth, and married by Henry to the fourth Earl of Lennox. While Elizabeth was proposing Lord Robert Dudley to Mary as a husband, offering, as the condition of her accepting a Protestant husband, to at once appoint Mary heir to the throne, the Countess of Lennox was proposing her son Darnley, a Catholic. Immediately before the latter marriage taking place the countess was sent to the Tower, not to be released till Darnley's miserable death. Lennox himself was assassinated, and the countess, released from the Tower, died poor, and was buried in Westminster Abbey at the Queen's expense.

Of other victims of Mary Queen of Scots the Tower bears traces. One of these was a young Fleming, named Charles Bailly, who was employed by the ambassador in London, John Leslie, the intriguing Bishop of Ross, to carry dangerous letters to Brussels and Madrid, respecting the plots of the Duke of Norfolk. In vain Elizabeth had said to the duke, "Take care, my lord, on what pillow you lay your head." He plotted on till he blundered into the Tower. The Earl of Northumberland collected 10,000 men, in hope to rescue Mary and restore the Catholic religion, and in a few days was a hunted fugitive. Norfolk was released after many lying promises. The Bishop of Ross at once determined on a new effort. A Papal bull was to be launched, deposing the Queen; the Catholic lords were to seize the Tower; Norfolk was to march to Tutbury, rescue Queen Mary, and bring her to London to be crowned. In the meantime he wrote a treasonable book, which was printed at Liége, entitled "A Defence of the Honour of Mary, Queen of Scotland." Bailly, on his return with the book and some dangerous letters referring to Norfolk, was arrested at Dover. The Cobham already mentioned as one of Wyat's adherents, having charge of the prisoner and the letters, and being a Catholic, resolved to befriend the bishop. He therefore sent him the letters to change for others of a more harmless character. Burleigh, however, by a Catholic spy, discovered the truth, and put Charles Bailly to the rack. The plot disclosed led to the instant arrest of the Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of Ross. In the good Lord Cobham's room Charles has inscribed the following words:—

"I.H.S. 1571. Die 10 Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speak, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and, above all things, to whom they trust.—Charles Bailly."

In a prison in the Tower the Bishop of Ross confessed the Norfolk and Northumberland plots, and declared Mary's privity to the death of Darnley. He has left his name carved in the Bloody Tower, with a long Latin inscription, now half erased.

Eventually, squeezed dry of all secrets, and full of cramps and agues, he was contemptuously released and sent abroad. Norfolk died denouncing his religion, and begging pardon of the Queen. He was the first political offender who suffered in Elizabeth's reign. Northumberland was executed at York, and left his title to his brother Henry, who perished in the Tower. The new earl soon fell into treason. Misled by Jesuit intriguers, he was waiting for the landing of the Duke of Guise and a Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, when he was thrown into the Tower, where he remained a whole year in the Bloody Tower untried. On Sunday, June 21, 1585, he shot himself as he lay in bed, to prevent the confiscation of his estates. An absurd rumour was spread by the Catholics that the earl was murdered by order of Hatton and Raleigh. Cecil and Raleigh's other rivals did their best to perpetuate such a calumny. A modern historian, in the face of all evidence, has given affected credence to the report.

Another pseudo-Catholic martyr of this reign was Philip Howard, a son of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary the daughter of the Earl of Arundel, a weak intriguing man. He has left in the large room of the Beauchamp Tower this inscription, carved in an Italian hand :—

"The more suffering for Christ in this world, so much the more glory with Christ in the life to come.—ARUNDELL. June 22, 1587."

Arundel was a pervert, and had been captured while on his way to join the army of Philip of Spain. Having lost favour with Elizabeth for having gone over to the Church of Rome, Arundel had despaired of further progress at Court, and had fled to Spain on the very eve of the Armada. By means of bribes paid by his wife, Arundel contrived to have mass celebrated in his cell. For this offence he was condemned to death; but the Queen pardoned the poor fanatic, and he lingered in prison for ten years, at the end of which he died—poisoned, as the Jesuits said; but more probably from the injury he had done his health by repeated fasts.

Of that wilful and unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, we shall say little here. His story belongs more naturally to another part of our work—the chapter on the Strand, where he lived. His rash revolt we have already glanced at. At the age of thirty-five he laid down his head on the block on Tower Green. He was attended by three divines, to whom he expressed deep penitence for his "great sin, bloody sin, crying and infectious sin," and begged pardon of God and his sovereign. He never mentioned his wife, children, or friends; took leave of no one, not even of those present; and when he knelt down to pray, exhibited considerable agitation of mind.

On James's accession, that great man, yet not without many a stain, Sir Walter Raleigh, became a tenant of the Bloody Tower. He had been imprisoned before by Elizabeth in the Brick Tower, for having seduced Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honour.

"A very great part of the second and long imprisonment of the founder of Virginia," says Mr. Dixon, "was spent in the Bloody Tower and the adjoining Garden House, writing at this grated window, working in the little garden on which it opened, pacing the terrace on this wall, which was afterwards famous as Raleigh's Walk. Hither came to him the wits and poets, the scholars and inventors of his time—Jonson and Burrell, Hariot and Pett—to crack light jokes, to discuss rabbinical lore, to sound the depths of philosophy, to map out Virginia, to study the shipbuilder's art. In the Garden House he distilled essences and spirits, compounded his great cordial, discovered a method (afterwards lost) of turning salt water into sweet, received the visits of Prince Henry, wrote his political tracts, invented the modern war-ship, wrote his 'History of the World.'"

Raleigh was several times in the Tower; but many vaults and cells pointed out by the warders in absurd places—such as the hole in Little Ease, a recess in the crypt, a cell in the Martin Tower, and one in the Beauchamp Tower—were never occupied by him. After the seduction of his future wife, Raleigh was placed in the Brick Tower, the residence of Sir George Carew, Master of the Ordnance, and his own cousin, and was released upon his marriage. As a first step towards peace with Spain, James I., on his accession, imprisoned Raleigh in the Bloody Tower. The pretext for his seizure was his aiding Lord Cobham, the brother-in-law of Cecil, in a plot to raise Arabella Stuart to the throne. Cobham, clinging to life with the baseness of Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, accused Raleigh of complicity, and then retracted. A report was spread that Raleigh had tried to stab himself while sitting at the Lieutenant's table. He remained a prisoner for fourteen years. His wife and son were allowed to live at the Tower, where her husband and his three poor servants lived on five pounds a week. He was at last, from poverty, obliged to part with his faithful friend, Thomas Hariot, whom he had sent to Virginia in 1584, and whose mathematical discoveries Descartes is said to have stolen.

During this long imprisonment, Raleigh was allowed to use a hen-roost in the garden near the

Bloody Tower as a place for distilling and for chemical experiments. There he made balsams and cordials, and occupied himself with many scientific inquiries. When increased suspicions fell on Raleigh, he was deprived of this still-room, and his wife and two children (for a second son had been born since his imprisonment) were sent from the Tower. He then became so ill from the chill of the cell that he was allowed to live in the Garden House, which had been the still-room where he studied. Here he discovered a cordial still used by doctors; here he discoursed of naval battles with Prince Henry, who, after one of these visits, cried out to his attendants, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." Here he finished the first volume of his "History of the World," assisted, it is said, by Ben Jonson and other scholars. Here, bit by bit, King James stripped him of houses and lands, including Durham House and Sherborne Castle.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER ON TOWER GREEN.

After his release and unsuccessful voyage to seek for gold in Guiana, Raleigh returned to the Tower, and was placed in a poor upper room of the Brick Tower. He had at first pleasant rooms in the Wardrobe Tower. But Spain had now resolved on his death, and James was ready to consent. His enemies urged him in vain to suicide. The morning he died, Peter, his barber, complained, as he dressed his master to go to the scaffold, that his head had not been curled that morning. "Let them comb it that shall have it," answered Raleigh.

In a chamber of the house of the Lieutenant of the Tower, looking out on the Thames, several oak panels bear inscriptions, some of them probably written by King James, to record the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot; for in this chamber Guy Fawkes was first examined by Cecil, Nottingham, Mountjoy, and Northampton. Two of the inscriptions run thus:—

"James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency, and the other regal virtues; champion and patron of the Christian faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august, and most auspicious:

"Queen Anne, the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes:

"Prince Henry, ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God:

"Charles, Duke of York, divinely disposed to every virtue:

"Elizabeth, full sister of both, most worthy of her parents:

"Do Thou, all-seeing, protect these as the apple of the eye, and guard them without fear from wicked men beneath the shadow of Thy wings."

"To Almighty God, the guardian, arrester, and avenger, who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our most serene Lady the Queen, our divinely disposed Prince, and the rest of our Royal House; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors and advocates of which conspiracy, Romanised Jesuits, of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the furious desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom, root and branch; and which was suddenly, wonderfully, and divinely detected, at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th day of November, in the year of grace 1605—William Waad, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant of the Tower, returns, on the ninth of October, in the sixth year of the reign of James the First, 1608, his great and everlasting thanks."

Fawkes was confined in a dungeon of the Keep. He would not at first disclose his accomplices,

but, after thirty minutes of the rack, he confessed all. It is not known who first proposed the mode of destruction by powder, but Fawkes, a pervert, who had been a soldier, was selected as a fitting worker-out of the plan. To the last Fawkes affirmed that when the conspirators took oath in his lodgings in Butcher's Row, Strand, Father Gerard, who administered the sacrament, was ignorant of the purpose of their oath. Fawkes, with Keyes, Rookwood, and Thomas Winter, were drawn on hurdles to Palace Yard, and there hung and disembowelled. Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates were hung near Paul's Cross.

Another Tower prisoner in this reign was the Earl of Northumberland, a patron of science. His kinsman, Thomas Percy, had been deep in the plot, and was the man who hired the cellar where the barrels of powder were laid. He was allotted a house in the Martin Tower, at the north-east angle of the fortress, afterwards the Jewel House, where Colonel Blood made his impudent dash on the regalia. There he remained for sixteen years, pacing daily on the terrace which connected his rooms with the Brick Tower and the Constable's Tower, and which still bears his name. A sun-dial fixed for him on the south face of the Martin Tower,



GUY FAWKES AND THE CONSPIRATORS. (*From a Contemporary Print.*)

Father Garnet was found hiding at Hendlip Hall, in Worcestershire. He was at first confined in the Keep, then in a chamber on the lower tier of the Bloody Tower. When it was said to him, "You shall have no place in the calendar," "I am not worthy of it," he replied, "but I hope to have a place in heaven." In the Tower, Garnet was persuaded by a spy to converse with another priest in an adjoining cell, and their conversations were noted down by spies. He confessed that in Elizabeth's time he had declared a powder plot to be lawful, but wished to save as many as he could. Garnet's servant, Little John, in fear of the rack, stabbed himself in his cell. On the scaffold before St. Paul's, Garnet asserted the virtue of Anne Vaux, with whom it is certain he had carried on an intrigue, and hoped the Catholics in England would fare no worse for his sake.

by the famous astronomer Hariot, is still to be seen there. Accused of wishing to put himself at the head of the English Catholics, he was fined £30,000, deprived of all his appointments, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He spent his time in mathematical studies, and kept Hariot by his side. He was a friend of Raleigh, and was visited by men of science. He was at last released by the intercession of his beautiful daughter Lucy, who had married Hay, a Court favourite, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.

Nor must we forget that fair prisoner, Arabella Stuart, a kinswoman of James, who was sent to the Tower for daring to marry her relation, William Seymour, who was also of royal descent. Seymour escaped to France, but she remained five years in the Tower, in neglect and penury, and died at last, worn out with pining for freedom, her mind a wreck.

The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower is one of the darkest of the many dark pages in the reign of James I. It was the last great crime committed in the blood-stained building where so many good and wise men had pined away half their lives. Overbury, a poet and statesman of genius, was the friend of the king's young Scotch favourite, Carr. When a handsome boy he had been injured in a tilt, and had attracted the king's attention. James, eager to load his young Ganymede with favours, wedded him to the divorced wife of Lord Essex, a beautiful but infamous woman, whose first marriage had been conducted at Whitehall with great splendour, Inigo Jones supplying the scenery, and Ben Jonson, in beautiful verse, eulogising the handsome couple in fallacious prophecies. Carr ruled the king, and Overbury ruled Carr. All went well between the two friends, who had begun life together, till Overbury had exerted himself to prevent Carr's marriage with the divorced Lady Essex. The lady then resolved on his death. She tried to bribe assassins and poisoners, and, all these plans failing, the king was persuaded to send him as an envoy to Moscow. Overbury refusing to go, was thrown into the Bloody Tower. Here Lady Essex exerted all her arts to take away his life. An infamous man, named Sir Gervaise Helwyss, was appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, and a servant of Mrs. Turner, the infamous poisoner (mentioned in our chapter on Paternoster Row), placed as keeper in the Bloody Tower. Poisoned jellies and tarts were frequently sent to Overbury by Lady Essex in the name of Carr, and poisons were mixed in almost everything he took. Yet so strong was the poet's constitution, that he still bore up, till a French apothecary was sent to him, who administered medicines that soon produced death. The marriage of Lady Essex and Carr, now made an earl, soon took place, and was celebrated with great splendour at Whitehall. The Earl of Northampton, who had aided Lady Essex in this crime, died a few months afterwards, and all was for a time hushed up. In the meantime Overbury's friends had printed his fine poem of "The Wife" (the model of virtue held out for his friend's example), and five editions of the poem had roused public attention. Just at this time, a boy employed in the Tower by the French apothecary who gave Overbury his *coup de grâce*, fell sick in Flanders, and confessed his crime to the English resident. Gradually the murder came out. The Lieutenant of the Tower half confessed, and the criminals were soon under arrest. Hands were also laid on Carr and his wife, Mrs. Turner, Weston, the man placed in charge of Overbury, and an apothecary, Franklin. The nation was infuriated and cried for vengeance. There were even rumours that the same wretches had poisoned Prince Henry, the heir to James's throne. Helwyss was hung in chains on Tower Hill; Mrs. Turner at Tyburn; Franklin and Weston were contemptuously put to death. The trial of the greater culprits followed. The countess pleaded guilty, and was condemned to death; and in Carr's case the chief evidence was suppressed. Eventually the earl and countess were pardoned. They left the Bloody Tower and the Garden House, and lived in seclusion and disgrace. The only child of these murderers was the mother of that excellent Lord William Russell who was afterwards beheaded.

Mention of every State prisoner whom the Tower has housed would in itself fill a volume. We must therefore confine ourselves to brief notices of the greater names. Nor must his innocence prevent our mentioning, after the murderers of Overbury, that patriarch of English philosophy, Lord Bacon, who, on his sudden fall from greatness, when Buckingham threw him as a sop to appease the people, was confined here for a period which, though short, must have been one of extreme mental agony. He was only imprisoned one day in the Lieutenant's house. "To die in this disgraceful place, and before the time of His Majesty's grace, is even the worst that could be," said the great man, whose improvidence and whose rapacious servants had led him to too freely accept presents which his enemies called "bribes."

But we must hasten on to the reign of Charles, when Felton struck that deadly blow in the doorway at Portsmouth, and Charles's hated favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, fell dead. Felton, an officer whose claims had been disregarded, had stabbed the duke, believing him to be a public enemy. He was lodged in the Bloody Tower, and as he passed to his prison the people cried, "The Lord bless thee!" The Parliament Remonstrance against the duke, which Felton had read in the "Windmill" Tavern, in Shoe Lane had first roused him to the deed. The turning-point of Charles's fate was the committal of the nine members—Holles, Eliot, Selden, Hobart, Hayman, Coryton, Valentine, Strode, and Long—to the Tower. They had carried resolutions against the tax by tonnage and poundage proposed by the king. These men, so active against Laud and despotic power, were lodged in the Lieutenant's House. Two were at once pardoned; the others were heavily fined. The ringleader, Eliot, refused to retract, died in confinement, resolute to the last, and he was buried in the Tower.

Then came to the Tower that tough, obstinate lawyer, Prynne, who, for an attack on theatres, was put in the pillory, fined £5,000, and had both his ears shorn off. After four years' imprisonment Prynne again attacked Archbishop Laud's Popish practices, and was again punished. But the tide was now turning. Presently through the Tower gates passed Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, that dark bold spirit that had resolved to brave it out for despotism, and in the attempt was trodden under foot. Charles gave him up to the people, in one of his feeble and vain attempts to conciliate those whom he had wronged. When there was fear Strafford might be torn to pieces on his way to the scaffold, he said, "I care not how I die, by the executioner or by the people." He stopped under Laud's window for his blessing, but Laud, in the act of blessing, swooned. Four years after Laud also perished on Tower Hill. As he went to the scaffold, says his last historian, his face turned from purple to ghastly white. A poor, narrow-minded, cruel man, it is a pity his enemies did not send him over to France, and there leave him to trim altars and arrange processions to his heart's content.

The Tower prisoners of Charles II.'s time were men of less mark and of less interest. The first offender was James Harrington, the author of that political romance, "Oceania," the publication of which Cromwell had been too magnanimous to resent. He eventually became insane, and after several changes of prison, died and was buried next Raleigh, in St. Margaret's Church. In the same foolish revelling reign the Duke of Richmond got shut up in the Tower for three weeks, being compromised for proposing marriage to Frances Terese, one of the king's mistresses (the "Britannia" of our English halfpence). The Duke eventually eloped with her, but he survived the marriage only a few years. In 1665 Baron Morley was sent to the Tower for stabbing a gentleman named Hastings in a street fight, with the help of a duellist named Captain Bromwich. He pleaded benefit of clergy, and peers being, at that period of our history, allowed to murder without punishment, he was acquitted.

The half-mad Duke of Buckingham seems to have been fond of the Tower, for he was no less than five times imprisoned there. The first time (before the Restoration), Cromwell had imprisoned him for marrying the daughter of Fairfax. The last time, he accompanied Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Wharton, for opposing the Courtier Parliament. Penn, the eminent Quaker, was also imprisoned in the Tower in Charles's reign, nominally for writing a Unitarian pamphlet, but really to vex his father, the Admiral, who had indirectly accused the Duke of York of cowardice at sea, on the eve of a great engagement with the Dutch. Stillingfleet at last argued the inflexible prisoner into Christianity, and he was released.

When, on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, Lord William Russell was arrested, he was sent to the Tower first, and then to Newgate. "Arbitrary government cannot be set up in England," he said to his chaplain, "without wading through my blood." The very day Russell was removed from his prison, and Charles II. and James visited the place, the Earl of Essex, in a fit of despair at being mixed up in the Rye House Plot, or from fears at his own guilt, killed himself with a razor. He was imprisoned at the time in lodgings between the Lieutenant's house and the Beauchamp Tower.

Lord Stafford (one of the victims of Titus Oates and his sham Popish Plot) was imprisoned in the Tower, and perished under the axe on Tower Hill. When the rabble insulted him, Stafford appealed to the officials present. Sheriff Bethel brutally replied, "Sir, we have orders to stop nobody's breath but yours."

Another victim of this reign was the famous Algernon Sidney, a stern opponent of Charles, but no plotter against his person. The wretch Jeffreys hounded on the jury to a verdict. Sidney's last words in court were a prayer that the guilt of his death might not be imputed to London. On his way to Tower Hill, he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I die for the old cause."

Another turn of Fortune's wheel, and James, Duke of Monmouth, the fugitive from Sedgemoor, was found half-starved in a ditch, and was brought to his prison lodgings at the Lieutenant's house. He proved a mere craven, offered to turn Catholic to save his life, and talked only of his mistress. Tenison, the Vicar of St. Martin's Church, refused him the sacrament, and the last words of the prelates in attendance were, as the axe fell, "God accept your imperfect repentance."

James fled, and the next State prisoner was that cruel and brutal myrmidon of his, Judge Jeffreys. Detected in the disguise of a sailor, he was taken, and with difficulty saved from the enraged mob. He was discovered at a low ale-house in Wapping by a man whom he had once bullied and frightened in court. He spent his time in the Bloody Tower drinking, of which he at last died. He was at first buried near the Duke of Monmouth, then removed to St. Mary Aldermary. Our readers will remember the cruel jest played upon Jeffreys in the Tower, by a man who sent him a barrel,

apparently full of Colchester oysters, but which when opened proved to contain only a halter.

In 1697, when Sir John Fenwick was in the Tower for a plot to assassinate King William, his friends, afraid he would "squeak," interceded that he should be beheaded. It was certainly very unlike a gentleman to swing, but he was so proud of being beheaded, that he grew quite tractable when the request was granted.

The Scotch Jacobite lords were the next visitors to the Tower. When the white cockade was trodden into the mire, the leaders of the chevalier's followers soon found their way there. The Earl of Derwentwater (about whom so many north-country ballads exist) and Lord Kenmure, the grandson of Charles II., perished on Tower Hill. Derwentwater's last words were, "I die a Roman Catholic. I am in perfect charity with all the world; I thank God for it. I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commend my soul." Kenmure, who had expected a pardon, came on the scaffold in a gay suit. "God bless King James," he cried, as he knelt to the block. Lord Winton filed the bars of his window, and escaped.

Lord Nithsdale also escaped, thanks to his brave wife. His escape is one of the prettiest romances connected with the Tower. Failing to obtain mercy from George I., who shook her from him, she struck out, in her love and despair, a stratagem worthy of a noble wife. With the help of some female friends and a useful Welsh servant girl, she disguised her husband as her maid, and with painted cheeks, hood, and muffler, he contrived to pass the sentries and escape to the house of the Venetian agent. The next morning the earl would have perished with his comrades.

In 1722, Pope's friend Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, was thrown into the Tower, and, with ferocious drollery, it was advised that he should be thrown to the Tower lions. Layer, a barrister, one of his fellow-conspirators, was chained in the Tower and soon after executed. The unlucky '45 brought more Scottish lords to the Tower; the Earl of Cromartie, the Earl of Kilmarnock, Derwentwater's younger brother, Lord Balmerino, and that hoary old rascal, Simon, Lord Lovat, whom Hogarth sketched on his way to London, as he was jotting off the number of the rebel clans on his mischievous old fingers. Cromartie was spared: of the rest, Kilmarnock died first; then the scaffold was strewn with fresh sawdust, the block new covered, a new axe brought, and the executioner re-clad, by the time old Balmerino appeared, calm and careless, as with the air of an old soldier he stopped to read the inscription upon his own coffin. At Lovat's execution, in 1747, a scaffold fell with some of the spectators, and the doomed man chuckled and said, "The mair mischief, the mair sport." "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," said the greatest rascal of his day; and then declaring himself a true Catholic, Lovat died, the last State criminal beheaded on Tower Hill. A stone with three rude circles in St. Peter's Church marks the grave of the three Scotch Jacobites.

Of Wilkes's imprisonment in the Tower we shall have occasion to speak elsewhere.

Then came other days, when Pitt frightened England with rumours of revolutionary conspiracies. The leaders of the London Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Information, were seized in 1794—the Habeas Corpus Act being most tyrannically suspended. Among the reformers then tried on a charge of constructive treason were Horne Tooke, the adversary of Junius, Thelwall, and Hardy, a shoemaker (secretary of the Corresponding Society). Erskine defended Hardy, who was acquitted; as also were Horne Tooke and Thelwall, to the delight of all lovers of progress.

Sir Francis Burdett's story will come more naturally into our Piccadilly chapter, but a few facts about his imprisonment in the Tower will not be out of place. In 1810 he was committed by a Tory House of Commons for a bold letter which he had written to his constituents on the case of John Gale Jones, a delegate of the Corresponding Society, who had been lodged in Newgate for a libel on the House. Burdett denied the power of the House to order imprisonment, or to keep men in prison untried.

The year 1816 brought some less noble prisoners than Sir Francis to the Tower. The Spa Fields riots were followed by the arrest of Watson, a bankrupt surgeon, Preston, a cordwainer, and Hooper, a labourer, all of whom were members of certain socialist clubs.

The desperate but foolish Cato Street conspirators of 1820 were the last State prisoners lodged in the Tower, which Mr. Dixon seems to think was thus robbed of all its dignity. The cells that have held Ings, the butcher, and Davidson, the negro, can never be perfumed sufficiently to hold noble traitors or villains of mediæval magnitude. Thistlewood, that low Cataline, who had served in the army, was lodged in the Bloody Tower, as the place of honour, Brunt in the Byeward Tower, Ings and Davidson in the Water Gate, and Tidd in the Seven-Gun Battery.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Jewels of the Tower—The Imperial State Crown—St. Edward's Crown—Prince of Wales's Crown—Ancient Queen's Crown—The Queen's Diadem or Circlet of Gold—The Orb—St. Edward's Staff—The King's Sceptres—The Queen's Sceptre—The Queen's Ivory Rod—The Ampulla—The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy—Bracelets—The Royal Spurs—The Saltcellar of State—Blood's Desperate Attempt to Steal the Regalia—The Tower Armouries—Absurd Errors in their Arrangement—Chain Mail—German Fluted Armour—Henry VIII.'s Suit of Armour—Horse Armour—Tilting Suit of the Earl of Leicester—A Series of Strange Blunders—Curiosities of the Armoury—Naval Relics—Antiquities.

THE present Jewel House at the Tower is the old Record Tower, formerly called the Hall Tower. The regalia were originally kept in a small building at the south side of the White Tower, but in the reign of Charles I. they were transferred to a strong chamber in the Martin Tower, afterwards called the Jewel Tower, which being damaged in the great fire of 1841, the warders removed the regalia to the governor's house. The new Jewel House was erected the same year, and is more commodious than the old room.

Here you see the types of power and sovereignty. The collection is surmounted by the imperial State crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This crown, says Professor Tennant, "was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by His Majesty George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds.

"Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of 148 diamonds.

"In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby, said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds.

"Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds.

"From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds.

"From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants."

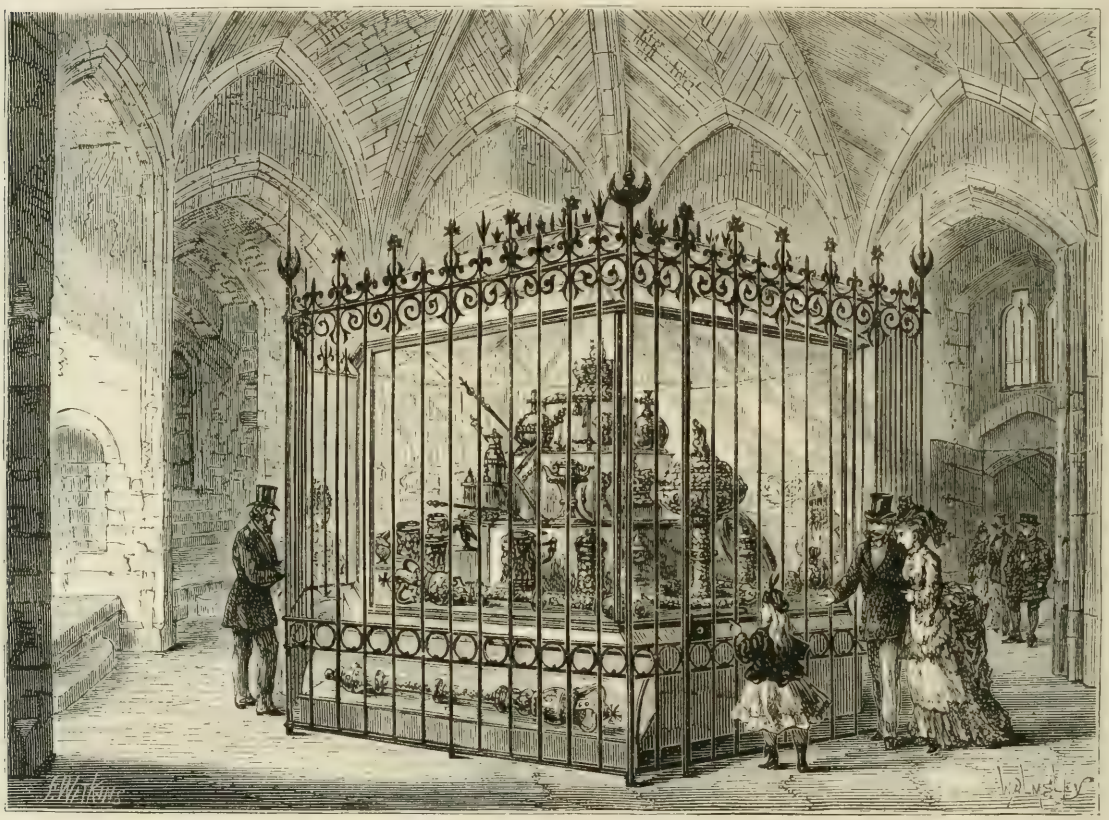
The next crown to be mentioned is known as *St. Edward's.** It is the imperial crown with which the kings of England have been crowned. It was made for the coronation of Charles II., to replace the one broken up and sold during the civil wars. It is embellished with pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top, enriched with a band or fillet of gold, garnished also with precious stones, and three very large oval pearls, one at the top, and

* It derives its name from the ancient crown, supposed to have been worn by King Edward the Confessor, and which was preserved in Westminster Abbey till the rebellion in the reign of Charles I., when it was sacrilegiously taken away, together with many other articles belonging to the regalia.

the others pendant to the ends of the cross. This crown is formed of four crosses, and as many fleurs-de-lis of gold, rising from a rim or circlet, also of gold, and set with precious stones; and the cap within is made of purple velvet, lined with taffeta, and turned up with ermine.

The Prince of Wales's Crown. This is formed of pure gold, and is unadorned by jewels. On occasions of State it is placed before the seat in the House of Lords which is occupied by the heir apparent.

hand at his coronation, and is borne in his left on his return to Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold six inches in diameter, encompassed with a band or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling other precious stones, and edged with pearls. On the top is an extraordinary fine amethyst, of an oval shape, nearly an inch and a half in height, which forms the foot or pedestal of a cross of gold three inches and a quarter high, set very thick with diamonds, and adorned with a sapphire, an emerald, and several large pearls.



THE JEWEL ROOM AT THE TOWER.

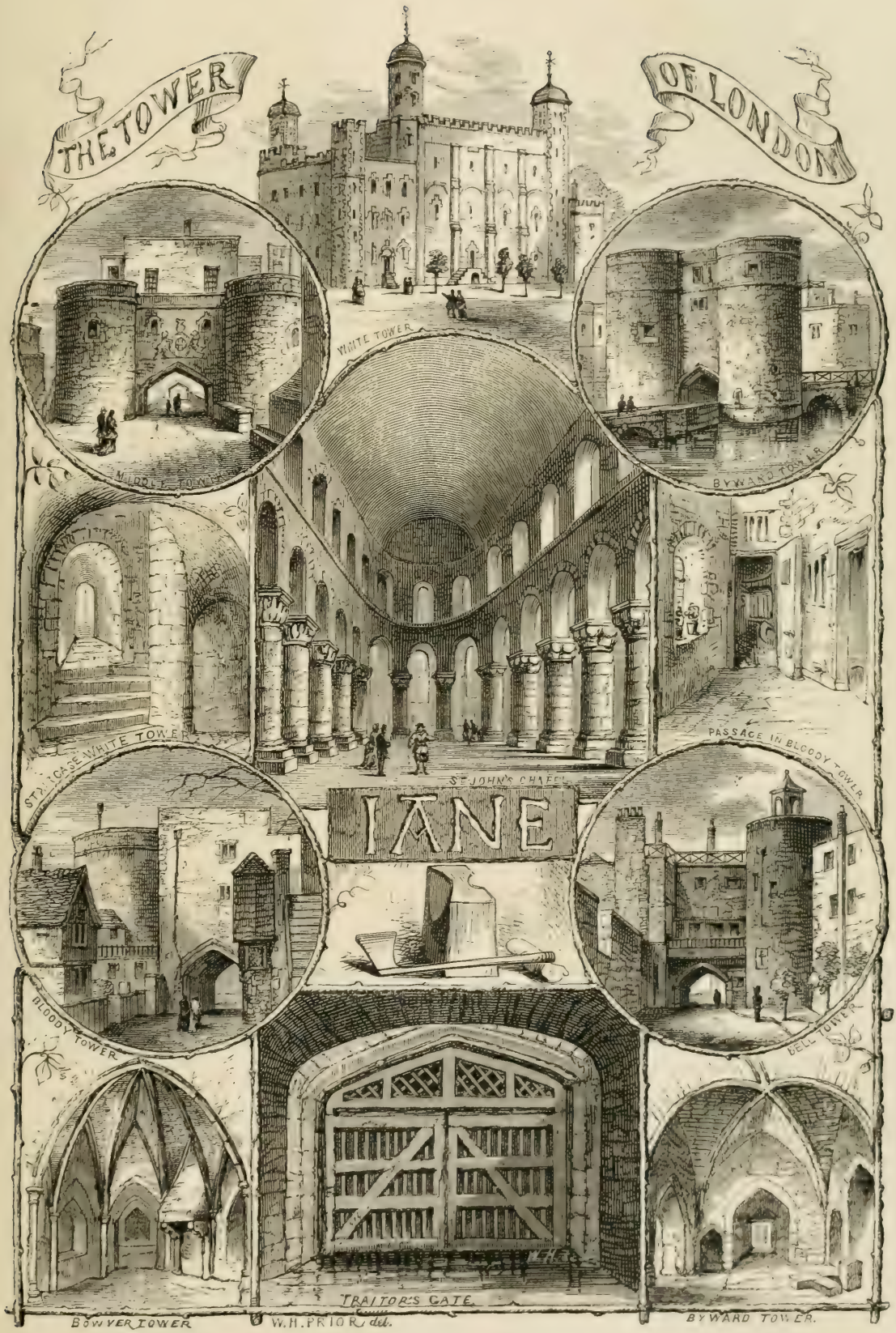
The Ancient Queen's Crown, being that used at coronations for the queen consort, is a very rich crown of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with other precious stones and pearls; the cap being similar to the preceding.

The Queen's Diadem or Circlet of Gold. This was worn by Queen Mary, consort of James II., in proceeding to her coronation. It is a rim or circle of gold, richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, and around the upper edge a string of pearls; the cap is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, richly powdered. It cost, according to Sandford, £111,000.

The *Orb*, which rests in the sovereign's right

St. Edward's Staff, which is carried before the sovereign at the coronation, is a staff or sceptre of beaten gold, four feet seven inches and a half in length and about three quarters of an inch in diameter, with a pike or foot of steel four inches and a quarter long, and a mound and cross at the top.

The *King's Sceptre with the Cross*, or *Sceptre Royal*, likewise of gold, is two feet nine inches in length, and of the same size as that with the dove; the handle is plain, but the upper part is wreathed, and the pommel at the bottom set with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds. On the top is a mound, and on the mound is a cross adorned with precious stones. This sceptre is placed in the


THE TOWER
OF LONDON
WHITE TOWER
MIDDLE TOWER
BYWARD TOWER
ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL
STAIRCASE WHITE TOWER
PASSAGE IN BLOODY TOWER
LANE
BLOODY TOWER
BELL TOWER
TRAITOR'S GATE
BOWYER TOWER
W. H. PRIOR del.
BYWARD TOWER

right hand of the sovereign at the coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The *King's Sceptre with the Dove* is gold, in length three feet seven inches, and about three inches in circumference. It is set with diamonds and other precious stones, and upon the mound at the top, which is enriched with a band or fillet of rose diamonds, is a small cross, whereon is fixed a dove with wings expanded, as the emblem of mercy.

The *Queen's Sceptre with the Cross* is also of gold, adorned with diamonds and other precious stones, and in most parts is very like the king's, but not wreathed, nor quite so large.

The *Queen's Ivory Rod*, which was made for Queen Mary, consort of James II., is a sceptre of white ivory three feet one inch and a half in length, with a pommel, mound, and cross of gold, and a dove on the top.

Besides these there is another very rich and elegant sceptre with a dove, which was discovered in 1814 behind a part of the old wainscot of the Jewel House, where it seems to have lain unobserved for a great number of years. This nearly assimilates to the king's sceptre with the dove, and there is every probability that it was made for Queen Mary, consort of William III., with whom she was jointly invested with the exercise of the royal authority.

The *Ampulla*, or *Eagle of Gold*, which contains the holy oil at the ceremony of the coronation, is in the form of an eagle, with wings expanded, standing on a pedestal, all of pure gold finely chased. The head screws off about the middle of the neck, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the beak into a spoon called the anointing-spoon, which is likewise of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle. These are considered to be of great antiquity.

Curtana, or the *Sword of Mercy*, which is borne naked before the king, between the two swords of justice, at the coronation, is of plain steel, gilded. The blade is thirty-two inches in length, and nearly two in breadth; the handle is covered with fine gold wire, and the point flat. The *Swords of Justice* are the spiritual and temporal, which are borne, the former on the right hand and the latter on the left, before the king or queen at their coronation. The point of the spiritual sword is somewhat obtuse, but that of the temporal sword is sharp. Their blades are about forty inches long, the handles cased with fine gold wire, and the scabbards of all three are alike, covered with a rich brocaded cloth of tissue, with a fine ferule, hook, and chape.

Armillæ, or *Bracelets*, which are ornaments for the king's wrist, worn at coronations, are of solid fine gold, an inch and a half in breadth, and edged with rows of pearl. They open by means of a hinge, for the purpose of being put on the arm, and are chased with the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp.

The *Royal Spurs* are also made of fine gold, curiously wrought, and are carried in the procession at coronations by the Lords Grey of Ruthyn, a service which they claim by descent from the family of Hastings, Earls of Hastings.

The *Saltcellar of State*, which is said to be a model in gold of the White Tower, a grand silver font, double gilt, generally used at the baptisms of the royal family, and a large silver fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth, are likewise worthy of notice; and there is also deposited in the Jewel House a magnificent service of communion-plate belonging to the Tower Chapel; it is of silver, double gilt, superbly wrought, the principal piece containing a beautiful representation of the Lord's Supper.

The summary of jewels comprised in the crown is as follows:—1 large ruby, irregularly polished; 1 large broad-spread sapphire; 16 sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1,363 brilliant diamonds; 1,273 rose diamonds; 147 table diamonds; 4 drop-shaped pearls; and 273 pearls.

A curious fact in connection with the regalia is related by Haydon the painter. The crown, he says, at George IV.'s coronation, "was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was £70,000; and Lord Liverpool told the king he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged £7,000 for the loan, and as some time elapsed before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged £3,000 or £4,000 more for the interval."

The crown jewels have been exhibited for a fee since the restoration of King Charles II. They had been before that period kept sometimes in the Tower, in the treasury of the Temple or other religious house, and in the treasury at Westminster. The royal jewels have on several occasions been pledged to provide for the exigencies of our monarchs, by Henry III., Edward III., Henry V., Henry VI.; and Richard II. offered them to the merchants of London as a guarantee for a loan. The office of Keeper of the Regalia, conferred by the king's letters patent, became, in the reign of the Tudors, a post of great emolument and dignity, and "The Master of the Jewel-House" took rank as the first knight bachelor of England; the office was some time held by Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex. During the civil war under Charles I. the regalia were sold and destroyed. On the restoration

of Charles II. new regalia were made, for which the king's goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, was paid £21,978 9s. 11d.

At the great fire of 1841 the grating was broken open and the jewels removed for safety. Mr. G. Cruikshank made a clever drawing of this scene.

The history of the regalia would be incomplete without some short mention of Blood's desperate and impudent attempt to steal the crown, globe, and sceptre, in the reign of Charles II. This villain, Blood, had been a lieutenant in Cromwell's army, and had turned Government spy. He had joined in a plan to seize Dublin Castle and kill the Lord Lieutenant. He had actually stopped the Duke of Ormond's coach in Piccadilly, carried off the duke, and tried to hang him at Tyburn, a plan which had all but succeeded; and the Duke of Buckingham was suspected by the Ormond family of having encouraged the attempt. In the attempt on the regalia Blood had four accomplices. Blood, disguised as a country parson, in band and gown, began the campaign by going to see the crown with a woman who passed for his wife. This woman, while seeing the jewels, pretended to be taken ill, and was shown into the private rooms of Talbot Edwards, the old Deputy Keeper of the Crown Jewels, a man eighty years of age. Blood then observed the loneliness of the Tower, and the scanty means of defence. He called four days later with a present of gloves for Mrs. Edwards, and repeated his visits, till he at last proposed that his nephew, a young man, as he said, with £200 or £300 a year, should marry the old man's daughter. He finally fixed a day when the young bridegroom should present himself for approval. On the appointed day he arrived at the outside of the Iron Gate with four companions, all being on horseback. The plan for action was fully matured. Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, was to hold the horses, and keep them ready at St. Catherine's Gate. Parrot, an old Roundhead trooper and now a Government spy, was to steal the globe while Blood carried off the crown, and a third accomplice was to file the sceptre into pieces and slip them into a bag. A fourth rogue represented the lover. The five men were each armed with sword-canes, sharp poignards, and a brace of pistols. While pretending to wait for the arrival of his wife, Blood asked Edwards to show his friends the jewels. The moment the door was locked inside, according to Tower custom, the ruffians muffled and gagged the old man, and then felled him to the ground and beat him till he was nearly dead. Unluckily for the rascals, young Edwards at that moment returned from Flanders, and ran upstairs to see where his mother and sisters were. Blood and Parrot made off at once with the globe and crown. The sceptre they could not break. The old man freeing himself from the gag, screamed and roused the family. Blood wounded a sentinel and fired at another, but was eventually overpowered. The crown fell in the dirt, a pearl was picked up by a sweeper, a diamond by an apprentice, and several stones were lost. Parrot was captured and the globe found in his pocket; one fine ruby had broken loose. Hunt was thrown from his horse and taken. But none of these culprits were punished. Blood betrayed pretended plots, or in some way obtained power over the king. He was received at court, and £500 a year was given him.

From the Jewel House we pass to the Armouries. The Armouries in the Tower were established by our earliest kings. We find Henry III. issuing a mandate to the Archdeacon of Durham to transmit to the arsenal twenty-six suits of armour, five iron cuirasses, one iron collar, three pairs of fetters, and nine iron helmets. In 1339 (Edward III.) John de Flete, keeper of the arms in the Tower, was commanded to bring as many "espringals, quarrells, hauberks, lances, arbalasts, bows and arrows," as were necessary for the defence of the Castle of Southampton. Two years afterwards the Sheriff of Gloucester was ordered to purchase and transmit to the Tower 1,000 bows, and 300 sheaves of arrows; 250 of the bows to be painted, the rest to be white or plain.

A curious inventory of Tower armour in the reign of Edward VI. enumerates:—"Brigandines complete, having sleeves covered with crimson; ditto, with sleeves covered with cloth of gold; ditto, with sleeves covered with blue satin; millars' coats covered with fustian and white cloth; and brigandines covered with linen cloth with long taces." The inventory also enumerates targets covered with steel, and having pistols in the centre; a target with twenty pistols; a target "of the shell of Tortys;" steel horse-trappings; poleaxes with pistols at the end; gilt poleaxes, the staves covered with crimson velvet and fringed with silk of gold; holy water sprinklers, or Danish clubs, with spiked balls fastened to a chain. Some of these arms still remain in the Tower, especially a "holy water sprinkler with 3 guns," which the warders used to call "King Harry the Eighth's Walking-Staff."

In the reign of Elizabeth the Tower armouries were described by Hentzner, a German traveller, in 1598, and our readers will see, by the following extract, that many of the chief curiosities now shown were even then on view:—

"We were," says Hentzner, "next led to the

Armoury, in which were these peculiarities. Spears out of which you may shoot; shields that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partisans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances covered with red and green velvet; and the suit of armour of Henry VIII.; many and very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horse-fights; the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon, the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time; two others, made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne, in France, and by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror as at the appearance of artillery, and the town was surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary, and, in a room apart, thirty-six of a smaller; other cannons for chain-shot and balls, proper to bring down masts of ships; cross-bows, bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make great use in their exercises. But who can relate all that is to be seen here? Eight or nine men, employed by the year, are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright."

Hewitt, in his account of the Tower, argues very shrewdly, from Hentzner's silence about the spoils of the Armada still exhibited, and, in fact, about the "Spanish Armoury" altogether, that those pretended trophies were never trophies at all. The Spanish "coller of torment" is an undoubted relic of the Armada; the rest, Mr. Hewitt decides, were taken from a collection of Spanish arms, chosen for their excellent quality, and of a far earlier date than 1588. Hentzner visited England soon after the Armada. As a German he would be interested in all relics of the defeated Spanish invasion. He visited the Spanish Armoury, and had he been shown there any relics of Philip's armament, would be sure to have mentioned it.

The first mention of a Spanish weapon-house is in a survey of 1675, which enumerates targets with pistols, Spanish pikes, partisans, Spanish boar-spears, Spanish poleaxes, and Spanish halberts. Some later exhibitors, says Mr. Hewitt, finding a room called the Spanish Weapon-house, immediately set it down, with true showman's instinct, as a room of Armada spoils, and so the error has been perpetuated.

During the Commonwealth the Tower collection of armour lay in abeyance, but at the Restoration, William Legg, Master of the Armouries, made a survey of the stores, and in it enumerates Brandon's huge lance, the Spanish collar of torture, and the ancient head-piece with rams'-horns and spectacles still named after William Somers, the Jester of Henry VIII. Some of the suits are noted as having come from the Green Gallery, at Greenwich. These last included both suits of Prince Henry and suits of Henry V., Henry VIII., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VI., the Earl of Leicester, and Charles Brandon. There is also mentioned a gilt and graven suit for "his late majesty, of ever blessed memory, Charles I.;" a suit of Charles II., when a boy; and a suit sent to Charles II. by the Great Mogul.

On the Restoration, says Meyrick, the armour which had been formerly in the Green Gallery at Greenwich, placed on horseback and dignified with the name of some of our kings, gave the hint for an exhibition at the Tower of the same sort. The Tudors and Stuarts were added; and in 1686, the year after the death of Charles II., his figure and that of his father were added, their horses and faces carved by Grinling Gibbons.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century armour fell into disuse, and was sent by various regiments to the Tower stores. A survey in 1697 enumerates thousands of back and breast pieces, pots, and head-pieces. The equestrian figures, when fitted out from these and from various gifts, increased from ten to twenty-seven.

Among the confused suits Meyrick found both William the Conqueror and William III. clad in plate armour of the age of Edward VI. The suit of Henry V. was composed from parts of three others, of which the upper portion was of the time of Charles I., while the legs—which were not fellows!—were of the age of Henry VII. Henry VIII. also had the misfortune to have odd legs. George I. and George II. were armed *cap-à-pie* in suits of Henry VIII.'s time, and mounted on Turkish saddles, gilt and ornamented with the globe, crescent, and star. John of Gaunt was a knight of Henry VIII.'s reign, and De Courcy a demi-lancer of Edward VI.'s. The helmet of Queen Elizabeth was of the period of Edward VI.; the armour for her arms, of that of Charles I.; her breastplate went as far back as Henry VIII.; and the *garde de reins* of that monarch covered Her Majesty's "abdomen." A big suit of Henry VIII., rough from the hammer, had first been described by the warders as "made for the king at the age of eighteen," and then "as much too small for him."

The absurd inventions of the Tower warders were endless. A "Guide to the Tower of London and its Curiosities" (says Mr. Planché), published in the reign of George III., mentions a breastplate desperately damaged by shot, which was shown as having been worn by a man, part of whose body, including some of the intestines, was carried away by a cannon-ball, notwithstanding

which, being put under the care of a skilful surgeon, the man recovered, and lived for ten years afterwards. "This story," adds the Guide, "the old warder constantly told to all strangers, till H.R.H. Prince Frederick, father of the present king, being told the accustomed tale, said, with a smile, 'And what, friend, is there so extraordinary in all this? I remember myself to have read in a book of a soldier who had his head cleft in two so dextrously by the stroke of a scimitar, that one half of it fell on one shoulder, and the other half of it on the other shoulder; and yet, on his comrade's clapping the two sides nicely together again, and binding them close with his handkerchief, the man did well, drank his pot of ale at night, and scarcely recollected that he had ever been hurt." The writer goes on to say that the old warder was "so dashed," that he never had the courage to tell his story again; but, though he might not, it was handed down by his successors, by several of whom, Mr. Planché says, he heard it repeated in his boyhood, fifty years after the death of Frederick Prince of Wales. The old battered breastplate is still in the collection, and has not been "sold as old iron," being thoroughly unworthy of preservation.

In the year 1825 Dr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Rush Meyrick received the royal commands to re-arrange the Horse and Spanish Armouries, a task for which that antiquary's taste and knowledge eminently qualified him. This task he executed, but, unfortunately, was compelled by ignorant officials to appropriate every suit (right or wrong) to some great personage of the period, distinguishing the few that could actually be identified by stars on the flags above them. The storekeeper then resumed his care, and everything went wrong: forgeries were bought and carefully preserved under glass, and valuable pieces of armour, which had been actually stolen or sold from the armoury, were often offered for sale to the authorities and rejected by them. In 1859, Mr. Planché, an eminent authority on armour, drew the attention of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert to the confusion of the whole collection, and to the fact that the armoury produced an annual revenue of £2,000 and odd, being, therefore, self-supporting. The same public-spirited gentleman also pointed out that the Horse Armoury admitted the rain, and had an inflammable wooden shed at one end. In 1869, to the great satisfaction of all true antiquaries, Mr. Planché was commissioned to arrange the armour in the Tower in strict chronological order. In his "Recollections and Reflections," he suggests that a fine gallery could be made out of the row of carpenters' shops on the east side of the White Tower.

The negligence of the Government led, Mr. Planché says, in his own time, to many blunders. One of the bargains missed by the Keeper of the Armouries was the complete suit in which Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen, the embossed figures on which were of solid gold. This national and magnificent relic was at Strawberry Hill, and is now at St. Petersburg. Another relic lost to the Tower was a heaume of the time of King John, now at Warwick Castle. A third was the gauntlets of a fine suit made for Henry VIII., now in the Tower, imperfect from their absence. They had found their way out of the Tower, and, on being brought back to it, were ignored and refused by the authorities, and are now at Grimston. A fourth was a most singular quaint helmet, probably as early as the time of Stephen, if not actually the helmet of that monarch, or of his son, now in the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris. Two other helmets, one *temp.* Henry III., the other of the fifteenth century, with part of the crest remaining, were also rejected. At the very same time a helmet newly made at Vienna, for theatrical purposes, was purchased at the price of £50, and is now in one of the glass cases at the Tower. The only armour at Alton Towers that could possibly have belonged to the great Talbot was suffered by some gentleman sent down by the Tower to pass into the hands of dealers. The back-plate, a most elegant specimen, sold for £10, and is now in the collection of Lord Londesborough, at Grimston.

The present Horse Armoury, at the south-west corner of the White Tower, was completed in 1826, when Meyrick re-arranged the collection. This is a single apartment, about 150 feet long by 34 wide. A row of pillars supporting pointed arches runs the whole length of the interior. The space in front of the columns is occupied by figures, some equestrian and some on foot, clothed in armour from the reign of Henry VI. to that of James II. Several military trophies and emblems adorn the walls and ceilings of the apartment, and the space devoted to the armed figures is divided into several compartments by stands containing weapons of the various periods.

The visitor can pass here from the simple mail of early days to the engraved and ornamented armour of Elizabeth's reign.

The Crusaders of Henry III.'s reign brought chain-mail from the East. Mixed plate and chain suits were introduced in the reign of Edward II. In the reign of Richard II. the visors were peaked, and projected from the face like birds' beaks. With Henry IV. armour became all plate, and the steel monster was now fully hatched. With Henry V. came two-handed swords, to hew to

pieces the said armour. In Edward IV.'s days came all sorts of novelties in armour—tuilles to cover the hips, pauldrons for the shoulders, grande-gardes, or extra half-breastplates, to cover the left breast. In the time of Richard III., say most authorities, armour attained its highest perfection of form and arrangement. The shoes have long, pointed toes. The Richard III. suit at the Tower was brought from Spain, and was worn by the Marquis of Waterford at the fantastic Eglinton Tournament.

In the reign of Henry VII. came in the beautiful German fluted armour. The helmets worn were the round Burgundian, and the shoes were round and large at the toes. The horse-armour, too is splendid.

The Henry VIII. suit, the first suit in the collection, really belonged to the king whose effigy it covers. The armour is damasked, and the stirrups are curious, from their great size. But one of the finest suits in the world, and belonging to this same burly king, is in the central recess of the south wall.



THE TOWER HORSE ARMOURY.

"This," says Hewitt, "is one of the most curious suits of armour in the world, having been made to commemorate the union of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon. The badges of this king and queen, the rose and pomegranate, are engraved on various parts of the armour. On the fans of the genouillères is the sheaf of arrows, the device adopted by Ferdinand, the father of Katherine, on his conquest of Granada. Henry's badges, the portcullis, the fleur-de-lis, and the red dragon, also

appear; and on the edge of the lamboys, or skirts, are the initials of the royal pair, 'H. K.,' united by a true lovers' knot. The same letters, similarly united by a knot, which includes also a curious love-badge, formed of a half rose and half pomegranate, are engraved on the croupière of the horse.

"But the most remarkable part of the embellishment of this suit consists in the saintly legends which are engraved upon it. These consist of ten subjects, full of curious costume, and indicating curious manners.

"On the breastplate is the figure of St. George on foot, encountering the dragon. On the backplate appears St. Barbara, with her usual emblems. On the front of the poitrail St. George, on horseback, is dispatching the dragon; the armour of his horse is embellished with the rose and pomegranate. Also, on the poitrail, St. George accused before Diocletian; and another subject, representing some lady of rank, attended by her maids, directing the fortifications of a town or fortress. On the croupière, St. George, stretched on the rack; a saint receiving martyrdom, by being enclosed as high as the waist in the brazen figure of an ox, beneath which a fire is blazing, to boil the oil within; a female saint suffering decapitation; while in the background is predicted the retribution that awaits the persecutor; another saint about to suffer decapitation; St. Agatha led to be scourged; and St. Agatha being built up in prison.

"Round the lower edge of the horse-armour, many times repeated, is the motto, 'Dieu et mon Droit,' while numerous other decorations—human figures, heraldic badges, arabesque work, and grotesque devices of fabulous and other animals—are continued over the whole suit, both of man and horse. Among these engravings is one of a female figure, bearing on the front of her bodice the German word 'Glück' (good luck, health, prosperity). From this, it has been suggested by Sir S. Meyrick, we may infer that the suit before us was presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry, in honour of his marriage with Katherine of Aragon. We own this inference seems rather a bold one.

"The armour is doubtless of German manufacture, and one of the finest of the period. It was formerly gilt, and when new must have had a most gorgeous appearance. From its discoloration



THE TOWER MENAGERIE ABOUT 1820.

by time, the elaborate decorations of its surface are almost entirely lost, but might easily be restored by a judicious renewal of the gilding."

"We find another splendid suit of armour, of the reign of Edward VI. It is of the kind called *russet*, which was produced by oxidising the metal, and then smoothing its surface. By this means the gold-work with which it was afterwards damasquined looked much richer than if inlaid on a ground of polished steel (or *white* armour, as it was technically called). The suit before us is covered with the most beautiful filagree-work. The helmet especially is most elaborately ornamented; embossed lions' heads adorn the pauldrons, elbow-pieces, gauntlets, breastplate, genouillères, and sollerets; and the whole is in the finest preservation. The helmet, which is a burgonet, is also embellished with a lion's head. In the right hand is a mace, terminating in a spear. This figure was formerly exhibited as Edward the Black Prince.

"The horse-armour, which is a complete suit, is embossed and embellished with the combined badges of Burgundy and Granada. The probabilities are that it belonged to Philip of Flanders, surnamed 'the Fair.' He was the son of the Emperor Maximilian, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, last Sovereign-Duke of Burgundy, and consequently, in right of his mother, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders. He married Joanna, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and sister of Katherine of Arragon, queen of Henry VIII.

"The badge of the pomegranate was borne by all the children of Isabella and Ferdinand the conqueror of Granada. Philip and Joanna, on the death of Isabella, in 1504, became sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, and in 1506, on a voyage to Spain, were obliged by a violent tempest to take shelter in England, where they were detained upwards of three months in a sort of honourable captivity by Henry VII. The armour might have been left behind, in England, on the departure of the royal travellers, or presented by Philip to Henry."

The tilting-suit of the Earl of Leicester is still shown. "That the armour before us was worn by Leicester," says Mr. Hewitt, "there is not the slightest doubt. His initials, 'R. D.,' are engraved on the genouillères. His cognizance of the bear and ragged staff appears on the chanfron of the horse, encircled by the collar of the Garter; and the ragged staff is repeated on every part of the suit. The suit was originally gilt, and 'was kept,' says Sir S. Meyrick, 'in the tilt-yard, where it was exhibited on particular days.' It afterwards figured in the old horse armoury as that of King James I."

The suit of Sir Henry Lea, champion of Queen Elizabeth, was formerly exhibited as that of William the Conqueror. The fine engraved and gilt suit of the Earl of Essex (1581) was worn by the king's champion at the coronation of George II. The figure of James I. was formerly shown as Henry IV. The suit of Charles I. was given him by the Armourers' Company. It is richly gilt and arabesqued. The suit is specially interesting as being the identical one laid on the coffin of the Duke of Marlborough at his public funeral. The head of the effigy of James II. is one carved by Grinling Gibbons as a portrait of Charles II.

The suit long called John of Gaunt's turned out to be an engraved suit for a man-at-arms of the reign of Henry VIII., and the Norman Crusader to have come from the Mogul country. There is a fine suit of Italian armour here, date 1620, once worn by Count Oddi, of Padua. It is ornamented with the imperial eagle, the badge of his house. The devices, formed of swords, pistols, and bayonets, are very ingenious. The large pavois shield (*temp.* James I.) should be noticed. The russet and gold armour is Venetian, of the sixteenth century; and the six pieces of a puffed and engraved suit of the time of Henry VIII. are extremely curious and rare. The ancient German saddle of bone inlaid with figures is of uncertain date. The inscription is—

> "I hope the best to you may happen;
> May God help you well in Saint George's name."

The fantastic helmet with horns, made for mock tournaments, is said to have belonged to Henry VIII.'s jester. The crossbows are of all ages. Firearms can here be traced, from the earliest hand-gun of 1430. One flint-lock rifle, of Austrian make (1750), could be fired eighteen times in a minute. Here we see the steel mace combined with the pistol (*temp.* Edward VI.). The padded Chinese armour, too, is curious; and there is a curious suit of the Great Mogul, sent to Charles II., made partly of plates and partly of small iron tubes bound in rows. The Elizabethan Armoury contains a goodly store of glaives, black-bills, Lochaber axes, and boar-spears. The great curiosity here is the block on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat laid down their heads; the old heading-axe (said to have taken off the head of Essex); the iron torture-cravat, called in the Tower, "Skeffington's Daughter," from the name of the inventor; the bilboes; the thumbscrews; the Spanish collar of torture, from the Armada; two yew-bows, from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, sunk off Spithead in the

reign of Henry VIII.; and a breech-loading match-lock petronel, that belonged to Henry VIII. The relics of Tippoo Sahib have also a special interest.

The grand storehouse for the royal train of artillery, and the small-arms armoury for 150,000 stand of arms, destroyed by fire October 30, 1841, was built in the reign of James II. or William III., since which the Tower has been remodelled, many small dwelling-houses cleared away, and several towers and defences rebuilt. The houses of Petty Wales and the outworks have been removed, as well as the menagerie buildings near the west entrance. In the great fire of 1841 only 4,000 stand of arms were saved out of about 100,000, and the loss was computed at about £250,000. But for the height of the tide and the fulness of the ditch, the whole Tower would have been destroyed. In 1830 the store of arms in the Tower had amounted to 600,000. Among the curiosities destroyed was one of the state swords carried before the Pretender when he was proclaimed in Scotland, in 1715, and a curious wooden gun.

The Train Room contained some interesting naval relics; among others, the steering-wheel of Lord Nelson's *Victory*, trophies of William III. and General Wolfe, and relics of Waterloo. The earliest guns were of the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.—hooped guns, with movable chambers. There was also a great treasure which fortunately escaped the fire—a large iron chamber-gun, recovered from the wreck of the *Mary Rose* (Henry VIII.). The Great Harry, which is of brass, weighs five tons (*temp.* Henry VIII.). It has the date 1542, and the English rose engraved upon it is surmounted by the crown of France. There were guns, too, from Ramillies, and relics of the *Royal George*. One old brass German gun, date 1581, had the spirited motto—

> "I sing and spring,
> My foe transfixing."

One of the finest guns preserved was a brass gun taken from the French. It had formerly belonged to the Knights of Malta. The date is 1773. It is covered with exquisite figures in alto-relievo. In one part is a medallion portrait of the artist, Philip Lattarellus, and in another the portrait of the Grand Master of Malta, supported by two genii. The carriage also is very curious; its trails are formed of the intertwined figures of two furies holding torches, and grasping a huge snake. The centre of the wheel represents the sun, the spokes forming its rays. There was also saved a small brass gun, presented to the Duke of Gloucester, the son of Queen Anne.

In other parts of the Armoury are ancient British flint axes, Saxon weapons, a suit of Greek armour, found in a tomb at Cumæ; kettle-drums from Blenheim; the cloak in which General Wolfe died; the sword-sash of that eminent but unappreciated hero, the Duke of York; Saracenic, Indian, Moorish, New Zealand, and Kaffrarian arms, and even a door-mat suit from the South Seas. In 1854, 2,000 stand of Russian arms, taken at Bomarsund, the first trophies of a useless and unlucky war, were placed in the Tower. Those two rude wooden figures on the staircase, called "Beer and Gin," formerly stood over the buttery of the old palace at Greenwich. There are also ten small brass cannon to be seen, presented by the brass-founders of London to Charles II. when a boy. Hatton, in 1708, mentions among the curiosities of the Tower the sword which Lord Kingsale took from an officer of the French body-guard, for which deed he and his posterity have the right of remaining covered in the king's presence.

From the above account it will be seen that the Tower contains as many interesting historical relics as any museum in England. Here the intelligent visitor can trace the progress of weapons from the rude flint axe of the early Briton to the latest rifle that science has invented. Here he can see all the changes of armour, from the rude suits worn at Hastings to the time when the Italians turned the coat of steel into a work of the finest art, and lavished upon it years of anxious and refined labour. There are breastplates in the Tower on which Montfort's spear has splintered, and cuirasses on which English swords struck fire at Waterloo. There are trophies of all our wars, from Cressy and Poictiers to Blenheim and Inkermann, spoils of the Armada, relics of the early Crusade wars, muskets that were discharged at Minden, swords of Marlborough's troopers, shields carried at Agincourt, suits of steel that Elizabeth's champions wore at Cadiz, flags that have been scorched by Napoleon's powder, blades that have shared in struggles with Dane and Indian, Spaniard and Russian. Thanks to Mr. Planché, the Tower Armoury can now be studied in sequence, and with intellectual advantage. The blunders of former days have been rectified, and order once more prevails, where formerly all was confusion and jumble. Thanks to the imperishability of steel, the old war-costumes of England remain for us to study, and with the smallest imagination one can see Harry of Monmouth, in the very arms he wore, ride forth against the French spears, all blazoned with heraldic splendour, and, shouting "God and St. George for merry England," scatter the French, as he did when he won his crowning victory.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Tower of London Officials—Locking-up the Tower—The Tower Menagerie—The Moat—The Church of St. Peter ad Vincula—Early Sufferers for State Errors—Gerald Fitzgerald—Fisher—Lord Seymour of Dudley—The Protector Somerset—The Earl of Essex—Sir Thomas Overbury—Anne Boleyn—The Monuments in St. Peter ad Vincula—A Blood-stained Spot—Historical Treasure Trove—The Waterloo Barracks—The Royal Mint—Nooks and Corners of the Tower—Its Terrible Cells—The Tower Ghost.

THE Constable of the Tower was anciently called "the Constable of London," "the Constable of the Sea," and "the Constable of the Honour of the Tower." William I. chose as the first Constable of his new fortress Geoffrey de Mandeville, who had fought well at Hastings. The Constable *temp.* Edward II. received a dole of twopence from each person going and returning by the Thames on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. In the reign of Richard II. he received £100 a year, with fees from prisoners for the "suite of his irons" —for a duke, £20; for an earl, twenty marks; for a baron, £10; for a knight, 100 shillings. Later, he had wine-tolls, which were taken from passing ships by his officers. Taylor the Water-poet farmed this office, and naïvely confesses that he could make no profit of it till he cheated. The Constable's salary is at present about £1,000 a year. The Duke of Wellington was Constable from 1820 till his death, in 1852, and he was succeeded by that brave old veteran, Viscount Combermere. The Lieutenant of the Tower ranks next to the Constable, but the duties of his office are performed by the Deputy-Lieutenant and the Tower Major. The warders' old dress was obtained for them by the Duke of Somerset, after his release from prison in the reign of Edward VI.

There are two officers, says Bayley, who are now joined in the command and custody of the Tower, with the denomination of Deputy-Lieutenant and Major, both of whom are appointed by commission from the Crown, though the patronage is virtually in the Constable, who exercises the power of recommending. These officers, however, are of very modern date, having both sprung up in the course of the last century. The earliest mention we find of a Deputy-Lieutenant is in the time of Queen Anne, and that of a Major not till many years afterwards. The civil establishment of the Tower also consists of a chaplain, whose appointment is in the king exclusively; the chief porter, now called the gentleman-porter, who has his office by letters patent, at the recommendation of the Constable; a physician and a surgeon, who are appointed by his Majesty's Commission, at the recommendation of the Constable; an apothecary, who holds his place by warrant from the Constable; the gentleman-gaoler, the yeoman-porter, and forty yeoman-warders, all of whom also have their places by warrant of the Constable.

Locking-up the Tower is an ancient, curious, and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve—the head warder (yeoman-porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guardhouse, and loudly calls out, "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guardhouse, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman-porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The main guard respond, "Amen!" The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" The firelocks rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman-porter marches across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

The Tower has a separate coroner, and the public have access to the fortress only by sufferance. When Horwood made his survey of London, 1799, he was denied admission to the Tower, and the refusal is thus recorded upon the map: "The Tower; the internal parts not distinguished, being refused permission to take the survey." The Tower is extra-parochial; and in 1851 the population was 882, and the military in barracks 606.

Nor must we forget the now extinct menagerie in the Tower. The first royal menagerie in England was at Woodstock, where Henry I. kept some lions and leopards to amuse his ladies and courtiers.

Henry III. having three leopards sent him by the Emperor Frederick II., moved his wild beasts to the Tower, and thus commenced the menagerie which existed there till 1834. Among the national records many orders exist to the sheriffs of London, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire to provide for the animals and their keepers. Thus in 1252 (Henry III.) the London sheriffs were ordered to pay fourpence a day for the maintenance of a white bear, and to provide a muzzle and chain to hold him while fishing or washing himself in the river Thames. In 1255 (same reign) they are again desired to build a house in the Tower for an elephant, sent to the king by Louis of France (the first ever seen in England since the Roman period). In the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the lions and leopards were paid for at the rate of sixpence a day, while the keepers received only three-halfpence. At later periods the keeper of the Tower lions was a person of quality, who received sixpence a day, and the same sum for every animal under his charge. Henry VI. gave the post to his marshal, Robert Mansfield, and afterwards to Thomas Rookes, his dapifer.

The post was often held by the Lieutenant or Constable of the Tower, on condition of his providing a sufficient deputy. Our ancient kings had in their household an official called "the Master of the King's Bears and Apes." In a semi-circular enclosure round the Lion Tower, James I. and his court used to come to see lions and bears baited by dogs. In Howel's time there were six lions in the Tower, and probably no other animals. In 1708 Strype enumerates eleven lions, two leopards or tigers (the worthy historian, it seems, knows not which), three eagles, two owls, two cats of the mountain, and a jackal. In 1754 Maitland gives a much larger catalogue. By 1822, however, the Tower menagerie had sunk to a grizzly bear, an elephant, and a few birds. By the diligence of Mr. Cops, the keeper, the collection had increased, in 1829, to the following:—Bengal lion, lioness and cubs, Cape lion, Barbary lioness, tiger, leopard, jaguar, puma, ocelot, caracal, chetah or hunting leopard, striped hyæna, hyæna dog, spotted hyæna, African bloodhound, wolf, clouded black wolf, jackal, civet or musk cat, Javanese civet, grey ichneumon, paradoxurus, brown coati, racoon, American black bear, and grizzly bear.

A century ago, says Cunningham, the lions in the Tower were named after the reigning kings, and it was long a vulgar belief, "that when a king dies, the lion of that name dies after him." Addison alludes to this popular error in his own inimitable way:—"Our first visit," he says in the *Freeholder*, "was to the lions. My friend (the Tory Fox-hunter), who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, inquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth and the flight of the Pretender? And hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled; for he had learned from his cradle that the lions in the Tower were the best judges of the title of our British kings, and always sympathised with our sovereigns."

The Bengal lion of 1829, "George," as the keepers called him, after the reigning king, had been captured when a cub by General Watson, who shot the parents. The general made a goat foster the two cubs during the voyage to England. They were at first allowed to walk in the open yard, the visitors playing with them with impunity. They used to be fed once a day only, on a piece of beef of eight or nine pounds weight. The lioness was perfectly tame till she bore cubs. One of the keepers on one occasion finding her at large, drove her back into her den, though he was only armed with a stick, and evaded the three springs she made at him. The menagerie declining, and the damp position and restricted room being found injurious to the animals, they were transferred to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in 1834. The refreshment room and ticket office occupy part of the site of the Lion Tower, but the buildings were not entirely removed until 1853. The "washing the Tower lions" on the 1st of April used to be an old London hoax.

The Tower Moat, long an offensive and useless nuisance, was finally drained in 1843, and then filled up and turfed as a small *campus martius* for the garrison. Evergreens are planted on the banks, and on the north-east is a shrubbery garden.

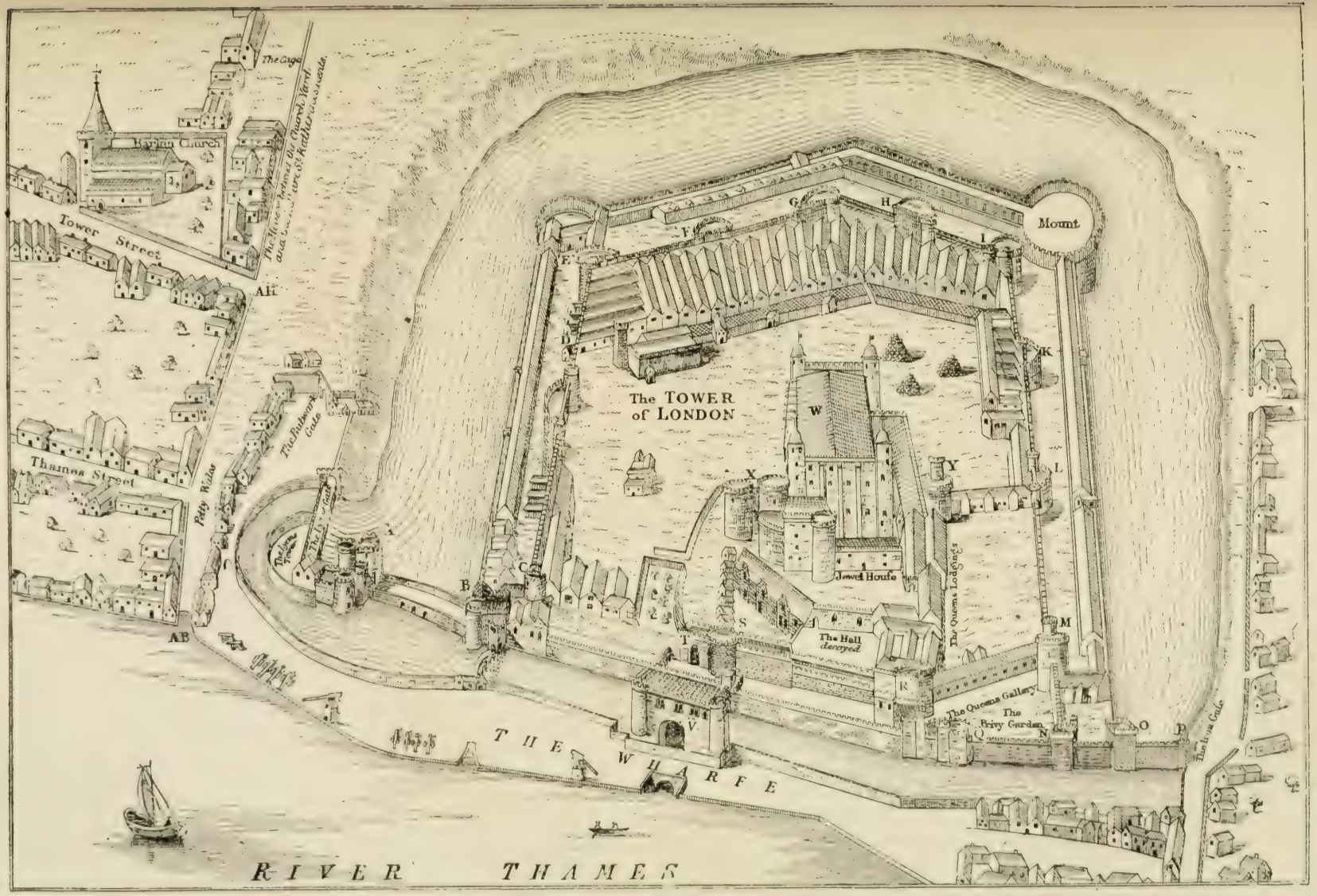
In draining the moat the workmen found several stone shot, supposed to be missiles directed at the fortress during the siege of 1460, when Lord Scales held the Tower for Henry VI., and the Yorkists cannonaded the fortress from a battery in Southwark. Our readers will remember two occasions when the Tower fired on the City: first, when the Bastard Falconbridge attacked the bridge under pretence of aiding the king; and again on Evil May Day, in the reign of Henry VIII., when the Constable of the Tower, enraged at the tumult, discharged his cannon on Cheapside way. In 1792, when there was much popular discontent, several hundred men were employed to repair the Tower fortifications, opening the embrasures, and mounting cannon; and on the west side of the fortress, a strong barricade was formed of old casks, filled with earth and rubble. The gates were closed at

an early hour, and no one but soldiers allowed upon the ramparts. In 1830, when the Duke of Wellington, the Constable, filled the Tower Ditch with water, and cleansed and deepened it, the Radicals declared he was putting the fortress into order in case of the Reform agitation, as very likely he was.



THE TOWER MOAT. (*From a View taken about* 1800.)

The church of St. Peter ad Vincula, situated near to the north-west of the White Tower, was built, or rebuilt, by Edward III.; the private or royal chapel, in the upper part of the keep, having till then been the chief ecclesiastical building within the fortress where so many prisoners have groaned. The earlier church of St. Peter seems to have been large and spacious, fitted up with stalls for the king and queen, and with two chancels, adorned with shrines and sculpture. A letter still existing, and quoted by Strype, of Henry III. (that great builder), desires the keeper of the Tower works to plaster the chancel of St. Peter, and to colour anew the shrine and figure of Mary, and the images of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, St. Katherine, the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the little cross with its figures, and to erect a painted image of the giant St. Christopher carrying Jesus. There were also to be made two tables, painted with the stories of the blessed St. Nicholas and St. Katherine, before the altars of the said saints. The king also ordered two fair cherubims, with cheerful and joyful countenances, to be made, and erected on the right and left of the great cross in the said



THE TOWER. (*From a Survey made in* 1597 *by W. Haiward and J. Gascoyne.*)

A Middle Tower. B. Tower at the Gate. C. Bell Tower. D. Beauchamp Tower. E. Devilin Tower. F. Flint Tower. G. Bowyer Tower. H. Brick Tower. I. Martin Tower. K. Constable Tower. L. Broad Arrow Tower. M. Salt Tower. N. Well Tower. O. Tower leading to Iron Gate. P. Tower above Iron Gate. Q. Cradle Tower. R. Lantern Tower. S. Hall Tower. T. Bloody Tower. V. St. Thomas's Tower. W. Cæsar's, or White Tower. X. Cole Harbour. Y. Wardrobe Tower. A B. House at Water Gate, called the Ram's Head. A H. End of Tower Street.

church, and also a marble font with pillars, well and handsomely wrought; "and the cost for this you shall be at, by the view and witness of liege men, shall be reckoned to you at the Exchequer."

The interesting old church has been modernised by degrees into a small mean building, with five cinquefoil windows of late Gothic, a rude wooden porch, and a small square bell-turret at the west end. In a bird's-eye view of the Tower Liberties, made in 1597, the church is represented as having battlements, and two of the five windows are bricked up. They continued in that state till after 1739. It is supposed the old windows were destroyed by fire in the reign of Henry VIII. In the reign of Henry III. there was a small cell or hermitage for a male or female recluse behind the church, the inmate daily receiving a penny of the king's charity. The church now consists of a nave, chancel, and north aisle, the nave and aisle being separated by five low pointed arches.

In this building lie many great persons whose heads paid forfeit for their ambition or their crimes. There are innocent men and women, too, among them—victims of cruelty and treachery. Many who lie here headless suffered merely from being unfortunately too nearly allied to deposed royalty. In this little Golgotha are interred mighty secrets now never to be solved; for half the crimes of our English monarchs were wrought out on the little plot outside the church-door of St. Peter ad Vincula.

One of the earliest of the sufferers for state errors who lie in St. Peter's is Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, committed to the Tower for treasonable practices, died there of a broken heart in 1534. Of the Tower prisoners already mentioned by us there here rest—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, for vexing Henry VIII. by refusing to deny the Papal supremacy. By his own request he was buried near Sir Thomas More. The next year the body of poor Anne Boleyn was tossed into an old arrow-chest, and hurriedly buried here. Katherine Howard, a really guilty queen, though more deserving contempt than death, came next. In the same reign another grave was filled by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the king's deposed favourite, and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole. The executioner chased this old countess, who refused to lay her head on the block as a traitor, round the scaffold, and killed her at last after many hasty blows.

The reign of Edward VI. brought some really evil men to the same burying-place. One by one they came, after days of greatness and of sorrow. First, Thomas Lord Seymour of Dudley, the Lord Admiral, beheaded by order of his brother, the Protector Somerset; then the bad and ambitious Protector himself.

In the reign of Mary were buried here, after execution, that poor unoffending young wife, Lady Jane, the victim of her selfish kinsman's ambition; and then the kinsman himself, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. In Elizabeth's mild reign only the Earl of Essex, who so well deserved death, is to be added to the list.

In James's shameless reign the murdered Sir Thomas Overbury was interred here; and in the reign of Charles I. his victim, the great-hearted Sir John Eliot. His son begged to be allowed to convey his father's body to Cornwall, to lie among his ancestors; but Charles, cold and unrelenting, wrote at the foot of the petition, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." After the Restoration, Okey, the regicide, was buried in the same place. The weak Duke of Monmouth lies beneath the communion-table, and beneath the west gallery are the bodies of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and that wicked old fox, Simon Lovat. The Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland, Anne Boleyn, and Katherine Howard were buried before the high altar.

The monuments in the church are interesting, because the church of St. Peter escaped the Great Fire. At the west end of the north aisle is a fine enriched table-tomb, to the memory of Sir Richard Cholmondeley (that name which is such a stumbling-block to foreigners), Lieutenant of the Tower, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth (early part of Henry VIII.). The knight's recumbent effigy is in plate-armour, with collar and pendant round his neck. His hands are joined in prayer. His lady wears a pointed head-dress, and the tomb has small twisted columns at the angles, and is divided at the sides into square panels, enclosing blank shields and lozenges. The monument formerly stood in the body of the church. In the chancel stands also a stately Elizabethan monument, to the memory of Sir Richard Blount, and Michael his son, both Lieutenants of the Tower. "Sir Richard, who died in 1560," says Bayley, "is represented on one side, in armour, with his two sons, kneeling; and opposite his wife and two daughters, who are shown, in the dress of the times, on the other. Sir Michael is represented in armour attended by his three sons, his wife and daughter, all in the attitude of prayer." There is also a monument in the chancel to Sir Allan Apsley, a Lieutenant of the Tower, who died in 1630. He was the father of that noble woman, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, whose

husband was afterwards confined in the Bloody Tower. On the floor of the nave is a small and humble slab, to the memory of Talbot Edwards, gentleman, who died in 1674, aged eighty years. This was the brave old guardian of the regalia, whom Blood and his ruffians nearly killed, and who had at last to sell his long-deferred annuity of £200 for £100 ready money. There is also a monument to Colonel Gurwood, that brave soldier who led the storming party at Ciudad Rodrigo, who edited the "Wellington Despatches," and who died by his own hand, from insanity produced by his wounds. Other officers of the Tower are buried here, and amongst them George Holmes, the first Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Deputy Keeper of the Records in the Tower (died 1748). On the outside of the church is a monument to the memory of William Bridges, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under Queen Anne.

The blood-stained spot where the private executions formerly took place, nearly opposite the door of St. Peter's Church, is denoted by a large oval of dark flints. Here Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Essex perished. It was an old slander against Raleigh that at the execution of Essex he stood at a window opposite, and puffed out tobacco in disdain of him. But in his speech at the scaffold Raleigh declared, with all the solemnity due to such a moment, "My lord of Essex did not see my face at the time of his death, for I had retired far off into the armoury, where I indeed saw him, and shed tears for him, but he saw not me."

Archbishop Laud, in his superstitious "Diary," records with fanatical horror the fact, that in the lieutenancy of Alderman Pennington, the regicide Lord Mayor of London, one Kem, vicar of Low Leyton, in Essex, preached in this very St. Peter's in a gown over a buff coat and scarf.

In the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. the chaplains of St. Peter's received 50s. per annum from the Exchequer. Afterwards the chaplain was turned into a rector, and given 60s. a year. In 1354 Edward III., however, converted the chapel into a sort of collegiate church, and appointed three chaplains to help the rector, granting them, besides the 60s., a rent of 31s. 8d. from tenements in Tower Hill and Petty Wales. Petty Wales was an old house in Thames Street, near the Custom House, supposed to be where the Princes of Wales used to reside when they came to the City. The chaplains also received a rent of 5s. from the Hospital of St. Katherine, and certain tributes from Thames fishing-boats, together with ten marks from the Exchequer, 20s. from the Constable of the Tower, 10s. from the clerk of the Mint, 13s. 4d. from the Master of the Mint, and 1d. per week from the wages of each workman or teller of coins at the Mint. The church was exempt from episcopal authority till the time of Edward VI.

Several interesting discoveries of Roman antiquities within the Tower precincts encourage us to the belief in the old tradition that the Romans built a fortress here. In 1777, workmen digging the foundations of a new office for the Board of Ordnance, after breaking through foundations of ancient buildings, found below the level of the present river-bed a double wedge of silver, four inches long, and in the broadest part nearly three inches broad. In the centre was the inscription, "Ex officinâ Honorii." This ingot is supposed to have been cast in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, A.D. 393, the Roman emperor who, harassed by the Goths, in A.D. 410 surrendered Britain to its own people, and finally withdrew the Roman troops. The unhappy Britons, then overwhelmed by the Picts and Scots, applied for assistance to the Saxons, who soon conquered the people they had come to assist. With this silver ingot were found three gold coins, *aurei*, one of Honorius, and two of his brother Arcadius. The coins of Arcadius were probably struck at Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern empire. On these coins (reverse) there is a soldier treading a captive under foot. In his left hand the soldier holds the labarum; in the right, a small figure of Victory. In the same spot was also found a square stone, dedicated to the manes of Titus Licinius, and a small glass crown.

In the year 1772 an elegant little open jewelled crown was found near the east side of the White Tower, leading from Cold Harbour. It seems to have been the crown of some image, and was set with emeralds, rubies, and pearls.

The Waterloo Barracks, a large modern Gothic building, that will hold 1,000 men, used as a barrack and armoury, and loopholed for musketry, was completed in 1849, on the site of the Grand Storehouse, burned down in 1841. The first stone was laid in 1845 by the Duke of Wellington, a stone statue of whom, by Milnes, stands near the spot. North-east of the White Tower is another modern castellated range of buildings, for the officers of the garrison. South-eastward are the Ordnance Office and storehouses. The area of the Tower within the walls is twelve acres and five poles, and the circuit outside the ditch is 1,050 yards. The portcullis of the Bloody Tower is one of the last complete relics of feudalism, being the only perfect and usable portcullis in England.

The Royal Mint had its offices in the Tower till 1811, when the present building on Tower Hill

was completed. Stow speaks of the Tower as a citadel to defend or command the City, a royal palace for assemblies or treaties, a state prison for dangerous offenders, the only place for coining in England in his time, an armoury for warlike provisions, the treasury of the jewels of the crown, and the storehouse of the records of the king's courts of justice at Westminster. Many of our poets have specially mentioned the Tower. Of these, Shakespeare stands pre-eminent. In the tragedy of *Richard III.* he shows us the two princes' instinctive horror of the place in which their cruel uncle, the Crookback, wished them to spend the few days before the coronation of the young Edward:—

"*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord."

And in another passage, in *Richard II.*, the poet seems to hint at a similar association:—

"This is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower."

Gray, in his "Bard," speaks of—

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

Before tearing ourselves from the Tower, we may mention a few nooks and corners of interest not generally known to visitors. In the north-eastern turret of the White Tower was the observatory of that great astronomical rival of Newton, John Flamstead. Here often he "outwatched the bear." The Ordnance Office gave him £100 a year. The roof of this tower was a promenade for prisoners. In 1708 there were 3,000 barrels of gunpowder stored close to the White Tower. The Record Tower, or Hall Tower, was formerly called the Wakefield Tower, from the Yorkist prisoners confined there after that great battle of the Roses.

The most terrible cells of the fortress, such as those over which Mr. Harrison Ainsworth threw a blue fire, are in the Bowyer Tower, where there is a ghastly hole with a trap-door, opening upon a flight of steps. In the lower chambers of the Devereux Tower are subterranean passages, leading to St. Peter's Church. In the Beauchamp Tower a secret passage has been discovered in the masonry, where spies could cower, and listen to the conversations and soliloquies of poor unsuspecting prisoners. One torture-chamber was called, says Mr. Hewitt, "Little Ease," because it was so small that a prisoner could not stand erect, or even lie down at full length. Other cells are said to have been full of rats, which at high water were driven up in shoals from the Thames. Hatton, in 1708, describes the Tower guns as sixty-two in number; they were on the wharf, and were discharged on all occasions of victories, coronations, festival days, days of thanksgiving, and triumphs. They are now fired from a salutation-battery facing Tower Hill. The prisoner's walks in the Tower, spots of many a mournful hour of regret and contemplation, are specially interesting. There is one—a passage on the leads between the (alarm) Bell Tower and the Beauchamp Tower. The walls are carved with names. In the Garden Tower are also leads where prisoners used to pace; and Pepys, visiting the Tower, March 11, 1669, in order to see Sir W. Coventry, they visit what was then called "My Lord of Northumberland's Walk;" at the end of it there was a piece of iron upon the wall with his arms upon it, and holes to put in a peg for every turn made upon the walk. Mrs. Hutchinson especially mentions that her husband was confined in the room of the Bloody Tower where it was said the two princes were murdered. The room that led to it was that in which, it is popularly believed, the Duke of Clarence was drowned. "It was a dark, great room," says the amiable and faithful wife, "with no window in it, and the portcullis of a gate was drawn up within it, and below there sat every night a court of guard."

The council-chamber of the Lieutenant's lodgings, where Guy Fawkes was examined, and perhaps tortured, is said to be haunted, and the soldiers of the Tower have a firm belief that a ghost, in some ambiguous and never clearly-defined shape, appeared on one occasion to a drunken sentry near the Martin Tower, the old Jewel House. It is said that upwards of 1,000 prisoners have been groaning together at one time in the Tower. The person who believes in the Tower ghost can swallow this too. Bayley mentions that the bones of an old ape, which had hidden itself and died in an unoccupied turret, were set down in his time as those of the two murdered princes.

During the Spa Fields riot some of the rioters, including Thistlewood, afterwards the desperate leader of the Cato Street conspirators, came to the Tower walls and tried to persuade the soldiers to join them, offering them £100 each, but failed to win over even a single recruit. A few years ago the population of the Tower, including the garrison, was 1,488.

In old times, says Mr. Dixon, in his book on

London Prisons, whenever it was found necessary to carry a prisoner through the streets, the sheriffs received him from the king's lieutenants at the entrance to the City, gave a receipt for him, and took another on delivering him up at the gates of the Tower. The receipt of the Governor of the Tower for the body of the Duke of Monmouth—his living body—is still extant.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER.

Tower Hill—Some of its Ghastly Associations—A Great Whig Downfall—Perambulating the "Bounds" of the Tower Liberties—Famous Residents on Tower Hill—Lady Raleigh—William Penn—Otway and the Story of his Death—Felton's Knife—Old Houses—Spenser—Great Tower Street and Peter the Great—Bakers' Hall—Thomson the Poet—A Strange Corruption of a Name—Seething Lane—The Old Navy Office.

Of Tower Hill, that historical and blood-stained ground to the north-west of the Tower, old Stow says:—"Tower Hill, sometime a large plot of ground, now greatly straitened by encroachments (unlawfully made and suffered) for gardens and houses. Upon this hill is always readily prepared, at the charges of the City, a large scaffold and gallows of timber, for the execution of such traitors or transgressors as are delivered out of the Tower, or otherwise, to the Sheriffs of London, by writ, there to be executed."

Hatton, in 1708 (Queen Anne) mentions Tower Hill as "a spacious place extending round the west and north parts of the Tower, where there are many good new buildings, mostly inhabited by gentry and merchants." The tide of fashion and wealth had not yet set in strongly westward. An old plan of the Tower in 1563 shows us the posts of the scaffold for state criminals, a good deal north of Tower Street and a little northward of Legge Mount, the great north-west corner of the Tower fortifications. In the reign of Edward IV. the scaffold was erected at the charge of the king's officers, and many controversies arose at various times, about the respective boundaries, between the City and the Lieutenant of the Tower.

On the Tower Hill scaffold perished nearly all the prisoners whose wrongs and sorrows and crimes we have glanced at in a previous chapter; the great Sir Thomas More, the wise servant of a corrupt king; the unhappy old Countess of Salisbury, who was chopped down here as she ran bleeding round the scaffold; Bishop Fisher, a staunch adherent to the old faith; that great subverter of the monks, Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and the poet Earl of Surrey—all victims of the same bad monarch.

Then in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, in ghastly procession after the masked headsman, paced Lord Seymour; in due course followed the brother who put him to death, the proud Protector Somerset; then that poor weak young noble, Lady Jane Grey's husband, Lord Guilford Dudley; and Sir Thomas Wyat, the rash objector to a Spanish marriage.

The victims of Charles's folly followed in due time—the dark and arrogant Strafford, who came like a crowned conqueror to his death; then his sworn ally, the narrow-browed, fanatical Laud. The Restoration Cavaliers took their vengeance next, and to Tower Hill passed those true patriots, Stafford, insisting on his innocence to the very last, and Algernon Sydney. The unlucky Duke of Monmouth was the next to lay his misguided head on the block.

Blood ceased to flow on Tower Hill after this execution till the Pretender's fruitless rebellions of 1715 and 1745 brought Derwentwater, "the pride of the North," Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and wily old Lovat to the same ghastly bourne. In 1746 Mr. Radcliffe (Lord Derwentwater's brother) was executed here. He had been a prisoner in the Tower for his share in the rebellion of 1715, but succeeded in escaping. He was identified by the barber, who thirty-one years before had shaved him when in prison.

Chamberlain Clarke, who died in 1831, aged ninety-two (a worthy old City authority, who has been mentioned by us in a previous chapter), well remembered (says Mr. Timbs), as a child, seeing the executioner's axe flash in the sunshine as it fell upon the neck of Mr. Radcliffe. At the last execution which took place on Tower Hill, that of Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747, a scaffolding, built near Barking Alley, fell, with nearly 1,000 persons on it, and twelve of them were killed. Lovat, in spite of his awful situation, seemed to enjoy the downfall of so many Whigs.

There is a passage in *Henry VIII.*—a play considered by many persons to be not Shakespeare's writing at all, and by some others only partly his work—that has much puzzled those wise persons,

the commentators. The author of the play, which is certainly not quite in the best Shakespearian manner, makes a door-porter say, talking of a mob, "These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples: that no audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill or the

formed upon the parade, including a headsman, bearing the axe of execution; a painter, to mark the bounds; yeomen, warders, with halberds; the Deputy Lieutenant and other officers of the Tower, &c. The boundary-stations are painted with a red "broad arrow" upon a white ground, while



LORD LOVAT. (*From Hogarth's Portrait.*)

limbs of Limehouse are able to endure." This passage seems to imply that there were low theatres in Shakespeare's time near Tower Hill and Limehouse, or did he refer to the crowd at a Tower Hill execution, and to the mob of sailors at the second locality?

A curious old custom is still perpetuated in this neighbourhood. The "bounds" of the Tower Liberties are perambulated triennially, when, after service in the church of St. Peter, a procession is

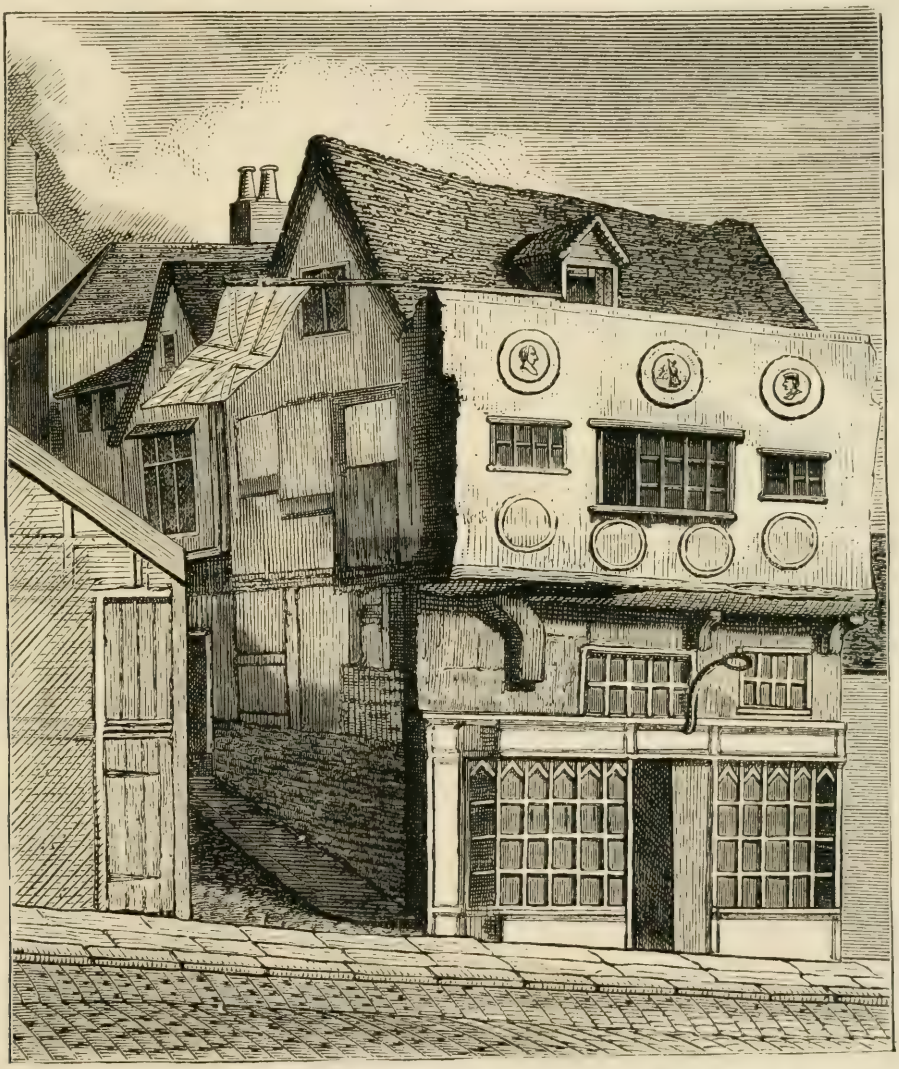
the chaplain of St. Peter's repeats, "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark." Another old custom of lighting a bonfire on Tower Hill, on the 5th of November, was suppressed in the year 1854.

The traditions of Tower Hill, apart from the crimson block and the glittering axe, are few, but what there are, are interesting. Poor suffering Lady Raleigh, when driven from the side of her imprisoned husband, as James began to drive him

faster towards death, lodged on Tower Hill with her son who had been born in the Tower.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born on Tower Hill, October 14, 1644. The house of his father, the Admiral, was "on the east side, within a court adjoining to London Wall." Penn, however, already been deeply impressed by the preaching of a Quaker. In old age this good and wise man fell into difficulties, and actually had to mortgage the province of Pennsylvania for £6,600. He died at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, in 1718.

That tender-hearted poet, Thomas Otway, the



AN OLD HOUSE ON LITTLE TOWER HILL. (*From a Drawing by Smith made in* 1792.)

in one of his works, states that "the Lord first appeared to him about the twelfth year of his age, and that between that and the fifteenth the Lord visited him and gave him divine impressions of himself." It was when he was at school at Chigwell, in Essex, that one day, alone in his chamber, he was suddenly "surprised with an inward comfort, and surrounded by a visible external glory, that convinced the youth's excited imagination that he had obtained the seal of immortality. He had, how-

friend of Shadwell—whose poverty and wretchedness Rochester cruelly sneered at in his "Session of the Poets," and whose nature and pathos Dryden praised, though somewhat reluctantly—died, as it is generally thought, of starvation, at the "Bull" public-house on Tower Hill. He was only thirty-four when he died. The stories of his untimely death differ. Dr. Johnson's version is that, being naked and in a rage of hunger, he went to a neighbouring coffee-house, and asked a gentleman for a

shilling. The gentleman generously gave the starving poet a guinea, on which Otway rushed into the nearest baker's, bought a roll, and, eating with ravenous haste, was choked with the first mouthful. But Spence was told by Dennis, the well-known critic, and the great enemy of Pope, that an intimate friend of Otway's, being shot by an assassin, who escaped to Dover, *en route* for France, Otway pursued him. In the excitement he drank cold water, and brought on a fever, which carried him off. Goldsmith, in the "Bee," tells a story of Otway having about him when he died a copy of a tragedy which he had sold to Bentley the bookseller for a mere trifle. It was never recovered, but in 1719 a spurious forgery of it appeared.

It was at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill that Felton, that grim fanatic, who believed himself an instrument of Heaven, bought the broad, sharp, ten-penny hunting-knife with which he gave the heavy and sure blow at Portsmouth, that ended the ambition and plots of the first Duke of Buckingham, the mischievous favourite of Charles I.

That admirable antiquarian artist, Smith, has engraved a view of a curious old house on Tower Hill, enriched with medallions evidently of the time of Henry VIII. (probably terra cotta), like those, says Peter Cunningham, at old Whitehall and Hampton Court. It was not unusual, when coins were found upon a particular spot whereon a house was to be erected, to cause such coins to be represented in plaster on the house. A reproduction of this engraving will be found on the previous page.

In Postern Row, the site of the old postern gate at the south-eastern end of the City wall, used, says Timbs, to be the old rendezvous for enlisting soldiers and sailors, and for arranging the iniquitous press-gangs to scour Wapping and Ratcliff Highway. The shops here are hung with waterproof coats, sou'-westers, and other articles of dress; and the windows are full of revolvers, quadrants, compasses, ship's biscuits, &c., to attract sailors.

At the south-west corner of Tower Hill is Tower Docks, where luckless Sir Walter Raleigh, in disguise, after his escape from the Tower in 1618, took boat for Tilbury. That most poetical of all our poets, Edmund Spenser, was born near Tower Hill, in 1552. Very little is known of his parentage, but though poor, it must have been respectable, as he was sent at sixteen to Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a humble student or sizar. He dedicated one of his early poems to Sir Philip Sidney, that star of Elizabethan knighthood, and began his career by going to Ireland (a country whose wild people he often sketches in his "Fairy Queen"), as secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the viceroy. He is said to have there commenced his "Fairy Queen," urged on by Sir Walter Raleigh. He seems to have spent about seventeen years in that Patmos, and returned to London poor and heart-broken, having had his castle burnt down, and his infant child destroyed in the fire. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. The poems of Spenser furnished many suggestions to Shakespeare, who probably derived from them the story of *King Lear*, and some of the most beautiful of his heroine's names. Spenser himself drew his inspiration from the Italian poets.

The second Duke of Buckingham used often to visit in disguise, in his days of political intrigue, a poor astrologer, who drew horoscopes, near Tower Hill. Science was then making great advances, thanks to the inductive system introduced by Bacon; but even Newton practised alchemy, and witches were still burnt to death.

The parishes and liberties now called the Tower Hamlets, and since 1832 returning two members to the House of Commons, included Hackney, Norton Folgate, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, East Smithfield, St. Katherine's, Wapping, Ratcliff, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, Blackwall, Bromley, Old Ford, Mile End, Bethnal Green, &c. An alteration was effected by the Reform Bill of 1867, when Hackney was made a separate electoral district, returning two members to Parliament.

Great Tower Street has not many traditions to boast of, though sailors and Tower warders have haunted it for centuries. Its two main antiquarian heroes are the Earl of Rochester and that noble savage, Peter the Great. One of this mad earl's maddest freaks brought him to Tower Street. While in disgrace at court, we believe for his bitter satire on Charles II., called the "History of the Insipids," he robed and bearded himself as an Italian quack or mountebank physician, and under the name of Alexander Bendo, set up at a goldsmith's house, next door to the "Black Swan," in Tower Street, where he advertised that he was sure to be seen "from three of the clock in the afternoon till eight at night." His biographer, Bishop Burnet, mentions this; and it is said that the earl surprised his patients by the knowledge of court secrets he displayed.

The second story of Great Tower Street relates to the true founder of the Russian Empire. This extraordinary man, whose strong shoulder helped his country out of the slough of ignorance and obscurity, was born in 1672, and visited Holland in 1698, to learn the art of shipbuilding, having

resolved to establish a Russian navy. Having worked among the Dutch as a common labourer, he finally came to England for four months, to visit our dockyards and perfect himself in ship-building. While in England he lived alternately in Buckingham Street, Strand (bottom house on the left-hand side), and Evelyn's house at Deptford. After a hard day's work with adze and saw, the young Czar, who drank like a boatswain, used to resort to a public-house in Great Tower Street, and smoke and drink ale and brandy, almost enough to float the vessel he had been helping to construct. "The landlord," says Barrow, Peter's biographer, "had the Czar of Muscovy's head painted and put up for his sign, which continued till the year 1808, when a person of the name of Waxel took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then occupier of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made from the original, which maintains its station to the present day as the sign of the 'Czar of Muscovy.' The house has since been rebuilt, and the sign removed, but the name remains. Peter was recalled from his pitch-pots and adzes by the news of an insurrection in Russia, headed by his sister. A year after, he declared war on that 'madman of the North,' Charles XII. of Sweden."

Bakers' Hall hides itself with humility in Harp Lane, Great Tower Street. The "neat, plain building," as Mr. Peter Cunningham calls it, repaired by Mr. James Elmes, the author of the "Life of Wren," was (says Stow) some time the dwelling-house of Alderman Chichley, Chamberlain of London, who was descended from the celebrated Chichley, Archbishop of Canterbury, ambassador from Henry IV. to the Pope. He accompanied Henry V. to the French war. His life was spent in a two-handed warfare—against the Pope and against the Wickliffites. This generous prelate improved Canterbury Cathedral and Lambeth Palace, and founded All Souls' College at Oxford. The London bakers were originally divided into "white" and "brown" bakers. The chief supply of bread (says Strype) came from Stratford-le-Bow. By a somewhat tyrannical edict of the City, the Stratford loaves were required to be heavier in weight than the London loaves.

In the uncongenial atmosphere of Little Tower Street, that fat, lazy, and good-natured poet, James Thomson, wrote his fine poem of "Summer," published in 1727. In a letter to Aaron Hill, dated May 24, 1726, he says, "I go on Saturday next to reside at Mr. Watts's academy, in Little Tower Street, in quality of tutor to a young gentleman there." Thomson was the son of a Roxburghshire clergyman, and was educated for the Church —a profession which, however, he never entered. He came to London in 1725, and published his "Winter," a poem whose broadly-painted landscapes remind us of those of Wilson and contemporaneous painters, just as Byron's poems remind us of Turner. In 1730 Thomson went abroad, as travelling tutor with the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot. There was no return to dingy Little Tower Street for the epicurean poet, who soon after obtained some Government sinecures, among others the post of Surveyor-General to the Leeward Islands, and became patronised by the Prince of Wales. Thomson's poem of the "Seasons" did much to foster our national love of Nature, but the poet's *chef-d'œuvre* is, after all, his "Castle of Indolence," a poem full of the poet's idiosyncrasy.

One of the strangest corruptions of the names of London streets occurs in the Tower precincts. A place once called "Hangman's Gains," as if built with the fees of some Tower executioner, should really have been "Ham and Guienne," for here (says Strype) poor refugees from "Hammes and Guynes" were allowed to lodge in Queen Mary's reign, after Calais and its vicinity had been recovered from our strong grip by the French.

Seething Lane, Tower Street, running northward to Crutched Friars, was originally (says Stow) called Sidon Lane, and in his time there were fair and large houses there. The old chronicler of London mentions among the distinguished residents the wily Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's principal secretary. This great counter-plotter against the Jesuits in Spain died April 5, 1590, and the next night, at ten o'clock, was quietly buried in Paul's Church. Walsingham's name occurs perpetually in Elizabethan annals, and no one by darker or more secret means fought better for Elizabeth against the dangerous artifices of Mary Queen of Scots, whose ways were dark indeed.

The garrulous, gallant, and inimitable Pepys was living in this lane, to be near his work at the Navy Office adjoining, the very year the Great Fire broke out. He describes putting his head out of window at the first alarm, and going quietly to sleep again, on the 6th of September, about two of the morning, when his handsome wife called him up and told him of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church (Allhallows, Barking), "which is at the bottom of our lane." In Strype's time Seething Lane had become "a place of no great account," but there were still merchants living there.

The old Navy Office in Seething or Sidon Lane had the chief entrance in Crutched Friars, and the smaller one in the lane. It stood (says

Cunningham) on the site of a chapel and college attached to the church of Allhallows, Barking, which had been suppressed and pulled down in the year 1548 (Edward VI.). The consecrated ground remained a garden-plot during the troubles of Edward's reign, the rebellions of Mary's reign, and the glorious days of Elizabeth, till at length Sir William Winter, surveyor of Elizabeth's ships, built on it a great timber and brick storehouse for merchants' goods, which grew into a Navy Office. Cunningham found among the Audit Office enrolments an entry that in July, 1788, the purchase-money of the old Navy Office, £11,500, was handed over to Sir William Chambers, the architect of the Government offices in the new Somerset House.

CHAPTER XI.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER.—THE MINT.

The Mint at the Tower—The First Silver Penny—Dishonest Minters—The First English Gold Coinage—Curious Anecdote respecting the Silver Groats of Henry IV.—First Appearance of the Sovereign and the Shilling—Debasement of the Coin in the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.—Ecclesiastical Comptrollers of the Mint—Guineas and Copper Coins—Queen Anne's Farthings—The Sources from which the English Mint has been supplied with Bullion—Alchemists encouraged—The Mint as it is.

THAT the Romans had a mint in London is certain, and probably on the site of the present Tower. In the Saxon times London and Winchester were the chief places for coining money; but while the "White City," as Winchester was called, had only six "moneyers," or minters, London boasted eight. The chief mint of England was in the Tower, at all events from the Conquest till 1811, when, at an outlay of more than a quarter of a million of money, Sir Robert Smirke erected the present quiet and grave building which stands on the east side of Tower Hill. From those portals has since flowed forth that rich Niagara of gold which English wealth has yielded to the ceaseless cravings of national expenditure.

Letting alone the old Celtic ring-money of the ancient Britons, and the rude Roman-British coins of Cunobelin and Boadicea, we may commence a brief notice of English coinage with the silver penny mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons (689—726), the value of which, says Mr. J. Saunders, would be, in current coin, 2¾d. The silver penny of King Alfred is the earliest authentic Saxon coin, says that eminent authority, Mr. Ruding, which can be traced with certainty to the London Mint. The penny sank by slow degrees, through the reigns of many adulterating monarchs, from the weight of 22½ grains to about 7 grains. The great object of our monarchs seems to have been to depreciate as far as possible the real value of the coin, and at the same time to keep up its current value. We find, in fact, even such a great and chivalrous king as Edward III. shamelessly trying to give false weight, and busy in passing spurious money.

With this perpetual tampering with the coin, which pretended to a value it never possessed, clippers and coiners of course abounded. They were given to the crows by hundreds, while the royal forgers escaped scot-free. Justice, so called, like a spider, let the wasps escape, but was down swift upon the smaller fry. Law was red-handed in the Middle Ages, and swift and terrible in its revenges on the poor and the unprivileged. In the reign of Edgar, the penny having lost half its weight, St. Dunstan (himself an amateur goldsmith) refused one Whitsun-day to celebrate mass till three of the unjust moneyers had had their guilty right hands struck off.

In the reign of Henry I., when the dealers refused to take the current money in the public markets, the hot-tempered monarch sent over a swift and angry message from Normandy, to summon all the moneyers of England to appear at Winchester against Christmas Day. Three honest men alone, out of ninety-four of the minters, escaped mutilation and banishment. In 1212, when Pandulph, the Pope's legate, excommunicated King John at Northampton, the king, who was making quick work with a batch of prisoners (being, no doubt, not in the best of tempers), ordered a priest, who had coined base money, to be immediately hung. Pandulph at once threatened with "bell, book, and candle" any one who should dare touch the Lord's anointed; and on King John at last surrendering the priest, the legate at once set the holy rogue free, in contempt of the royal laws. As for the Jews, who had always an "itching palm" for gold and silver, and filed and "sweated" every bezant they could rake together, Edward I., in an irresistible outburst of business-like indignation and religious zeal, on one occasion hung a batch of 280

of them. But the prudent king did more than this, for he confirmed the privileges of the Moneyers' Company, and entrusted them with the whole coinage of the country. In the following reign a Comptroller of the Mint was appointed, who was to send in his accounts distinct from those of the Warden and Master. The Company consisted of seven senior and junior members, and a provost, who undertook the whole coinage at fixed charges.

With Henry III. English money, says a good authority, began to improve in appearance, and to exhibit more variety. The gold penny of this monarch passed current for twenty pence. This was the first English gold coinage. In the reign of Edward I. silver halfpennies and farthings were for the first time made round, instead of square. About this coinage there is the following story. An old prophecy of Merlin had declared that whenever English money should become round, a Welsh prince would be crowned in London. When Llewellyn, the last Welsh prince, was slain by Edward, his head, probably in ridicule of this prophecy, was crowned with willows and sent to the Tower for exhibition.

Edward III. (as national wealth increased national wants) introduced several fresh coins: a gold florin, with its divisions, a gold noble, a groat, and a half-groat. The gold florin, which passed for six shillings (now worth nineteen), soon gave place, says Saunders, to the gold noble or rose-noble, as it was sometimes called, of the value of 6s. 8d., or half a mark. On one side of this coin Edward stands in a tall turreted galley in complete armour, in reference probably to his great naval victory over the French at Sluys, when he made an end of nearly 15,000 of the enemy. The reverse bears a cross fleury, and the mysterious legend, "Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat" (Jesus, however, passing over, went through the midst of them); an inscription which was traditionally supposed to allude to the fact of the gold used for the coin having been made by the famous alchemist Lully, who worked for that purpose in the Tower. In the reign of Henry VI. the rose-noble was called the rial, and promoted to the value of 10s.

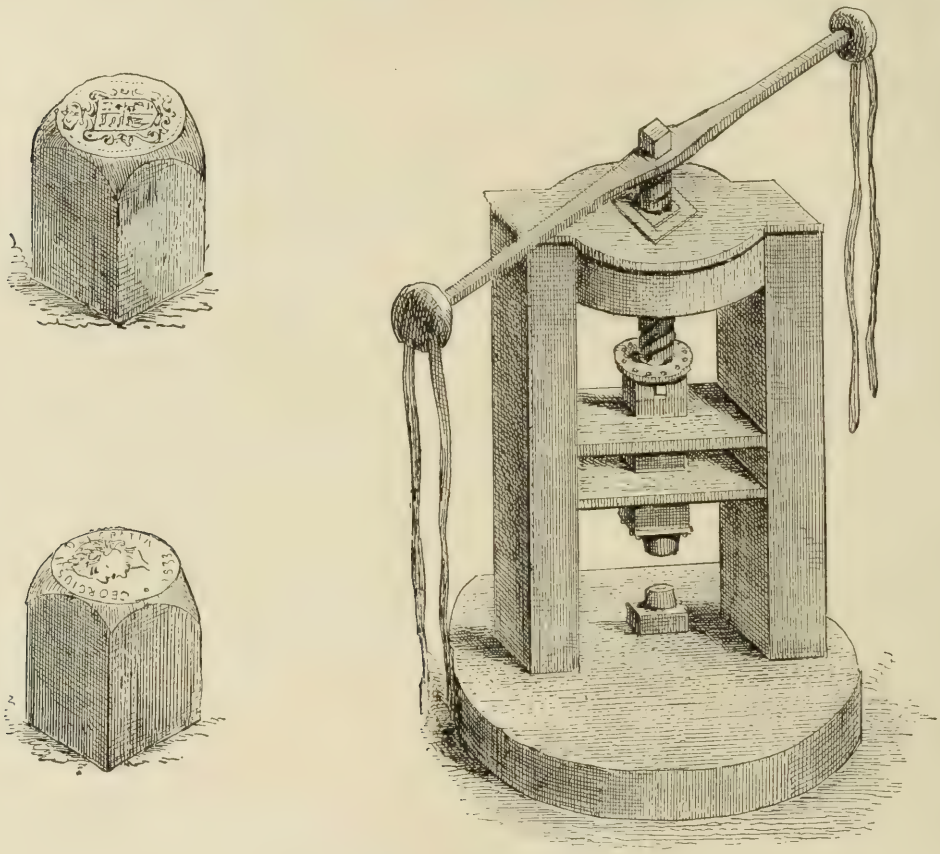
The silver groat, says an authority on coins, derived its name from the French word *gros*, as being the largest silver coin then known.

Of the silver groats of Henry V.'s reign, Leake, in his "History of English Money," relates a curious anecdote from Speed. The coin has on one side a cross (so that the coin could be broken into four bits), and on the other a head of the young king, the crown set with three fleurs-de-lis, and the hair flowing as Absalom's. On each side of the niche are two small circlets, said to be intended for eyelet holes, and to refer to the following story. Towards the close of his reign Henry IV. grew shaken in his mind, and alarmed at his son's loose and unworthy excesses with the Falstaffs of those days, began to fear some violence from his abandoned and undutiful son, "which when," says Speed, "Prince Henry heard of by some that favoured him of the King's Council, in a strange disguise he repaired to his court, accompanied with many lords and noblemen's sons. His garment was a gown of blue satin, wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle left hanging by the silk it was wrought with. About his arm he wore a dog's collar, set full of SS of gold, the tirets thereof being most fine gold. Thus coming to Westminster and the court of his father, having commanded his followers to advance no farther than the fire in the hall, himself, accompanied with some of the king's household, passed on to his presence, and after his duty and obeisance done, offered to make known the cause of his coming. The king, weak then with sickness, and supposing the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent obeisance spake to him as followeth: 'Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty and divulged reports of my dangerous intendments towards your royal person and crown hath enforced at this time and in this manner to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some faults and misspent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed, yet those made much more by such fleering pick-thanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ears. The name of sovereign ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience; so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart; for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far, therefore, am I from any disloyal attempts against the person of you, my father, and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself, both by confession of my offences past and receiving the blessed sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your grace to free your suspicion from all fear conceived against me with this dagger, the stab

whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand; and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death.' But the king, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been over-credulous that way, and promising never to open them against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, instantly desired that at least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits; to which request the king replied that, as the offence was capital, so should it be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next Parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love that nearly was lost."

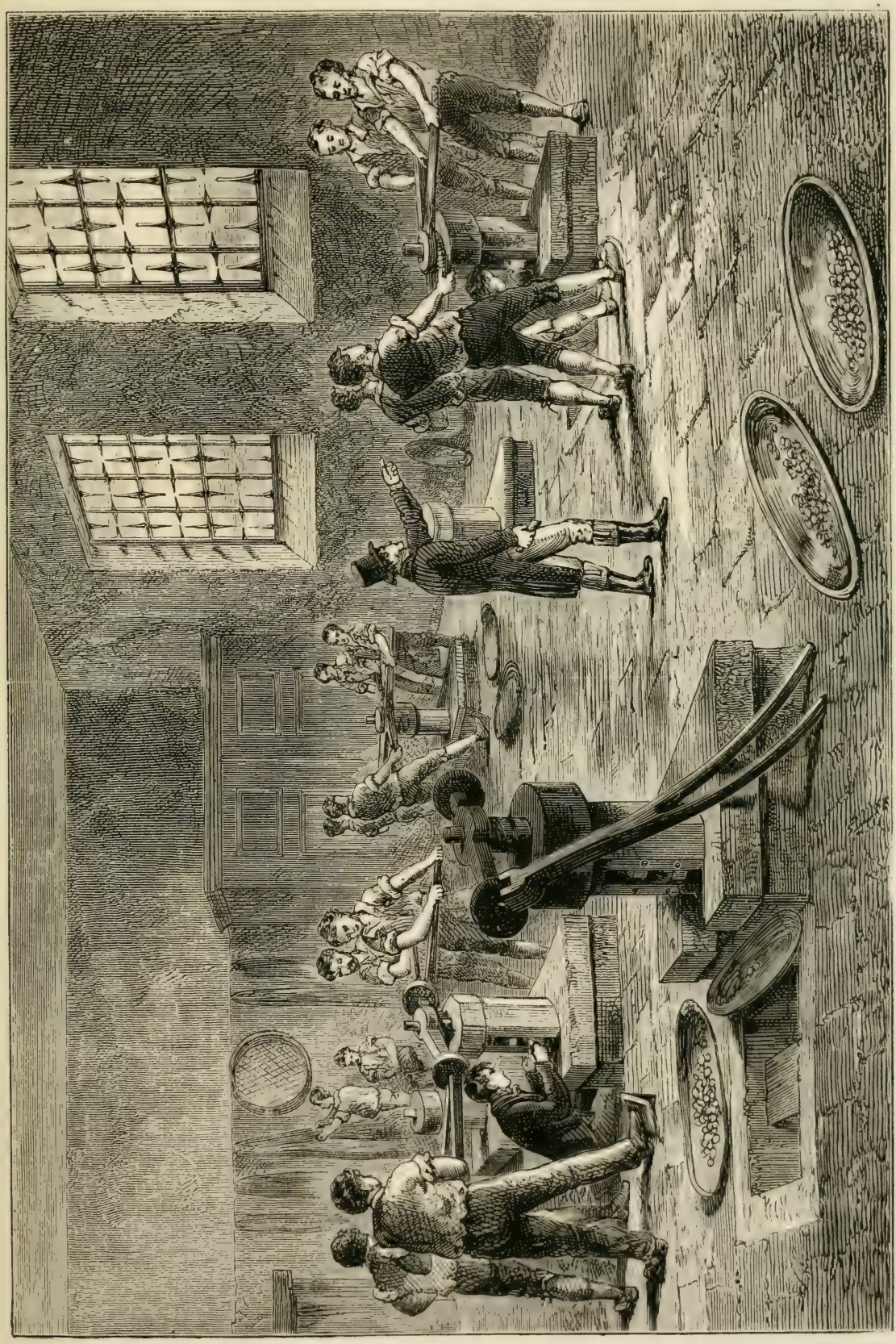
The gold angel (with St. Michael striking the dragon) and the half-angel were first struck by Edward IV., and although inferior in value to the noble and half-noble, were intended to pass in their room. Henry VII. originated many new coins—the sovereign, double sovereign, and half-sovereign, of gold, and the testoon, or shilling, of silver. The Saxons had used the word "shilling," but it now first became a current coin. The testoon borrowed its name from the French word, *teste*, "a head," the royal portrait, for the first time presented in profile.

Henry VIII., to his affectionate character as a husband, and his other virtues, pointed out so ably by Mr. Froude, added to them all the merit of being pre-eminent even among English monarchs



PRESS AND DIES FORMERLY USED IN THE MINT. (GEORGE II.)

for debasing the coinage. Some of the earlier coins of this reign bear the portrait of Henry VII. One coin struck by Henry VIII. was the George noble, so called from the effigy of St. George and the Dragon, well known to all lovers of their sovereign, stamped on the reverse. Henry VIII. also coined a silver crown-piece, which was, however, issued by his son Edward, with the half-crown, sixpence, and threepence. In Edward's reign the debasement of coin grew more shameless than ever. There were now only three ounces of silver left in the pound of coinage metal. In one of his plain-spoken Saxon sermons, old Latimer denounced the custom of having ecclesiastics among the comptrollers of the



INTERIOR OF THE MINT. (*From a Drawing of about* 1800.)

Mint. "Is this their calling?" he cried. "Should we have ministers of the church to be comptrollers of the Mint? I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home in his parish, while he comptrolleth the Mint."

Elizabeth, in these things as in most others, listened to wise counsellors. Sir Thomas Gresham was earnest for a pure and honest coinage. The silver was restored to the fair standard—eighteen pennyworths of alloy in the pound of standard metal. The corrupt coin of her father and brother was called in, and ordered to be melted down for re-casting. The sum thus treated amounted to £244,000, which had hitherto passed current for £638,000. The queen herself came to the Tower, struck some pieces with her own hand, and gave them to her suite. The first milled money (the "mill-sixpences" mentioned by Shakespeare) was coined in this reign, and silver three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces were also coined (*vide* our previous account of Tokenhouse Yard) in deference to the national dislike of copper money.

The robbery by Charles I. of £200,000 from the Mint, where it had been deposited for safety by the London merchants, we have before mentioned. Charles coined money suddenly from any Cavalier's plate he could obtain. These coins are often mere rude lozenges of silver, while others are round or octangular. Charles also struck ten-shilling and twenty-shilling pieces. The coins of the early part of Charles's reign were executed by Nicholas Briot, an admirable French engraver; but Cromwell employed Thomas Simon, a pupil of Briot, who far excelled his master, and, indeed, any previous coin-engraver since the time of the Greeks.

Simon was dismissed by Charles II., in spite of an incomparable crown-piece which he executed, to prove his skill. Simon attained a finish and perfection since unknown. In this degenerate reign was struck the first guinea—so called from being made from gold brought from Guinea by the African Company, whose badge, the elephant, appears on all coins made from their bullion. The antiquarian crochet, that the name has reference to the French province of Guienne, is absurd. Five-guinea pieces, two-guineas, and half-guineas were also struck in this reign. The copper coinage was also now first originated, and the Mint poured forth floods of halfpence and farthings, disgraced by the figure of Britannia modelled from one of Charles's mistresses, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. Charles II. also coined tin farthings with copper centres. James, and William and Mary, continued these coins, and added a halfpenny of the same kind. This tin coinage was finally recalled in 1693. Good kings strike good coins. Thus the reign of William and Mary had the purer money (thanks, probably, to the genius of Paterson, the originator of the Bank). It is recorded that, in 1695, 572 bags of silver coin brought to the Mint, which ought to have weighed over 18,450 pounds, only weighed a little more than half. This single re-coinage, therefore, must have cost the Government nearly two millions.

Queen Anne struck no less than six different farthings; some of these are very scarce. George I. struck the first gold quarter-guinea, and for the first time coins bear the letters "F. D." (Fidei Defensor), possibly from the fact that George had no religion at all, and only guarded other people's. Gold seven-shilling pieces, and copper pennies and twopences, first appeared in the reign of George III. The guinea and half-guinea were withdrawn in 1815, when they were replaced by the present sovereign and half-sovereign. Almost the last new pieces were the fourpenny-pieces of William IV., in 1836, and that first approach to the decimal system, the florin, the most insipidly engraved of all our coins, in 1849. Bronze coinage was issued on the 1st of December, 1860.

It is difficult to say from whence our early mints derived their bullion. Edward I., the authorities tell us, drew no less than 704 pounds weight of native silver from Devonshire in one year alone; and down to the reign of George I. money was coined from Welsh and other native mines. In later times Peru sent its silver, Mexico its gold, and, before Californian and Australian gold was discovered, the Ural mountains furnished us with ore.

Our wars, more especially our Spanish wars, have at times brought great stores of the precious metals to the Mint. The day the eldest son of George III. was born there arrived in London twenty wagons of Spanish silver, captured by the *Hermione*. The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. The wagons were escorted by light horse and marines, and a band of music. As they passed St. James's Palace George III. and the nobility came to the windows over the palace-gate to see them pass. In 1804 there was a similar procession of treasure from Spanish vessels we had dishonestly seized before the open declaration of war. In 1842 ten wagons brought to the Bank the first portion of the Chinese ransom, amounting to two millions of dollars, and weighing upwards of sixty-five tons.

For many centuries, as Mr. Saunders has shown, our kings, always in want of money, encouraged alchemists, who believed that they could transmute baser metals to gold, if they could only discover

their common base. Thus Lully worked in the Tower for Edward I. Edward III., Henry VI., and Edward IV. also seem to have been deluded by impostors or fanatics to the same belief which Chaucer ridiculed so admirably.

A modern essayist has graphically described the present method of coining money. "The first place," he says, "that I was conducted to was the Central Office, where the ingots of gold are weighed when they come in from the Bank of England, or from other sources, and where a small piece is cut off each slab for the Mint assayer to test the whole by. A nugget of gold may be of any shape, and is generally an irregular dead yellow lump, that looks like pale ginger-bread; but an ingot of gold is a small brick. After the precious metals have been scrupulously weighed in the Central Office, they are sent to the Melting House down an iron tramway. All the account books in the Mint are balanced by weight, so that even where there is so much money there is no use made of the three columns bearing the familiar headings of £ s. d. The Melting House is an old-fashioned structure, having what I may call the gold kitchen on one side, and the silver kitchen on the other, with just such a counting-house between the two—well provided with clean weights, scales, well-bound books, and well-framed almanacks—as George Barnwell may have worked in with his uncle before he became gay. The counting-house commands a view of both melting kitchens, that the superintendents may overlook the men at their work. Although the Mint contains nearly a hundred persons resident within its walls—forming a little colony, with peculiar habits, tastes, and class feelings of its own—a great many of the workpeople are drawn from the outer world. Dinner is provided for them all within the building; and when they pass in to their day's work, between the one soldier and the two policemen at the entrance gate, they are not allowed to depart until their labour is finished, and the books of their department are balanced, to see that nothing is missing. If all is found right, a properly signed certificate is given to each man, and he is then permitted to go his way.

"The gold kitchen and the silver kitchen are never in operation on the same day, and the first melting process that I was invited to attend was the one in the latter department. The presiding cook, well protected with leather apron and thick coarse gloves, was driving four ingot bricks of solid silver into a thick plumbago crucible, by the aid of a crowbar. When these four pieces were closely jammed down to a level with the surface of the melting-pot, he seasoned it with a sprinkling of base coin, by way of alloy; placing the crucible in one of the circular recesses over the fiery ovens to boil. The operations in the gold kitchen are similar to this, except that they are on a much smaller scale. A crucible is there made to boil three or four ingots, worth from four to five thousand pounds sterling; and where machinery is employed in the silver kitchen, much of the work is done in the gold kitchen with long iron tongs that are held in the hand.

"When the solid metal has become fluid, a revolving crane is turned over the copper, and the glowing, red-hot crucible is drawn from its fiery recess, casting its heated breath all over the apartment, and is safely landed in a rest. This rest is placed over a number of steel moulds, that are made up, when cool, like pieces of a puzzle, and which look like a large metal mouth-organ standing on end, except that the tubes there present are square in shape and all of the same length. The crucible rest is acted upon by the presiding cook and another man, through the machinery in which it is placed, and is made to tilt up at certain stages, according to regulated degrees. When the molten metal, looking like greasy milk, has poured out of the crucible till it has filled the first tube of the metal mouth-organ, sounding several octaves of fluid notes, like the tone of bottle-emptying, the framework of moulds is moved on one stage by the same machinery, so as to bring the second tube under the mouth of the crucible, which is then tilted up another degree. This double action is repeated until the whole blinking, white-heated interior of the crucible is presented to my view, and nothing remains within it but a few lumps of red-hot charcoal.

"The next step is to knock asunder the framework of moulds, to take out the silver, now hardened into long dirty-white bars, and to place these bars first in a cold-water bath, and then upon a metal counter to cool. These bars are all cast according to a size which experience has taught to be exceedingly eligible for conversion into coin.

"From the silver-melting process, I was taken to the gold-coining department, the first stage in dealing with the precious metals being, as I have before stated, the same. Passing from bars of silver to bars of gold, I entered the Great Rolling Room, and began my first actual experience in the manufacture of a sovereign.

"The bars of gold, worth about twelve hundred pounds sterling, that are taken into the Great Rolling Room are about twenty-one inches long, one and three-eighths of an inch broad, and an inch thick. As they lie upon the heavy truck, before

they are subjected to the action of the ponderous machinery in this department, they look like cakes of very bright yellow soap.

"An engine of thirty horse-power sets in motion the machinery of this room, whose duty it is to flatten the bars until they come out in ribands of an eighth of an inch thick, and considerably increased in length. This process, not unlike mangling, is performed by powerful rollers, and is repeated until the ribands are reduced to the proper gauged thickness, after which they are divided and cut into the proper gauged lengths. Having undergone one or two annealings in brick ovens attached to this department, these fillets may be considered ready for another process, which takes place, after twelve hours' delay, in a place that is called the Drawing Room.

"In this department the coarser work of the Rolling Room is examined and perfected. The fillets or ribands of gold, after being subjected to another rolling process, the chief object of which has been to thin both ends, are taken to a machine called a draw-bench, where their thickness is perfectly equalised from end to end. The thin end of the golden riband is passed between two finely-polished fixed steel cylinders into the mouth of a part of the concrete machine, which is called a 'dog.' This dog is a small iron carriage, travelling upon wheels over a bench, under which revolves an endless chain. In length and appearance this dog is like a seal, with a round, thick head, containing two large eyes that are formed of screws, and having a short-handled inverted metal mallet for a hat. Its mouth is large and acts like a vice, and when it has gripped the thin end of the golden riband in its teeth, its tail is affixed to the endless chain, which causes it to move slowly along the bench, dragging the riband through the fixed cylinders. When the riband has passed through its whole length, the thin end at its other extremity coming more quickly through the narrow space between the cylinders causes it to release itself with a sudden jerk, and this motion partly raises the mallet cap of the backing dog, which opens its broad mouth, and drops its hold of the metal badger which it has completely drawn. A workman now takes the fillet, and punches out a circular piece the exact size of a sovereign, and weighs it. If the golden dump or blank, as it is called, is heavy, the dog and the cylinders are put in requisition once more to draw the riband thinner; but if the weight is accurate (and perfect accuracy at this stage is indispensable), the smooth, dull, impressionless counter, looking like the brass button of an Irishman's best blue coat, is transferred to another department, called the Press Cutting Room.

"In this room twelve cutting-presses, arranged on a circular platform, about two feet in height, surround an upright shaft and a horizontal revolving fly-wheel; and at the will of twelve boys, who attend and feed the presses, the punches attached to the presses are made to rise and fall at the rate of a stroke a second. The ribands, cut into handy lengths, are given to the boys, who push them under the descending punches as sliding-frames are pushed under table microscopes. The blanks fall into boxes, handily placed to receive them, and the waste—like all the slips and cuttings, trial dumps, failures, &c., in every department—is weighed back to the melting kitchen for the next cooking day.

"From the Weighing Room I followed the dumps that were declared to be in perfect condition to a department called the Marking Room, where they received their first surface impression. This room contains eight machines, whose duty it is to raise a plain rim, or protecting edge, round the surface circumference of the golden blanks. This is done by dropping them down a tube, which conducts them horizontally to a bed prepared for them, where they are pushed backwards and forwards between two grooved 'cheeks' made of steel, which raise the necessary rim by pressure.

"From this department I am taken by my guide to a long bakehouse structure, called the Annealing Room. Here I find several men-cooks very busy with the golden-rimmed blanks, making them into pies of three thousand each, in cast-iron pans with wrought-iron lids, and closed up with moist Beckenham clay. These costly pies are placed in large ovens, where they are baked in intense heat for an hour, and then each batch is drawn as its time expires, and is not opened before the pan becomes cool. The grey plastic loam which was placed round the dish is baked to a red crisp cinder, and the golden contents of the pie are warranted not to tarnish after this fiery ordeal by coming in contact with the atmosphere.

"I next follow the golden annealed blanks to the Blanching Room, where they are put into a cold-water bath to render them cool; after which they are washed in a hot weak solution of sulphuric acid and water to remove all traces of surface impurity. Finally, after another wash in pure water, they are conveyed to a drying-stove, where they are first agitated violently in a heated tub, then turned into a sieve, and tossed about out of sight, amongst a heap of beechwood sawdust, kept hot upon an oven. After this playful process, they are sifted into the upper world once more, and

then transferred to trays, like butchers' trays, which are conveyed to the Stamping Room.

"The Coining-press Room contains eight screw presses, worked from above by invisible machinery. Below, there is a cast-iron platform; and above, huge fly-arms, full six feet long, and weighty at their ends, which travel noisily to and fro, carrying with them the vertical screw, and raising and depressing the upper die. In front of each press, when the machinery is in motion, a boy is sitting to fill the feeding-tube with the bright plain dumps of gold that have come from the sawdust in the Blanching Room. On the bed of the press is fixed one of Mr. Wyon's head-dies, a perfect work of art, that is manufactured in the building; and the self-acting feeding apparatus—a slide moving backwards and forwards, much the same as in the delicate weighing-machines — places the golden dumps one by one on the die. The boy in attendance now starts some atmospheric pressure machinery, by pulling a starting-line; the press and upper die are brought down upon the piece of unstamped gold that is lying on the lower die, along with a collar that is milled on its inner circumference, and which closes upon the coin with a spring, preventing its undue expansion, and at one forcible but well-directed blow, the blank dump has received its top, bottom, and side impression, and has become a perfect coin of the realm. The feeder advances with steady regularity, and while it conveys another dump to the die, it chips the perfect sovereign down an inclined plane; the upper machinery comes down again; the dump is covered out of sight, to appear in an instant as a coin; other dumps advance, are stamped, are pushed away, and their places immediately taken. Some sovereigns roll on one side instead of going over to the inclined plane, others lie upon the edge of the machinery, or under the butcher's tray that holds the dumps, and the boys take even less notice of them than if they were so many peppermint drops.

"The metal has passed no locked doorway in its progress without being weighed out of one department into another; and it undergoes yet one more weighing before it is placed into bags for delivery to the Bank of England or private bullion-holders, and consigned to a stone and iron strong-room, containing half a million of coined money, until the hour of its liberation draws nigh."

CHAPTER XII.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TOWER (*continued*).

The Jewry—Allhallows Church—Terrible Gunpowder Accident near the Church—Famous Men buried at Allhallows—Monumental Brasses—St. Olave's Church—Dr. W. Turner—Sir John Minnes—A Well-known Couplet—Pepys' Wife—"Poor Tom"—Sir J. Radcliffe—Antiquities of the Church—Pepys on Allhallows—St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—Wren's Repairs—The Register Books—Old Roman Tower—The Trinity House and its Corporation—The Present Building—Decorations and Portraits—Famous Masters—A Bit of Old Wall.

Stow describes a Jewish quarter near the Tower. "There was," he says, "a place within the liberties of the Tower called the Jewry, because it was inhabited by Jews, where there happened, 22nd Henry III., a robbery and a murther to be committed by William Fitz Bernard, and Richard his servant; who came to the house of Joce, a Jew, and there slew him and his wife Henna. The said William was taken at St. Saviour's for a certain silver cup, and was hanged. Richard was called for, and was outlawed. One Miles le Espicer, who was with them, was wounded, and fled to a church, and died in it. No attachment was made by the sheriffs, because it happened in the Jewry; and so belonged not to the sheriffs, but to the Constable of the Tower."

The churches near Tower Hill demand a brief notice. That of Allhallows, Barking, and Our Lady, in Tower Street, Stow mentions as having, in the early ages, a "faire chapel" of Our Lady on the north side, founded by Richard I., whose lion heart, as the erroneous tradition went, was buried there, under the high altar. Edward I. gave the chapel a statue of the Virgin. Edward IV. permitted his cousin, John Earl of Worcester, to form a brotherhood there, and gave them the advowson of Streatham and part of a Wiltshire priory for maintenance. Richard III. rebuilt the chapel, and founded a college of priests, consisting of a dean and six canons, and made Edmund Chaderton, a great favourite of his, dean. The college was suppressed and pulled down in the reign of Edward VI. The ground remained a garden plot till the reign of Elizabeth, when merchants' warehouses were built there by Sir William Winter, whose wife was buried in the church.

The church derives its name of Barking from the vicarage having originally belonged to the abbey

and convent of Barking, in Essex. The church was much injured in 1649 by an accidental explosion of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder at a ship-chandler's near the churchyard. A Mr. Leyborn, quoted by Strype, gives the following account of this calamity :—

"Over against the wall of Barking churchyard," says Leyborn, "a sad and lamentable accident befell by gunpowder, in this manner. One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, upon the 4th of January, 1649, about seven of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barrelling up of gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never at that time of night but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was in that house. And in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed. In the course of this accident I will instance two, the one a dead, the other a living monument. In the digging, as I said before, they found the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern, sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another: this is one. Another is this: the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial; for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present, and he told us she was the child that was so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."



THE CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS, BARKING, IN 1750.

Allhallows, from its vicinity to the Tower, was the burial-place of several State criminals, and many minor Court officials; the poet Earl of Surrey, Bishop Fisher, and the narrow-brained Laud, were buried there, but have been since removed. The

six or seven brasses preserved here are, says an authority, among the best in London. The finest is a Flemish brass, Andrew Evyngar, a salter, and his wife, *circa* 1535. There is also an injured brass of William Thynne, Clerk of the Green Cloth, Clerk of the Kitchen, and afterwards "Master of the



ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-EAST.

Honourable Household of King Henry VIII., our Sovereign Lord." This worthy man published the first edition of the entire works of Chaucer, in 1532. Strype mentions the monument of Humfry Monmouth, a draper and sheriff, who protected Tindal, and encouraged him in his translation of the Testament, for which he was thrown into the Tower by Sir Thomas More. In his will he appointed Bishop Latimer, Dr. Barnes (the "Hot Gospeller"), and two other reformed preachers, to preach thirty sermons (two a week) at Allhallows, which, he said, would do more good than having masses said for his soul. He also forbad at his funeral the superstitious use of candles, the singing of dirges, and the tolling of bells. In the chancel Strype mentions the monument of Dr. Kettlewell, a famous controversial divine, who wrote "Measures of Christian Obedience," and refused to take the oaths on the accession of William of Orange.

In the pavement of the south aisle, near the chancel, is a large brass, to the memory of John Rulche, who died in 1498. There is another, with small figures of a man and his two wives, with the date 1500. From the mouths of the figures rise

labels (as in old caricatures), with pious invocations of "Libera nos," and "Salve nos." Another brass of a nameless knight and his lady is dated 1546; and in the north aisle there is an ecclesiastic and a lady, date probably, says Mr. Godwin, 1437. On a pillar in the south aisle is a brass plate, with doggerel verses to the memory of Armac Aymer, Governor of the Pages of Honour, or Master of the Henchmen, to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having served in the royal household fifty-six years. At the north side of the chancel stands a panelled altar tomb, of carved granite, crowned with strawberry leaves. Under a canopy are two groups of figures—the father and three sons, the mother and four daughters. Strype seems to erroneously connect this tomb with that of Thomas Pilke, who founded a chantry here in 1392 (Richard II.). Pilke's is more likely the canopied one on the opposite side of the church, with a plate of brass, on which is represented the resurrection of Christ.

The earliest legend connected with this very old church is one relating to Edward I. That warlike king had a vision, which commanded him to erect an image of the Virgin at Allhallows Barking, promising him if he did, visited it five times every year, and kept the chapel in repair, he should be victorious over all nations, should be King of England when his father died, and conqueror of Wales and Scotland. To the truth of this vision Edward swore before the Pope, and obtained a dispensation of forty days' penance for all true penitents who should contribute towards the lights, ornaments, and repairs of the chapel, and should pray for the soul of King Richard, whose heart was, as it is said, buried before the high altar. The pilgrims and worshippers of Our Lady of Barking continued numerous till the Reformation came and broke up these empty superstitions.

In 1639 the Puritan House of Commons proceeded against Dr. Layfield, the vicar of Allhallows, who had introduced various Popish innovations. The parishioners complained that he had altered the position of the communion-table, set up various images, had erected a cross over the font, placed the letters I.H.S. in forty-one various places, and also that he had bowed several times during the administration of the sacrament. The vicar, however, contrived to escape punishment. At the Great Fire this interesting church had a narrow escape, the vicarage being burned down. The present brick steeple was built in 1659, when the churchwardens put over the clock, which projects from the front of the church, the figure of an angel sounding a trumpet. In 1675 the succeeding churchwardens removed this figure, and placed it over the altar; but the clergyman being seen to perform genuflexions before it, the churchwardens were indicted, and compelled to burn the image.

The church, from an architectural point of view, is well worth a visit. The round massive pillars and sharp-pointed arches of the west end date from the beginning of the thirteenth century, while the eastern portion of the church is Perpendicular and Late Decorated. There is a clerestory, containing seven windows, and the windows of the north and south aisles are of different periods. It is said that many years ago the basement of a wall was found running across the building near the pulpit, showing an earlier and a later structure. The roof and ceiling were constructed in 1814, at a cost of £7,000. The marble font has a carved wooden cover (attributed, of course, to Gibbons), which represents three angels plucking flowers and fruit. On the south side of the building is an old staircase turret, which formerly led to the roof, but is now stopped up. In the porch, on the same side, is a good Tudor doorway.

Dr. Hickes, the great scholar who wrote the "Thesaurus," was vicar of Allhallows for six years (1680–6). Hickes, a Yorkshireman, born in 1642, was chaplain, in 1676, to the Duke of Lauderdale, the mischievous High Commissioner of Scotland, and was sent to Charles's court, with Bishop Burnet, to report the discontent of the Scotch. He was presented to the living of Allhallows by Archbishop Sancroft. At the Restoration of 1688, Dr. Hickes refused to take the oath of allegiance, and afterwards went over to France, to see King James, on the dangerous mission of arranging the consecration of fresh bishops. Hickes was very learned in the fathers and in the old northern languages, and wrote much for Divine right.

Another church of interest in this neighbourhood is St. Olave's, Hart Street, at the corner of Seething Lane. This saint was the warlike King of Norway who helped Ethelred against the Danes. There was a church on this spot at least as long ago as 1319, for we find in that year the prior and brethren of the Holy Cross paying two marks and a half per annum to the rector, and his successors for ever, for any damage that might accrue to them by the building of the priory. The patronage was first vested in the Nevil family, then in that of Lord Windsor; but in 1651 it was bequeathed to the parish by Sir Andrew Riccard, who was Sheriff of London in 1651. Maitland mentions, in the middle aisle, a brass of "a King of Arms, in his coat and crown," date 1427. The most ancient

brass now to be found is apparently that to the memory of John Orgene and Ellyne his wife, date 1584. Near this is a fine monument to that first of our English herbalists, Dr. William Turner, who died in 1614. This deep student was a violent Reformer, whom Bishop Gardiner threw into prison. On his release he went to live abroad, and at Basle became the friend of Gesner, the great naturalist. In the reign of Edward VI. he was made Dean of Wells and chaplain to the Protector Somerset, in which former dignity Elizabeth reinstated him.

On the south side of the communion-table there was, according to Strype, a monument to that brave and witty man, Sir John Mennes, or Minnes, vice-admiral to Charles I., and, after the Restoration, Governor of Dover Castle, and Chief Comptroller of the Navy. Born in the year 1598, and holding a place in the Navy Office in the reign of James I., Minnes, after many years of honest and loyal service, died in 1670, at the Navy Office in Seething Lane, where he must have spent half his long-shore life. He is generally spoken of as a brave, honest, generous fellow, and the best of all good company. Some of his poems are contained in a volume entitled "The Muses' Recreation," 1656, and he was the author of a clever scoffing ballad on his brother poet, Sir John Suckling's, foolish vaunts and miserable failure. In "The Muses' Recreation" we find the celebrated lines, so often quoted, and which are almost universally attributed to Butler, whose Hudibrastic manner they so exactly resemble—

> "For he that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

In the chancel, near the monument of Lord Bayning, mentioned by one of Stow's commentators as then hung with coat of arms and streamers, is a monument to the wife of Samuel Pepys, the Secretary to the Navy, who wrote the delightful stultifying "Diary" which we have so often quoted. Who that has read it can forget the portrait of that buxom beauty who was so jealous of pretty Mrs. Knipp, the actress; or how Pepys took her, Jan. 10, 1660, to the great wedding of a Dutch merchant, at Goring House, where there was "great state, cost, and a noble company? But among all the beauties there," says the uxorious husband, "my wife was thought the greatest." Does he not record how she took to wearing black patches, and how she began to study dancing and limning? Mrs. Pepys was the daughter of a French Huguenot gentleman, who had been gentleman carver to Queen Henrietta, and was dismissed for striking one of the queen's friars, who had rebuked him for not attending mass. Mrs. Pepys had been brought up in a Ursuline convent in France, and this fact was probably remembered when the Titus Oates party endeavoured to connect poor Pepys with the (supposed) murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. In this same church was also buried Thomas Pepys, brother of the diary-keeper, whose funeral Pepys records with a curious mixture of grief, thrift, and want of feeling. The entry notes some curious customs of the period:—

"18th March, 1664. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon; and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me; so to my brother's. To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, 'I will justle them together but I will make room for him,' speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable, as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Besse; and so to my brother's again; whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another they come, many more than I bid; and my reckoning that I bid was 120, but I believe there was nearer 150. Their service was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin, Joyce Norton, kept the wine and cakes above, and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains, not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall; and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave; and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam

Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by-and-by fell to a barrell of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself, for though at the sight of him dead, and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet, presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him."

Last of all of the Pepys family, to Allhallows came the rich Secretary of the Navy, that pleasant *bon vivant* and musician, who was interred, June 4, 1703, in a vault of his own making, by the side of his wife and brother. The burial service was read at nine at night, by Dr. Hickes, author of the "Thesaurus."

Under the organ gallery, at the west end of the church, is a sculptured marble figure, set up by the Turkey Company, to Sir Andrew Riccard, the great benefactor of the parish, and a potent man after the Restoration, being chairman of both the East India Company and the Turkey Company. At the foot of the statue, which formerly stood in one of the aisles, is the following inscription:—

"Sacred be the statue here raised by gratitude and respect to eternize the memory of Sir Andrew Riccard, knight, a citizen, and opulent merchant of London; whose active piety, inflexible integrity, and extensive abilities, alike distinguished and exalted him in the opinion of the wise and good. Adverse to his wish, he was frequently chosen chairman of the Honourable East India Company, and filled, with equal credit, for eighteen successive years, the same eminent station in the Turkey Company. Among many instances of his love to God and liberal spirit towards man, one, as it demands peculiar praise, deserves to be distinctly recorded. He nobly left the perpetual advowson of this parish in trust to five of its senior inhabitants. He died 6th Sept., in the year of our Lord, 1672, of his age, 68.

"Manet post funera virtus."

To one of the walls of the church is affixed part of a sculptured figure in armour, representing Sir John Radcliffe, one of the Sussex family, who died in the year of our Lord, 1568 (Elizabeth). Stow describes this figure as recumbent on an altar-tomb, with a figure of his wife kneeling beside it. A figure something resembling that of his wife is still preserved in the church. Under the north gallery is a full-sized figure in armour kneeling beneath a canopy, inscribed to Peter Chapponius, and dated 1582. There is also a brass plate at the east end of the north aisle commemorating Mr. Thomas Morley, Clerk of the Household of Queen Katherine of Arragon; and Strype mentions one to Philip van Wyllender, musician, and one of the Privy Chamber to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. The Baynings' monument, before mentioned, presents their painted and well-sculptured effigies under alcoves. Beneath the figure of Paul Bayning, who died in 1616, are some lame and doggrel verses, the concluding lines of which are:—

"The happy sum and end of their affaires,
Provided well both for their soules and heires."

The registers of St. Olave's, which are well preserved and perfect from the year 1563 to the present time, contain a long list of names with the fatal letter P. (Plague) appended. The first entry of this kind is July 24, 1665—"Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the Drapers' almsmen." Singularly enough, there was at the time of Mr. Godwin's writing, in 1839, a tradition in the parish that the Plague first broke out in this parish in the Drapers' Almshouses, Cooper's Row, which were founded by Sir John Milborn in the year 1535.

The ancient portions of this interesting church are the large east window (with stained glass of the year 1823), the sharp-pointed window at the end of the north aisle, the west window, and the columns and arches of the nave. The other windows are flatter at the top, and the ceilings of the aisles are studded with small stars. The corbels on the north side are formed of angels, holding shields. There was formerly a gallery on the south side of the church, for the august officers of the Navy Office. Here Samuel Pepys must have often dozed solemnly. This gallery was approached by a small quaint staircase on the outside of the church, as seen by an old engraving, published in 1726, by West and Toms. The churchyard gate is adorned with five skulls, in the true pagan churchwarden taste of the last century.

Pepys frequently mentions this church, where all the dresses he was so proud of—even his new lace band, the effect of which made him resolve to make lace bands his chief expense—were displayed to the admiring world of Seething Lane. He and Sir John Minnes were attendants here; and it is specially mentioned on June 6, 1666, when Pepys says:—"To our church, it being the Common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church stare upon me, to see me whisper 'the news of the victory over the Dutch' to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below; and by-and-by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten, in writing, and passed from pew to pew." This battle was Monk's decisive victory over De Ruyter. And again, January 30, 1665–6. This day, the day

after Pepys had discoursed of the vanity and vices of the court to Mr. Evelyn, who had proposed a hospital for sailors, and whom he found "a most worthy person," the chronicler writes:—"Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the king's murther; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frighted me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

The register of St. Olave's shows that in this parish, from July 4 to December 5, 1665, there were buried 326 people. On the 31st of January Pepys notices his hope that the churchyard of St. Olave's will be covered with lime; and on February 4, when he slinks to church reluctantly, to hear the vicar, who had been the first to fly and the last to return, preach, he is much cheered at finding snow covering the dreaded graves.

St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, another church of this district, Stow describes as "a fair, large church, of an ancient building, and within a large churchyard;" and speaks of the parish as full of rich merchants, Salters and Ironmongers. Newcourt's list of St. Dunstan rectors commences in 1312, and Stow records the burial of John Kennington, parson in 1372, the earliest date he gives in connection with the church. Strype mentions as a "remarkable passage" concerning this building, that in the Middle Ages, according to Archbishop Chichley's register, Lord l'Estrange and his wife did public penance from St. Paul's to this church, "because they gave a cause of murder in this same church, and polluted it." The old churchwarden's books, which begin in the fifteenth century, specify sums paid for playing "at organs" and "blowing of the organs," and money spent in garlands, and by priests in drinking, on St. Dunstan's Eve.

The church being seriously damaged in the Great Fire, Wren was employed to repair it. The lofty spire mentioned by Newcourt had gone, and Wren erected the present curious one, supported on four arched ribs—an idea taken from the church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a fine Gothic building of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Godwin complains that though this church was one of Wren's best works in the Pointed style, yet still that the mouldings of the tower are too Italian, the clock-case out of character, and the sunk panels on the pinnacles very shallow and tame. Another critic calls the old St. Dunstan's a mole-hill compared to the Newcastle "Mountain," the latter tower being twenty feet less in width, much higher, and with two storeys more. Nevertheless, Wren was proud of this church; and being told one morning that a hurricane had damaged many London spires, he remarked, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am quite sure." There is a vulgar tradition about the shape of this steeple, which cannot be given here.

In digging the foundations for the present church the workmen found immense walls of chalk and rubble stretching in all directions, especially northwards, where the monks are supposed to have dwelt. Opposite there was a bricked-up porch, which had been used as a bonehouse. The old Purbeck marble floor was worn away several inches by the monks' sandals, and there were in the same porch some side benches of stone, and a curious window with four columns. Glazed tiles of the old church-floor were found two feet below the pavement, and at the east end fragments of a large mullioned window.

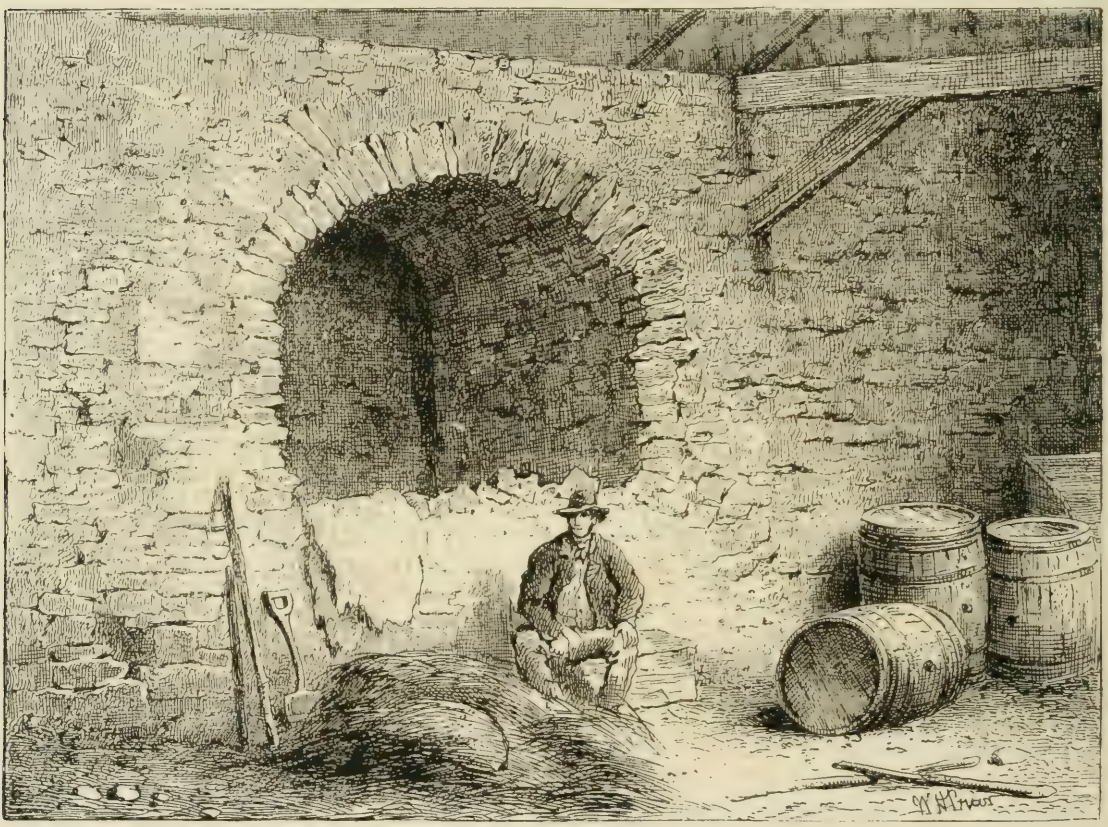
In the interior Wren washed his hands of the Gothic, using Doric and Corinthian columns, and circular-headed windows with key-stones. In 1810 the church became ruinous, the roof of the nave thrusting out the wall seven inches. Mr. Laing then prepared plans for a new church, which was begun in 1817, and opened in 1821. This modern Gothic building cost about £36,000. The east-end window is of the florid Perpendicular style, and is said to be an exact copy of the one discovered in pulling down the old building. The roof of the centre aisle is remarkable for some elegant fan-groining, and the side aisles have flat panelled ceilings in the corrupt Gothic style of fifty years ago.

The register-books of St. Dunstan's, which date back as far as 1558, escaped the Great Fire, and are in a fine state of preservation. The church contains many tablets of the seventeenth century, and one large monument on the south side of the church to Sir William Russel, a charitable London alderman, who died in 1705. The worthy man, in flowing Queen Anne wig, shoes, and buckles, lies on his left side, regretting the thirteen shillings he left the sexton of St. Dunstan's for ever, to keep his monument clean. Strype mentions the tomb of Alderman James, who, before the Reformation, left large sums to this church for his funeral, and for chanting priests. At his interment ten men of the brotherhood of Jesus, in this church, were to carry six-pound torches of wax, and six shillings and eightpence was given to every priest and clerk

for singing dirge and mass of requiem, till "his month's mind were finished."

That excellent man and delightful writer, Fuller, mentions St. Dunstan's-in-the-East when talking of his singular gift of memory. It is said that Fuller could "repeat five hundred strange words after twice hearing them, and could make use of a sermon *verbatim*, if he once heard it." Still further, it is said that he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order on both sides of the way (repeating them either backwards or forwards), and that he performed the task exactly. This is pretty well, considering that in that day every shop had its sign. That many, however, of the reports respecting his extraordinary memory were false or exaggerated, may be gathered from an amusing anecdote recorded by himself. "None alive," says he, "ever heard me pretend to the *art* of memory, who in my book ('Holy State') have decried it as a trick, no art; and, indeed, is more of fancy than memory. I confess, some years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry before credible people, that he, in Sidney College, had taught me the *art of memory*. I returned unto him, *That it was not so*, for I could not remember *that I had ever seen him before!* which, I conceive, was a real refutation."

At the lower end of a street now no longer existing, named the Vineyard, in the neighbourhood of the Tower, there used to be the basis of a Roman tower, about eight feet high, supporting a building of three storeys, in the wall of which was fixed a large stone, with the following inscription:—



ROMAN WALL ON TOWER HILL.

"Glory be to God on high, who was graciously pleased to preserve the lives of all the people in this house, twelve in number, when the ould wall of the bulwark fell down three stories high, and so broad as three carts might enter a breast, and yet without any harm to anie of their persones. The Lord sanctify this his great providence unto them. Amen and Amen.

"It was Tuesday, the 23rd September, 1651."

One of the most interesting places on Tower Hill, next to the Mint (on whose site, by-the-bye, once stood a tobacco warehouse), is Trinity House, a corporation for the increase and encouragement

of navigation, the examination of pilots, the regulation of lighthouses and buoys, and, indeed, all naval matters not under the express jurisdiction of the Admiralty.

The old Trinity House stood in Water Lane, Lower Thames Street, a little north-west of the Custom House; the spot is now Trinity Chambers. Hatton, in 1708, describes the second house, built after the Great Fire, as "a stately building of brick and stone (adorned with ten bustos), built anno 1671." Pepys, who lived close by, mentions going to see Tower Street on fire, from Trinity House on one side to the "Dolphin" Tavern on the other. This ancient and useful guild was founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., and commander of the *Great Eastern* of that age, the *Harry Grace de Dieu*, a huge gilt four-master, in which Henry VIII. sailed to Calais, on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was incorporated in 1529, by the name of "The Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Guild, or Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undividable Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent," and the mother house, pulled down in 1787, was situated at Deptford. In 1680 its first lighthouse was erected, all lighthouses which had previously existed on the English coast having been built by private individuals, under a patent from the Crown. It was not till the year 1854 that the private rights in light-dues were abolished, and the exclusive right of lighting and buoying the coast given over to the Trinity House Board. They also bind and enroll apprentices to the sea; examine the mathematical boys of Christ's Hospital; examine mathematical masters for the navy; and place and alter all the buoys, beacons, and sea-marks along the English coast. By an Act passed in the 8th Elizabeth, they also survey the channel of the Thames and other ports. To them once belonged the power of ballasting all ships going out of the Thames, the ballast to be taken from the more dangerous shelves, and where the river needed deepening; and, at request of masters, they could also certify to goods "damnified" by evil stowing. They gave licences to poor, aged, and maimed mariners to row "upon the river of Thames" without licence from the Watermen's Company. They could prevent foreigners serving on board our ships without licence; they heard



THE TRINITY HOUSE.

and determined complaints by officers and men in the merchant service; and, lastly, they could punish seamen for mutiny and desertion.

The Trinity House bye-laws of the reign of James II. contain some curious regulations. Every master homeward bound, for instance, was to unshot his guns at Gravesend, on penalty of twenty nobles.

The corporation consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of humbler members. In Pennant's time it consisted of a master, four wardens, eight assistants, and eighteen elder brethren, and they seem to have been known as "the Thirty-one Brethren." The elder brothers are generally selected from old commanders in the navy and merchant service; and now and then a compliment is paid to a prince or a nobleman who could not, perhaps, steer a collier to Newcastle. The revenue of the corporation, about £300,000 a year, arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, and licensing pilots; and this sum, after defraying the expenses of lighthouses, and paying off the portion of the debt incurred by the purchase of all existing private rights in lighthouses, is chiefly expended in maintaining poor disabled seamen and their widows and orphans, by pensions in the corporation hospital at Deptford Strand, which the master and brethren visit in their state yacht, in grand procession, on Trinity Monday.

The powers of the Trinity House in old times are fully described by Strype. They decided on maritime cases referred to them by the Admiralty judges; they examined and gave certificates to masters of the navy; they examined pilots for the royal navy and for the merchant service. Bumboats with fruit, wine, and strong waters were not permitted by them to board vessels. Every mariner who swore, cursed, or blasphemed on board ship, was by their rules to pay one shilling to the ship's poor-box. Every mariner who got drunk was fined one shilling. No mariner, unless sick, could absent himself from prayers without forfeiting sixpence.

The previous building is shortly dismissed by Pennant with the remark that it was unworthy of the greatness of its design. The present Trinity House was built in 1793–5, by Samuel Wyatt. It is of the Ionic order. On its principal front are sculptured the arms of the corporation (a cross between four ships under sail), medallions of George III. and Queen Charlotte, genii with nautical instruments, the four principal lighthouses on the coast, &c.

The interior contains busts of Vincent, Nelson, Howe, and Duncan; William Pitt, and Captain J. Cotton, by Chantrey; George III., by Turnerelli, &c. The Court-room is decorated with impersonations of the Thames, Medway, Severn, and Humber; and among the pictures is a fine painting, twenty feet long, by Gainsborough, of the elder brethren of Trinity House. In the Board-room are portraits of James I. and II., Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, Earl Craven, Sir Francis Drake, Sir J. Leake, and General Monk; King William IV., the Prince Consort, and the Duke of Wellington, three of the past masters; and George III., Queen Charlotte, and Queen Adelaide.

Of one of the portraits Pennant gives a pleasant biography. "The most remarkable picture," says the London historian, "is that of Sir John Leake, with his lank grey locks, and a loose night-gown, with a mien very little indicative of his high courage and active spirit. He was the greatest commander of his time, and engaged in most actions of note during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. To him was committed the desperate but successful attempt of breaking the boom, previous to the relief of Londonderry. He distinguished himself greatly at the battle of La Hogue; assisted at the taking of Gibraltar; and afterwards, as Commander-in-Chief, reduced Barcelona, took Carthagena, and brought Sardinia and Minorca to submit to Charles, rival to Philip for the crown of Spain. He was made a Lord of the Admiralty, but declined the offer of being the head of the commission; at the accession of George I., averse to the new family, he retired, but with the approving pension of £600 a year. He lived privately at Greenwich, where he died in 1720, and was buried in a manner suitable to his merits, in the church at Stepney."

The museum contains a flag taken from the Spanish Armada by Sir Francis Drake, a model of the *Royal William*, 150 years old, and two colossal globes, given by Sir Thomas Allan, admiral to Charles II.; pen-and-ink views of sea-fights (the same period), and models of lighthouses, floating lights, and lifeboats.

The office of the master of the corporation, at various times, has been held by princes and statesmen. From 1816, when Lord Liverpool occupied the office of master, it was held in succession by the Marquis Camden, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.), Marquis Camden again, the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Consort, and Viscount Palmerston. The present master is the Duke of Edinburgh.

Behind the houses in Trinity Square, in George Street, Tower Hill, stands one of the four remaining portions of the old London wall. We have already mentioned it in our chapter on Roman London.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

St. Katherine's Hospital—Its Royal Benefactors in Former Times—The Fair on Tower Hill—Seizure of the Hospital Revenues at the Reformation—The Dreadful Fire of 1672—Three Luckless Gordon Rioters—St. Katherine's Church—The only Preferment in the Right of the Queen Consort—St. Katherine's Docks—Unloading Ships there—Labourers employed in them—Applicants for Work at the Docks—A Precarious Living—Contrasts.

BEFORE entering the gate of St. Katherine's Docks, where great samples of the wealth of London await our inspection, we must first make a brief mention of the old hospital that was pulled down in 1827, to make a fresh pathway for London commerce. This hospital was originally founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of the usurper Stephen, for the repose of the souls of her son Baldwin and her daughter Matilda, and for the maintenance of a master and several poor brothers and sisters. In 1273, Eleanor, widow of Henry III., dissolved the old foundation, and refounded it, in honour of the same saint, for a master, three brethren, chaplains, three sisters, ten bedeswomen, and six poor scholars. Opposed to this renovation, Pope Urban IV., by a bull, endeavoured in vain to reinstate the expelled prior and brotherhood, who had purloined the goods and neglected their duties. And here, in the same reign, lived that great alchemist, Raymond Lully, whom Edward III. employed in the Tower to try and discover for him the secret of transmutation.

Another great benefactress of the hospital was the brave woman, Philippa of Hainault, wife of that terror of France, Edward III. She founded a chantry and gave houses in Kent and Herts to the charity, and £10 in lands per annum for an additional chaplain.

In after years Henry V. confirmed the annual £10 of Queen Philippa for the endowment of the chantries of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, and his son Henry VI. was likewise a benefactor to St. Katherine's Hospital. But the great encourager of the charity was Thomas de Bekington, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, being master of the hospital in the year 1445, obtained a charter of privileges, to help the revenue. By this charter the precincts of the hospital were declared free from all jurisdiction, civil or ecclesiastical, except that of the Lord Chancellor. To help the funds, an annual fair was to be held on Tower Hill, to last twenty-one days from the feast of St. James. The district had a special spiritual and a temporal court.

Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon founded in this place the guild or fraternity of St. Barbara, which was governed by a master and three wardens, and included in its roll Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Northumberland, and their ladies. In 1526 the king confirmed the liberties and franchise of this house, which even escaped dissolution in 1534, in compliment, it has been supposed, to Queen Anne Boleyn, whom the king had then lately married.

In the reign of Edward VI., however, all the meshes of the Reformers' nets grew smaller. Now the small fry had all been caught, the lands of St. Katherine's Hospital were taken possession of by the Crown. Greediness and avarice soon had their eye on the hospital; and in the reign of Elizabeth, Dr. Thomas Wylson, her secretary, becoming the master, surrendered up the charter of Henry VI., and craftily obtained a new one, which left out any mention of the liberty of the fair on Tower Hill. He then sold the rights of the said fair to the Corporation of London for £466 13s. 4d. He next endeavoured to secure all the hospital estates, when the parishioners of the precinct began to cry aloud to Secretary Cecil, and stopped the plunderer's hand.

In 1672 a dreadful fire destroyed one hundred houses in the precincts, and another fire during a great storm in 1734 destroyed thirty buildings. During the Gordon riots of 1780 a Protestant mob, headed by Macdonald, a lame soldier, and two women—one a white and one a negro—armed with swords, were about to demolish the church, as being built in Popish times, when the gentlemen of the London Association arrived, and prevented the demolition. Macdonald and the two women were afterwards hanged for this at a temporary gallows on Tower Hill.

The church pulled down to make way for the docks (religion elbowed off by commerce) in 1825, was an interesting Gothic building, (exclusive of the choir) 69 feet long, 60 feet broad. The altar was pure Gothic, and the old stalls, of 1340–69, were curiously carved with grotesque and fanciful monsters; the organ, by Green, was a fine one, remarkable for its swell; and the pulpit, given by Sir Julius Cæsar (James I., *vide* our chapter on

Chancery Lane), was a singular example of bad taste. Round the six sides ran the following inscription:—

"Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which he had made for the preachin."—Neh. viii. 4.

The chief tombs were those of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, his duchess, and sister. This duke fought in France in the wars of Henry VI., and died in 1447. He was High Admiral of England and Ireland, and Constable of the Tower. We shall describe his tomb when we come to it in Regent's Park, in the transplanted hospital, where it now is. Gibbon, the herald, an ancestor of the great historian, was also buried here.

The Queen Consorts of England are by law the perpetual patronesses of this hospital, with unlimited power. This is the only preferment in the gift of the Queen Consort. When there is no Queen Consort, the Queen Dowager has the right of nomination. The business of the establishment and appointment of subordinate officers is transacted in chapter by the master, brothers, and sisters. Among the eminent masters of this hospital we may mention Sir Julius Cæsar, Sir Robert Ayton, a poet of the time of Charles I., and the Hon. George Berkeley, husband of Mrs. Howard, the mistress of George II. A curious MS. list of plate and jewels, in the Harleian Library, quoted by Dr. Ducarel, shows that the hospital possessed some altarcloths and vestments of cloth of gold and crimson velvet, green damask copes, and silken coats, for the image of St. Katherine. The Duke of Exeter left the church a beryl cup, garnished with gold and precious stones, a gold chalice, eleven silver candlesticks, &c., for the priests of his chantry chapel.

St. Katherine's Docks were begun in 1827, and publicly opened in 1828—a Herculean bit of work, performed with a speed and vigour unusual even to English enterprise.

The site of the docks, immediately below the Tower of London, is bounded on the north by East Smithfield, on the west and south by Tower Hill and Foss-side Road, while on the east they are separated from the London Docks by Nightingale Lane. The amount of capital originally raised by shares was between one and two million pounds, and was borrowed on the security of the rates to be received by the Company, for the liquidation of which debt a sinking fund was formed. Independently of the space actually occupied by the docks and warehouses, the Company possess freehold waterside property of the value of £100,000, which they were obliged to purchase by the terms of the Act of Parliament, and which yields a large annual rental, capable of very considerable improvement. In clearing the ground for this magnificent speculation, 1,250 houses and tenements were purchased and pulled down—no less than 11,300 inhabitants having to seek accommodation elsewhere.

The area thus obtained was about 24 acres, of which 11½ acres are devoted to wet docks. The first stone was laid on the 3rd of May, 1827, and upwards of 2,500 men were employed on the work of construction from day to day.

The second ship that entered was the *Mary*, 343 tons, a Russian trader. She was laden with every description of Russian produce, and exhibited on board the pleasing spectacle of forty veteran pensioners from Greenwich, all of whom had served under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar.

The permanent establishment of persons employed about the dock was for a long time only 100 officers and 120 labourers.

The last report of the Company in June, 1873, showed the earnings for six months had been £546,345 11s. 1d.; the expenditure (exclusive of interest on debenture stock, &c.) to have been £348,479 11s. 2d.; showing a half-year's balance of £197,865 19s. 11d. The number of loaded foreign ships which had entered the docks during the previous six months had been 696, measuring 468,629 tons. The goods landed had been 261,117 tons, and the stock of goods in the warehouses was 309,819 tons.

Mr. Mayhew, in his "London Labour," has some valuable notes on the unloading of ships in these docks, and on the labourers employed for that purpose:—

"The lofty walls," says Mr. Mayhew, "which constitute it, in the language of the Custom House, a place of special security, enclose an area capable of accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft.

"Cargoes are raised into the warehouses out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. The cargoes can be raised out of the ship's hold into the warehouses of St. Katherine's in one-fifth of the usual time. Before the existence of docks, a month or six weeks was taken up in discharging the cargo of an East Indiaman of from 800 to 1,200 tons burden; while eight days were necessary in the summer, and fourteen in the winter, to unload a ship of 350 tons. At St. Katherine's, however, the average time now occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons is twelve hours, and one of 500 tons two or three days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse. There have been occasions when even greater dispatch

has been used, and a cargo of 1,100 casks of tallow, averaging from 9 cwt. to 10 cwt. each, has been discharged in seven hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than fifty years ago. In 1841, about 1,000 vessels and 10,000 lighters were accommodated at St. Katherine's Dock. The capital expended by the dock company exceeds £2,000,000 of money.

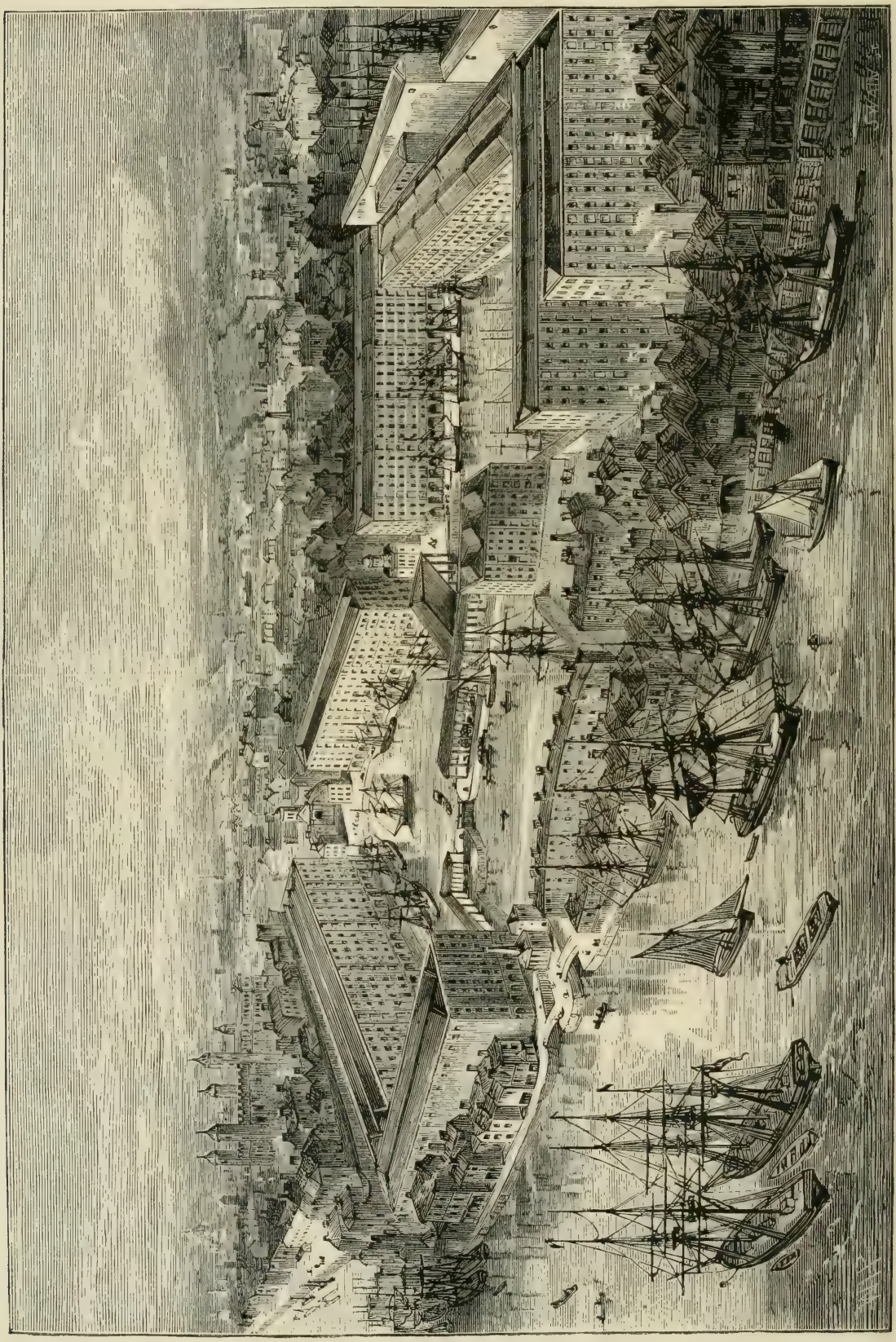
"The business of this establishment is carried on by 35 officers, 105 clerks and apprentices, 135 markers, samplers, and foremen, 250 permanent labourers, 150 preferable ticket labourers, proportioned to the amount of work to be done. The average number of labourers employed on any one day, in 1860, was 1,713, and the lowest number 515; so that the extreme fluctuation in the labour appears to be very nearly 1,200 hands. The lowest sum of money that was paid in 1848 for the day's work of the entire body of labourers employed was £64 7s. 6d., and the highest sum £214 2s. 6d.; being a difference of very nearly £150 in one day, or £900 in the course of the week. The average number of ships that enter the dock every week is 17; the highest number that entered in any one week in 1860 was 36, and the lowest 5, being a difference of 31. Assuming these to have been of an average burden of 300 tons, and that every such vessel would require 100 labourers to discharge its cargo in three days, then 1,500 extra hands ought to have been engaged to discharge the cargoes of the entire number in a week. This, it will be observed, is very nearly equal to the highest number of the labourers employed by the Company in the year 1848."

"Those persons," says Mr. Mayhew, "who are unable to live by the occupation to which they have been educated, can obtain a living there without any previous training. Hence we find men of every calling labouring at the docks. There are decayed and bankrupt master butchers, master bakers, publicans, grocers, old soldiers, old sailors, Polish refugees, broken-down gentlemen, discharged lawyers' clerks, suspended Government clerks, almsmen, pensioners, servants, thieves—indeed, every one who wants a loaf and is willing to work for it. The London dock is one of the few places in the metropolis where men can get employment without either character or recommendation; so that the labourers employed there are naturally a most incongruous assembly. Each of the docks employs several hundred hands to ship and discharge the cargoes of the numerous vessels that enter; and as there are some six or seven of such docks attached to the metropolis, it may be imagined how large a number of individuals are dependent on them for their subsistence."

The dock-work, says Mr. Mayhew, speaking of the dock labourers, whom he especially observed, may be divided into three classes. 1. Wheel-work, or that which is moved by the muscles of the legs and weight of the body. 2. Jigger, or winch-work, or that which is moved by the muscles of the arm. In each of these the labourer is stationary; but in the truck-work, which forms the third class, the labourer has to travel over a space of ground greater or less in proportion to the distance which the goods have to be removed.

The wheel-work is performed somewhat on the principle of the tread-wheel, with the exception that the force is applied inside, instead of outside, the wheel. From six to eight men enter a wooden cylinder or drum, upon which are nailed battens; and the men, laying hold of ropes, commence treading the wheel round, occasionally singing the while, and stamping time in a manner that is pleasant from its novelty. The wheel is generally about sixteen feet in diameter, and eight to nine feet broad; and the six or eight men treading within it will lift from sixteen to eighteen hundredweight, and often a ton, forty times an hour, an average of twenty-seven feet high. Other men will get out a cargo of from 800 to 900 casks of wine, each cask averaging about five hundredweight, and being lifted about eighteen feet, in a day and a half. At trucking, each man is said to go on an average thirty miles a day, and two-thirds of that time he is moving one and a-half hundredweight, at six miles and a-half per hour.

This labour, though requiring to be seen to be properly understood, must still appear so arduous, that one would imagine it was not of that tempting nature that 3,000 men could be found every day in London desperate enough to fight and battle for the privilege of getting two-and-sixpence by it; and even if they fail in "getting taken on" at the commencement of the day, that they should then retire to the appointed yard, there to remain hour after hour in the hope that the wind might blow them some stray ship, so that other gangs might be wanted, and the calling foreman seek them there. It is a curious sight to see the men waiting in these yards to be hired at fourpence an hour, for such are the terms given in the after part of the day. There, seated on long benches ranged round the wall, they remain, some telling their miseries and some their crimes to one another, whilst others doze away their time. Rain or sunshine, there



ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

can always be found plenty to catch the stray shilling or eightpence. By the size of the shed you can tell how many men sometimes remain there in the pouring rain, rather than lose the chance of the stray hour's work. Some loiter on the bridges close by, and presently, as their practised eye or ear tells them that the calling foreman is in want of another gang, they rush forward in a stream towards the gate, though only six or eight at most can be hired out of the hundred or more that are waiting vessels coming. It is a terrible proof how many of our population live on the very brink of starvation, and toil, like men in a leaky boat, only to keep off death.

In no single spot of London, not even at the Bank, could so vivid an impression of the vast wealth of England be obtained as at the Docks. Here roll casks of Burgundy, as they rolled in the reign of Edward III., on the eve of Poictiers; and there by their side are chests of tea, marked



ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL.—THE BROTHERS' HOUSES IN 1781.

there. Again the same mad fight takes place as in the morning.

If you put the vessels belonging to the port of London at 3,000, and the steamers at 250 or 300, and the crews of which at 35,000 men and boys, it will be seen that the dock labourers required must be very numerous. Mr. Mayhew calculated that beside the great wealth of our docks there flows a parallel current of misery: a single day's east wind sometimes deprives 2,500 dock labourers of a day's living. He puts the men of this class at about 12,000 (it is, perhaps, even more now), and proves that their wages collectively vary from £1,500 a day to £500, and that 8,000 men are even thrown out of employ by a wind that prevents all over with turnpike-gate characters, fresh from an empire where no English factory existed till the year 1680, after many unsuccessful efforts to baffle Portuguese jealousy; and near them are bales of exquisite silk from Yokohama—a place hardly safe for Englishmen till 1865. So our commerce has grown like the Jin, who arose from the leaden bottle, till it has planted one foot on Cape Horn and another on the Northern Pole. "How long will it continue to grow?" says the mournful philosopher. Our answer is, "As long as honour and truthfulness are the base of English trade; as long as freedom reigns in England; as long as our religion is Protestant, and our Saxon nature energetic, patient, brave, and God-fearing."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOWER SUBWAY AND LONDON DOCKS.

London Apoplectic—Early Subways—The Tower Subway—London Breweries in the time of the Tudors—The West India, East India, and London Docks—A Tasting Order for the Docks—The "Queen's Pipe"—Curious "Treasure Trove."

It has long been a question with English engineers, whether, as the wealth and population of the City increase, London must not some day or other be double-decked. The metropolis is going plethoric, to use a medical metaphor—it makes so much blood; and if something is not done, a stoppage must ensue. A person disposed to fat sometimes grows larger the more depletive his diet; so increased railways (like the Metropolitan) seem rather to increase than lessen the general traffic. When that undertaking was opened in 1863 it was feared that the "buses" from Paddington and Oxford Street would be driven off the line, for in the first year the railway carried 9,500,000 passengers. A little later it carried nearly 40,000,000 passengers; and since it began it has carried 150,000,000 persons to and fro. Yet at the present moment there are more omnibuses on this line of route from the West to the City than there were when the railway started, and they are earning one penny per mile a day more than they were before it was opened. These facts seem almost astounding, but the surprise disappears when we remember the fact, that in dealing with London passenger traffic we are dealing with a population greater than that of all Scotland, and more than two-thirds that of all Ireland; a population, too, which increases in a progressive ratio of about 42,000 a year. But with all this increase of numbers, which literally means increase of difficulty in moving about, the great streets most frequented grow not an inch wider. Fleet Street and "Old Chepe" are just as narrow as in the days of Elizabeth, when the barrier stood at Ludgate; and Thames Street, which is no wider than it was in the days of Alfred, is congested with its traffic twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

A few years ago Mr. Barlow, a very practical engineer, came forward to meet this crying want, and offered, at a cost of £16,000, in less than a year, to bore a subway through the bed of the Thames. The idea was not a new one. As early as 1799 an attempt had been made to construct a tunnel under the Thames between Gravesend and Tilbury; and in 1804 a similar work was actually begun between Rotherhithe and Limehouse, which, after proceeding 1,000 feet, broke in; fifty-four engineers of the day deciding that such a work not only would never commercially pay, but was also impracticable. Brunel's scheme of the Thames Tunnel cost half a million of money, and took twenty-one years' labour to complete.

Mr. Barlow's tunnel, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, was of course looked upon as chimerical. Mr. Barlow, with less ambition and genius, but more common sense and thriftiness than his great predecessor, took good care to remember that the crown of Brunel's arches, in some places, came within four feet of the river water. In the Tower subway the average distance preserved is thirty feet, and in no place is there less than eighteen feet of sound London clay between the arch and the tideway. The cardinal principle of Mr. Barlow was to sink deep into the London clay, which is as impervious to water as stone, and in which no pumping would be required.

The works were begun on February 16, 1869, by breaking ground for the shaft on the north side of the river; in February, 1870, numerous visitors were conveyed from one shaft-head to the other. The tunnel commences, as we have said, at Tower Hill, where a hoarding encloses a small square of ground, not larger than an ordinary sitting-room, for which, however, the Government made the Company pay at the rate of about £240,000 an acre. In the centre of this is a little circular shaft, about fourteen feet diameter and sixty feet deep, and at the end of this, facing south, a clean, bright, vaulted chamber, which serves as a waiting-room. At the end of this chamber is the tunnel, a tube of iron not unlike the adit of a mine, which, in its darkness and silence, heightened by the knowledge that this grim-looking road runs down deeply below the bed of the river, gives it at first sight anything but an inviting appearance. The length of the whole tunnel is about 1,340 feet, or as nearly as possible about a quarter of a mile. From Tower Hill it runs in a south-west direction, and, passing under Barclay's brewery, emerges under a shaft similar to that at entering, but only fifty feet deep, and out of this the passengers will come within a few yards of Tooley Street, close to the railway station. From the Tower Hill shaft to the centre of the river the tunnel makes a dip of about one in thirty. From this point it rises again at the same incline to what we may call the Tooley Street station.

The method of constructing the tunnel, we need hardly remark, from its excessive cheapness, was simple in the extreme. It has been built in 18-inch lengths of cast-iron tubing, perfectly circular, each 18-inch circle being built up of three segments, with a key-piece at the top, which, fitting in like a wedge, holds the rest with the rigidity of a solid casting. The cast-iron shield used for excavation was less than two and a half tons weight. In front of the shield, which was slightly concave, was an aperture about two feet square, closed with a sliding iron water-tight door, and at the back of the shield were iron sockets, into which screw-jacks fitted, and, when worked by hand, forced the shield forward. The mode of advance was this. When a shaft on Tower Hill had been bored to a sufficient depth below the London clay, the shield was lowered and placed in its required position. The water-tight door we have spoken of as in the centre was then opened. Through this aperture sufficient clay, just of the consistency of hard cheese, was cut away by hand till a chamber was made large enough for a man, who entered and worked till there was room for two, and these soon made a circular space exactly the size of the shield and about two feet deep. This done, the miners came out, and with their screw-jacks forced the shield forward into the space which they had cut, but with the long telescope-like cap of the shield still over them. Under cover of this an 18-inch ring was quickly put in and bolted together; and while this was doing, the clay was being excavated from the front of the shield as before. Thus every eight hours, night and day, Sundays and week days, the shield went forward eighteen inches, and eighteen inches length of iron was added to the tube, which so advanced at the rate of 5 feet 4 inches every twenty-four hours.

The clay was so completely water-proof, that water had to be sent down to the workmen in cans to mix with the cement. No traces of fresh-water shells were found; but very large clay-stones and a great many sharks' teeth and marine shells. So perfect were Mr. Barlow's calculations, that the two opposite tunnels met within a quarter of an inch. The small interval between the iron and the clay was filled with blue lias cement, which coats the tube and protects it from oxidisation. The gain to the East-end of London by this successful and cleverly executed undertaking is enormous, and the intercourse between the north and south banks of the Thames is greatly facilitated; and the conception has been seized upon by Mr. Bateman as the basis of his well-known suggestion for a submarine tube to carry a railway from England to France. The Thames tube is 7 feet in clear internal diameter, and it originally carried a railway of 2 feet 6 inches gauge. On this railway formerly ran an omnibus capable of conveying twelve passengers. The omnibus was constructed of iron; it was light, but very strong, and ran upon eight wheels, and was connected with a rope of steel wire by means of a gripe that could be at any time tightened or relaxed at pleasure, and at each end of the tunnel this wire ran over a drum worked by means of a stationary engine.

If the carriage was stopped in the centre of the tunnel, the beat of the paddles of the steamers above could be heard, and even the hammering on board ships. In time there will be subways at Gravesend, Woolwich, and Greenwich. The next to be formed, however, is one from St. George's Church in the Borough to Cannon Street. The Tower subway is now only used for foot-passengers, at a charge of one halfpenny.

On the river side, below St. Katherine's, says Pennant, on we hardly know what authority, stood, in the reign of the Tudors, the great breweries of London, or the "bere house," as it is called in the map of the first volume of the "Civitates Orbis." They were subject to the usual useful, yet vexatious, surveillance of the olden times; and in 1492 (Henry VII.) the king licensed John Merchant, a Fleming, to export fifty tuns of ale "called berre;" and in the same thrifty reign one Geffrey Gate (probably an officer of the king's) spoiled the brew-houses twice, either by sending abroad too much beer unlicensed, or by brewing it too weak for the sturdy home customers. The demand for our stalwart English ale increased in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign we find 500 tuns being exported at one time alone, and sent over to Amsterdam probably, as Pennant thinks, for the use of our thirsty army in the Low Countries. The exportation then seems to have been free, except in scarce times, when it was checked by proclamation; but even then royal licences to brew could be bought for a consideration.

From the old brew-houses of Elizabeth in London, that have long since passed into dreamland, we must now guide our readers forward, under swinging casks and between ponderous wheels that seem to threaten instant annihilation, into the broad gateway of the London Docks, the most celebrated and central of all the semi-maritime brotherhood. The St. Katherine's Dock, with its twenty-four acres of water, can already accommodate 10,000 tons of goods, while the capital of the Company exceeds two million pounds. But all this dwindles into comparative insignificance

beside the leviathan docks we have now to describe, which grasp an extent of 100 acres, and offer harbour-room for 500 ships and 34,000 tons of goods; the capital of the Company amounting to the enormous amount of four millions. Yet these again are dwarfed by the West India Docks, their richer neighbours, which are three times as extensive as the London Docks, having an area of no less than 295 acres, with water to accommodate 400 vessels, and warehouse-room for 180,000 tons of merchandise; the capital of the Company is more than six millions of pounds, and the value of goods which have been on the premises at one time twenty millions. Lastly, the East India Docks occupy 32 acres, and afford warehouse-room for 15,000 tons of goods.

The London Docks, built by Rennie, were opened in 1805. In 1858 two new docks were constructed for the larger vessels now built, and they have 28 feet depth of water. The wool floors were enlarged and glass-roofed in 1850. The annual importation is 130,000 bales. The vast tea warehouse, with stowage for 120,000 chests of tea, was completed in 1845, at a cost of £100,000. Six weeks are allowed for unloading a ship: a farthing a ton per week is charged for the first two weeks, then a halfpenny per week per ton. The great jetty and sheds, built in 1839, cost £60,000.

"As you enter the dock," says Mr. Mayhew, in a pleasant picture of the scene, "the sight of the forest of masts in the distance, and the tall chimneys vomiting clouds of black smoke, and the many-coloured flags flying in the air, has a most peculiar effect; while the sheds with the monster wheels arching through the roofs look like the paddle-boxes of huge steamers. Along the quay you see, now men with their faces blue with indigo, and now gaugers with their long brass-tipped rule dripping with spirit from the cask they have been probing. Then will come a group of flaxen-haired sailors, chattering German; and next a black sailor, with a cotton handkerchief twisted turban-like round his head. Presently a blue-smocked butcher, with fresh meat and a bunch of cabbages in the tray on his shoulder; and shortly afterwards a mate, with green paroquets in a wooden cage. Here you will see sitting on a bench a sorrowful-looking woman, with new bright cooking tins at her feet, telling you she is an emigrant preparing for her voyage. As you pass along this quay the air is pungent with tobacco; on that, it overpowers you with the fumes of rum; then you are nearly sickened with the stench of hides and huge bins of horns; and shortly afterwards the atmosphere is fragrant with coffee and spice. Nearly everywhere you meet stacks of cork, or else yellow bins of sulphur, or lead-coloured copper ore. As you enter this warehouse the flooring is sticky, as if it had been newly tarred, with the sugar that has leaked through the casks; and as you descend into the dark vaults, you see long lines of lights hanging from the black arches, and lamps flitting about midway. Here you sniff the fumes of the wine, and there the peculiar fungus-smell of dry rot; there the jumble of sounds as you pass along the dock blends in anything but sweet concord. The sailors are singing boisterous nigger songs from the Yankee ship just entering; the cooper is hammering at the casks on the quay; the chains of the cranes, loosed of their weight, rattle as they fly up again; the ropes splash in the water; some captain shouts his orders through his hands; a goat bleats from some ship in the basin; and empty casks roll along the stones with a heavy, drum-like sound. Here the heavily-laden ships are down far below the quay, and you descend to them by ladders; whilst in another basin they are high up out of the water, so that their green copper sheathing is almost level with the eye of the passenger; while above his head a long line of bowsprits stretches far over the quay, and from them hang spars and planks as a gangway to each ship.

"This immense establishment is worked by from 1,000 to 3,000 hands, according as the business is either brisk or slack. Out of this number there are always 400 to 500 permanent labourers, receiving on an average 16s. 6d. per week, with the exception of coopers, carpenters, smiths, and other mechanics, who are paid the usual wages of those crafts. Besides these, there are many hundred—from 1,000 to 2,500—casual labourers, who are engaged at the rate of 2s. 6d. per day in the summer, and 2s. 4d. in the winter months. Frequently, in case of many arrivals, extra hands are hired in the course of the day, at the rate of 4d. an hour. For the permanent labourers a recommendation is required, but for the casual labourers no character is demanded. The number of the casual hands engaged by the day depends, of course, upon the amount of work to be done; and we find that the total number of labourers in the dock varies from 500 to 3,000 and odd. On the 4th of May, 1849, the number of hands engaged, both permanent and casual, was 2,794; on the 26th of the same month it was 3,012; and on the 30th it was 1,189. These appear to be the extreme of the variation for that year."

There are few Londoners with curiosity or leisure who have not at some time or other obtained "a

tasting order for the docks." To all but the most prudent that visit has led to the same inglorious result. First there is "a coy, reluctant, amorous delay," a shy refusal of the proffered goblet, gradually an inquiring sip, then another; next arises a curious, half-scientific wish to compare vintages; and after that a determination, "being in for it," to acquire a rapid, however shallow, knowledge of comparative ages and qualities. On that supervenes a garrulous fluency of tongue that leads to high-flown remembrances of Spanish and French towns, illustrated by the songs of the peasantry of various countries. Upon that follows a lassitude and mute melancholy, which continues till the cooper seems suddenly to turn a screw which has long been evidently loose, and shoots you out into the stupefying open air. The chief features of such a visit are gravely treated by a writer in *Household Words*:—

"Proceeding down the dock-yard," says the writer in question, "you see before you a large area literally paved with wine-casks, all full of the most excellent wines. On our last visit, the wine then covering the ground was delicious Bordeaux, as you might easily convince yourself by dipping a finger into the bunghole of any cask; as, for some purpose of measurement or testing the quality, the casks were most of them open. This is, in fact, the great depôt of the wine of the London merchants, no less than 60,000 pipes being capable of being stored away in the vaults here. One vault alone, which formerly was seven acres, has now been extended under Gravel Lane, so that at present it contains upwards of twelve acres. These vaults are faintly lit with lamps, but, on going in, you are at the entrance accosted with the singular demand, 'Do you want a cooper?' Many people, not knowing its meaning, say, 'No, by no means.' The meaning of the phrase is, 'Do you want to taste the wines?' when a cooper accompanies you, to pierce the casks and give you the wine. Parties are every day, and all day long, making these exploratory and tasting expeditions. Every one, on entering, is presented with a lamp, at the end of a lath about two feet long, and you soon find yourselves in some of the most remarkable caving in the world. From the dark vaulted roof overhead, especially in one vault, hang strange figures, black as night, light as gossamer, and of a yard or more of length, resembling skins of beasts, or old shirts dipped in soot. They are fed to this strange growth by the fumes of the wine. For those who taste the wines the cooper bores the heads of the pipes, which are ranged throughout these vast cellars on either hand, in thousands and tens of thousands, and draws a glassful. These glasses, though shaped as wine-glasses, resemble much more goblets in their size, containing each as much as several ordinary wine-glasses. What you do not drink is thrown upon the ground; and it is calculated that at least a hogshead a day is thus consumed."

In the centre of the great east vault of the wine cellars, you come to a circular building without any entrance; it is the root and foundation of the Queen's Pipe. Quitting the vault and ascending to the warehouse over it, you find that you are in the great tobacco warehouse, called the Queen's Warehouse, because the Government rent the tobacco warehouses here for £14,000 per annum. "This one warehouse has no equal," says a writer on the subject, "in any other part of the world; it is five acres in extent, and yet it is covered with a roof, the framework of which is of iron, erected, we believe, by Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and of so light and skilful a construction, that it admits of a view of the whole place; and so slender are the pillars, that the roof seems almost to rest upon nothing. Under this roof is piled a vast mass of tobacco in huge casks, in double tiers—that is, two casks in height. This warehouse is said to hold, when full, 24,000 hogsheads averaging 1,200 pounds each, and equal to 30,000 tons of general merchandise. Each cask is said to be worth, duty included, £200, giving a sum total of tobacco in this one warehouse, when filled, of £4,800,000 in value! Besides this there is another warehouse of nearly equal size, where finer kinds of tobacco are deposited, many of them in packages of buffalo-hide, marked 'Giron,' and Manilla for cheroots, in packages of sacking lined with palmetto-leaves. There is still another warehouse for cigars, called the Cigar Floor, in which there are frequently 1,500 chests, valued at £100 each, at an average, or £150,000 in cigars alone."

The dock kiln, or "the Queen's Pipe," are objects of general curiosity not to be forgotten in our description of the London Docks. The kiln is the place where useless or damaged goods that have not paid duty are destroyed. It is facetiously called "the Queen's Pipe" by the Custom House clerks and tide-waiters.

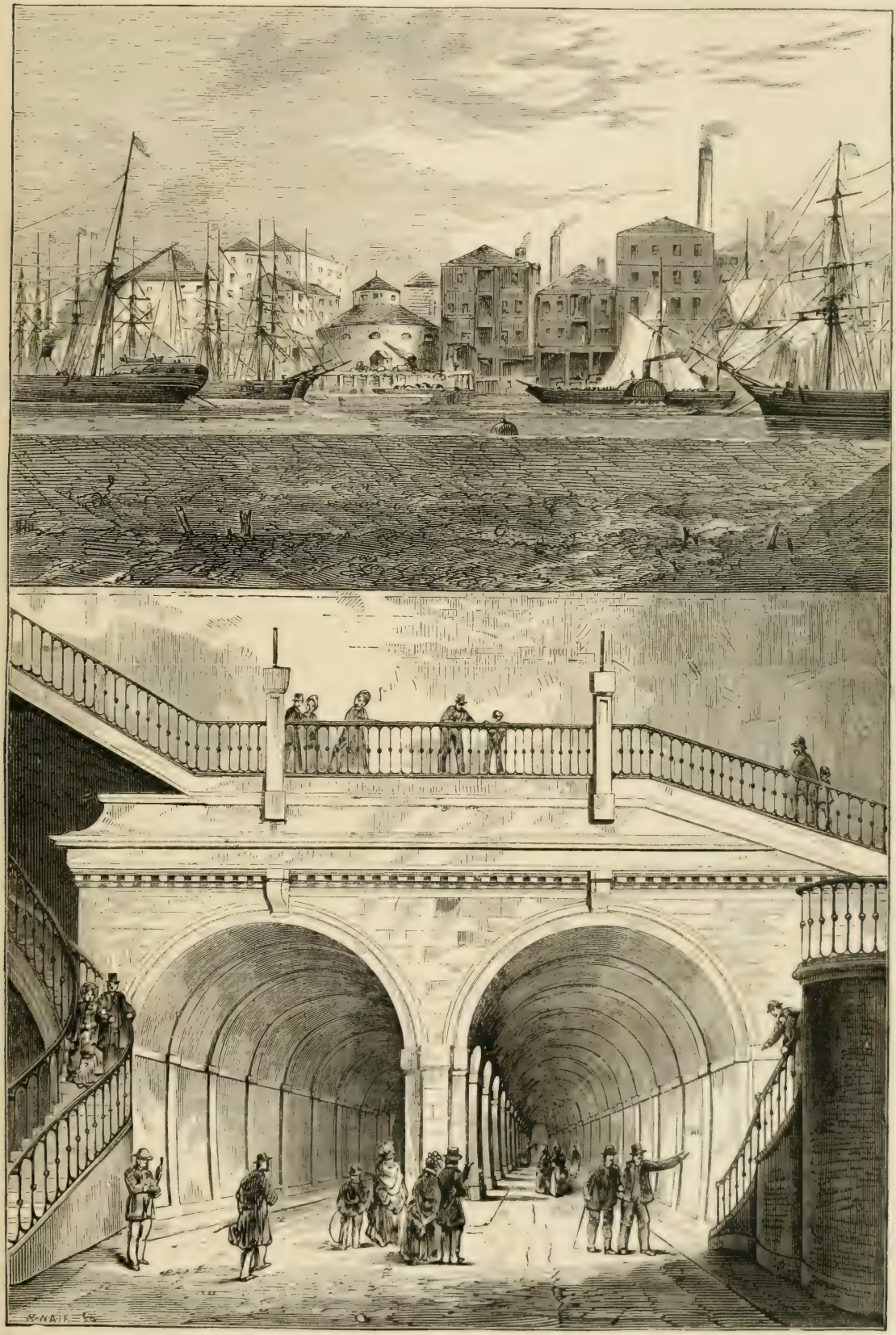
"On a guide-post in the docks is painted in large letters, 'To the kiln.' Following this direction, you arrive at the centre of the warehouse, and at the Queen's Pipe. You enter a door on which is rudely painted the crown royal and the initials 'V. R.,' and find yourself in a room of considerable size, in the centre of which towers up the kiln, a furnace of the conical kind, like a glass-house or porcelain furnace; on the door of the furnace is again painted

the crown and the 'V. R.' Here you find in the furnace a huge mass of fire, and around are heaps of damaged tobacco, tea, and other articles, ready to be flung upon it. This fire never goes out day or night from year to year. There is an attendant who supplies it with its fuel as it can take it, and some time ago set the chimney of the kiln on fire, is now rarely burnt; and strange are the things that sometimes come to this perpetually burning furnace. On one occasion, the attendant informed us he burnt 900 Australian mutton-hams. These were warehoused before the duty came off. The owner



THE TOWER SUBWAY.

men, during the day-time, constantly coming laden with great loads of tobacco, cigars, and other stuff, condemned to the flames. Whatever is forfeited, and is too bad for sale, be it what it will, is doomed to the kiln. At the other docks damaged goods, we were assured, are buried till they are partly rotten, and then taken up and disposed of as rubbish or manure. Here the Queen's Pipe smokes all up, except the greater quantity of the tea, which, having suffered them to remain till the duty ceased, in hopes of their being exempt from it; but this not being allowed, they were left till so damaged as to be unsaleable. Yet a good many, the man declared, were excellent; and he often made a capital addition to his breakfast from the roast that, for some time, was so odoriferously going on. On another occasion he burnt 13,000 pairs of condemned French gloves." (*Household Words*, ii. 357.)



THE THAMES TUNNEL (*as it appeared when originally opened for traffic*).

"In one department of the place," says the same writer, "often lie many tons of the ashes from the furnace, which are sold by auction, by the ton, to gardeners and farmers, as manure and for killing insects, to soap-boilers, and chemical manufacturers. In a corner are generally to be found piled cart-loads of nails, and other pieces of iron, which have been swept up from the floors, or which have remained in the broken pieces of casks and boxes which go to the kiln. Those which have been sifted from the ashes are eagerly bought up by gunsmiths, sorted, and used in the manufacture of gun-barrels, for which purpose they are highly esteemed, as possessing a toughness beyond all other iron, and therefore calculated pre-eminently to prevent bursting."

CHAPTER XV.

THE THAMES TUNNEL, RATCLIFF HIGHWAY, AND WAPPING.

Sub-river Tunnels in the Coal-mining Districts—First Proposals for a Tunnel under the Thames—Its Commencement—A Dangerous Irruption—Brave Labourers—A Terrible Crisis—Narrow Escapes—The Last Irruptions—The Tunnel opened for Traffic—Ratcliff Highway—The Wild Beast Shops—The Marr and Williamson Murders—Swedenborg—Wapping—Hanging the Pirates in Chains—Townsend's Evidence—Capture of Jeffreys—Stag Hunting in Wapping—Boswell's Futile Exploration—The Fuchsia—Public-house Signs—Wapping Old Stairs—Shadwell and its Springs.

SUB-RIVER tunnels are not unfrequent in the coal-mining districts of the north of England. The beds of both the Tyne and the Wear are pierced in this manner; while at Whitehaven, and at the Botallack mines in Cornwall, the bed of the ocean has been penetrated for long distances, the tunnel at the former place extending upwards of a mile beneath the sea. At the close of the last century a North-country engineer proposed a sub-aqueous passage to connect North and South Shields, but the scheme was never carried out. The same gentleman then proposed the tunnel from Gravesend to Tilbury, mentioned by us in the preceding chapter; but it was soon abandoned as impracticable, as was also a Cornish miner's proposal to connect Rotherhithe with Limehouse.

In 1823, however, a bolder, more reckless, and far-seeing mind took up the project, and Mr. Brunel (backed by the Duke of Wellington and the eminent Dr. Wollaston) seriously submitted a plan of a tunnel to the public, and so practical a man soon obtained listeners. With his usual imaginative sagacity he had gone to Nature, and there found allies. The hard cylindrical shell of the soft-footed teredo (*Calamitas navium*, as Linnæus calls it), which eats its way, in small tubular tunnels, even through the tough timbers of men-of-war, had suggested to the great engineer a shield under which his workmen could shelter.

The communication between the Surrey shore and the Wapping side was most important, as the wharves for the coasting trade of England lay chiefly on the Surrey bank, and traffic had to be conveyed by carts to the Tower-side docks. In 1829, of 887 wagons and 3,241 carts that passed over London Bridge southwards, 480 of the first and 1,700 of the second were found to turn down Tooley Street. It was also ascertained that the 350 watermen of the neighbourhood took over the Thames no less than 3,700 passengers daily.

In 1824 a company was formed to construct a tunnel, and an Act of Parliament was obtained. The preliminary step was three parallel borings, like cheese-tastings, made beneath the bed of the Thames, in the direction of the proposed tunnel. As to the level to be taken, Mr. Brunel consulted the geologists, who for once were not happy in their theories. They informed the engineer that below a certain depth a quicksand would be found, and he must therefore keep above it, and as close as possible to the stratum of firm clay forming the bed of the river. The Tower Subway has since shown the absurdity of this theory, and the folly of not making preliminary experiments, however costly. If the tunnel had been begun in a different place, and at the deep level of the Tower Subway, Mr. Brunel would have saved twenty years of labour, many lives, and about a quarter of a million of money.

In March, 1825, the laborious and for a long time unsuccessful work was begun, by erecting a round brick cylinder 42 feet high, 150 feet in circumference, and 150 feet distant from the river. The excavators then commenced on the inside, cutting away the earth, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine placed there, which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their progress. The engine raised 400 gallons a minute, and at a later stage served to draw carriages along the temporary tunnel railway,

and also hoisted up and let down all things required by the masons. The bricklayers kept heightening their little circular fort as they themselves sank deeper in the earth. By this shaft Mr. Brunel congratulated himself he had evaded the bed of gravel and sand 26 feet deep, and full of land-water, which had annoyed his predecessors. When the shaft was sunk to its present depth of 65 feet, another shaft of 25 feet diameter was sunk lower; and at the depth of 80 feet the ground suddenly gave way, and sand and water were, as Mr. Saunders describes it, "blown up with some violence."

The tunnel itself was begun at the depth of 63 feet. Mr. Brunel proposed to make his tunnel 38 feet broad and 22½ feet high, leaving room within for two archways each 15 feet high, and each wide enough for a single carriage-way and a footpath. The wonderful teredo shield, a great invention for a special object, consisted of twelve separate divisions, each containing three cells, one above another. When an advance was required, the men in their cells pulled down the top poling-board defences, and cut away the earth about six inches; the poling-boards in each division below were then *seriatim* removed, and the same amount of earth removed, and then replaced. "Each of the divisions," says a describer of the shield, "was then advanced by the application of two screws, one at its head and one at its foot, which, resting against the finished brick-work of the tunnel, impelled the shield forward into the new-cut space. The other set of divisions then advanced." As the miners were at work at one end of the cells, the bricklayers at the other were busy as bees forming the brick walls of the tunnel, top, sides, and bottom, the crushing earth above being fended off by the shield till the bricklayers had finished. Following the shield was a rolling stage in each archway, for the assistance of the men in the upper cells.

The difficulties, however, from not keeping to the stiff, firm, and impervious London clay, proved almost insuperable, even to Mr. Brunel. The first nine feet of the tunnel, driven through firm clay, in the early part of the year 1826, were followed by a dangerously-loose watery sand, which cost thirty-two anxious days' labour. From March to September all went well, and 260 feet of the tunnel were completed. On the 14th of September Brunel prophesied an irruption of the river at the next tide. It came, but the precautions taken had rendered it harmless. By the 2nd of January, 1827, 350 feet were accomplished, but loose clay forced itself through the shield. In April, the bed of the river had to be explored in a diving-bell. Bags of clay were used to fill up depressions. A shovel and hammer, accidentally left in the river, were afterwards found in the shield during an influx of loose ground, eighteen feet below. In May, however, came the long-expected disaster, chiefly caused by two vessels coming in at a late tide, and mooring just above the head of the tunnel, causing a great washing away of the soil round them. Mr. Beamish, the resident assistant engineer, thus graphically describes the irruption:—

"As the water," he writes, "rose with the tide, it increased in the frames very considerably between Nos. 5 and 6, forcing its way at the front, then at the back; Ball and Compton (the occupants) most active. About a quarter before six o'clock, No. 11 (division) went forward. Clay appeared at the back. Had it closed up immediately. While this was going forward my attention was again drawn to No. 6, where I found the gravel forcing itself with the water. It was with the utmost difficulty that Ball could keep anything against the opening. Fearing that the pumpers would now become alarmed, as they had been once or twice before, and leave their post, I went upon the east stage to encourage them, and to choose more shoring for Ball. Goodwin, who was engaged at No. 11, where indications of a run appeared, called to Rogers, who was in the act of working down No. 9, to come to his assistance. But Rogers, having his second poling (board) down, could not. Goodwin again called. I then said to Rogers, "Don't you hear?" upon which he left his poling for the purpose of assisting Goodwin; but before he could get to him, and before I could get fairly into the frames, there poured such an overwhelming volume of water and sludge as to force them out of the frames. William Carps, a bricklayer, who had gone to Goodwin's assistance, was knocked down and literally rolled out of the frames on the stage, as though he had come through a mill-sluice, and would undoubtedly have fallen off the stage had I not caught hold of him, and with Rogers' assistance helped him down the ladder. I again made an attempt to get into the frames, calling upon the miners to follow; but all was dark (the lights at the frames and stage being all blown out), and I was only answered by the hoarse and angry sounds of Father Thames's roarings. Rogers (an old sergeant of the Guards), the only man left upon the stage, now caught my arm, and gently drawing me from the frames, said, 'Come away, pray, sir, come away; 'tis no use, the water is rising fast.' I turned once more; but hearing an increased rush at No. 6, and finding the column of water at Nos. 11 and 12 to be augmenting, I reluctantly descended. The cement casks, compo-boxes, pieces

of timber were floating around me. I turned into the west arch, where the enemy had not yet advanced so rapidly, and again looked towards the frames, lest some one might have been overtaken; but the cement casks, &c., striking my legs, threatened seriously to obstruct my retreat, and it was with some difficulty I reached the visitors' bar" (a bar so placed as to keep the visitors from the unfinished works), "where Mayo, Bertram, and others were anxiously waiting to receive me. . . . I was glad of their assistance; indeed, Mayo fairly dragged me over it. Not bearing the idea of so precipitate a retreat, I turned once more; but vain was the hope! The wave rolled onward and onward; the men retreated, and I followed. Met Gravatt coming down. Short was the question, and brief was the answer. As we approached I met I. [Isambard] Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splendid beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid, from the reflected lights of the gas. As we reached the staircase a crash was heard, and then a rush of air at once extinguished all the lights. . . . . Now it was that I experienced something like dread. I looked up the shaft, and saw both stairs crowded; I looked below, and beheld the overwhelming wave appearing to move with accumulated velocity.

"Dreading the effect of the reaction of this wave from the back of the shaft upon our staircase, I exclaimed to Mr. Gravatt, 'The staircase will blow up!' I. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition; and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. Upon our reaching the top, a bustling noise assailed our ears, some calling for a raft, others for a boat, and others again a rope; from which it was evident that some unfortunate individual was in the water. I. Brunel instantly, with that presence of mind to which I have been more than once witness, slid down one of the iron ties, and after him Mr. Gravatt, each making a rope fast to old Tillet's waist, who, having been looking after the packing of the pumps below the shaft, was overtaken by the flood. He was soon placed out of danger. The roll was immediately called—*not one absent.*"

The next step was to repair the hole in the river-bed. Its position being ascertained by the diving-bell, three thousand bags of clay, spiked with small hazel rods, were employed to effectually close it. In a few weeks the water was got under, and by the middle of August the tunnel was cleared of the soil that had washed in, and the engineer was able to examine his shattered fortifications. In all essentials the structure remained perfectly sound, though a part of the brickwork close to the shield had been washed away to half its original thickness, and the chain which had held together the divisions of the shield had snapped like a cotton thread. The enemy—so powerless when kept at a distance, so irresistible at its full strength—had driven deep into the ground heavy pieces of iron belonging to the shield.

Amid all these dangers the men displayed great courage and perseverance. Brunel's genius had roused them to a noble and generous disregard of the opposing principles of nature. The alarms were frequent, the apprehension incessant. At any moment the deluge might come; and the men worked, like labourers in a dangerous coal mine, in constant terror from either fire or water. Now and then a report like a cannon-shot would announce the snap of some portion of the overstrained shield; sometimes there were frightened cries from the foremost workers, as the earth and water rushed in and threatened to sweep all before them. At the same time during these alarming irruptions, large quantities of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen would burst into fire, and wrap the whole place in a sudden sheet of flame. Those who witnessed these explosions describe the effect of the fire dancing on the surface of the water as singularly beautiful. The miners and bricklayers, encouraged by the steadfast hand at the helm, got quite accustomed to these outbursts, and, at the shout of "Fire and water!" used to cry, "Light your pipes, my boys," reckless as soldiers in the trenches.

But still worse than these violent protests of Nature was a more subtle and deadly enemy. The air grew so thick and impure, especially in summer, that sometimes the most stalwart labourers were carried out insensible, and all the workmen suffered from headache, sickness, and cutaneous eruptions. It was a great struggle, nobly borne. They shared Brunel's anxieties, and were eager for a share of his fame, for he had inspired the humblest hodman with something of his own high impulse. "It was touching," writes a chronicler of the tunnel, "to hear the men speak of Brunel. As in their waking hours these men could have no thought but of the tunnel, so, no doubt, did the eternal subject constantly mingle with their dreams, and harass them with unreal dangers. One amusing instance may be mentioned. Whilst Mr. Brunel, jun., was engaged one midnight superintending the progress of the work, he and those with him were alarmed by a sudden cry of 'The water! the water!—wedges and straw here!' followed by an appalling silence. Mr. Brunel hastened to the spot, where the men were found perfectly safe. They had fallen fast

asleep from fatigue, and one of them had been evidently dreaming of a new irruption."

By January, 1828, the middle of the river had been reached, and no human life had yet been sacrificed. But, as if the evil principle had only retired to prepare for a fresh attack, a terrible crisis now came. "I had been in the frames," says Mr. Brunel, jun., in a letter written to the directors on the fatal Saturday, August 12th, 1828, "with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at ten o'clock. During the workings through the night no symptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock this morning (the usual time for shifting the men) a fresh set came on to work. We began to work the ground at the west top corner of the frame. The tide had just then begun to flow, and finding the ground tolerably quiet, we proceeded by beginning at the top, and had worked about a foot downwards, when, on exposing the next six inches, the ground swelled suddenly, and a large quantity burst through the opening thus made. This was followed instantly by a large body of water. The rush was so violent as to force the man on the spot where the burst took place out of the frame (or cell) on to the timber stage behind the frames. I was in the frame with the man; but upon the rush of the water I went into the next box, in order to command a better view of the irruption; and seeing there was no possibility of their opposing the water, I ordered all the men in the frames to retire. All were retiring except the three men who were with me, and they retreated with me. I did not leave the stage until those three men were down the ladder of the frames, when they and I proceeded about twenty feet along the west arch of the tunnel. At this moment the agitation of the air by the rush of the water was such as to extinguish all the lights, and the water had gained the height of the middle of our waists. I was at that moment giving directions to the three men, in what manner they ought to proceed in the dark to effect their escape, when they and I were knocked down and covered by a part of the timber stage. I struggled under water for some time, and at length extricated myself from the stage; and by swimming and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and therefore swam to the visitors' stairs, the stairs of the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs, but *the rush of the water carried me up the shaft.* The three men who had been knocked down with me were unable to extricate themselves, and I grieve to say they are lost, and, I believe, also two old men and one young man in other parts of the work."

This was a crisis indeed. The alarmists grew into a majority, and the funds of the company were exhausted. The hole in the river-bed was discovered by the divers to be very formidable; it was oblong and perpendicular, and measured about seven feet in length. The old mode of mending was resorted to. Four thousand tons of earth (chiefly clay, in bags) were employed to patch the place. The tunnel remained as substantial as ever, but the work was for seven years suspended. Brunel, whose tenacity of purpose was unshakable, was almost in a state of frenzy at this accident. So far his plan had apparently failed, but the engineer's star had not yet forsaken him. In January, 1835, the Government, after many applications, agreed to make some advances for the continuation of the work, and it was once more resumed with energy. The progress was at first very slow; for, of sixty-six weeks, two feet four inches only per week were accomplished during the first eighteen, three feet nine inches per week during the second eighteen, one foot per week during the third eighteen, and during the last twelve weeks only three feet four inches altogether. This will excite little surprise when we know, says a clever writer on the subject, that the ground in front of the shield was, from excessive saturation, almost constantly in little better than a fluid state; that an entire new and artificial bed had to be formed in the river in advance; and brought down by ingenious contrivances till it was deep enough to occupy the place of the natural soil where the excavation was to be made, and that then there must be time allowed for its settlement, whenever the warning rush of sand and water was heard in the shield. Lastly, owing to the excavation being so much below that of any other works around the tunnel, it formed a drain and receptacle for all the water of the neighbourhood. This was ultimately remedied by the sinking of the shaft on the Wapping side. Yet it was under such circumstances that the old shield injured by the last irruption was taken away and replaced by a new one. This was executed by Brunel without the loss of a single life. But now fresh difficulties arose: the expenditure had been so great that the Lords of the Treasury declined to make further advances without the sanction of Parliament. The

examination of Mr. Brunel and the assistant engineers before a Parliamentary Committee led, however, to favourable results, and the work was again renewed.

In August, 1837, a third irruption and several narrow escapes occurred. The water had gradually increased at the east corner, since two p.m. on the 23rd, rushing into the shield with a hollow roar, as though it fell through a cavity in the river-bed. A boat was then sent into the tunnel, to convey material to block up the frames. Notwithstanding, the water gained upon the men, and rapidly rose in the tunnel. About four p.m., the water having risen to within seven feet of the crown of the arch, it was thought wise for the men to retire, which they did with great courage, along a platform constructed by Mr. Brunel in the east arch only a few weeks before. As the water still continued rising, after the men left, Mr. Page, the acting engineer, and four others, got into the boat, in order to reach the stages and see if any change had taken place; but after passing the 600 feet mark in the tunnel the line attached to the boat ran out, and they returned to lengthen it. This accident saved their lives, for while they were preparing the rope the water surged up the arch ten or twelve feet. They instantly made their way to the shaft, and Mr. Page, fearing the men might get jammed in the staircase, called to them to go steadily; but they, misunderstanding him, returned, and could hardly be prevailed upon to go up. Had the line been long enough, all the persons in the boat must



A WILD-BEAST SHOP. (*See page* 134.)

have perished, for no less than a million gallons of water now burst into the tunnel in a single minute. The lower gas-lights were now under water, and the tunnel was almost in darkness. The water had now risen to within fifty feet of the entrance of the tunnel, and was advancing in a wave. As Mr. Page and his assistants arrived at the second landing of the visitors' stairs, the waves had risen up to the knees of the last man.

The next irruption was in November, 1837, when the water burst in about four in the morning, and soon filled the tunnel. Excellent arrangements had been made for the safety of the men, and all the seventy or more persons employed at the time escaped, but one—he alone did not answer when the roll was called; and some one remembered seeing a miner going towards the shield when all the rest were escaping. The fifth and last serious irruption occurred on March 6, 1838. It was preceded by a noise resembling thunder, but no loss of life occurred.

The last feeble struggle of the river against its persistent enemy was in April, 1840. About eight a.m., it being then low water, during a movement of the poling-boards in the shield, a quantity of gravel and water rushed into the frame. The ground rushed in immediately, and knocked the men out of their cells, and they fled in a panic; but finding the water did not follow, they returned, and by great exertions succeeded in stopping the run, when upwards of 6,000 cubic feet of ground had fallen into the tunnel. The fall was attended with a noise like thunder, and the extinguishing of all the lights. At the same time, to the horror of Wapping, part of the shore in that place sank, over an area of upwards of 700 feet, leaving a cavity on the shore of about thirty feet in diameter, and thirteen feet in depth. Had this taken place at high water, the tunnel would have been filled; as it was, men were sent over with bags of clay and gravel, and everything rendered secure by the return of the tide.



ST. DUNSTAN'S, STEPNEY. (*From a View taken in* 1803.)

Sometimes sand, nearly fluid, would ooze through minute cracks between the small poling-boards of the shield, and leave large cavities in the ground in front. On one of these occasions the sand poured in all night, and filled the bottom of the shield. In the morning, on opening one of the faces, a hollow was discovered, eighteen feet long, six feet high, and six feet deep. This cavity was filled up with brickbats and lumps of clay. One of the miners was compelled to lay himself down in this

cavity, for the purpose of building up the further end, though at the risk of being buried alive.

At last, on the 13th of August, 1841, Sir Isambard Brunel passed down the shaft on the Wapping side of the Thames, and thence, by a small drift-way through the shield, into the tunnel. The difficulties of the great work had at last been surmounted.

The tunnel measures 1,200 feet. The carriage-ways were originally intended to consist of an immense spiral road, winding twice round a circular excavation 57 feet deep, in order to reach the proper level. The extreme diameter of this spiral road was to be no less than 200 feet. The road itself was to have been 40 feet wide, and the descent very moderate. The tunnel is now turned into a part of the East London Railway, which will form a junction between the Great Eastern Railway and the various branches of the Brighton Railway on the south of the Thames.

Ratcliff Highway, now called St. George Street, is the Regent Street of London sailors, who, in many instances, never extend their walks in the metropolis beyond this semi-marine region. It derives its name from the manor of Ratcliffe in the parish of Stepney. Stow describes it as so increased in building eastward in his time that, instead of a large highway, "with fair elm-trees on both the sides," as he had known it, it had joined Limehurst or Lime host, corruptly called Limehouse, a mile distant from Ratcliffe. In Dryden's miscellaneous poems, Tom, one of the characters, remarks that he had heard a ballad about the Protector Somerset sung at Ratcliff Cross.

The wild-beast shops in this street have often been sketched by modern essayists. The yards in the neighbourhood are crammed with lions, hyenas, pelicans, tigers, and other animals in demand among the proprietors of menageries. As many as ten to fifteen lions are often in stock at one time, and sailors come here to sell their pets and barter curiosities. The ingenious way that animals are stored in these out-of-the-way places is well worth seeing.

Ratcliff Highway has not been the scene of many very memorable events. In 1811, however, it was startled by a series of murders that for a time struck all London with terror, and produced a deep conviction in the public mind that the old watchmen who then paraded the City were altogether insufficient to secure the safety of its inhabitants. Mr. Marr, the first victim, kept a lace and pelisse shop at No. 29, Ratcliff Highway. At about twelve at night on Saturday, December 7, 1811, he sent out his servant-girl to purchase some oysters for supper, while he shut up the shop-windows. On the girl's return, in a quarter of an hour, she rang the bell, but obtained no answer. As she listened at the key-hole, she thought she could hear a person breathing at the same aperture; she therefore gave the alarm. On the shop being broken open, Mr. Marr was found dead behind the counter, Mrs. Marr and the shop-boy dead in another part of the shop, and a child murdered in the cradle. The murderer had, it was supposed, used a ship-mallet, and had evidently come in on pretence of purchasing goods, as Marr had been reaching down some stockings when he was struck. Very little if any money was missed from the till. Twelve days after, before the horror and alarm caused by these murders could subside, other crimes followed. On the 19th of December, Williamson, the landlord of the King's Arms public-house, Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliff Highway, with his wife, and female servant were also murdered. An apprentice who lodged at the house, coming down-stairs in alarm at hearing a door slam, saw the murderer stooping and taking the keys out of the pocket of Mrs. Williamson. The murderer heard him, and pursued him up-stairs; but the lad, fastening his sheets to a bed, let himself down out of window into the street. The murderer, a sailor named Williams, escaped, though the house was almost instantly surrounded; but was soon after captured at a sailors' boarding-house, where a knife stained with blood was afterwards found secreted. The wretch hanged himself in prison the night of his arrest. His body was placed on a platform in a high cart, with the mallet and ripping chisel, with which he had committed the murders, by his side, and driven past the houses of Marr and Williamson. A stake was then driven through his breast, and his carcase thrown into a hole dug for the purpose, where the New Road crosses and Cannon Street Road begins.

It was remembered afterwards, by a girl to whom the murderer had been attached, that he had once asked her if she should be frightened if she awoke in the night and saw him standing with a knife by her bedside. The girl replied, "I should feel no fear, Mr. Williams, when I saw your face." Very little was discovered of the man's antecedents, but it is said that the captain of the East Indiaman in which he had sailed had predicted his speedy death by the gallows. These murders excited the imagination of De Quincey, the opium-eater, who wrote a wonderful though not strictly accurate version of the affair. Macaulay, writing of the alarm in England at the supposed murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, says, "Many of our readers can remember the state of London just after the

murder of Marr and Williamson; the terror which was on every face; the careful barring of doors; the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles. We know of a shopkeeper who on that occasion sold 300 rattles in about ten hours. Those who remember that panic may be able to form some notion of the state of England after the death of Godfrey."

In the Swedish Church, Princes Square, Ratcliff Highway, lies buried that extraordinary man, Baron Swedenborg, founder of the sect of Swedenborgians, who died in 1772. This strange mystic, who discovered an inner meaning in the Scriptures, believed that in visions he had visited both heaven and hell; he was also a practical mineralogist of great scientific attainments.

We now come to Wapping, that nautical hamlet of Stepney, a long street extending from Lower East Smithfield to New Crane. It was begun in 1571, to secure the manor from the encroachments of the river, which had turned this part of the north bank of the Thames into a great wash or swamp; the Commissioners of Sewers rightly imagining that when building once began, the tenants would not fail to keep out the river, for the sake of their own lives and properties. Stow calls it Wapping-in-the-Wose, or Wash; and Strype describes it as a place "chiefly inhabited by seafaring men, and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen."

It must have been a dirty, dangerous place in Stow's time, when it was chiefly remarkable as being the place of execution for pirates. Stow says of it—"The usual place for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers, at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them; was never a house standing within these forty years, but since the gallows being after removed farther off, a continual street, or filthy strait passage, with alleys of small tenements or cottages built, inhabited by sailor's victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Radcliffe, a good mile from the Tower."

Pirates were hung at East Wapping as early as the reign of Henry VI., for in a "Chronicle of London," edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, we read that in this reign two bargemen were hung beyond St. Katherine's, for murdering three Flemings and a child in a Flemish vessel; "and there they hengen till the water had washed them by ebbying and flowyd, so the water bett upon them." And as late as 1735 we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Williams the pirate was hanged at Execution Dock, and afterwards in chains at Bugsby's Hole, near Blackwall." Howell, in his "Londinopolis," 1657, says, "From the Liberties of St. Katherine to Wapping, 'tis yet in the memory of man, there never was a house standing but the gallowes, which was further removed in regard of the buildings. But now there is a continued street, towards a mile long, from the Tower all along the river, almost as far as Radcliffe, which proceedeth from the increase of navigation, mariners, and trafique." In one of those wild romantic plays of the end of the Shakespearean era, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, a tragi-comedy by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley, the writer fixes one scene near Execution Dock, where two pirates, called Purser and Clinton, are brought to die. One of these men delivers himself of a grand rhapsody—

> "How many captains that have aw'd the seas
> Shall fall on this unfortunate piece of land!
> Some that commanded islands; some to whom
> The Indian mines paid tribute, the Turk vailed.
> * * * * *
> "But now our sun is setting; night comes on;
> The watery wilderness o'er which we reigned
> Proves in our ruins peaceful. Merchants trade,
> Fearless abroad as in the rivers' mouth,
> And free as in a harbour. Then, fair Thames,
> Queen of fresh water, famous through the world,
> And not the least through us, whose double tides
> Must overflow our bodies; and, being dead,
> May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,
> But keep our valours living."

The audience, no doubt, sympathised with these gallant filibusters, whose forays and piracies against Spain would be thought by many present very venial offences.

In 1816 Townsend, the celebrated Bow Street runner, was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the decrease of highwaymen, and other questions connected with the police of the metropolis. He was particularly questioned as to the advantage of hanging men in chains. The sturdy old officer, with the memorable white hat, was strongly for the custom. "Yes," he said, "I was always of that opinion, and I recommended Sir William Scott to hang the two men that are hanging down the river. I will state my reason. We will take for granted that those men were hanged, as this morning, for the murder of those revenue officers. They are by law dissected. The sentence is that afterwards the body is to go to the surgeons for dissection. There is an end of it—it dies. But look at this. There are a couple of men now hanging near the Thames, where all the sailors must come up; and one says to the other, 'Pray, what are those two poor fellows there for?' 'Why,' says another, 'I will go and ask.' They ask. 'Why, these two men are hung and

gibbeted for murdering His Majesty's revenue officers.' And so the thing is kept alive."

In one of Hogarth's series of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, the artist has introduced a man hanging in chains further down the river; and a friend of the author's remembers seeing a pirate hung in chains on the Thames bank, and a crow on his shoulder, pecking his flesh through the iron netting that enclosed the body.

Wapping, it will be remembered, was in 1688 the scene of the capture of the cruel minister of James II., Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who, trying to make his escape in the disguise of a common seaman, was captured in a mean ale-house, called the "Red Cow," in Anchor-and-Hope Alley, near King Edward's Stairs, in Wapping. He was recognised by a poor scrivener, whom he had once terrified when in his clutches, as he was lolling out of window, confident in his security. The story of his capture is related with much vividness and unction by Macaulay:—

"A scrivener," says the historian, "who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a trimmer. The chancellor instantly fired. 'A trimmer! Where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?' The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. 'While I live,' the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance.' And now the day of retribution had arrived. The trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people, shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the Trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor. The mayor was a simple man, who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile, the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach with howls of rage to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands, he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard, even above the tumult, crying, 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake, keep them off!' At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and terror."

Strype records the fact that on July 24, 1629, King Charles I., having hunted a stag all the way from Wanstead, in Essex, ran him down at last, and killed him in Nightingale Lane, "in the hamlet of Wapping, in a garden belonging to a man who had some damage among his herbs, by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly."

Dr. Johnson, in one conversation with that excellent listener, Boswell, talked much of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed that men of curious inquiry might see in it such modes of life as only few could imagine. "He in particular," says Boswell, "recommended us to 'explore' Wapping, which we resolved to do. We accordingly carried our scheme into execution in October, 1792; but, whether from that uniformity which has in modern times to a great degree spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed."

Joseph Ames, that well-known antiquary and lover of old books, who wrote "Typographical Antiquities; or, the History of Printing in England," was a

ship-chandler in a humble alley of Wapping, where he died, in 1758. This worthy old student is described as a person of vast application and industry in collecting old printed books and prints, and other curiosities, both natural and artificial. His curious notices of Caxton's works, and of very rare early books, were edited and enlarged, first by Herbert, and lastly by that enthusiastic bibliomaniac, T. F. Dibdin. Another celebrated native of Wapping was John Day, a block and pump maker, who originated that popular festivity, Fairlop Fair, in Hainault Forest.

Amongst the ship and boat builders of Wapping, the rope makers, biscuit bakers, mast, oar, and block makers, many years ago, a prying nurseryman observed in a small window a pretty West Indian flower, which he purchased. It proved to be a fuchsia, which was then unknown in England. The flower became popular, and 300 cuttings from it were the next year sold at one guinea each.

Among the thirty-six taverns and public-houses in Wapping High Street and Wapping Wall, says Mr. Timbs, are the signs of the "Ship and Pilot," "Ship and Star," "Ship and Punchbowl," "Union Flag and Punchbowl," the "Gun," "North American Sailor," "Golden Anchor," "Anchor and Hope," the "Ship," "Town of Ramsgate," "Queen's Landing," "Ship and Whale," the "Three Mariners," and the "Prospect of Whitby."

Between 288 and 304, Wapping, are Wapping Old Stairs, immortalised by Dibdin's fine old song—

"'Your Molly has never been false,' she declares,
'Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs.'"

Going still further east we come to Shadwell, which, like Wapping, was a hamlet of Stepney, till 1669, when it was separated by Act of Parliament. It derives its name, it is supposed by Lysons, from a spring dedicated to St. Chad. Its extent is very small, being only 910 yards long, and 760 broad. In Lysons' time, the only land in the parish not built on was the Sun Tavern Fields, in which were rope-walks, where cables were made, from six to twenty-three inches in girth; the rest of the parish was occupied by ships' chandlers, biscuit bakers, ship-builders, mast-makers, sail-makers, and anchor-smiths. The church of St. Paul was built in the year 1656, but it was not consecrated till 1671. It was rebuilt in 1821 on the old site. There were waterworks established in Shadwell by Thomas Neale, Esq., in 1669.

About 1745 a mineral spring, which was called Shadwell Spa, was discovered by Walter Berry, Esq., when sinking a well in Sun Tavern Fields. It was said to be impregnated with sulphur, vitriol, steel, and antimony. A pamphlet was written by Dr. Linden, in 1749, to prove it could cure every disease. The water was found useful in cutaneous diseases. It was then employed for extracting salts, and for preparing a liquor with which the calico-printers fix their colours. The waters of another mineral spring in Shadwell resemble those of the postern spring on Tower Hill. Cook's almshouses at Shadwell are mentioned by the local historians.

CHAPTER XVI.

STEPNEY.

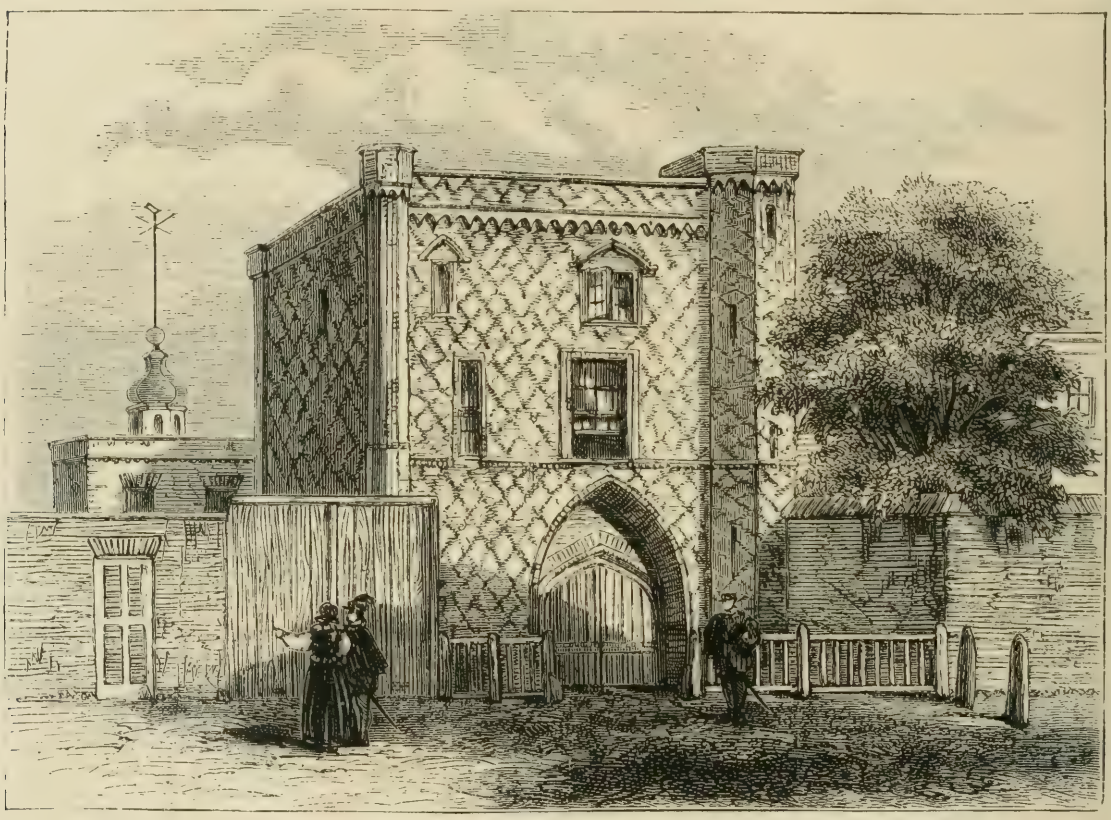
Derivation of the Name—Noble Families in Stepney—An Attack of the Plague—The Parish Church—Monuments—"The Cruel Knight"—Sir John Leake—Celebrated Incumbents—Colet—Pace—Roger Crab, "The English Hermit"—Dissenting Congregation at Stepney—Greenhill—Mead—Shadwell—Stepney "Parishioners."

At Stepney, two and a half miles east of St. Paul's Cathedral, we reach the eastern boundary of the radius we have defined for our work. This parish was anciently called Stibenhede, Stebenhythe, or Stebunhethe. In 1299, probably because it was an out-of-the-way nook, between marshes and the river, it was the seat of a parliament summoned by Edward I. to meet at the mansion house of Henry Walleis, then Mayor of London. At an early date the manor was held by the Bishops of London, who had a palace, called Bishop's Hall, now in the parish of Bethnal Green. In the fourteenth century John de Pulteney, who was four times Mayor of London, owned property in this parish. From the reign of Edward I. various injunctions were made at Stepney to prevent the frequent floods from the Thames, to inquire into the state of the banks and ditches, and to prevent all negligent tenants and delinquents.

Alienated by Bishop Ridley, the manor of Stepney was given by Edward VI. to the Wentworths. From Lord Wentworth it descended to Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, whose estates were confiscated in 1652, when Sir William Ellis, Cromwell's solicitor, was made steward of the manor, a place then valued at £200 per annum. After the Restoration the Earl of Cleveland recovered his manor, which continued in his family till the year 1720, when

it was sold by the representatives of Philadelphia, Lady Wentworth, to John Wicker, Esq., whose son alienated it to his brother-in-law Sir George Colebrooke in the year 1754. In 1664, Charles II., at the Earl of Cleveland's request, instituted a weekly court of record at Stepney, and a weekly market at Ratcliffe Cross (afterwards transferred to Whitechapel), and an annual Michaelmas fair at Mile End Green (afterwards transferred to Bow). In the first year of Charles I., Stepney was ravaged by the plague, which had broken out from time to time in London since Elizabeth's reign. This terrible disease carried off here 2,978 persons. At the commencement of the Civil War, Stepney, then a mere flat, extending to Blackwall, was strongly fortified for the defence of the City. In 1665 the plague again broke out in Stepney, and with such terrible inveteracy that it swept off 6,583 persons in one year, besides 116 sextons and gravediggers. In 1794 a fire consumed more than half the hamlet of Ratcliffe, and spread to the shipping in the river. Stepney had a traditional reputation for healthiness till the cholera of 1849 and 1866, when many cases occurred in the neighbourhood. The Stratford College, founded in 1826, was built on the site of the Marquis of Worcester's house, where the famous Dr. Meade was born in 1673.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Dunstan and All Saints, was built in the fourteenth century. It has a low broad tower, strengthened with buttresses, and surmounted by a turret and dome. In it was buried the illustrious Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy in the time of Henry VIII., commander of the *Harry Grâce de Dieu*, and the founder of the Trinity House. Here also

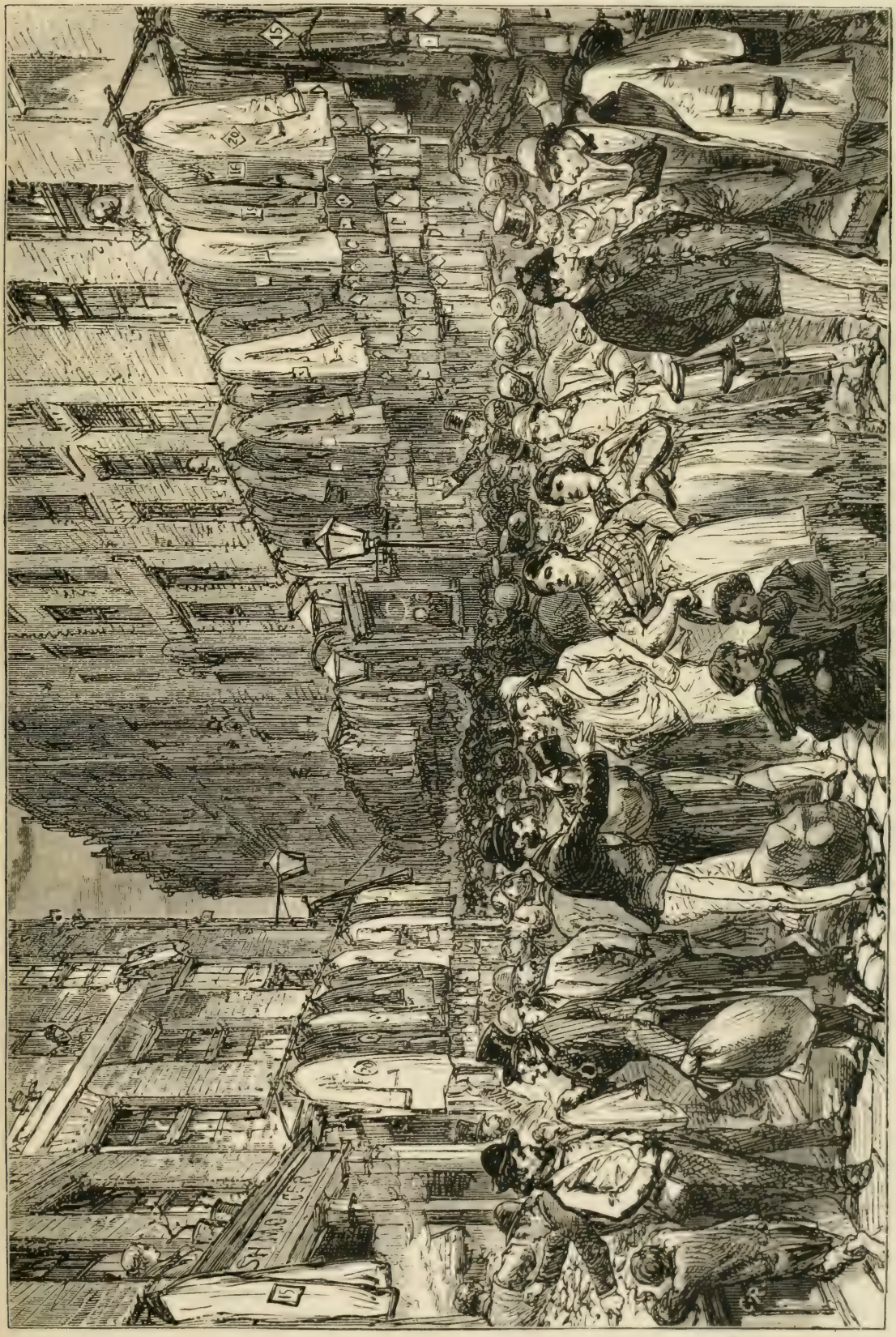


OLD GATEWAY AT STEPNEY. (*From a View published by N. Smith*, 1791.)

a writer to the *Spectator* discovered that remarkably absurd epitaph—

"Here Thomas Saffin lies interred—ah, why?
Born in New England did in London die.
Was the third son of eight, begot upon
His mother Martha by his father John.
Much favoured by his prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.
Deceased, June 18, 1687."

"On the outside of Stepney Church," says Lysons, "over the south porch, is a representation of the



PETTICOAT LANE.

Crucifixion, rudely carved; and on the west wall, an imperfect *basso relievo* (not better executed) of a figure adoring the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. Within the west porch is a stone, on which are these lines:—

"'Of Carthage wall I was a stone,
O mortals read with pity!
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, nor city.
Therefore, O mortals! now bethink
You whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust.
Thomas Hughes, 1663.'

"On the east wall of the chancel (on the outside)," says the same author, "is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Thomas Elton, of Stratford Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696. The arms on this monument are—Paly of six, on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling, a fish, and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms has given rise to a tradition that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called 'The Cruel Knight; or, Fortunate Farmer's Daughter;' the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour; his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife. He endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place, of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.'"

Amongst the epitaphs in Stepney Church is that to Sir John Leake, 1720:—

"To the memory of the Honourable Sir John Leake, Knt., Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of Her late Majesty Queen Anne's fleet, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Departed this life the 21st of August, 1720, ætat 64 years, 1 month, 17 days; who, anno 1689, in the *Dartmouth*, by engaging Kilmore Castle, relieved the city of Londonderry, in Ireland; also, anno 1702, with a squadron at Newfoundland, he took and destroyed fifty-one sail of French, together with all their settlements. Anno 1704 he forced the van of the French fleet at the Malaga engagement; relieved Gibraltar twice, burning and taking thirteen sail of French men-of-war. Likewise, anno 1706, relieved Barcelona, the present Emperor of Germany besieged therein by Philip of Spain, and took ninety sail of corn-ships; the same year taking the cities of Carthagena and Alicant, with the islands of Ivica, Majorca, Sardinia, and Minorca."

This celebrated officer was son of Captain Richard Leake, Master Gunner of England; he was born at Rotherhithe, in the year 1656. Whilst a captain he distinguished himself in several engagements. In Queen Anne's reign he was five times Admiral of the Fleet, and commanded with such undeviating success, that he acquired the appellation of "the brave and fortunate." On the accession of George I. he was dismissed from all employ, and retired into private life. The veteran died in 1720, and was buried in a family vault in Stepney Church. His son, Captain Richard Leake, who died a few months before him, seems to have been a worthless profligate, who married disgracefully, ran through his money, and then lived on his father. His nativity had, it is said, been cast by his grandfather, who pronounced that he would be very vicious, very fortunate, so far as prize-money was concerned, and very unhappy.

The living of Stepney was held by Archbishop Segrave and Bishop Fox (the founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford). Of the Stepney district churches St. Philip's is said to have been the first district Gothic church built in the east of London. It was erected in 1829, at a cost of £7,000. There is also a synagogue and Jews' burial-ground at Stepney, and numerous almshouses and hospitals, such as Deacon's City Paupers' House, the German and Portuguese Jews' Hospitals, Drapers' Hospital, Trinity Almshouses, Gibson's, or Cooper's Almshouses.

In 1372 the rectory of Stepney was valued at sixty marks a year, and the vicarage at twelve. In the Parliamentary survey, taken in 1650, the vicarage is set down at the value of £70 per annum. The ancient rectory stood near the east end of the church; and in Lysons' time the brick wall which enclosed the site still remained.

Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and the sworn friend of Erasmus, was vicar here, and still resided in Stepney after being made Dean of St. Paul's. Sir Thomas More, writing to him, then abroad, says, "If the discommodities of the City offend you, yet may the country about your parish of Stepney afford you the like delights to those which that affords you wherein you now keepe." The dean's house was at the north end of White Horse Street, Ratcliffe. Upon his founding St. Paul's School he gave it to the head-master as a country residence; but Stepney having in a great

measure lost its rural delights, the masters have not resided there for many years. The site (now two messuages called Colet Place) was, in Lysons' time, still let for their advantage. In the front was a bust of the dean.

Richard Pace, who was presented to the vicarage in 1519, had been in the service of Cardinal Bainbridge, who having recommended him at Court, the king had made him Secretary of State, and employed him in matters of the highest importance. He was afterwards made Dean of St. Paul's, but kept the vicarage till 1527, when he was sent as ambassador to Venice. Whilst there he either thwarted some plan of Wolsey's, or did not lend himself enough to the ambitious schemes of that proud cardinal, for he fell into disgrace, and at his return was thrown into the Tower for two years. These misfortunes affected his brain, and he suffered from mental disease, from which he never wholly recovered. After his release he retired to Stepney, where he died in 1532, and was buried in the church, near the great altar. Erasmus, who was a friend of Pace's, speaks highly of his amiable character, his pleasant manner, and his integrity. He wrote a book on the unlawfulness of King Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur, a Preface to Ecclesiastes, and some Latin epistles and sermons. William Jerome, presented to the vicarage of Stepney in 1537, was executed in 1540 on a charge of heresy.

Roger Crab, gent., one of the old celebrities of Bethnal Green, and who was buried at Stepney, September 14, 1680, was one of the eccentric characters of the seventeenth century. The most we know of him is from a pamphlet, now very rare, written principally by himself, and entitled, "The English Hermit; or, the Wonder of the Age." It appears from this publication that he had served seven years in the Parliamentary army, and had his skull cloven to the brain in their service; for which he was so ill requited that he was once sentenced to death by the Lord Protector, and afterwards suffered two years' imprisonment. When he had obtained his release he set up a shop at Chesham as a haberdasher of hats. He had not been long settled there before he began to imbibe a strange notion, that it was a sin against his body and soul to eat any sort of flesh, fish, or living creature, or to drink wine, ale, or beer. Thinking himself at the same time obliged to follow literally the injunction to the young man in the Gospel, he quitted business, and disposing of his property, gave it to the poor, reserving to himself only a small cottage at Ickenham, where he resided, and a rood of land for a garden, on the produce of which he subsisted at the expense of three farthings a week, his food being bran, herbs, roots, dock-leaves, mallows, and grass; his drink, water. How such an extraordinary change of diet agreed with his constitution the following passage from his pamphlet will show, and give, at the same time, a specimen of the work:—"Instead of strong drinks and wines, I give the old man a cup of water; and instead of rost mutton and rabbets, and other dainty dishes, I give him broth thickened with bran, and pudding made with bran and turnip-leaves chopt together, and grass; at which the old man (meaning my body), being moved, would know what he had done, that I used him so hardly; then I show'd him his transgression: so the warres began; the law of the old man in my fleshly members rebelled against the law of my mind, and had a shrewd skirmish; but the mind, being well enlightened, held it so that the old man grew sick and weak with the flux, like to fall to the dust; but the wonderful love of God, well pleased with the battle, raised him up again, and filled him full of love, peace, and content of mind, and he is now become more humble; for now he will eat dock-leaves, mallows, or grass." The pamphlet was published in 1655. Prefixed to it is a portrait of the author, cut in wood, which, from its rarity, bears a very high price. Over the print are these lines—

"Roger Crab that feeds on herbs and roots is here;
BIut believe Diogenes had better cheer.
Rara avis in terris."

A passage in this man's epitaph seems to intimate that he never resumed the use of animal food. It is not one of the least extraordinary parts of his history that he should so long have subsisted on a diet which, by his own account, had reduced him almost to a skeleton in 1655. It appears that he resided at Bethnal Green at the time of his decease. A very handsome tomb was erected to his memory in the churchyard at this place, which being decayed, the ledger-stone was placed in the pathway leading across the churchyard to White Horse Street. Strype says of the man, "This Crab, they say, was a Philadelphian, a sweet singer."

A congregation of Protestant Dissenters was established in Stepney in the year 1644 by William Greenhill, who was afterwards vicar of Stepney. He was ejected soon after the Restoration, and was succeeded by Matthew Mead. This eminent Puritan divine was appointed to the cure of the new chapel at Shadwell by Cromwell, but in 1662, being ejected for nonconformity, succeeded Greenhill as pastor of the Dissenting congregation at Stepney. In 1683, being accused of being privy to the Rye House Plot, he fled to Holland till the

danger was over. He was author of the "Young Man's Remembrancer," "The Almost Christian Tried and Cast," "The Good of Early Obedience," "A Sermon on Ezekiel's Wheels," and several other single sermons. His son Richard, the celebrated physician, who for nearly half a century was at the head of his profession, author of several valuable medical treatises, and possessor of one of the most valuable collection of books, MSS., antiques, paintings, &c., that ever centered in a private individual, was born at Stepney, in the apartments over the ancient brick gateway opposite the rectory, August 11th, 1673. He first began practice in 1696, at his native place, in the very house where he was born, and met with that success which was a prognostic of his future eminence. Dr. Mead died in the year 1754, and was buried in the Temple Church. The meeting-house was erected in 1674 for Mr. Mead, who, in the ensuing year, instituted the May-day sermons, for the benefit of young persons.

Shadwell was separated from the parish of Stepney in the year 1669; St. George's-in-the-East, in the year 1727; Spitalfields, in 1729; Limehouse, in 1730; Stratford-Bow, the same year; and Bethnal Green, in 1743.

Sir Thomas Lake, who was afterwards Secretary of State to James I., resided at Stepney in 1595; Isabel, Countess of Rutland, had a seat there in 1596; Nathaniel Bailey, author of the useful and well-known English Dictionary, "An Account of London," and other works, lived at Stepney; Capt. Griffiths, an ancient Briton, who, by the gallant and extraordinary recovery of his fishing-boat from a French frigate, attracted the notice of King William IV., and became afterwards captain of a man-of-war, was an inhabitant of Stepney, and was buried there. He was known by the name of "Honour and Glory Griffiths," from the circumstance, it is said, of his addressing his letters to "their Honours and Glories at the Admiralty." There was also at Stepney, in Lysons' time, an old gateway of a large mansion that once belonged to Henry, the first Marquis of Worcester. An engraving of this very interesting specimen of old brickwork will be found on page 138.

It is an old tradition of the East End of London that all children born at sea belong to Stepney parish. The old rhyme runs—

> "He who sails on the wide sea
> Is a parishioner of Stepney."

This rather wide claim on the parochial funds has often been made by paupers who have been born at sea, and who used to be gravely sent to Stepney from all parts of the country; but various decisions of the superior courts have at different times decided against the traditional law.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHITECHAPEL.

Strype's Account—Mention of Whitechapel by Beaumont and Fletcher and Defoe—St. Mary Matfellon—Its Great Antiquity—Old Religious Custom—"Judas the Traytor"—Burials at Whitechapel—The Executioner of Charles I.—Rosemary Lane—Petticoat Lane and the Old Clothes Sales—A Lucky Find—Poverty in Whitechapel—The London Hospital—The Danish Church—The Goodman's Fields Theatre.

"WHITECHAPEL," says Strype, "is a spacious fair street, for entrance into the City eastward, and somewhat long, reckoning from the laystall east unto the bars west. It is a great thoroughfare, being the Essex road, and well resorted unto, which occasions it to be the better inhabited, and accommodated with good inns for the reception of travellers, and for horses, coaches, carts, and wagons."

Whitechapel is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle.* "March fair, my hearts!" says Ralph. "Lieutenant, beat the rear up! Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient" (ensign).

"I lived," says Defoe, in his "Memoirs of the Plague," "without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left-hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the City, our neighbourhood continued very easy; but at the other end of the town the consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the City, thronged out of town with their families and servants in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel—that is to say, the broad street where I lived."

Although the church of St. Mary, Whitechapel, was at first only a chapel of ease to Stepney, it is of great antiquity, since there is record of Hugh de Fulbourne being rector there in the year 1329. As

early as the 21st of Richard II., according to Stow, the parish was called Villa beatæ Mariæ de Matfellon, a name the strangeness of which has given rise to many Whitechapel legends. According to Stow, the name of Matfellon was given it about the year 1428 (6th Henry VI.), from the following circumstance:—A devout widow of the parish had long time cherished and brought up of alms a certain Frenchman or Breton born, who most "unkindly and cruelly," by night, murdered the said widow as she slept in her bed, and afterwards flew with such jewels and other stuff of hers as he might carry; but was so freshly pursued, that for fear he took sanctuary in the church of St. George, Southwark, and challenging the privileges there, abjured the king's land. Then the constables in charge of him brought him into London to convey him eastward, but as soon as he was come into Whitechapel, the wives there cast upon him so many missiles and so much filth, that notwithstanding all the resistance of the constables, they slew him out of hand; and for this feat, it was said, the parish purchased the name of St. Mary Matfellon.

Now, that this event may have occurred in the reign of Henry VI. is very probable; but as the parish was called Matfellon more than a hundred years before, it is very certain that the name of Matfellon did not arise from this particular felon. Strype thinks that the word Matfellon is somehow or other derived from the Hebrew or Syriac word "Matfel," which signifies a woman recently delivered of a son—that is, to the Virgin, recently delivered. Perhaps the church may have been dedicated to Mary matri et filio, which in time was corrupted into Matfellon. The name of the White Chapel was probably given the new chapel in admiration of its stateliness, or from the whitewash that even in the Middle Ages was frequently used by builders.

The inhabitants of this parish, says Strype, were anciently bound, annually, at the feast of Pentecost, to go in a solemn procession to the cathedral church of St. Paul's, in the City of London, to make their oblations, as a testimony of their obedience to the Mother Church; but upon the erection of the conventual church of St. Peter, Westminster, into a cathedral, and the county of Middlesex appropriated by Henry VIII. for its diocese, of which this parish being a part, the inhabitants were obliged to repair annually to St. Peter's, as they formerly did to St. Paul's; which practice proving very troublesome, and of no service, Thomas Thirlby, bishop of the new see, upon their petition, agreed to ease them of that trouble, provided the rector and churchwardens would yearly, at the time accustomed, repair to his new cathedral, and there, in the time of Divine service, offer at the high altar the sum of fifteen pence, as a recognition of their obedience.

The street, or way, says Strype, leading from Aldgate to Whitechapel Church, remaining in its original unpaved state, it became thereby so very bad that the same was almost rendered impassable, not only for carriages, but likewise for horses; wherefore it, together with divers others on the west side of the City of London, were appointed to be paved by an Act of Parliament, in the year 1572.

In the year 1711 the advowson of Whitechapel was purchased by the principal and scholars of King's Hall and College, of Brasenose College, in Oxford.

Pennant, always vivacious and amusing, tells a story of a libellous picture of the Last Supper placed above the altar in this church, in the reign of Queen Anne, by the then High Church rector. Dr. White Kennet, at that time Dean of Peterborough, had given great offence to the Jacobites, by writing in defence of the Hanoverian succession, and in revenge the rector introduced the dean among the Apostles in the character of Judas. He clad him in a black robe, between cloak and gown, and a short wig, and, to brand him beyond mistake, put a black velvet patch on his forehead, such as the dean wore to hide a dreadful injury received in his youth; beneath was written, "Judas, the traytor." The dean generously treated the matter with contemptuous silence; but the Bishop of London interfered, and caused the obnoxious picture to be removed. It was afterwards replaced, but the libellous likeness was expunged.

The register of St. Mary Matfellon, Whitechapel, records the burial of two remarkable persons—Brandon, the supposed executioner of Charles I., and Parker, the leader of the Mutiny at the Nore. Brandon was a ragman, in Rosemary Lane. The entry is—"1649. June 2. Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane." And to this is added the following memorandum: "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." This man is said to have confessed that he had £30 for his work, and that it was paid him (why, we know not) in half-crowns, within an hour after the axe fell. He took an orange, stuck with cloves, and a handkerchief, out of the king's pocket, when the body was removed from the scaffold. For the orange he was offered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but he refused the sum, and afterwards sold the orange for ten shillings, in Rosemary Lane. This Brandon was the son of

Gregory Brandon, and claimed the headman's axe by inheritance. The first person he had beheaded was the Earl of Strafford; but, after all, there is still doubts as to who struck the death-blow at King Charles, and some say it was that Cornet Joyce who once arrested the king. There is as much, perhaps, to be said for Brandon, of Rosemary Lane, as any one.

Rosemary Lane, now re-christened Royal Mint Street, is described by Mr. Mayhew as chiefly inhabited by dredgers, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, watermen, lumpers, &c., as well as the slop-workers and "sweaters" employed in the Minories.

"One side of the lane," says Mayhew, in his "London Labour," "is covered with old boots and shoes; old clothes, both men's, women's, and children's; new lace, for edgings, and a variety of cheap prints and muslins, and often of the commonest kinds (also new); hats and bonnets; pots; tins; old knives and forks, old scissors, and old metal articles generally; here and there is a stall of cheap bread or American cheese, or what is announced as American; old glass; different descriptions of second-hand furniture, of the smaller size, such as children's chairs, bellows, &c. Mixed with these, but only very scantily, are a few bright-looking swag-barrows, with china ornaments, toys, &c. Some of the wares are spread on the ground, on wrappers, or pieces of matting or carpet; and some, as the pots, are occasionally placed on straw. The cotton prints are often heaped on the ground, where are also ranges or heaps of boots and shoes, and piles of old clothes, or hats or umbrellas. Other trades place their goods on stalls or barrows, or over an old chair or clothes-horse. And amidst all this motley display the buyers and sellers smoke, and shout, and doze, and bargain, and wrangle, and eat, and drink tea and coffee, and sometimes beer."

Rag Fair, or Rosemary Lane, Wellclose Square, is mentioned in a note to Pope's "Dunciad," as "a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and frippery are sold." Pennant gives a humorous picture of the barter going on there, and says, "The articles of commerce by no means belie the name. There is no expressing the poverty of the goods, nor yet their cheapness. A distinguished merchant engaged with a purchaser observing me look on him with great attention, called out to me, as his customer was going off with his bargain, to observe that man, 'for,' says he, 'I have actually clothed him for fourteen pence.'" It was here, we believe, that purchasers were allowed to dip in a sack for old wigs—a penny the dip. Noblemen's suits come here at last, after undergoing many vicissitudes.

In the *Public Advertiser* of Feb. 17, 1756, there is an account of one Mary Jenkins, a dealer in old clothes in Rag Fair, selling a pair of breeches to a poor woman for sevenpence and a pint of beer. While the two were drinking together at a public-house, the lucky purchaser found, on unripping the clothes, eleven guineas of gold quilted in the waist-band (eleven Queen Anne guineas), and a £30 bank-note, dated 1729, of which note the purchaser did not learn the value till she had sold it for a gallon of twopenny purl.

Petticoat Lane, according to Stow, was formerly called Hog Lane. It is now called Middlesex Street. The old historian gives a pleasant picture of it as it was forty years before he wrote. "This Hog Lane stretcheth north towards St. Mary Spittle," he says, "without Bishopsgate, and within these forty years it had on both sides fair hedge-rows of elm-trees, with bridges, and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields, very commodious for citizens therein to walk about, and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the sweet and wholesome air which is now within a few years made a continual building throughout of garden-houses and small cottages; and the fields on either side be turned into garden-plots, tenter-yards, bowling-alleys, and such like."

Strype says that some gentlemen of the Court and City built their houses here for the sake of the fresh air. At the west of the lane, the same historian mentions, there was a house called, in Strype's boyhood, the Spanish ambassador's, who in the reign of James I. dwelt there, probably the famous Gondomar. A little way from this, down a paved alley on the east side, Strype's father lived, in a fair large house with a good garden before it, where Hans Jacobson, King James's jeweller, had dwelt. After that, French Protestant silk-weavers settled in the part of the lane towards Spittlefields, and it soon became a continuous row of buildings on both sides of the way.

"Petticoat Lane," says Mr. Mayhew, "is essentially the old clothes' district. Embracing the streets and alleys adjacent to Petticoat Lane, and including the rows of old boots and shoes on the ground, there is, perhaps, between two and three miles of old clothes. Petticoat Lane proper is long and narrow, and to look down it is to look down a vista of many-coloured garments, alike on the sides and on the ground. The effect sometimes is very striking, from the variety of hues, and the constant flitting or gathering of the crowd into little groups of bargainers. Gowns of every shade and every pattern are hanging up, but none, perhaps, look either bright or white; it is a

vista of dinginess, but many-coloured dinginess, as regards female attire. Dress-coats, frock-coats, great-coats, livery and gamekeepers' coats, paletots, tunics, trowsers, knee-breeches, waistcoats, capes, pilot coats, working jackets, plaids, hats, dressing-gowns, shirts, Guernsey frocks, are all displayed. The predominant colours are black and blue, but there is every colour; the light drab of some aristocratic livery, the dull brown-green of velveteen, the deep blue of a pilot-jacket, the variegated figures and shoes. Handkerchiefs, sometimes of a gaudy orange pattern, are heaped on a chair. Lace and muslins occupy small stands, or are spread on the ground. Black and drab and straw hats are hung up, or piled one upon another, and kept from falling by means of strings; while incessantly threading their way through all this intricacy is a mass of people, some of whose dresses speak of a recent purchase in the lane."

"Whitechapel," says Mr. Hollingshead, in his



KIRBY CASTLE, BETHNAL GREEN. (THE BLIND BEGGAR'S HOUSE).

of the shawl dressing-gown, the glossy black of the restored garments, the shine of newly-turpentined black satin waistcoats, the scarlet and green of some flaming tartan—these things, mixed with the hues of the women's garments, spotted and striped, certainly present a scene which cannot be beheld in any other part of the greatest City in the world, nor in any other portion of the world itself.

"The ground has also its array of colours. It is covered with lines of boots and shoes, their shining black relieved here and there by the admixture of females' boots, with drab, green, plum, or lavender-coloured 'legs,' as the upper part of the boot is always called in the trade. There is, too, an admixture of men's 'button-boots,' with drab-cloth legs; and of a few red, yellow, and russet-coloured slippers; and of children's coloured morocco boots

"Ragged London," in 1861, "may not be the worst of the many districts in this quarter, but it is undoubtedly bad enough. Taking the broad road from Aldgate Church to Old Whitechapel Church—a thoroughfare in some parts like the high street of an old-fashioned country town—you may pass on either side about twenty narrow avenues, leading to thousands of closely-packed nests, full to overflowing with dirt, misery, and rags." Inkhorn Court is an Irish colony, with several families in one room. Tewkesbury Buildings is a colony of Dutch Jews. George Yard contains about one hundred English families; the inhabitants are chiefly dock-labourers. The other half of the residents are thieves, costermongers, stallkeepers, professional beggars, rag-dealers, brokers, and small tradesmen. The Jewish poor are independent and self-sup-

porting, and keep up the ceremonies of their nation under the most adverse circumstances. In one black miserable hut in Castle Alley a poor Jewess was found burning "the twelve months' lamp" for her deceased mother, although it was only a glimmering wick in a saucerful of rank oil.

The London Hospital, situated in Whitechapel, and founded in 1740, is one of the most useful and extensive charities of the kind in the metropolis. The building was erected in 1752, from the designs of Mr. B. Mainwaring, and originally contained only thirty-five wards and 439 beds. The amount of fixed income is £12,000, derived from funded property, voluntary donations, legacies, &c.

The British and Foreign Sailors' Church, formerly called the Danish Church, Whitechapel, was built in 1696 by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, at the expense of Christian V., King of Denmark, for the use of the Danish merchants and sailors of London. Opposite to the pulpit is the royal pew, where Christian VII. sat when he visited London in 1768. Attached to the pulpit is a handsome brass frame, with four sand-glasses. Both Caius Cibber and his more celebrated son, Colley Cibber, Pope's enemy, are buried here. The church was opened as a British and Foreign Sailors' Church in 1845.

The Royalty Theatre, Wells Street, Wellclose Square (named from Goodman's Fields' Well, 1735), was opened in 1787, when Braham first appeared on the stage as "Cupid," and John Palmer was manager. Lee, Lewis, Bates, Holland, and Mrs. Gibbs were of the company. It was purchased in 1820 by Mr. Peter Moore, M.P., and was burned down in 1826. In 1828 a new theatre was run up in seven months on the same site. The roof was a ponderous one of iron. During the rehearsal of *Guy Mannering*, a few days after opening, the roof fell in, crushing to death Mr. Maurice, one of the proprietors, and twelve other persons, and wounding twenty more.

The original Goodman's Fields Theatre, originally a throwster's shop, in Leman Street, or Argyll Street, Goodman's Fields, was built in 1729, by Thomas Odell, a dramatic author, and the first licensee of the stage under Walpole's Licensing Act. A sermon preached at St. Botolph's Church, Aldgate, against the new theatre, frightened Odell, who sold the property to a Mr. Henry Giffard, who opened the new house in the year 1732. He, however, was soon scared away, and removed, in 1735, to Lincoln's Inn Fields; but he managed to return in 1741, bringing with him David Garrick, who had appeared in private at St. John's Gate, and now essayed the character of "Richard III." with enormous success. Horace Walpole writes his friend Mann about him, but says, "I see nothing wonderful in it. The Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton." Gray the poet, in an extant letter, says, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, the town are gone mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields, sometimes, and yet I am still in the opposition."

This theatre was pulled down, says Cunningham, about 1746; a second theatre was burnt down in 1802.

Goodman's Fields were originally part of a farm belonging to the Abbey of the Nuns of St. Clair. "At the which farm," says Stow, "I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail."

In 1720 Strype describes the streets as chiefly inhabited by thriving Jews. There were also tenters for clothworkers, and a cart-way out of Whitechapel into Well Close. The initials of the streets, Pescod, or Prescott, Ayliffe, Leman, and Maunsell, formed the word "palm." In 1678 a great many Roman funeral urns, with bars and silver money, and a copper urn, were found here, proving Goodman's Fields to have been a Roman burial-place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BETHNAL GREEN.

Origin of the Name—The Ballad of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green—Kirby's Castle—The Bethnal Green Museum—Sir Richard Wallace's Collection—Nichol Street and its Population—The French Hospital in Bethnal Green and its present Site.

ACCORDING to Mr. Lysons, Bethnal Green probably derives its name from the old family of the Bathons, who had possessions in Stepney in the reign of Edward I.

The old ballad of "the Beggar of Bethnal Green," written in the reign of Elizabeth, records the popular local legend of the concealment under this disguise of Henry de Montford, son of the

redoubtable Earl of Leicester. He was wounded at Evesham, fighting by his father's side, and was found among the dead by a baron's daughter, who sold her jewels to marry him, and assumed with him a beggar's attire, to preserve his life. Their only child, a daughter, was the "Pretty Bessie" of the ballad in Percy.

"My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
The seely blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

"His markes and his tokens are knowen very well,
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell;
A seely old man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee."

The sign-posts at Bethnal Green have for centuries preserved the memory of this story; the beadles' staffs were adorned in accordance with the ballad; and the inhabitants, in the early part of the century, used to boldly point out an ancient house on the Green as the palace of the Blind Beggar, and show two special turrets as the places where he deposited his gains.

This old house, called in the Survey of 1703 Bethnal Green House, was in reality built in the reign of Elizabeth by John Kirby, a rich London citizen. He was ridiculed at the time for his extravagance, in some rhymes which classed him with other similar builders, and which ranked Kirby's Castle with "Fisher's Folly, Spinila's Pleasure, and Megse's Glory." It was eventually turned into a madhouse. Sir Richard Gresham, father of the builder of the Royal Exchange, was a frequent resident at Bethnal Green.

The opening, in 1872, of an Eastern branch of the South Kensington Museum at Bethnal Green was the result of the untiring efforts of Mr. Cole, aided by Sir Antonio Brady, the Rev. Septimus Hansard, rector of Bethnal Green, and Mr. Clabon, Dr. Millar, and other gentlemen interested in the district, and was crowned with success by the princely liberality of Sir Richard Wallace (the inheritor of the Marquis of Hertford's thirty years' collection of art treasures), who offered to the education committee the loan of all his pictures and many other works of art. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the opening of the Museum, which took place June 24, 1872.

Sir Richard Wallace's collection, which occupied the whole of the upper galleries, comprised not only an assemblage of ancient and modern paintings in oil, by the greatest masters of past or modern times, a beautiful gallery of water-colour drawings, miniatures, and enamels by French, German, and British artists, but also some fine specimens of bronzes, art porcelain and pottery, statuary, snuff-boxes, decorative furniture, and jewellers' and goldsmiths' work. The collection was strongest in Dutch and modern French pictures. Cuyp was represented by eleven pictures, Hobbema by five, Maes by four, Metzu by six, Mieris by nine, Netscher by four, Jan Steen by four, Teniers by five, Vanderneer by six, A. Vandevelde by three, W. Vandevelde by eight, Philip Wouvermans by five, Rubens by eleven, Rembrandt by eleven, Vandyck by six. In the Italian school the collection was deficient in early masters, but there were excellent specimens of Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Carlo Dolce, and Canaletto. Of the Spanish school there were fine specimens of Murillo and Velasquez. The French school was well represented—Greuze by twenty-two works, Watteau by eleven, Boucher by eleven, Lancret by nine, and Fragonard by five. There were forty-one works by Horace Vernet, thirteen by Bellangé, four by Pils, fifteen by Delaroche, five by Ary Scheffer, two by Delacroix, two by Robert Fleury, five by Géricault, six by Prud'hon, twelve by Roqueplan, thirty-one by Decamps, and fifteen by Meissonier.

In the English collection Sir Joshua Reynolds stood pre-eminent. His matchless portrait of "Nelly O'Brien" stood out as beautiful and bewitching as ever, though the finer carnations had to some extent flown. The childish innocence of the "Strawberry Girl" found thousands of admirers, though the picture has faded to a disastrous degree; and "Love me, Love my Dog," had crowds of East-end admirers.

Among the superb portraits by Reynolds, in his most florid manner, "Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway," and "Frances Countess of Lincoln," daughters of the first Marquis of Hertford, and one of "Mrs. Hoare and Son" (a masterpiece), were the most popular. The mildness and dignity of Reynolds was supplemented by the ineffable grace and charm of Gainsborough. Novices in art were astonished at the *naïveté* of "Miss Haverfield," one of the most delightful child-portraits ever painted. The fine works of Bonington, a painter of genius little known, astonished those who were ignorant of his works. Among his finest productions at Bethnal Green were "The Ducal Palace at Venice," "The Earl of Surrey and the Fair Geraldine," and "Henri IV. of France and the Spanish Ambassador." This king, to the horror of the proud hidalgo, is carrying his children pick-a-back.

Among the French pictures there were eleven first-rate Bouchers. This *protégé* of Madame de Pompadour was a great favourite with the Marquis,

and at Bethnal Green one saw him at his best. There was a portrait of "The Pompadour," quite coquettishly innocent, and those well-known pictures, "The Sleeping Shepherdess," the "Amphitrite," and the "Jupiter disguised as Diana." Three sacred pictures by Philippe de Champagne, showed us French religious art of the most ascetic kind, presenting a striking contrast to the gaiety and license of French art in general. In Greuze we find the affected simplicity and the forced sentiment of the age before the Revolution in its most graceful form. "The Bacchante," "The Broken Mirror," "The Broken Eggs," and the peerless portrait of "Sophie Arnould," enabled even those unacquainted with the charm of this painter to appreciate his merits. Lancret, the contemporary of Boucher, was represented by many works, among which the critics at once decided on the pre-eminence of "The Broken Necklace," and a portrait of the famous dancer, "Mdlle. Camargo." Lepicié was represented by his "Teaching to Read," and "The Breakfast," capital pieces of character. Watteau, that delightful painter of theatrical landscape, was a favourite of the Marquis, and at Bethnal Green appeared his fairy-like "Landscape with Pastoral Groups," his delightful "Conversation Humourieuse," and his inimitable "Arlequin and Colombine." What painter conveys so fully the enjoyment of a *fête champêtre* or the grace of coquettish woman? A dazzling array of twenty-six Decamps included the ghastly "Execution in the East," and that wonderful sketch of Turkish children, "The Breaking-up of a Constantinople School." The fifteen Paul Delaroche s comprised "The Repose in Egypt," one of the finest pictures in the collection; "The Princes in the Tower hearing the approach of the Murderers," and that powerful picture, "The Last Sickness of Cardinal Mazarin." Amongst the specimens of that high-minded painter, Ary Scheffer, we had the "Francesca da Rimini," one of the most touching of the painter's works, and the "Margaret at the Fountain." Eugene Delacroix, Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, Horace Vernet, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, and many other well-known artists, are also represented in this part of the great collection.

"Nichols Street," says a newspaper writer of 1862, writing of Bethnal Green in its coarser aspects, "New Nichols Street, Half Nichols Street, Turvile Street, comprising within the same area numerous blind courts and alleys, form a densely crowded district in Bethnal Green. Among its inhabitants may be found street-vendors of every kind of produce, travellers to fairs, tramps, dog-fanciers, dog-stealers, men and women sharpers, shoplifters, and pickpockets. It abounds with the young Arabs of the streets, and its outward moral degradation is at once apparent to any one who passes that way. Here the police are *certain* to be found, day and night, their presence being required to quell riots and to preserve decency. Sunday is a day much devoted to pet pigeons and to bird-singing clubs; prizes are given to such as excel in note, and a ready sale follows each award. Time thus employed was formerly devoted to cock-fighting. In this locality, twenty-five years ago, an employer of labour, Mr. Jonathan Duthiot, made an attempt to influence the people for good, by the hire of a room for meeting purposes. The first attendance consisted of one person. Persistent efforts were, however, made; other rooms have from time to time been taken and enlarged; there is a hall for Christian instruction, and another for educational purposes; illustrated lectures are delivered; a loan-library has been established, also a clothing-club and penny bank, and training-classes for industrial purposes."

Mr. Smiles, in his "Huguenots in London," has an interesting page on the old French Hospital in Bethnal Green:—"Among the charitable institutions founded by the refugees for the succour of their distressed fellow-countrymen in England," says Mr. Smiles, "the most important was the French Hospital. This establishment owes its origin to a M. de Gastigny, a French gentleman, who had been Master of the Buckhounds to William III., in Holland, while Prince of Orange. At his death, in 1708, he bequeathed a sum of £1,000 towards founding an hospital, in London, for the relief of distressed French Protestants. The money was placed at interest for eight years, during which successive benefactions were added to the fund. In 1716, a piece of ground in Old Street, St. Luke's, was purchased of the Ironmongers' Company, and a lease was taken from the City of London of some adjoining land, forming altogether an area of about four acres, on which a building was erected, and fitted up for the reception of eighty poor Protestants of the French nation. In 1718, George I. granted a charter of incorporation to the governor and directors of the hospital, under which the Earl of Galway was appointed the first governor. Shortly after, in November, 1718, the opening of the institution was celebrated by a solemn act of religion, and the chapel was consecrated amidst a great concourse of refugees and their descendants, the Rev. Philip Menard, minister of the French chapel of St. James's, conducting the service on the occasion.

"From that time the funds of the institution steadily increased. The French merchants of Toulon, who had been prosperous in trade, liberally contributed towards its support, and legacies and donations multiplied. Lord Galway bequeathed a thousand pounds to the hospital, in 1720, and in the following year Baron Hervart de Huningue gave a donation of £4,000. The corporation were placed in the possession of ample means, and they accordingly proceeded to erect additional buildings, in which they were enabled, by the year 1760, to give an asylum to 234 poor people."

The French Hospital has recently been removed from its original site to Victoria Park, where a handsome building has been erected as an hospital, for the accommodation of forty men and twenty women, after the designs of Mr. Robert Lewis Roumieu, architect, one of the directors, Mr. Roumieu being himself descended from an illustrious Huguenot family—the Roumieus of Languedoc.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPITALFIELDS.

The Priory of St. Mary, Spittle—A Royal Visit—The Spital Sermons—A Long Sermon—Roman Remains—The Silk Weavers—French Names, and Modern Versions of them—Riots in Spitalfields—Bird Fanciers—Small Heads—"Cat and Dog Money."

THE original Priory of St. Mary Spittle was founded by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife, in the year 1197. It was surrendered at the dissolution to King Henry, and at that time the hospital which belonged to the priory was found to contain one hundred and eighty beds. In place of the hospital many large mansions were built, and among these Strype especially mentions that of Sir Horatio Pallavicini, an Italian merchant, who acted as ambassador to Queen Elizabeth; and in the reign of James I. we find the Austrian ambassador lodging there.

In the year 1559 Queen Elizabeth came in state from St. Mary Spittle, attended by a thousand men in harness, and ten great guns, with drums, flutes, and trumpets sounding, and morris-dancers bringing two white bears in a cart.

Long after the dissolution a portion of the large churchyard of the hospital remained, with a pulpit cross within a walled enclosure, at which cross, on certain days every Easter, sermons were preached. Opposite that pulpit was a small two-storeyed building, where the alderman and sheriffs came to hear the sermons, with their ladies at a window over them. Foxe, in his "Book of Martyrs," repeatedly mentions these Spital sermons.

The preaching at the Spittle seems to have been a custom of great antiquity. It is said that Dr. Barrow once preached a sermon on charity at the Spittle, before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, which occupied three hours and a half. Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, if he was not tired, "Yes, indeed," said he, "I began to be weary with standing so long."

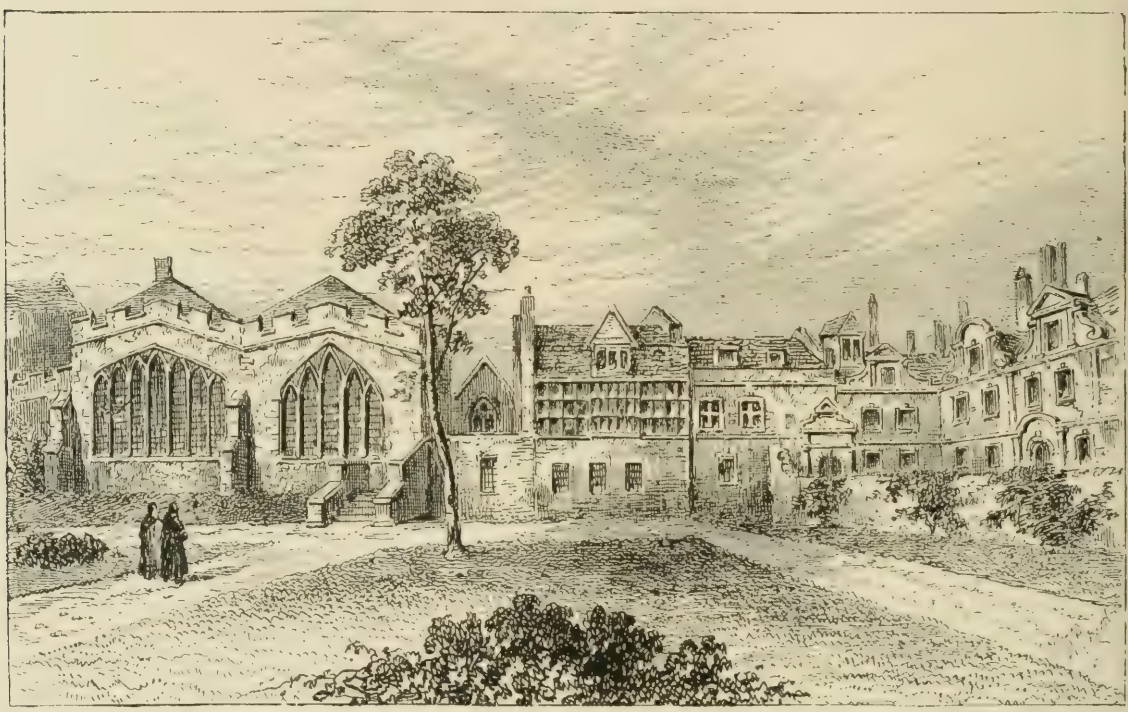
In 1594 a gallery was built near the pulpit for the governor and children of Christ's Hospital; and in 1617 we find many of the Lords of King James's Privy Council attending the Spital sermons, and afterwards dining with the Lord Mayor, at a most liberal and bountiful dinner at Billingsgate.

"It appears," says Bingham, speaking of the Spital sermons, "it was usual in those times that on Good Friday a divine of eminence should, by appointment, expatiate on Christ's passion, in a sermon at Paul's Cross; on the three days next Easter, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, a bishop, a dean, and a doctor of divinity, should preach at the Spital concerning the resurrection; and on Low Sunday another learned divine was to rehearse the substance of the other four, in a fifth sermon. At this the Lord Mayor and Corporation always attended, robed in violet gowns, on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, and on the other days in scarlet. This custom continued till the great rebellion, in 1642, when it was discontinued. However, it was revived after the Restoration, except that, instead of being preached at Paul's Cross, which had been demolished, the sermons were in the choir of the cathedral. After the Great Fire they were discontinued, both at St. Paul's Church and at the Spital, and the Easter sermons were delivered at some appointed church, and at last at St. Bridget's, in Fleet Street, where they continued invariably till the late repairs of that church, when they were removed to Christ Church, Newgate Street, where they still continue."

In 1576, says Stow, in treating of a brick-field near the Spital churchyard, there were discovered many Roman funeral urns, containing copper coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Nero, Antoninus Pius, and

Trajan, lachrymatories, Samian ware lamps, and small images, also Saxon stone coffins. Dr. Carr-satmalsa found there a skull, which he believed to be a giant's, though others took it for an elephant's. Some of these stone coffins are still preserved in the vaults of Christ Church.

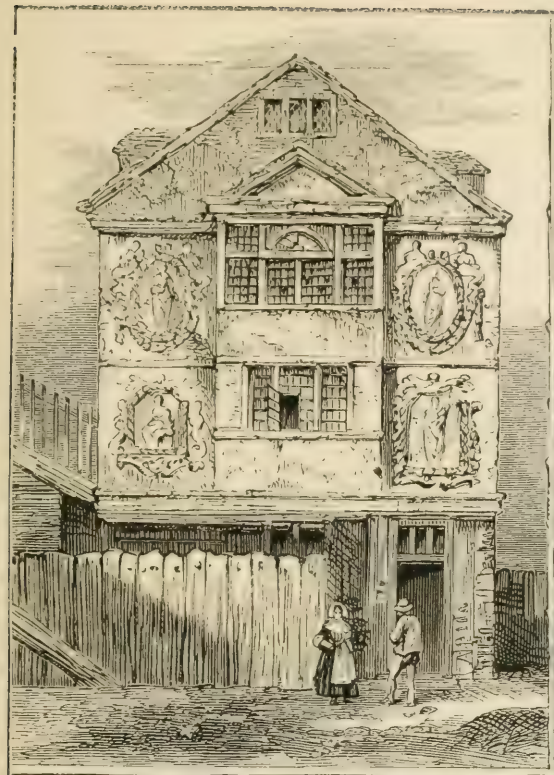
Bagford, in Leland's "Collectanea," mentions the Priory of St. Mary Spittle as then standing, strongly built of timber, with a turret at one angle. Its ruins, says Mr. Timbs, were discovered early in the last century, north of Spital Square. The



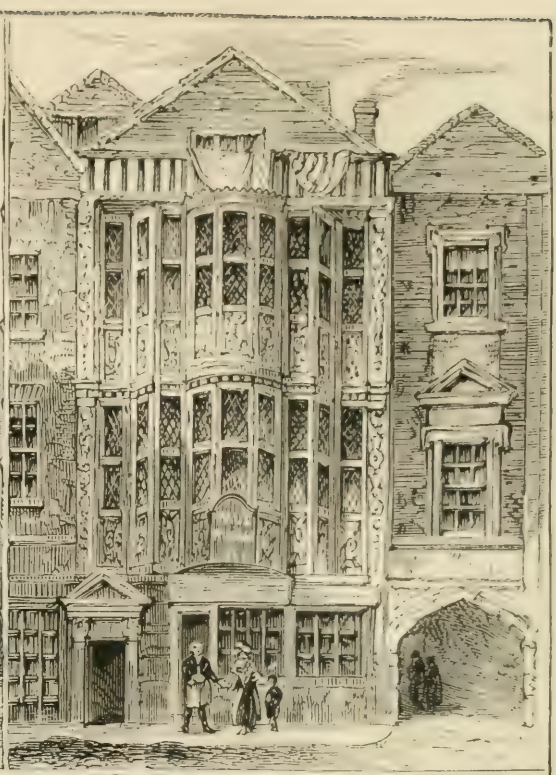
ST. HELEN'S PRIORY, AND LEATHERSELLERS' HALL. (*From a View, by Malcolm*, 1799.)

pulpit, destroyed during the Civil Wars, stood at the north-east corner of the square. In the map of Elizabeth's reign the Spittle Fields are at the north-east extremity of London, with only a few houses on the site of the Spital. A map published a century later shows a square field bounded with houses, with the old artillery-ground, which had formerly belonged to the priory, on the west. Culpeper, the famous herbalist, occupied a house then in the fields, and subsequently a public-house at the corner of Red Lion Court.

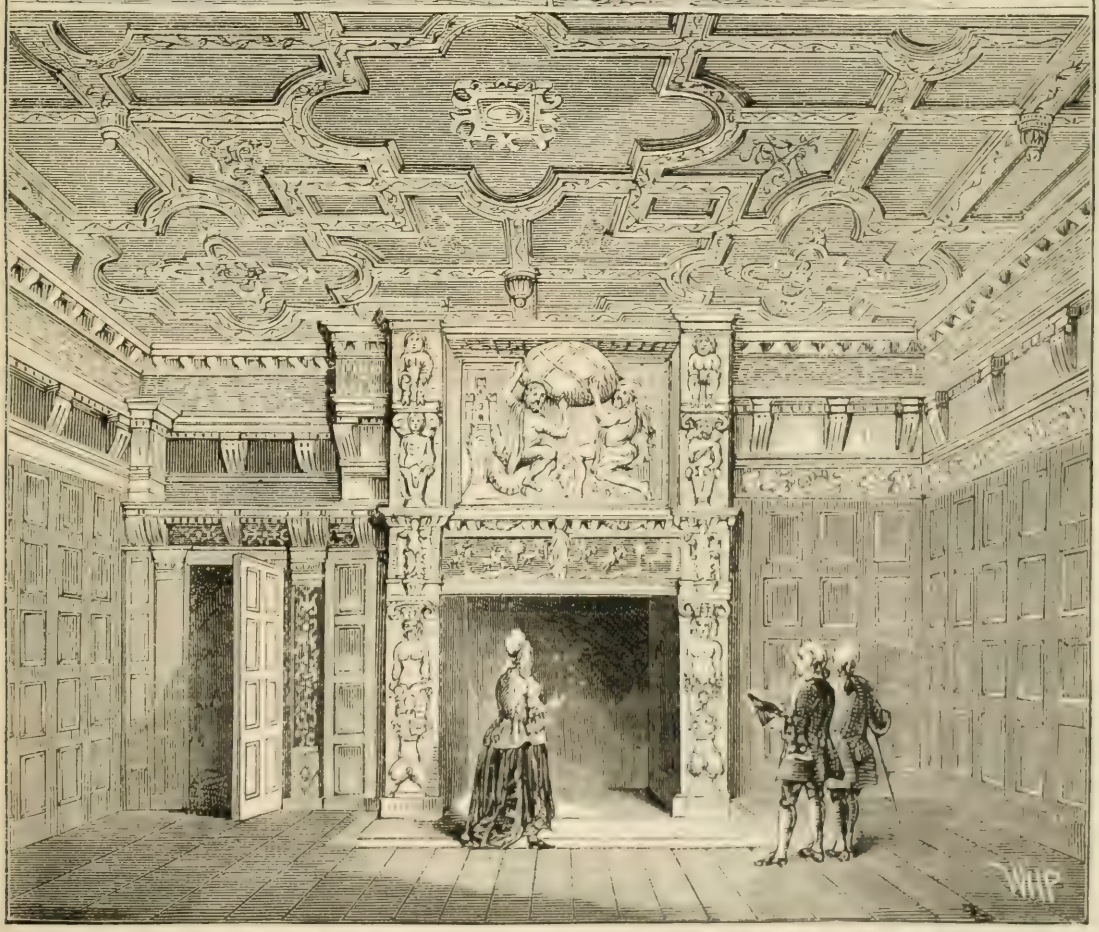
This is the great district for silk-weavers. "Spital Square," says Mr. Timbs, "at the south-east corner, has been the heart of the silk district since 'the poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French,' driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled here, and thus founded the silk manufacture in England; introducing the weaving of lustrings, alamodes, brocades, satins, paduasoys, ducapes, and black velvets. In 1713 it was stated that silks, gold and silver stuffs, and ribbons were made here, as good as those of French fabric, and that black silk for hoods and scarves was made actually worth three hundred thousand pounds. During the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and George II., the Spitalfields weavers greatly increased; in 1832, 50,000 persons were entirely dependent on the silk-manufacture, and the looms varied from 14,000 to 17,000. Of these great numbers are often unemployed; and the distribution of funds raised for their relief has attracted to Spitalfields a great number of poor persons, and thus pauperised the district. The earnings of weavers, in 1854, did not exceed ten shillings per week, working fourteen to sixteen hours a day. The weaving is either the richest, or the thinnest and poorest. The weavers are principally English, and of English origin, but the manufacturers, or masters, are of French extraction, and the Guillebauds, the Desormeaux, the Chabots, the Turquands, the Mercerons, and the Chauvets trace their connection with the refugees of 1685. Many translated their names into English, by which the



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S LODGE.
(From a View published by N. Smith, 1791.)



THE "SIR PAUL PINDAR."
(From an Original Sketch.)



ROOM IN SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE. *(From a Drawing by J. T. Smith, &c.)*

old families may still be known: thus, the Lemaîtres called themselves Masters; the Leroys, King; the Tonneliers, Coopers; the Lejeunes, Young; the Leblancs, White; the Lenoirs, Black; the Loiseaux, Bird."

Riots among the Spitalfields weavers, for many a century, were of frequent occurrence. Any decline of prices, or opposition in trade, set these turbulent workmen in a state of violent effervescence. At one time they sallied out in parties, and tore off the calico gowns from every woman they met. Perhaps the greatest riot was in 1765, when, on the occasion of the king going to Parliament to give his assent to the Regency Bill, they formed a great procession, headed by red flags and black banners, to present a petition to the House, complaining that they were reduced to starvation by the importation of French silks. They terrified the House of Lords into an adjournment, insulted several hostile members, and in the evening attacked Bedford House, and tried to pull down the walls, declaring that the duke had been bribed to make the treaty of Fontainebleau, which had brought French silks and poverty into the land. The Riot Act was then read, and detachments of the Guards called out. The mob then fled, many being much hurt and trampled on. At a yet later date mobs of Spitalfields weavers used to break into houses and cut the looms of men who were working with improved machinery. Many outrages were committed by these "cutters," and many lives lost in scuffles and fights.

The older houses inhabited by the weavers have wide latticed windows in the upper storeys, to light the looms. Being nearly all bird-fanciers, the weavers supply London with singing-birds, and half the linnets, woodlarks, goldfinches, and greenfinches sold in the metropolis are caught by Spitalfields weavers in October and March. They are fond of singing-matches, which they determine by the burning of an inch of candle.

Spitalfields weavers are said to have extremely small heads, $6\frac{1}{2}$ or $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches being the prevailing width, although the average size of the male head in England is 7 inches. We do not know whether the weavers still continue the old clothworkers' habit of singing at their looms, as mentioned by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "I would I were a weaver," says Falstaff; "I could sing all manner of songs." And Cutbeard, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, remarks, "He got his cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with clothworkers."

Spitalfields was a hamlet of Stepney until 1729, when it was made a distinct parish, and Christ Church consecrated. Among the parochial charities, says Mr. Timbs, is "Cat and Dog Money," an eccentric bequest to be paid on the death of certain pet dogs and cats.

In one of the houses in Spital Square lived Pope's friend, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

CHAPTER XX.

BISHOPSGATE.

The Old Gate—The "White Hart"—Sir Paul Pindar's House: its Ancient Glories and Present Condition—The Lodge in Half-moon Alley—St. Helen's and the Nuns' Hall—The Tombs—Sir Julius Cæsar—Sir John Crosby—Modern Improvements—The Windows—Crosby Hall and its History—Allusions to it in Shakespeare—Famous Tenants of Crosby Hall—Richard Crookback—Sir Thomas More—Bonvici.

BISHOPSGATE, according to Stow, was probably built by good Bishop Erkenwald, son of King Offa, and repaired by Bishop William, the Norman, in the reign of the Conqueror. Henry III. confirmed to merchants of the Hanse certain privileges by which they were bound to keep Bishopsgate in repair, and in the reign of Edward IV. we find them rebuilding it. The gate was adorned with the effigies of two bishops, probably Bishop Erkenwald and Bishop William, and with effigies supposed to have represented King Alfred and Alred, Earl of Mercia, to whom Alfred entrusted the care of the gate. It was rebuilt several times. The latest form of it is shown on page 154. The rooms over the gate were, in Strype's time, allotted to one of the Lord Mayor's carvers. Pennant notices an old inn, the "White Hart," not far from this gate, which was standing until a few years back.

The old house where Sir Paul Pindar, a great City merchant of the reign of James I., lived, still exists in Bishopsgate Street, with some traces of its ancient splendour. This Sir Paul was ambassador for James I. to the Grand Legion, and helped to extend English commerce in Turkey. He brought back with him a diamond valued at £30,000, which James wished to buy on credit, but prudent Sir Paul declined this unsatisfactory mode of purchase, and used to lend it to the monarch on gala days. Charles I. afterwards purchased the

precious stone. Sir Paul was appointed farmer of the Customs to James I., and frequently supplied the cravings for money both of James and Charles. In the year 1639 Sir Paul was esteemed worth £236,000, exclusive of bad debts. He expended £10,000 in the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral, yet, nevertheless, died in debt, owing to his generosity to King Charles. The king owed him and the other Commissioners of the Customs £300,000, for the security of which, in 1649, they offered the Parliament £100,000, but the proposition was not entertained. On his death affairs were left in such a perplexed state, that his executor, William Toomer, unable to bear the work and the disappointment, destroyed himself. Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Topography of London," has a drawing of a room on the first floor of this house. The ceiling was covered with panelled ornamentations, and the chimney-piece, of carved oak and stone, was adorned with a badly-executed *basso-relievo* of Hercules and Atlas supporting an egg-shaped globe. Below this were tablets of stag hunts. The sides of the chimney-piece were formed by grotesque figures, the whole being a very splendid specimen of Elizabethan decorative art. In 1811 the whole of the ornaments, says Mr. Smith, were barbarously cut away to render the room, as the possessors said, "a little comfortable." The Pindar arms, "a chevron argent, between three lyon's heads, erased ermine crowned or," were found hidden by a piece of tin in the centre of the ceiling. The walls are covered with oak wainscoting, crowned with richly carved cornices. The house, No. 169, is now a public-house, "The Sir Paul Pindar's Head."

"The front towards the street," says Mr. Hugo, "with its gable bay windows, and matchless panel-work, together with a subsequent addition of brick on its northern side, is one of the best specimens of the period now extant. The edifice was commenced in one of the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, on the return from his residence in Italy of its great and good master. It was originally very spacious, and extended for a considerable distance, both to the south side and to the rear of the present dwelling. The adjoining tenements in Half-moon Street, situated immediately at the back of the building, which faces Bishopsgate Street, though manifesting no external signs of interest, are rich beyond expression in internal ornament. The primary arrangement, indeed, of the mansion is entirely destroyed. Very little of the original internal woodwork remains, and that of the plainest character. But, in several of the rooms on the first floors of the houses just referred to, there still exist some of the most glorious ceilings which our country can furnish. They are generally mutilated, in several instances the half alone remaining, as the rooms have been divided into two or more portions, to suit the needs of later generations. These ceilings are of plaster, and abound in the richest and finest devices. Wreaths of flowers, panels, shields, pateras, bands, roses, ribands, and other forms of ornamentation, are charmingly mingled, and unite in producing the best and happiest effect. One of them, which is all but perfect, consists of a large device in the centre, representing the sacrifice of Isaac, from which a most exquisite design radiates to the very extremities of the room. In general, however, the work consists of various figures placed within multangular compartments of different sizes, that in the centre of the room usually the largest. The projecting ribs, which in their turn enclose the compartments, are themselves furnished with plentiful ornamentation, consisting of bands of oak-leaves and other vegetable forms; and, in several instances, have fine pendants at the points of intersection. The cornices consist of a rich series of highly-ornamented mouldings. Every part, however, is in strict keeping, and none of the details surfeit the taste or weary the eye."

At a little distance, in Half-moon Alley, stood an old structure, now pulled down, ornamented with figures, which is traditionally reported to have been the keeper's lodge in the park attached to Sir Paul's residence; and mulberry-trees, and other park-like vestiges in this neighbourhood, are still within memory.

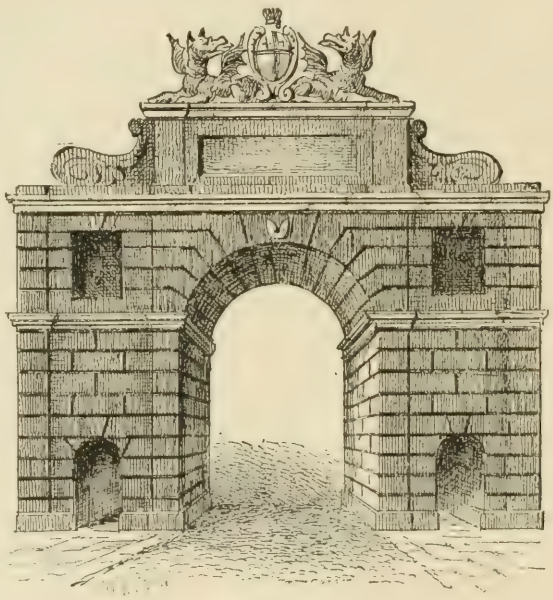
St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, occupies the site of Roman buildings. The ground in the neighbourhood is intersected with chalk foundations, and in 1836 a Roman tessellated pavement (red, white, and grey) was discovered under a house at the south-west angle of Crosby Square. A similar pavement was found in 1712 on the north side of Little St. Helen's gateway. There is mention of a church priory here, dedicated to the mother of Constantine, as early as 1180, when it was granted to the canons of St. Paul's Cathedral by one Ranulph and Robert his son. About 1210 a priory of Benedictine nuns was founded here by William Fitzwillam, a goldsmith, and dedicated to the Holy Cross and St. Helen. The priory included a hall, hospital, dormitories, cloisters, and offices. The Nuns' Hall, at the north of the present church, was purchased by the Leathersellers' Company, who used it as a common hall till 1799, when it was pulled down to make room for St. Helen's Place.

A crypt extended from the north side of the church under Leathersellers' Hall, and in the wall

which separated this crypt from the church were two ranges of oblique apertures, through which mass at the high altar could be viewed. A canopied altar of stone, affixed to the wall, indicates the position of one set of these "nuns' gratings." The priory of St. Helen's was much augmented in 1308 by William Basing, a London sheriff, and when it was surrendered to Henry VIII. its annual revenue was £376 6s. During the Middle Ages the church was divided from east to west by a partition, to separate the nuns from the parishioners; but after the dissolution this was removed. Sir Thomas Gresham, according to Stow, promised this church a steeple in consideration of the ground taken up by his monument.

However, architects praise this church as picturesque, with its two heavy equal aisles, and its pointed arches. There is a transept at the east end, and beyond it a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost. Against the north wall is a range of seats formerly occupied by the nuns. The church is a composite of various periods. St. Helen's, says Mr. Godwin, contains perhaps more monuments (especially altar-tombs) than any other parish church in the metropolis, and these give an especial air of antiquity and solemnity to the building. Here is the ugly tomb containing the embalmed body of Francis Bancroft. He caused the tomb to be built for himself in 1726. He is said to have made a fortune of nearly £28,000 by greedy exactions, the whole of which he left to the almshouses and the Drapers' Company. In a small southern transept is a most singular table monument in memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, Privy Counsellor to James I., Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls, who died about 1636. The epitaph, written by himself, engraved on a large deed, sealed and folded (the string to the seal represented as breaking), purports to be an engagement on the part of the deceased to pay the debt of Nature whenever God shall please and require it. The tomb, the work of Nicholas Stone, cost £110.

On the south side of the chancel, on a stone altar-tomb, are recumbent figures of a knight in armour, and a lady. The knight is Sir John Crosby, who died in the year 1475, the builder of Crosby Hall, who contributed largely to the church. Behind this is a large columned and canopied monument in memory of Sir William Pickering, famous for worth in learning, arts, and warfare. His effigy in armour reclines on a piece of sculptured matting, folded at one end to represent a pillow. Strype says he died in 1542. But the greatest of all the monuments at St. Helen's is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, a large sculptured altar-tomb covered with a marble slab. Another curious monument near Gresham's is that of Matthew Bond, captain of the London Trained Bands in the time of the Armada. He is represented sitting within a tent, with two sentries standing outside, and an attendant bringing up a horse. There were also buried here Sir John Lawrence, the good Lord Mayor who behaved so nobly in the Plague year, and Sir John Spencer, the rich Lord Mayor of Elizabeth's reign, whose daughter ran away with Lord Compton, escaping from her father's house in a baker's basket.



BISHOPSGATE.

The charity-box in the church vestibule is supported by a curious carved figure of a mendicant. Mr. Godwin, writing in 1839, laments the ill-proportioned turret of St. Helen's, and the carvings of the mongrel Italian style.

The recent restorations and improvements have greatly increased the attractions of St. Helen's, while the magnificent stained-glass windows, that have been added to the sacred edifice, are modern works eminently worthy of the objects of ancient art, and the fine sculptures to be found within the walls. Of these windows one is in the memory of Sir Thomas Gresham, and has been contributed by the Gresham Committee, while two others have been erected at the expense of the family of Mr. McDougall. The magnificent window, in memory of the late Alderman Sir William Copeland, is a most striking work, but is not inferior in interest to the restoration, which was made at the expense of

the churchwardens, Mr. Thomas Rolfe, jun., and Mr. George Richardson, of a beautiful window in stained glass, composed of the fragments of the ancient window, which was too dilapidated to remain. Several other fine memorial windows have been added to the building, amongst which are those contributed by the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Cox, and by Mr. W. Williams, of Great St. Helen's, who has taken a deep interest in the work of restoration. Some other splendid examples of stained glass were contributed by Mr. Alderman Wilson and Mr. Deputy Jones; and the fine communion window was presented by Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, M.P., and his brother, Mr. James Stewart Hodgson. The tomb of Sir John Crosby has been renovated, as well as that of Sir John Spencer, which has been restored and removed under the direction of the Marquis of Northampton and Mr. Wodmore, who has himself contributed a window in memory of Bishop Robinson, and has superintended the entire restoration.

"Not a stone now remains," says Mr. Hugo, "to tell of the old priory of St. Helen's and its glories. A view of the place, as it existed at the close of the last century, which is happily furnished by Wilkinson in his 'Londina,' represents the ruins of edifices whose main portions and features are of the Early English period, and which were probably coeval with the foundation of the priory. These he calls the 'Remains of the *Fratry*.' He had the advantage of a personal examination of these beautiful memorials. 'The door,' he says, 'leading from the cloister to the Fratry, which the writer of this well remembers to have seen at the late demolition of it, was particularly elegant; the mouldings of the upper part being filled with roses of stone painted scarlet and gilt; the windows of the Fratry itself, also, which were nearly lancet-shaped, were extremely beautiful.' He also gives two views of the beautiful 'crypt,' and one of the hall above it; the former of which is in the Early English style, while the latter has ornamental additions of post-Dissolution times. It appears by his plan that there were at least two 'crypts,' one under the hall and another to the south, under what would be called the withdrawing-room."

Perhaps one of the most interesting old City mansions in London is Crosby Hall, now turned into a restaurant. It is one of the finest examples of Gothic domestic architecture of the Perpendicular period, and is replete with historical associations. It was built about 1470 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler, on ground leased from Dame Alice Ashfield, Prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's. For the ground, which had a frontage of 110 feet in the "Kinge's Strete," or "Bisshoppesgate Strete," he paid £11 6s. 8d. a year. Stow says he built the house of stone and timber, "very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Sir John, member of Parliament for London, alderman, warden of the Grocers' Company, and mayor of the Staple of Elans, was one of several brave citizens knighted by Edward IV. for his brave resistance to the attack on the City made by that Lancastrian filibuster, the Bastard of Falconbridge. Sir John died in 1475, four or so years only after the completion of the building. He was buried in the church of St. Helen's, where we have already described his tomb. The effigy is fully armed, and the armour is worn over the alderman's mantle, while round the neck there is a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, to which that knight had adhered so faithfully.

In 1470 Crosby Hall became a palace, for the widow of Sir John parted with the new City mansion to that dark and wily intriguer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "There," says Sir Thomas More, "he lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's court was crowded and King Henry's left desolate."

Shakespeare, who was a resident in St. Helen's in 1598 (a fact proved by the parish assessments), has thrice by name referred, in his *Richard III.*, to this old City mansion, as if he found pleasure in immortalising a place familiar to himself. It was in the Council Chamber in Crosby Hall that the mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens, offered Richard the crown.

It was at the same place that Richard persuaded Anne to await his return from the funeral of the murdered King Henry:—

> *Gloucester.* And if thy poor devoted servant may
> But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
> Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
> *Anne.* What is it? [designs
> *Gloucester.* That it would please thee leave these sad
> To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
> And presently repair to Crosby House.
>
> *Richard III.*, Act i., Scene 2.

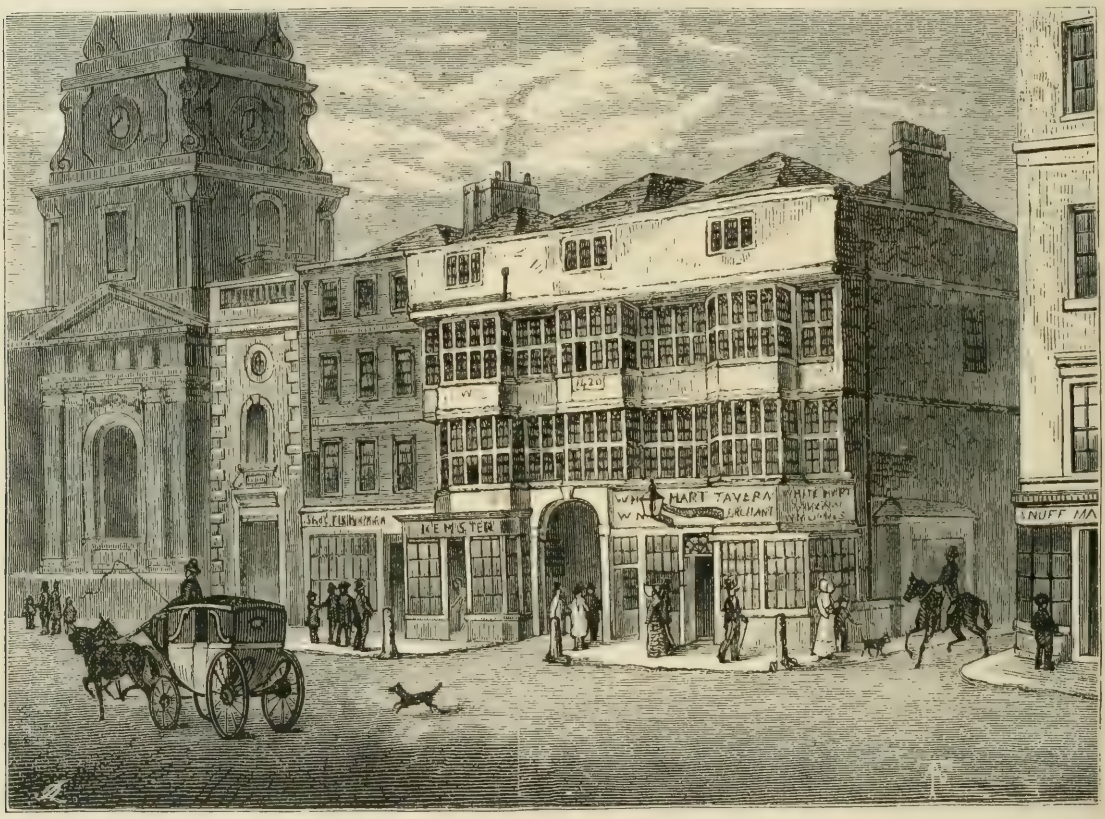
Other allusions also occur, as—

> *Gloucester.* Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
> 1*st Murderer.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
> That we may be admitted where he is.
> *Gloucester.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me
> [*Gives the warrant.*
> When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
>
> *Richard III.*, Act i., Scene 3.

> *Gloucester.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
> *Catesby.* You shall, my lord.
> *Gloucester.* At Crosby House there shall you find us both.
>
> *Richard III.*, Act iii., Scene 1.

On the 27th of June, 1483, Richard left Crosby Hall for his palace at Westminster.

In 1501 Sir Bartholomew Reed spent his brilliant mayoralty at this house at Crosby Place, and here he entertained the Princess Katherine of Arragon two days before her marriage with Prince Arthur, and not long after the ambassadors of the Emperor Maximilian when they came to condole with Henry VII. on the death of the prince. Sir John Rest, Lord Mayor in 1516, was the next dis-



THE "WHITE HART," BISHOPSGATE STREET, IN 1810.

tinguished tenant, at whose show there appeared the grand display of "four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one ass, one dragon, six hobby-horses, and sixteen naked boys."

Then came a distinguished tenant, indeed, a man fit to stock it with wisdom for ever, and to purge it of the old stains of Richard's crimes. Between 1516 and 1523, says the Rev. Thomas Hugo, Crosby Hall was inhabited by the great Sir Thomas More, first Under Treasurer, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England. Here philosophy and piety met in quiet converse, and Erasmus compares More's house to the Academy of Plato, or rather to a "school and an exercise of the Christian religion;" all its inhabitants, male and female, applying "their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word, was heard in it; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." In 1523 Sir Thomas More sold Crosby Hall to his "dear friend" Antonio Bonvici, a merchant of Lucca, the same person to whom, twelve years after, the chancellor sent an affecting farewell letter, written in the Tower with a piece of charcoal the night before his execution. After the dissolution of the Convent of St. Helen Bonvici purchased Crosby Hall and messuages of the king for £207 18s. 4d. In 1549 Bonvici forfeited the property by illegally departing the kingdom, and Henry VIII. granted Crosby Hall to Lord Darcy. Bonvici afterwards returned and resumed possession. By him the mansion was left to Germayne Cyoll, who had married a cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham, who lived opposite Crosby House. The weekly bequest of Cycillia Cyoll, wife of this same Cyoll, is still distributed at St. Helen's Church.

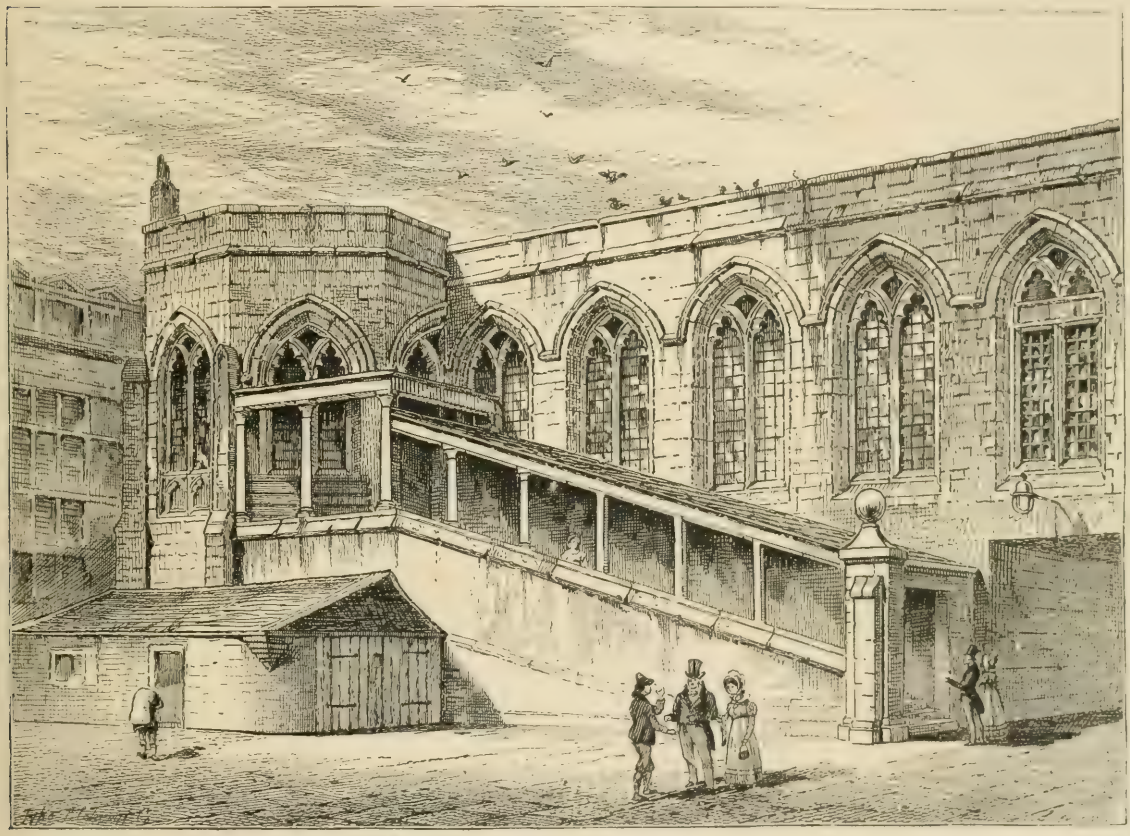
In 1566 Alderman Bond purchased the house for £1,500, and repaired and enlarged it, building, it is said, a turret on the roof. The inscription

on Bond's tomb in St. Helen's Church describes him as a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures by both sea and land. Bond entertained the Spanish ambassador at Crosby Hall, as his sons afterwards did the Danish ambassador.

From the sons of Alderman Bond, Crosby Hall was purchased, in 1594, by Sir John Spencer, for £2,560. This rich citizen kept his mayoralty here in 1594; and during his year of office a masque was performed by the gentlemen students of Gray's Inn and the Temple, in the august presence of Queen Elizabeth. Spencer built a large warehouse close to the hall. It was during this reign that Crosby House was for a time tenanted by the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother" (immortalised by Ben Jonson's epitaph); and at her table Shakespeare may have often sat as a welcome guest.

On the death of Sir John, in 1609, the house descended to his son-in-law, Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, but whether he resided there is uncertain. The earl's son Spencer was killed, fighting for King Charles, in 1642. The house afterwards became a temporary prison for "malignants," like Gresham College and Lambeth Palace.

In 1672 the great hall of the now neglected house was turned into a Presbyterian chapel. Two years later the dwelling-houses which adjoined the hall, and occupied the present site of Crosby Square, were burnt down, but the hall remained uninjured. While used as a chapel (till 1769), twelve different ministers of eminence occupied the pulpit, the first being Thomas Watson, previously rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and the author of the tract, "Heaven taken by Storm," which is said to have been the means of the sudden conversion of the celebrated Colonel Gardiner. In 1678 a sale was announced at Crosby Hall, of "tapestry, a good chariot, and a black girl of about fifteen." The Withdrawing-room and Throne-room were let as warehouses to the East India Company. It then was taken by a packer, and much mutilated; and in 1831 the premises were advertised to be let upon a building lease. It was greatly owing to the public spirit of Miss Hackett, a lady who lived near it, that this almost unique example of domestic Gothic



CROSBY HALL IN 1790.

architecture was ultimately preserved. In 1831 this lady made strenuous efforts for its conservation, and received valuable assistance from Mr. W. Williams, of Great St. Helen's, and other residents. In 1836 it was reinstated and partially restored by public subscription, after which it was re-opened by the Lord Mayor, W. T. Copeland, Esq., M.P., a banquet in the old English style being held on the occasion. From 1842 to 1860 Crosby Hall was occupied by a literary and scientific institute. It has since been converted into a restaurant.

It is conjectured that this fine old house was originally composed of two quadrangles, separated by the Great Hall, a noble room forty feet high. The oriel of the hall is one of the finest specimens remaining; the timber roof is one of the most glorious which England possesses. The Throne-room and Council-room have suffered much. A fine oriel in one of these has been removed to Buckinghamshire, and both ceilings have been carried off. No original entrance to the hall now remains, except a flat arched doorway communicating with the Council-chamber. The main entrance, Mr. Hugo thinks, was no doubt under the minstrel's gallery, at the south end. In the centre of the oriel ceiling is still to be seen, in high relief, the crest of Sir John Crosby—a ram trippant, argent, armed and hoofed, or.

CHAPTER XXI.

BISHOPSGATE (*continued*).

Old Houses and Architectural Relics—St. Botolph's Church and its Records—St. Ethelburga—Sir Thomas Gresham's House—Gresham College—Sir Kenelm Digby—The New College—Jews' Synagogue in Great St. Helen's—The Leathersellers' Hall—The "Bull" Inn—Burbage—Hobson—Milton's Epitaph—Teasel Close and the Trained Bands—Devonshire Square—Fisher's "Folly"—Houndsditch and its Inhabitants—The Old-Clothes Men—Hand Alley—Bevis Marks—The Papey—Old Broad Street—The Excise Office—Sir Astley Cooper—A Roman Pavement Discovered—St. Peter-le-Poer—Austin Friars—Winchester House—Allhallows-in-the-Wall—London Wall—Sion College.

The Ward of Bishopsgate having partially escaped the Great Fire, is still especially rich in old houses. In most cases the gable ends have been removed, and, in many, walls have been built in front of the ground floors up to the projecting storeys; but frequently the backs of the houses present their original structure. Mr. Hugo, writing in the year 1857, has described nearly all places of interest; but many of these have since been modified or pulled down. The houses Nos. 81 to 85 inclusive, in Bishopsgate Street Without, were Elizabethan. On the front of one of these the date, 1590, was formerly visible. In Artillery Lane the same antiquary found houses which, at the back, preserved their Elizabethan character. In No. 19, Widegate Street, there was a fine ceiling of the time of Charles I. The houses adjoining Sir Paul Pindar's, numbered 170 and 171, possessed ceilings of a noble character, and had probably formed part of Sir Paul Pindar's. The lodge in Half-moon Street, now destroyed, had a most noble chimney-piece, probably executed by Inigo Jones, besides wainscoted walls and rich ceilings. No. 26, Bishopsgate Street Without possessed two splendid back rooms, with decorations in the style of Louis XIV., full of flowing lines. In Still Alley, in 1857, there were several Elizabethan houses, since modernised. White Hart Court (though the old inn was gone before) boasted a row of four houses, of beautiful design, in the Inigo Jones manner.

In the house No. 18, at the corner of Devonshire Street, Mr. Hugo discovered, as he imagined, a portion of the Earl of Devonshire's house, or that of Lord John Powlet. It was of the Elizabethan age, and one room contained a rich cornice of masks, fruit, and leaves, connected by ribands. In another there were, over the fireplace, the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Shakespeare's friend. At the corner of Houndsditch, No. 8, Bishopsgate Street Without, there was an Elizabethan house, and at the opposite corner, No. 7, was a house with fine staircases, and walls and ceilings profusely decorated *à la* Louis Quatorze. Just beyond, a tablet, surmounted with the figure of a mitre inserted in the wall, a little north of Camomile Street, marks the site of the old Bishops' Gate.

At 66, Bishopsgate Street Within, there was a finely-groined undercroft, of the fourteenth century. At the end of Pea Hen Court, Mr. Hugo, in his antiquarian tour of 1857, records a doorway of James I. In Great St. Helen's Place, the same antiquary found, at No. 2, a good doorway and staircase of Charles I.; and at Nos. 3 and 4, some Elizabethan relics. Nos. 8 and 9 he pronounced to be modern subdivisions of a superb house. On the front was the date, 1646. It was of brick, ornamented with pilasters, and contained a matchless staircase and a fine chimney-piece. Nos. 11 and 12, Great St. Helen's, Mr. Hugo noted as a red brick house, with pilasters of the same material. The simple but artistic doorways he had little

hesitation in attributing to Inigo Jones: he supposed them to have been erected about 1633, the year Inigo designed the south entrance of St. Helen's Church.

At No. 3, Crosby Square, Mr. Hugo found a fine doorway (*temp.* Charles II.), in the style of Wren. This square was built in 1677, on the site of part of Crosby Hall. At Crosby Hall Chambers, No. 25, Bishopsgate Street Within, the street front had lost all ancient peculiarities, except two beautiful festoons of flowers inserted between the windows of the first and second floors.



STREET FRONT OF CROSBY HALL.

The church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, stands on the banks of the City Ditch, and was rebuilt in 1725–28 by James Gold, an architect otherwise unknown. It contains a monument to the good and illustrious Sir Paul Pindar. The inscription describes him as nine years resident in Turkey, faithful in negotiations foreign and domestic, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence; an inhabitant twenty-six years, and a bountiful benefactor to the parish, Sir Paul having left great bequests to London hospitals and other institutions. There is also a tomb, date 1626, of a Persian ambassador. His friends came every day for weeks to his grave, to perform their devotions, till disturbed by the mob. The churchyard of St. Botolph's is adorned with a pretty little fountain.

The registers of the church (says Cunningham) record the baptism of Edward Alleyn, the player (born 1566); the marriage, in 1609, of Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll, to Ann Cornwallis, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis; and the burials of the following persons of distinction:—1570, Sept. 13, Edward Allein, poete to the Queene; 1623, Feb. 17, Stephen Gosson, rector of this church, and author of "The School of Abuse; containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth," 4to, 1579; 1628, June 21, William, Earl of Devonshire (from whom Devonshire Square, adjoining, derives its name); 1691, John Riley, the painter.

St. Ethelburga, a church a little beyond St. Helen's, half hidden with shops, escaped the Great Fire, and still retains some Early English masonry. It was named from the daughter of King Ethelbert, and is mentioned as early as the year 1366; the advowson was vested in the prioress and nuns of St. Helen's, and so continued till the dissolution. One of Dryden's rivals, Luke Milbourne, was minister of this church. Pope calls him "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own translation of Virgil to be compared with that which he condemned.

The General Post Office, at first fixed at Sherborne Lane, was next removed to Cloak Lane, Dowgate, and then, till the Great Fire, to the Black Swan, Bishopsgate Street.

One of the glories of old Bishopsgate was the mansion built there by Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1563. It consisted (says Mr. Burgon, his best biographer) of a square court, surrounded by a covered piazza, and had spacious offices adjoining. It was girdled by pleasant gardens, and extended from Bishopsgate Street, on the one side, to Broad Street on the other. The first plan of the college which afterwards occupied this house was to have seven professors, who should lecture once a week in succession on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, medicine, and rhetoric. Their salaries, defrayed by the profits of the Royal Exchange, were to be £50 per annum, a sum equal to £400 or £500 at the present day. To the library of this college the Duke of Norfolk, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, presented two thousand volumes from his family library. From the meetings of scientific men at these lectures the Royal

Society originated, and was incorporated in 1663 by Charles II. The society afterwards removed to Arundel House, in the Strand. The Gresham College Lectures were commenced in 1597, the year after Lady Gresham's death, when the house became free. They were read in term-time, every day but Sunday, in Latin, at nine a.m., and in English at two p.m.

Aubrey mentions that that strange being, Sir Kenelm Digby, admiral, philosopher, and doctor, after the death of his beautiful wife, retired into Gresham College for two or three years, to avoid envy and scandal. He diverted himself with his chemistry, and the professors' learned talk. He wore, says the gossip, a long morning cloak, a high-crowned hat, and he kept his beard unshorn, and looked like a hermit, as signs of sorrow for his beloved wife, whom he was supposed to have poisoned by accident, by giving her vipers' flesh in broth, to heighten her beauty. In Johnson's time the attendance at the lectures had dwindled to nothing, and we find the terrible doctor telling Boswell, that ready listener, that if the professors had been allowed to take only sixpence a lecture from each scholar, they would have been "emulous to have had many scholars." Gresham College was taken down in 1768, the ground on which it stood made over to the Crown for a perpetual rent of £500 per annum, the lectures being read in a room above the Royal Exchange. A new college was subsequently erected in Gresham Street, and the first lecture read in it November 2, 1843. The music and other practical lectures are still well attended, but the Latin lectures are often adjourned, from there being no audience.

The new college, at the corner of Basinghall Street, is a handsome stone edifice, designed by George Smith. It is in the enriched Roman style, and has a Corinthian entrance portico. Over the entrance are the arms of Gresham, the City of London, and the Mercers' Company, in the last of which a demi-virgin, with dishevelled hair, is modestly conspicuous. The interior contains a large library and professors' rooms, and on the first floor a theatre, to hold 500 persons. The building cost upwards of £7,000. The professors' salaries have been raised, to compensate them for their rooms in the old college. In Vertue's print, in Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors," 1740, Dr. Woodward and Dr. Mead, Gresham professors, are represented as drawing swords. This refers to an actual quarrel between the two men, when Mead obtained the advantage, and commanded Woodward to beg his life. "No, doctor," said the vanquished man, "that I will not, till I am your patient." But he nevertheless at last wisely yielded, and Vertue has represented him tendering his sword to his conqueror.

One of the largest of the Jews' synagogues in London was built by Davies, in 1838, in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. It is in rich Italian style, with an open loggia of three arches, resting upon Tuscan columns. The sides have Doric piers, and Corinthian columns above, behind which are the ladies' galleries, in the Oriental manner of the Jews, fronted with rich brass-work. There are no pews. The centre floor has a platform, and seats for the principal officers, with four large brass-gilt candelabra. At the south end is "the ark," a lofty semicircular-domed recess, consisting of Italian-Doric pilasters, with *verde antico* and porphyry shafts, and gilt capitals; and Corinthian columns with sienna shafts, and capitals and entablature in white and gold. In the upper storey the inter-columns are filled with three arched windows of stained glass, arabesque pattern, by Nixon, the centre one having "Jehovah," in Hebrew, and the tables of the Law. The semi-dome is decorated with gilded rosettes on an azure ground; there are rich festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals of the Corinthian columns, and ornaments on the frieze above, on which is inscribed in Hebrew, "Know in whose presence thou standest." The centre of the lower part is fitted up with recesses for books of the Law, enclosed with polished mahogany doors, and partly concealed by a rich velvet curtain, fringed with gold; there are massive gilt candelabra, and the pavement and steps to the ark are of fine veined Italian marble, partly carpeted. Externally, the ark is flanked with an arched panel, that on the east containing a prayer for the Queen and Royal Family in Hebrew, and the other a similar one in English. Above the ark is a rich fan-painted window, and a corresponding one, though less brilliant, at the north end. The ceiling, which is flat, is decorated with thirty coffers, each containing a large flower aperture, for ventilation. This synagogue appears to have been removed from Leadenhall Street.

Leathersellers' Hall, at the east end of St. Helen's Place, was rebuilt about 1815, on the site of the old hall, which had formed part of the house of the Black Nuns of St. Helen's, taken down in 1799. The original site had been purchased by the Company soon after the surrender of the priory to Henry VIII. The old hall contained a curiously-carved Elizabethan screen, and an enriched ceiling, with pendants. Beneath the present hall runs the crypt of the Priory of St. Helen's, which we have already described. In the yard belonging to the hall is a curious pump, with a mermaid pressing

her breasts, out of which, on festive occasions, wine used formerly to run. It was made by Caius Gabriel Cibber, in 1679, as payment to the Company of his livery fine of £25. The Leathersellers were incorporated by the 21st of Richard II., and by a grant of Henry VII. the wardens were empowered to inspect sheep, lamb, and calf leather throughout the kingdom.

It was at the "Bull" Inn, Bishopsgate Street, that Shakespeare's friend, Burbage, and his fellows, obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for erecting a permanent building for theatrical entertainments. Tarlton, the comedian, often played here. The old inns of London were the first theatres, as we have before shown. Anthony Bacon (the brother of the great Francis), resided in a house in Bishopsgate Street, not far from the "Bull" Inn, to the great concern of his watchful mother, who not only dreaded that the plays and interludes acted at the "Bull" might corrupt his servants, but also objected on her own son's account to the parish, as being without a godly clergyman. The "Four Swans," just pulled down, was another fine old Bishopsgate inn, with galleries complete. It was at the "Bull" that Hobson, the old Cambridge carrier eulogised by Milton, put up. The *Spectator* says that there was a fresco figure of him on the inn walls, with a hundred-pound bag under his arm, with this inscription on the said bag—

"The fruitful mother of an hundred more."

Milton's lines on this sturdy old driver are full of kindly regret, and are worth remembering—

"*On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of the Vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.*

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time these ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the 'Bull;'
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light;
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.'"

The original portrait and parchment certificate of Mr. Van Harn, a frequenter of the house, were long preserved at the "Bull" Inn. This worthy is said to have drank 35,680 bottles of wine in this hostelry. In 1649 five Puritan troopers were sentenced to death for a mutiny at the "Bull."

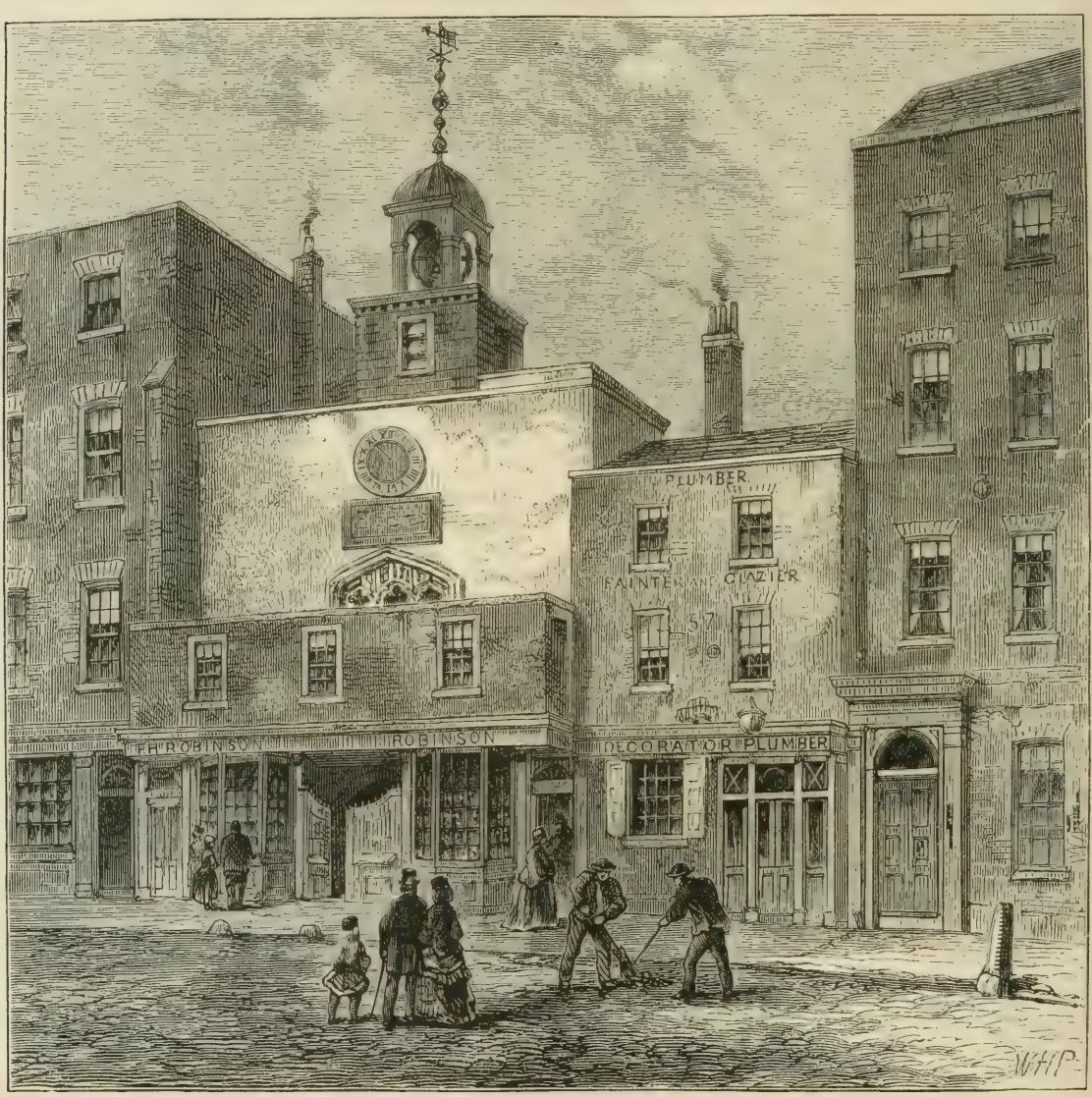
The first Bethlehem Hospital was originally a priory of canons, with brothers and sisters, formed in 1246, in Bishopsgate Without, by Simon Fitz Mary, a London sheriff. Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave it to the City of London, who turned it into an hospital for the insane. Stow speaks vaguely of an insane hospital near Charing Cross, removed by a king of England, who objected to mad people near his palace. The hospital was removed from Bishopsgate to Moorfields, in 1675, at a cost of "nigh £17,000."

The first Artillery Ground was in Teasel Close, now Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate Street Without. Stow describes Teasel Close as a place where teasels (the *tæsal* of the Anglo-Saxons, *Dipsacus fullonum*, or fullers' teasel of naturalists) were planted for the clothworkers, afterwards let to the cross-bow makers, to shoot matches at the popinjay. It was in his day closed in with a brick wall, and used as an artillery yard; and there the Tower gunners came every Thursday, to practise their exercise, firing their "brass pieces of great artillery" at earthen butts. The Trained Bands removed to Finsbury in 1622.

Teasel Close was the practice-ground of the old City Trained Band, established in 1585, during the alarm of the expected Spanish Armada. "Certain gallant, active, and forward citizens," says Stow, "voluntarily exercising themselves for the ready use of war, so as within two years there was almost 300 merchants, and others of like quality, very sufficient and skilful to train and teach the common soldiers." The alarm subsiding, the City volunteers again gave way to the grave gunners of the Tower, warriors as guiltless of blood as themselves. In 1610, martial ardour again rising, a new company was formed, and weekly drill practised with renewed energy. Many country gentlemen from the shires used to attend the drills, to learn how to command the country Trained Bands. In the Civil Wars, especially at the battle of Newbury, these London Trained Bands fought with firmness and courage. Lord Clarendon is even proud to confess this. "The London Trained Bands," he says, "and auxiliary regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden, men had till then too cheap in estimation) behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to

charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected."

Lord High Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, took it. The Queen lodged here during one of her visits to the City, and here probably the Earl presented his royal mistress with the first pair of perfumed gloves brought to England. The mansion afterwards fell to the noble family of Cavendish,



ST. ETHELBURGA'S CHURCH.

Devonshire Square, a humble place now, was originally the site of a large house with pleasure-gardens, bowling-greens, &c., built and laid out by Jasper Fisher, one of the six clerks in Chancery, a Justice of the Peace, and a freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company. The house being considered far too splendid for a mere clerk in Chancery, much in debt, was nicknamed "Fisher's Folly. After Fisher's downfall, Edward, Earl of Oxford.

William Cavendish, the second Earl of Devonshire, dying in it about the year 1628. The family of Cavendish appear to have been old Bishopsgate residents, as Thomas Cavendish, Treasurer of the Exchequer to Henry VIII., buried his lady in St. Botolph's Church, and by will bequeathed a legacy for the repair of the building. The Earls of Devonshire held the house from 1620 to 1670, but during the Civil Wars, when the sour-faced preachers

were all-powerful, the earl's City mansion became a conventicle, and resounded with the unctuous groans of the crop-eared listeners. Butler, in his "Hudibras," says the Rump Parliament resembled

"No part of the nation
But Fisher's Folly congregation."

About the close of the seventeenth century, when the Penny Post was started, one of the inventors, Mr. Robert Murray, clerk to the Commissioners of the Grand Excise of England, set up a Bank of Credit at Devonshire House, where men depositing their goods and merchandise were furnished with bills of current credit at two-thirds or three-fourths of the value of the said goods.



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET.

Hatton, in 1708, calls the square "a pretty though very small square, inhabited by gentry and other merchants;" and Strype describes it as "an airy and creditable place, where the Countess of Devonshire, in my memory, dwelt in great repute for her hospitality."

Houndsditch, which may be called an indirect tributary of Bishopsgate, though not a dignified place, has a legend of its own. Richard of Cirencester says that here the body of Edric, the murderer of his sovereign Edmund Ironside, was contemptuously thrown by Canute, whom he had raised to the throne. When Edric, flushed with his guilty success, came to claim of Canute the promised reward of his crime—the highest situation in London—the Danish king cried, "I like the treason, but detest the traitor. Behead this fellow, and as he claims the promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower." Edric was then drawn by his heels from Baynard's Castle, tormented to death by burning torches, his head placed on the turret, and his scorched body thrown into Houndsditch.

Stow speaks of the old City ditch as a filthy place, full of dead dogs, but before his time covered over and enclosed by a mud wall. On the side of the ditch over against this mud wall was a field at one time belonging to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, which being given, at the dissolution, to Sir Thomas Audly, was handed over by him to Magdalen College, Cambridge, of which he was the founder.

Brokers and sellers of disconsolate cast-off apparel took kindly to this place immediately after the Reformation, settling in this field of the priory; while the old dramatists frequently allude to the Jew brokers and usurers of this district, of the "melancholy" of which Shakespeare has spoken. "Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?" says Well-bred in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour;* to which Brainworm answers, "Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker." And Beaumont and Fletcher call the place contemptuously Dogsditch:—

"More knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery than Dogsditch."

In the reign of Henry VIII. three brothers named Owens set up in this field a foundry for brass ordnance, and the rest of the place was turned into garden ground. At the end of the reign of Edward VI. pleasant houses for respectable citizens began to be erected.

"This field," says Stow, "as all others about the City, was enclosed, reserving open passage thereinto for such as were disposed. Towards the street were some small cottages of two storeys high, and little garden plots, backward, for poor bedrid people (for in that street dwelt none other), builded by some Prior of the Holy Trinity, to whom that ground belonged.

"In my youth I remember devout people, as well men as women of this City, were accustomed oftentimes, especially on Fridays weekly, to walk that way purposely, and there to bestow their charitable alms, every poor man or woman laying in their bed within their window, which was towards the street, open so low that every man might see them; a clean linen cloth lying in their window, and a pair of beads, to show that there lay a bedrid body, unable but to pray only. This street was first paved in the year 1503."

The favourite localities of the Jew old-clothesmen were Cobb's Yard, Roper's Buildings, and Wentworth Street.

"The Jew old-clothesmen," says Mr. Mayhew, "are generally far more cleanly in their habits than the poorer classes of English people. Their hands they always wash before their meals, and this is done whether the party be a strict Jew or 'Meshumet,' a convert or apostate from Judaism. Neither will the Israelite ever use the same knife to cut his meat that he previously used to spread his butter, and he will not even put his meat upon a plate that has had butter on it; nor will he use for his soup the spoon that has had melted butter in it. This objection to mix butter with meat is carried so far, that, after partaking of the one, Jews will not eat of the other for two hours. The Jews are, generally, when married, most exemplary family men. There are few fonder fathers than they are, and they will starve themselves sooner than their wives or children should want. Whatever their faults may be, they are good fathers, husbands, and sons. Their principal characteristic is their extreme love of money; and, though the strict Jew does not trade himself on the Sabbath, he may not object to employ either one of his tribe, or a Gentile to do so for him.

"The capital required for commencing in the old clothes line is generally about £1. This the Jew frequently borrows, especially after holiday time, for then he has generally spent all his earnings, unless he be a provident man. When his stock-money is exhausted, he goes either to a neighbour or to a publican in the vicinity, and borrows £1 on the Monday morning, 'to strike a light with,' as he calls it, and agrees to return it on the Friday evening, with a shilling interest for the loan. This he always pays back. If he were to sell the coat off his back he would do this, I am told, because to fail in so doing would be to prevent his obtaining any stock-money in the future. With this capital he starts on his rounds about eight in the morning, and I am assured he will frequently begin his work without tasting food rather than break into the borrowed stock-money. Each man has his particular walk, and never interferes with that of his neighbour; indeed, while upon another's beat, he will seldom cry for clothes. Sometimes they go half 'rybeck' together—that is, they will share the profits of the day's business; and when they agree to do this, the one will take one street, and the other another. The lower the neighbourhood the more old clothes are there for sale. At the East-end of the town they like the neighbourhoods frequented by sailors; and there they purchase of the girls and the women the sailors' jackets and trousers. But they buy most of the Petticoat Lane, the Old Clothes Exchange, and the marine-store dealers; for, as the Jew clothes-man never travels the streets by night-time, the parties who then have old clothes to dispose of usually sell them to the marine-store or second-hand dealers over-night, and the Jew buys them in the morning. The first that he does on his rounds is to seek out these shops, and see what he can pick up there. A very great amount of business is done by the Jew clothes-man at the marine-store shops at the West as well as at the East-end of London."

Within a short distance of Houndsditch stood Hand Alley, built on the site of one of the receptacles for the dead during the raging of the great Plague in 1665. "The upper end of Hand Alley, in Bishopsgate Street," writes Defoe, "which was then a green, and was taken in particularly for Bishopsgate parish, though many of the carts out of the City brought their dead thither also, particularly out of the parish of St. Allhallows-in-the-Wall: this place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, as I remember, about two or three years after the Plague was ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground. It was reported, how true I know not, that it fell to the king for want of heirs, all those

who had any right to it being carried off by the pestilence, and that Sir Robert Clayton obtained a grant of it from Charles II. But however he came by it, certain it is the ground was let out to be built upon, or built upon by his order. The first house built upon it was a large fair house, still standing, which faces the street or way now called Hand Alley, which, though called an alley, is as wide as a street. The houses, in the same row with that house northward, are built on the very same ground where the poor people were buried, and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up; some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that the people began to exclaim loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion. After which the bones and bodies, as they came at them, were carried to another part of the same ground, and thrown all together into a deep pit dug on purpose, which now is to be known in that it is not built on, but is a passage to another house at the upper end of Rose Alley, just against the door of a meeting-house. . . . There lie the bones and remains of near 2,000 bodies, carried by the dead-carts to their graves in that one year."

A turning from Houndsditch, of unsavoury memory, leads to Bevis Marks. Here formerly stood the City mansion and gardens of the abbots of Bury. The corruption of Bury's Marks to Bevis Marks is undoubted, though not obvious. Stow describes it as "one great house, large of rooms, fair courts, and garden plots," some time pertaining to the Bassets, and afterwards to the abbots of Bury. Bury Street, where the old house stood, was remarkable for a synagogue of Portuguese Jews, and a Dissenting chapel, where the good Dr. Watts was for many years pastor.

Towards Camomile Street, close to London Wall, stood the Papey, a religious house belonging to a brotherhood of St. John and St. Charity (our readers will remember Shakespeare talks of "By Gis and by St. Charity"), founded in 1430, by three charity priests. The members were professional mourners, and are often so represented on monuments. The original band consisted of a master, two wardens, chaplains, chantry priests, conducts, and other brothers and sisters. Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's astute and wily secretary, afterwards inhabited the house.

Old Broad Street, as late as the reign of Charles I., was (says Cunningham) one of the most fashionable streets in London. In Elizabeth's reign, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, lived here, and, in Charles's time, Lords Weston and Dover. Here at the same time was a glass-house, where Venice glasses (then so prized) were made by Venetian workmen. Mr. James Howell, author of the "Familiar Letters" which bear his name, was (says Strype) steward to this house. When Howell, unable to bear the heat of the place, gave up his stewardship, he said, if he had stayed much longer, he should in a short time have melted to nothing among these hot Venetians. The place afterwards became Pinners' Hall, and then a Dissenting chapel. The Pinners, or Pinmakers, were incorporated by Charles I. In February, 1659–60 Monk drew up his forces in Finsbury, dined with the Lord Mayor, had conference with him and the Court of Aldermen, retired to the "Bull's Head," in Cheapside, and quartered at the glass-house, in Broad Street, multitudes of people following him, and congratulating him on his coming into the City, amid shouting, clashing bells, and lighted bonfires.

In Old Broad Street the elder Dance built the Excise Office in 1768, which was removed in 1848 to Somerset House. This Government Office originally stood on the west side of Ironmonger Lane, where was formerly the mansion of Sir J. Frederick. For £500 a year the trustees of the Gresham estates annihilated Gresham College. Dance's building, of stone and brick, was much praised for its simple grandeur. Charles I. seems to have intended to levy excise duties as early as 1626, but the Parliament stopped him. The Parliament, however, to maintain their forces, were compelled to found an Excise Office, in 1643, and ale, beer, cider, and perry were the first articles taxed, together with wine, silks, fur, hats, and lace. There were riots in London about the new system, and the mob burnt down the Excise House in Smithfield. The Excise revenue at first amounted to £1,334,532. The first act after the Restoration was to abolish excise on all articles except ale, &c., which produced an annual revenue of £666,383. The duties on glass and malt were first imposed in William's reign, and the salt duty was then re-imposed. Queen Anne's expensive wars led to duties on paper and soap; and her revenue from excise amounted to £1,738,000 a year. In the reign of George I. the produce of the Excise averaged £2,340,000. Sir Robert Walpole did all he could to extend the Excise, while Pitt carried out all Walpole had attempted. In 1793, no fewer than twenty-nine articles were subject to the Excise laws, and the gross revenue from them amounted to ten millions and a half. In 1797, the number of officers employed in England was 4,777. In

the first twenty years after the peace, the reduction of duties led to the dismissal of 847 Excise officers.

One of the most distinguished inhabitants of Broad Street, many years ago, was the great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper. "He was then," says "Aleph," "attached to Guy's Hospital, having a large class of pupils, and a numerous morning levee of City patients. His house was a capacious corner tenement in Broad Street, on the right-hand side of the wide-paved court leading by St. Botolph's Church into Bishopsgate Street. When patients applied they were ushered into a large front room, which would comfortably receive from forty to fifty persons. It was plainly furnished; the floor covered with a Turkey carpet, a goodly muster of lumbering mahogany horse-hair seated chairs, a long table in the centre, with a sprinkling of tattered books and stale periodicals, 'Asperne's Magazine,' and the 'British Critic,' and a dingy, damaged pier-glass over the chimney. Sir Astley Cooper's earnings during the first nine years of his practice progressed thus—First year, 5 guineas; second, £26; third, £64; fourth, £96; fifth, £100; sixth, £200; seventh, £400; eighth, £600; ninth, £1,100. But the time was coming when patients were to stand for hours in his ante-rooms waiting for an interview, and were often dismissed without being admitted to the consulting-room. His man Charles, with infinite dignity, used to say to the disappointed applicants when they reappeared next morning, 'I am not at all sure that we shall be able to attend to you, for we are excessively busy, and our list is full for the day; but if you'll wait, I'll see what can be done for you.'"

The largest sum Sir Astley ever received in one year was £21,000, but for a series of years his income was more than £15,000 per annum. As long as he lived in the City his gains were enormous, though they varied, the state of the money market having a curious effect on his fees. Most of his City patients paid their fee with a cheque, and seldom wrote for less than £5 5s. Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long period paid him £600 a year. A City man, who consulted him in Broad Street, and departed without giving any fee, soon after sent a cheque for £63 10s. A West Indian millionaire gave Sir Astley his largest fee. He had undergone successfully a painful operation, and paid his physicians, Lettsom and Nelson, with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in bed, and addressing Cooper, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that!" It was his nightcap, which he flung at the surprised surgeon. "Sir," answered Cooper, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas. When Sir Astley left Broad Street he established himself in Spring Gardens, and there, too, his practice was very considerable, but neither so extensive nor lucrative as that he enjoyed in the City. He died in 1841.

In 1854, on taking down the Excise Office, at about fifteen feet lower than the foundation of Gresham House, was found a pavement twenty-eight feet square. It is a geometrical pattern of broad blue lines, forming intersections of octagon and lozenge compartments. The octagon figures are bordered with a cable pattern, shaded with grey, and interlaced with a square border, shaded with red and yellow. In the centres, within a ring, are expanded flowers, shaded in red, yellow, and grey; the double row of leaves radiating from a figure called a truelove-knot, alternately with a figure something like the tiger-lily. Between the octagon figures are square compartments bearing various devices; in the centre of the pavement is Ariadne, or a Bacchante, reclining on the back of a panther; but only the fore-paws, one of the hind-paws, and the tail remain. Over the head of the figure floats a light drapery forming an arch. Another square contains a two-handled vase. In the demi-octagons, at the sides of the pattern, are lunettes; one contains a fan ornament, another a bowl crowned with flowers. The lozenge intersections are variously embellished with leaves, shells, truelove-knots, chequers, and an ornament shaped like a dice-box. At the corners of the pattern are truelove-knots. Surrounding this pattern, in a broad cable-like border, are broad bands of blue and white alternately.

The church of St. Peter le Poor, Old Broad Street, stands near the site of old Paulet House. Stow thinks this may once have been a poor parish, and so gives its name to the saint, "though at this present time there be many fair houses possessed by rich merchants and others." The church being in a ruinous condition, was pulled down in 1788, rebuilt by Jesse Gibson, and consecrated by Bishop Porteus in 1792.

Old Broad Street leads us into the interesting region of Austin Friars, a district rich in antiquities. Here once stood a priory of begging friars, founded, in 1243, by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and dedicated to St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa. The church was ornamented "with a fine spired steeple, small, high, and straight," which Stow admired. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. granted the friars' house and grounds to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester, Comptroller

of the Household, and Lord High Treasurer, who made the place his town residence. The church was reserved, and given by Edward VI., to the Dutchmen of London, to have their services in, "for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like." The decorated windows of the church are still preserved, but the spire and the splendid tombs mentioned by Stow are gone.

"Here," says Mr. Jesse, "lies the pious founder of the priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward I., and who afterwards fought against Henry III., with the leagued barons, at the battle of Evesham. Here were interred the remains of the great Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the most powerful subject in Europe during the reigns of King John and Henry III., and no less celebrated for his chequered and romantic fortunes. Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, 'the Fair Maid of Kent,' and half-brother to Richard II. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Fitzallan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed in Cheapside in 1397. Here also rest the mangled remains of the barons who fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and, lastly, of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham—'poor Edward Bohun'—who, having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521."

The Rev. Mr. Hugo says that the old conventual church of Austin Friars had all the magnificence of a cathedral; it consisted of the present nave, 153 feet in length, 183 broad, with ample transepts and choir. There are visible thirty-six monumental slabs; seventeen with one or more small figures, and sixteen with one or more shields and small inscriptions at the foot. These slabs have been used as paving stones; some years ago many more were visible, but they are now concealed by the flooring.

In Austin Friars (1735) Richard Gough the antiquary was born, and here, at No. 18, lived James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." A second James Smith coming to the place, after he had been many years a resident here, produced so much confusion to both, that the last comer waited on the author and suggested, to prevent future inconvenience, that one or other had better leave, hinting, at the same time, that he should like to stay. "No," said the wit, "I am James the First, you are James the Second; you must abdicate."

Lord Winchester died in 1571, and his son, having sold the monuments at Austin Friars for £100, took the lead off the roof, and made stabling of the church ground. In 1602 a fourth marquis was so poor as to be compelled to part with Austin Friars to John Swinnerton, a London merchant, afterwards Lord Mayor. Fulke Greville (Sir Philip Sidney's friend), who lived in Austin Friars, wrote in alarm at this change to the Countess of Shrewsbury, one of his neighbours. Lady Warwick seems to have been another tenant of the Friary.

In Winchester Street, adjoining Austin Friars, stood Winchester House, built by the first Marquis of Winchester, who also founded Basing House. This nobleman died in 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, having lived under nine sovereigns, and having 103 persons immediately descended from him. When this marquis was asked how he had retained royal favour and power under so many conflicting sovereigns, he replied, "By being a willow, and not an oak." Mr. Jesse visited the house before its demolition, in 1839, and found the old Paulet motto, "Aimez Loyaulte," on many of the stained-glass windows. This was the motto that the Marquis of Winchester, during the gallant defence of Basing House, engraved with a diamond on every window of his mansion. It was in apartments of this house in Austin Friars that Anne Clifford, daughter of the Countess of Cumberland, was married to her first husband, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, on the 25th of February, 1608–9. It was this proud lady (already mentioned by us) who returned the defiant answer to the election agents of Charles II., "Your man shall not stand."

In 1621, the Earl of Strafford (a victim of the sham Popish plot), when representing York, took up his residence in Austin Friars, with his young children and the fair wife whom he lost in the following year, and whom he alluded to in his trial as "a saint in heaven." In Austin Friars died, in 1776, James Heywood, who had been one of the popular writers in the *Spectator*. He is said to have been originally a wholesale linendraper in Fish Street Hill.

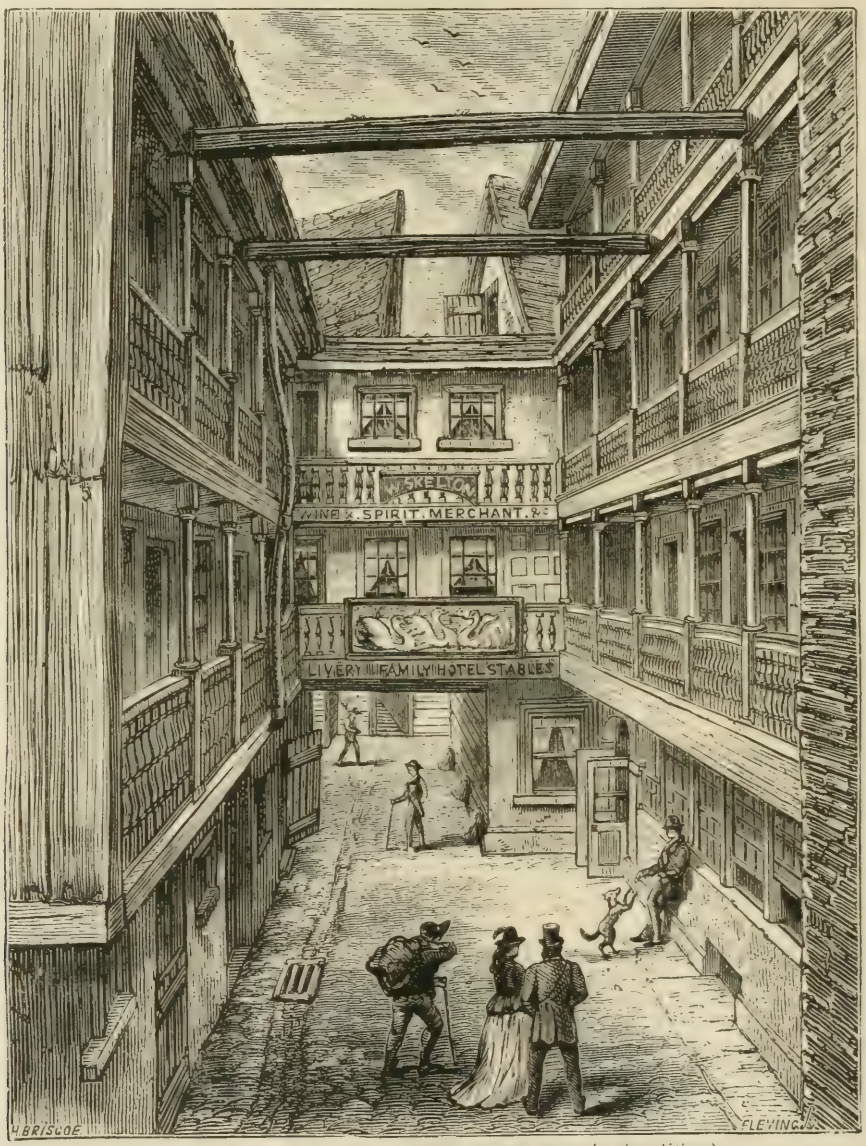
Nearly at the end of Little Winchester Street is the Church of Allhallows-in-the-Wall. It escaped the Great Fire, but, becoming ruinous, was taken down in 1764, and the present church built by the younger Dance. In the chancel is a tablet to the Rev. W. Beloe, the well-known translator of Herodotus, who died in 1817, after having held the rectory of the parish for twenty years. The altar-piece, a copy of Pietro di Cortona's "Ananias restoring Paul to Sight," was the gift of Sir N. Dance. The parish books, commencing 1455,

record the benefactions of an anchorite who lived near the church.

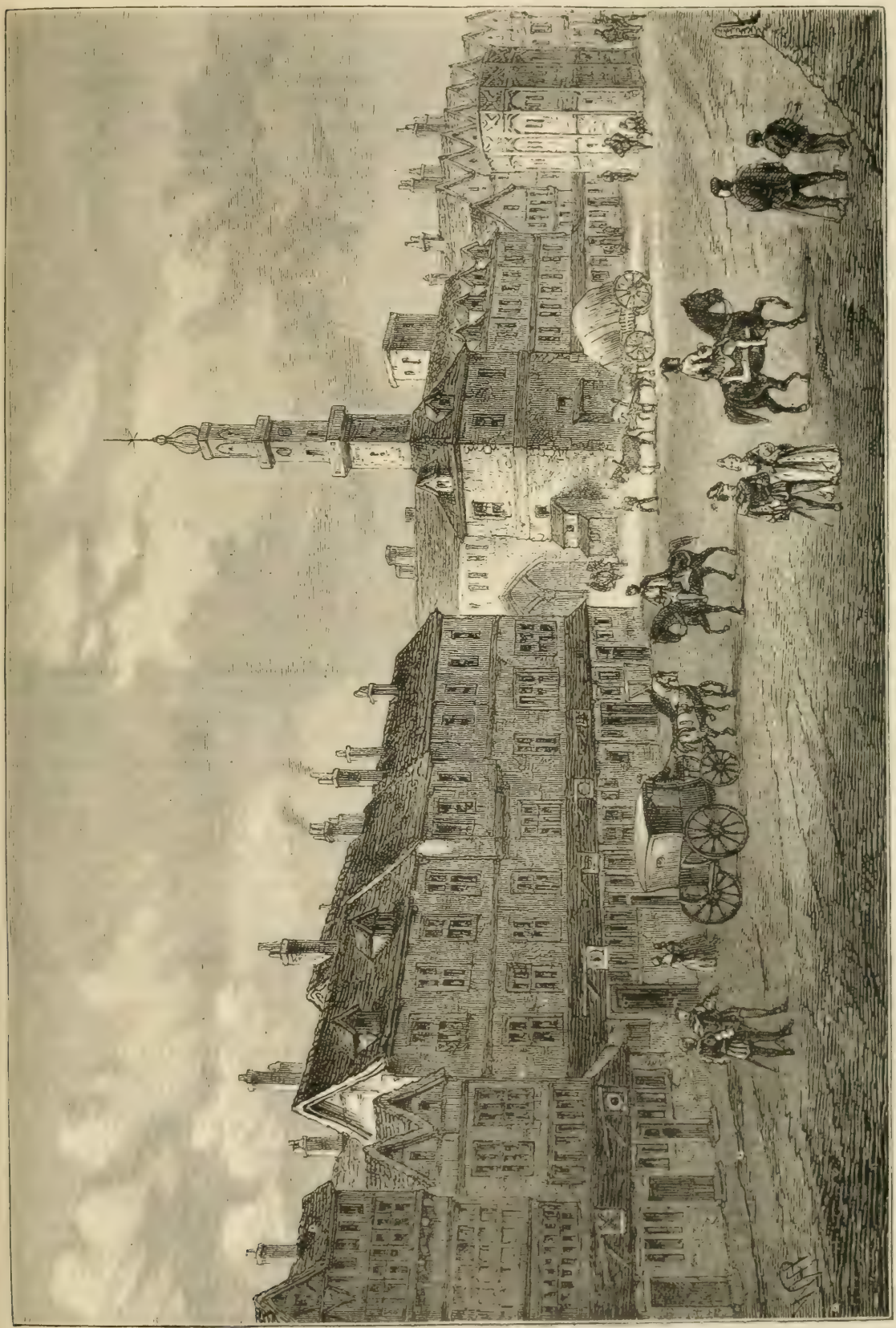
London Wall, an adjoining street, is interesting, as indicating the site of that portion of the old City wall that divided the City Liberty from the Manor of Finsbury. The old Bethlehem Hospital, taken down in 1814, was built against the portion of the wall then removed. Hughson says the Roman work was found uncommonly thick, the bricks being double the size of those now used, and the centre filled in with large loose stones. The level of the street has been raised two feet within the last fifty years. The old Roman wall, it will be remembered, ran from the Tower through the Minories to Aldgate, Houndsditch, Bishopsgate, along London Wall, to Fore Street; through Cripplegate and Castle Street to Aldersgate; and through Christ's Hospital, by Newgate and Ludgate, to the Thames.

In this street stands Sion College, built on the site of the Priory of Elsing Spital. Elsing was a London mercer, who, about 1329, founded an hospital for one hundred blind men on the site of a decayed nunnery. The house was subsequently turned into a priory, consisting of four canons regular, to minister to the blind, Elsing himself being the first prior.

The ground so long consecrated to charity was purchased, in pursuance of the will of Dr. Thomas



THE FOUR SWANS' INN. (*Taken shortly before its demolition.*)



CORNHILL IN 1630. (*From a View published by Boydell.*)

White, vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and in 1623 a college was erected, governed by a president, two deans, and four assistants. Dr. John Simson, rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and one of Dr. White's executors, founded a library. It contains the Jesuit books seized in 1679, and half the library of Sir Robert Cooke, the gift of George Lord Berkeley, in the reign of Charles II., but a third of the books were destroyed in the Great Fire. By the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, the library received a gratuitous copy of every work published, till 1836, when the college received instead a Treasury grant of £363 a year. The library contains more than 50,000 volumes, and is open to the public by an order from one of the Fellows. The College contains a curious old picture of the "Decollation of St. John the Baptist," with an inscription in Saxon characters, supposed to have come from Elsing's old priory. There is also a good portrait for costume of "Mrs. James in her Sunday Dress." Her husband, a printer (*temp.* William and Mary), was a donor to the library.

Defoe, in his "Journey through England," 1722, speaks of Sion College as designed for the use of the clergy in and round London, where expectants could lodge till they were provided with houses in their own parishes. There was also a hospital for ten poor men and ten poor women.

CHAPTER XXII.

CORNHILL, GRACECHURCH STREET, AND FENCHURCH STREET.

Mediæval Cornhill—The Standard—St. Michael's, Cornhill—St. Peter's—The First London Printsellers—A Comedian's Tragedy—Dreadful Fire in Cornhill—The First Coffee-house in London—"Garraway's"—Birchin Lane—St. Bennet Gracechurch—George Fox—Fenchurch Street—Denmark House—St. Dionis Backchurch—The Church of St. Margaret Pattens—Billiter Street—Ironmongers' Hall—Mincing Lane—The Clothworkers' Company—The Mark Lane Corn Exchange—The Corn Ports of London—Statistics and Curiosities of the Corn Trade—An Old Relic.

WHAT we have already written of the discovery of Roman antiquities on the site of the Royal Exchange will serve to show how completely Cornhill traverses the centre of Roman London.

A corn-market, says Stow, was, "time out of mind, there holden." Drapers were the earliest inhabitants. Lydgate speaks of it as a place where old clothes were bought, and sometimes stolen—

> "Then into Corn Hyl anon I yode,
> Where was mutch stolen gere amonge;
> I saw where honge myne owne hoode,
> That I had lost amonge the thronge;
> To buy my own hood I thought it wronge,
> I knew it well as I dyd my crede,
> But for lack of money I could not spede."

The two great ornaments of mediæval Cornhill were the Tun, a round house, or temporary prison, and the Standard, a water conduit, and point of measurement.

The Tun, says Stow, was built in the year 1282, by Henry Wallis, Mayor of London, as a prison for night offenders. For breaking open the prison and releasing prisoners, certain citizens, in the reign of Edward I., were fined 20,000 marks. Abandoned priests were sometimes locked up here. In 1401 the Tun was turned into a conduit, and a cage, stocks, and pillory added, for scolds and cheating bakers. Rascals of various kinds were, in Edward IV.'s reign, compelled to ride from Newgate to this pillory, in Cornhill, and there stand, with papers detailing their offences tied to their heads.

The Standard was a conduit, with four spouts, made by Peter Morris, a German, in the year 1582, and supplied with Thames water, conveyed by leaden pipes over the steeple of St. Magnus' Church. It stood at the east end of Cornhill, at its junction with Gracechurch Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Leadenhall Street. The water ceased to run between 1598 and 1603, but the Standard itself remained long after. It was much used as a point of measurement of distances; and Cunningham says that several of our suburban milestones are still inscribed with "so many miles from the Standard in Cornhill." There was a Standard in Cornhill as early as the 2nd of Henry V.

Cornhill, considering its commercial importance, is a street by no means full of old memories.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, is one of seven London churches dedicated to the Archangel Michael, the patron saint of France. It formerly faced Cornhill, but in the reign of Edward IV. it was blocked out by four houses, and it may now be described as standing on the east side of St. Michael's Alley. It is probable that a Saxon church first stood here; but the earliest record of the fabric is previous to 1133. In that year the Abbot of Evesham granted it to Sparling, a priest, for the rent of one mark a year, and lodging, salt, water, and firing to the abbot, whenever he came to London.

In 1503 the Abbey of Evesham ceded it to the Drapers' Company for an annuity of £5 6s. 8d.

William Rous, sheriff of London in 1429, and who was buried in the chapel of St. Mary in this church, left £100 to found an altar in the chancel, and £40 towards a new tower, the old one having been burnt down in 1421. At the south side of the church there was originally a cloister, and in the churchyard a pulpit-cross, built by Sir John Rudston, Lord Mayor of London, who was buried beneath it. In the church is interred one of our old chroniclers, Alderman Fabian, who died in 1511. He is well known for his "Chronicles of England and France," which he termed "The Concordance of Histories." Here also rest the remains of the ancestors of another useful London chronicler, who was born in this parish, where his predecessors had resided for three generations. Stow's father and grandfather were both buried here. The grandfather, a tallow-chandler, with due remembrance of candles sold by him for such purposes, directs in his will that from All Hallows' Day till the Candlemas following a watching-candle burn on all the seven altars of the church from six o'clock till past seven, in worship of the seven sacraments. He also gave to a poor man and woman, every Sunday in one year, one penny to say five paternosters and aves and a creed for his soul.

The old church, all but the tower, was destroyed by the Great Fire, and Wren commenced the present building in 1672. The tower itself had to be rebuilt in 1721. The body of the church is in the Italian style, divided by Doric columns and arches. The tower is perpendicular, in imitation of the chapel tower at Magdalen College, Oxford, and it rises to the height of 130 feet. Wren spoiled his rival tower by a mixture of Italian details. This church was magnificently decorated in 1859, from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott.

The chronicler Stow has the following legend, relating how the devil came down to St. Michael's belfry in a storm of lightning:—"Upon St. James's Night," says our venerable author, "certain men in the loft next under the bells, ringing of a peal, a tempest of lightning and thunder did arise: an ugly-shapen sight appeared to them coming in at the south window and lighted on the north. For fear whereof they all fell down, and lay as dead for the time, letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves, they found certain stones of the north window to be raised and scratched, as if they had been so much butter printed with a lyon's claw; the same stones were fastened there again, and so remain till this day. I have seen them oft, and have put a feather or small stick into the holes where the claws had entered three or four inches deep."

A brass slab preserved at St. Peter's, Cornhill, claims that building as the first Christian church founded in London. The legendary founder was Lucius, the first Christian king, A.D. 179. It is said to have remained the metropolitan church of the kingdom till the coming of St. Augustine, four hundred years after.

In the reign of Henry III. one Geffrey Russell, who had been implicated in a murder said to have been committed by another man in St. Peter's Churchyard, fled for sanctuary to St. Peter's Church. In the year 1243, one of the priests attached to St. Peter's, Cornhill, was murdered. The patronage of the rectory came into the hands of Sir Richard Whittington, and others, who conveyed it, in 1411, to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London. Among the celebrated rectors we must not forget Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph. Dr. Beveridge (died 1708) was an eminent theological writer, famous for his Syriac Grammar, and his laborious work on the Apostolical Canons. The old church was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the present edifice erected in 1686 by Sir Christopher Wren. The tower of brick is surmounted by a small leaden cupola and spire, crowned by an enormous key. The church contains a tablet recording the death, in a great fire, January 18th, 1782, of the seven children of James Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. Leading from the church, it is said, is a subterranean passage, entered by a flight of steps from the belfry. Some "London tavern" apprentices are reported many years ago, to have explored this passage, which is now bricked up. Many years ago a stone coffin and urn were found within the enclosure of the church.

One of the most celebrated taverns in Cornhill was the "Pope's Head," mentioned as early as the reign of Edward IV. Here, in the reign of Henry VI., wine was sold at a penny a pint, without charge for bread. Stow seems to think the "Pope's Head" had once been a royal palace. In his time the ancient arms of England (three leopards supported by two angels) were to be seen engraved in stone on the walls. It was here that the Alicant and English goldsmiths decided their wager, as we have already mentioned in our chapter on the Goldsmiths' Company. In 1615, Sir William Craven (father of the first Earl of Craven) left the "Pope's Head" to the Merchant Taylors' Company, for charitable purposes, and the Company had in 1849 nine houses on that spot. The first edition of Speed's "Great Britain" (folio, 1611) was sold by John Sudbury and George Humble in Pope's Head

Alley, at the sign of the "White Horse." This firm, says Cunningham, were the first printsellers established in London. Ben Jonson mentions the pamphlets of Pope's Alley, and Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," alludes to the printsellers. Before the Great Fire, the alley was famous for its traders in toys and turners' ware. In Strype's time (thirty years later) it was especially affected by cutlers. The "Pope's Head" tavern was the scene of a fray, in April, 1718, between Quin, the actor, and his fellow-comedian Bowen. The latter, a hot-headed Irishman, jealous of Quin's success, sent for him to the "Pope's Head." As soon as Quin entered, Bowen, in a transport of envy and rage, planted his back against the door, drew his sword, and bade Quin draw his. Quin in vain remonstrated, but at last drew in his own defence, and tried to disarm his antagonist. Bowen eventually received a mortal wound, of which he died in three days, confessing at last his folly and madness. Quin was tried, and honourably acquitted.

Cornhill has been the scene of two dreadful fires. The first, in 1748, commenced at a peruke-maker's, in Exchange Alley, and burnt from ninety to one hundred houses, valued at £200,000, and many lives were lost. This conflagration swept away a few historical houses, including the London Assurance Office, the "Fleece" and "Three Tuns" taverns, "Tom's" and the "Rainbow" coffee-houses, the "Swan" tavern, "Garraway's," "Jonathan's," and the "Jerusalem" coffee-houses, in Exchange Ailey, besides the "George and Vulture" tavern. It likewise destroyed No. 41, Cornhill, a few doors from Birchin Lane, the house where, in 1716, the poet Gray had been born. Gray's father was an Exchange broker. The house was rebuilt, and was, in 1774, occupied by Natzell, a perfumer. In 1824 the occupant was also a perfumer. The second great fire, in 1765, also commenced at a peruke-maker's, in Bishopsgate Street, near Leadenhall Street. It made a clean sweep of all the houses from Cornhill to St. Martin Outwich; and the church parsonage, Merchant Taylors' Hall, and several houses in Threadneedle Street, were much damaged. The "White Lion" tavern, purchased the evening before for £3,000, all the houses in White Lion Court, five houses in Cornhill, and several houses in Leadenhall Street, were burnt, and several lives lost.

No. 15, Cornhill, with an old-fashioned front, was the shop of Messrs. Birch, the celebrated cooks and confectioners. We have already mentioned Mr. Birch, Lord Mayor in 1815-16, as the poet and orator, who wrote the "Adopted Child," and other dramatic works. He annually presented the mayor with a splendid cake, to keep Twelfth Night.

At a corner house, says Mr. Timbs, between Cornhill and Lombard Street, Thomas Guy, the wealthy stationer, commenced business. He was the son of a lighterman at Horsleydown, and was apprenticed to a Cheapside bookseller, as before mentioned by us. The "Lucky Corner" was subsequently Pidding's Lottery Office. There were other lottery offices in Cornhill, including that of Carroll, Lord Mayor in 1846.

Change Alley, Cornhill, recalls the days of the South Sea Bubble, and brings up recollections of Addison, Pope, and Gay. The latter poet mentions it in his verses to his friend Snow, the goldsmith and banker, near Temple Bar, who had been caught by the Bubble:—

> "Why did 'Change Alley waste thy precious hours
> Among the fools who gaped for golden show'rs?
> No wonder if we found some poets there,
> Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
> No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,
> Who ne'er enjoyed a guinea but in dreams."

In St. Michael's Alley, in the time of the Commonwealth, the first London coffee-house was established. It was opened, about the year 1652, by Bowman, the ex-coachman of Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant. His first partner was Pasque Rosee, a Levantine servant of the same merchant. Bowman afterwards dissolved partnership, and obtained leave to pitch a tent and sell the "sooty drink," at first so much villified by the jealous vintners, in St. Michael's churchyard. Four years after, Bowman's apprentice set up a coffee-house opposite St. Michael's Church. The novelty was soon over, in spite of the lampooners, who declared it made men unfruitful, and that to drink the new liquor was to ape the Turks and insult one's canary-drinking ancestors. "Were it the mode," says the writer of "Coffee in its Colours" (1663), "men would eat spiders."

"Garraway's," the coffee-house celebrated for two centuries, in Exchange Alley, is now pulled down. It was here that, after the Restoration, Garraway issued the following shop-bill:—"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf, and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and

industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house, in Exchange Alley aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof. . . . . These are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

Defoe (1722) mentions Garraway's as frequented about noon by people of quality who had business in the City, and the more considerable and wealthy citizens. Dean Swift, in his ballad on the South Sea Bubble, calls Change Alley "a narrow sound though deep as hell," and describes the wreckers watching for the shipwrecked dead on "Garraway's cliffs." Two excellent anecdotes of Dr. Radcliffe, the eminent physician of the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, connect him with Garraway's. The first relates to Dr. Hannes, a quack, who had ordered his servant to stop a number of gentlemen's coaches between Whitehall and the Royal Exchange, and inquire whether they belonged to Dr. Hannes, as if he was called to a patient. Not hearing of him in any coach, the fellow ran up into Exchange Alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee House, made the same interrogatories both above and below. At last, Dr. Radcliffe, who was usually there about Exchange time, and planted at a table with several apothecaries and chirurgeons that flocked about him, cried out, "Dr. Hannes was not there," and desired to know "Who wanted him?" The fellow's reply was, such a lord and such a lord; but he was taken up with the dry rebuke, "No, no, friend, you are mistaken; the doctor wants those lords."

"A famous physician (Dr. Radcliffe) ventured 5,000 guineas upon a project in the South Sea. When he was told at Garraway's that 'twas all lost, 'Why,' says he, 'tis but going up 5,000 pair of stairs more.' This answer deserved a statue."

Steele, in the *Tatler*, mentions receiving some French wine as a taster of 216 hogsheads, to be put up at £20 the hogshead at Garraway's.

Garraway's closed after a joyous existence of 216 years. As a place of sale, exchange, auction, and lottery, it was never excelled. Here tea was first sold, and here the South Sea Bubblers met.

"Jonathan's" was another well-known Change Alley coffee-house of the old times. It is described in the *Tatler* as "the general mart for stock-jobbers;" and Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 1, says, "I sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at 'Jonathan's.'" Mrs. Centlivre has laid one of the scenes of her *Bold Stroke for a Wife* at "Jonathan's." While the business goes on she makes the coffee-boys cry, "Fresh coffee, gentlemen! fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen!"

In Freeman's Court, Cornhill, taken down about 1848 to build larger houses, Defoe carried on the business of hose-factor in 1702, as we learn from the following proclamation;—

"St. James's, Jan. 10, 1702-3.

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old; of a brown complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, or any of Her Majesty's Justices of Peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which Her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

Finch Lane derived its name from Robert Finke, the worthy citizen who built St. Bennet-Finke, the church pulled down to enlarge the Exchange.

Birchin Lane is thus described by Stow, the Herodotus of old London:—"Then have ye Birchover Lane, so called of Birchover, the first builder and owner thereof, now corruptly called Birchin Lane. . . . This lane, and the High Street, near adjoining, hath been inhabited for the most part with wealthy drapers; from Birchin Lane, on that side the street down to the Stocks, in the reign of Henry VI., had ye for the most part dwelling fripperers or upholders, that sold old apparel and household stuffs."

Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn Book," speaks of the whalebone doublets of Birchin Lane; and one of Middleton's characters purchases there "a captain's suit, a valiant buff doublet, stuffed with points, and a pair of velvet slops scored thick with lace." In Strype's time Birchin Lane was still famous for old clothes. Garrick, always a strategist, kept up his interest in the City, says Sir John Hawkins, by appearing about twice a winter at Tom's Coffee House, Birchin Lane, the usual rendezvous of young merchants at 'Change time. Poor Chatterton, writing to his sister, May 30, 1770, with his usual air of feigned success, says, "There is such a noise of business and politics in the room (Tom's) that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort."

Some London streets seem determined never to distinguish themselves. No mediæval scuffle has ever occurred in them; no celebrated church hoards its monuments; no City hall cherishes its relics there; no celebrated person has honoured it by

birth or death. Gracechurch Street is one of these unambitious streets. It derived its name, says Stow, from the grass or herb market there kept in old time, and which gave its name to the parish church of St. Bennet.

St. Bennet Gracechurch, described by Stow, was destroyed in the Great Fire, and another structure, recently pulled down, erected from Wren's designs in 1685. It is now united with the parishes of Allhallows, Lombard Street, and St. Leonard's, Eastcheap. The register, says Cunningham, records the following burial:—"1559, April 14, Robert Burges, a common player," probably from the theatre in the yard of the "Cross Keys." In Gracechurch Street, Tarlton, the favourite clown of Elizabeth's time, a droll, short, flat-nosed fellow, who sang comic songs to the music of a pipe and tabor (he was probably the representative of Touchstone, and others of Shakespeare's jesters), lodged at the sign of the "Saba," probably to be near the "Cross Keys." He was chosen scavenger by the ward, and was constantly complained of for not keeping the streets clean. In the old book called "Tarlton's Jests," an early "Joe Miller," the following story is told of this street:—

"There was one Banks, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earl of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities, and being at the 'Crosse Keyes' in Gracious Streete, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to, Tarlton then, with his fellowes, playing at the 'Bel' by, came into the 'Crosse Keyes,' amongst many people, to see fashions, which Banks perceiving, to make the people laugh, saies, 'Signior,' to his horse, 'go fetch me the veriest fool in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth draws Tarlton forth. Tarlton, with merry words, said nothing but 'God a mercy, horse!' . . . . Ever after it was a by-word through London, 'God a mercy, horse!' and is to this day."

Taylor, the water poet, in his little directory, the "Carriers' Cosmographie" (1637), mentions the "Tabard, near the Conduit," and the "Spread Eagle," both in "Gracious Street." In White Hart Court was a Quakers' meeting-house, and here, in 1690, at the house of Henry Goldney, died that strange, but honest fanatic, George Fox, the founder of the sect. Fox was the son of a Leicestershire weaver, and being "converted" at nineteen, betook himself to itinerant preaching. He was examined



GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE. (*From a Sketch taken shortly before its Demolition.*)

by Cromwell on one occasion, and kindly treated; and on the rumour that Oliver was going to make himself king, Fox went to him and personally remonstrated. Fox preached at this meeting-house in White Hart Court only a few days before his death. Penn says of Fox that he had an extraordinary gift in "opening" the Scriptures, and that above all he excelled in prayer. In Nag's Head Court died, in 1737, Matthew Green, the hypochondriacal author of "The Spleen." He held a post in the Custom House, and was nephew to a clerk of Fishmongers' Hall. His pleasant poem was posthumous, and was printed by "Leonidas" Glover. It was approved by Pope and Gray, and will certainly live, if only for the celebrated line—"Throw but a stone, the giant dies." A happy image, in singularly small compass.

Fenchurch Street, another thoroughfare scanty in memories, and therefore still open for future fame, took its name from the marshy ground on the banks of the Langbourne. Indeed, even in Stow's time, the ward was called Langbourne or Fennie-about; yet at that date some crotchety antiquaries insisted that it was called Fenchurch from *fœnum*, or hay sold there, as Gracechurch from its grass and herbs.



INTERIOR OF CLOTHWORKERS' HALL.

In this street, which runs from Gracechurch to Aldgate, formerly stood Denmark House, the residence, in the reign of Philip and Mary (1557), of the first Russian ambassador sent to England.

The Russian Company had just started, and our merchants, eager for barbaric furs, gold, and amber, treated the Muscovite duke's envoy with prudent respect. They met him, with their velvet gowns and gold chains, at Tottenham. At Islington Lord Montacute, the Queen's pensioner, welcomed his approach, and at the same place the Lord Mayor and aldermen, in a blaze of scarlet, came up, and accompanied him to Master Dimmocks' in Fenchurch Street.

Of all London saints perhaps St. Dionis or Dionysius, the Areopagite, is the least honoured; and yet St. Dionis was the St. Denis of France. St. Dionis is called Backchurch, as some think, from there having originally been a church to St. Gabriel in the centre of the roadway, behind which stood St. Dionis; but this is doubtful. This church, mentioned as early as 1288, was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI., and again after the Great Fire under Wren's supervision. The Ionic columns, carved pulpit, and motley altar-piece need no description. Near the communion-table is an ugly granite monument to Sir Arthur Ingram, a Spanish merchant, who gave his name to Ingram Court in this street, and was a great benefactor to the church. In the vestry they preserve as interesting relics four large syringes (such as they now use in Constantinople), the only machines formerly known for extinguishing fires. They are rather more than two feet long, and were fastened by straps to the body of the firemen. The tower is forty feet high.

At the "King's Head" Tavern, No. 53, Fenchurch Street, the Princess Elizabeth, when released from the Tower by her harsh sister Mary, is said to have dined, after attending divine service at the church of Allhallows Staining, in Mark Lane. The young lady, always a fair trencherwoman, exulting in freedom and fresh air, partook freely of pork and peas. This royal act of condescension was celebrated till quite recently by an annual dinner of the chief parishioners. In the coffee-room they still show, with honest pride, the metal dish and cover said to have been occupied by the afore-mentioned peas and pork, and an engraved portrait of the young princess by Holbein. Another legend has it that the princess, on quitting Allhallows, gave the clerk a handsome fee, which he celebrated by an annual dinner given to his chief patrons.

The Church of St. Margaret Pattens was so called (says Stow) because pattens were usually made and sold in this neighbourhood, but more probably, we think, from the church being specially decorated (altar or roof) with such "patines of bright gold" as those to which Shakespeare, in the *Merchant of Venice*, compares the stars. The venerable shade of Stow will forgive us this trifling rebellion to his dictum. This church is mentioned as early as 1344, was in Whittington's gift, and was rebuilt after the Great Fire. In 1538, the rood, having been left in the churchyard to receive oblations, was destroyed by some too zealous Reformer. The altar-piece is by Carlo Maratti. The great antiquary, Dr. Birch, rector of the parish nearly nineteen years, is buried here. Above the altar are some finely-carved flowers.

In Fenchurch Street, on the site of Northumberland Alley, stood the first town residence of the Earls of Northumberland. The gardens were afterwards converted into bowling-alleys for all comers.

St. Catherine Coleman, close to where Northumberland House once stood, derived its name from a large garden belonging to one Coleman (date uncertain). This church escaped the Great Fire, and was rebuilt in 1734.

Pepys has the following interesting allusion to Fenchurch Street, in connection with the Plague. "June 10, 1665," he says, "to my great trouble, hear that the Plague is come into the City (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the City); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

"June 11.—I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbours, for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord; which was very handsome."

Out of respect to Fenchurch Street, we may mention its small tributary, Billiter Street, a name corrupted from Belzettar, a forgotten builder or owner. Strype describes the place as consisting of poor and ordinary houses, formerly inhabited by needy, beggarly people. The inhabitants were then brokers and chandlers, residing in very old and ruinous timber houses. The chief ornament of it was Billiter Square, which Strype describes as "a very handsome, open, and airy place, graced with good new-brick buildings very well inhabited."

Ironmongers' Hall in Fenchurch Street is a building with a history and traditions of its own. The iron that supplied London in the Middle Ages was chiefly worked in Sussex, Surrey, and Kent.

The earliest account, says Mr. Herbert, we have of the Ironmongers as a guild is in the 37th yea of Edward III., when on occasion of the various mysteries making their offerings to the king for carrying on his French wars, the Ironmongers sub-

scribed £6 18s. 4d. The same Company, in the 50th of Edward III., sent four of their members to the Common Council. Near this period, and for a long time afterwards, the Ironmongers appear to have united the professions both of merchant and trader, for, whilst they had large warehouses and yards, whence they exported and sold bar-iron and iron rods, they had also shops, wherein they displayed abundance of manufactured articles, which they purchased from the workmen in town and country, and of which they afterwards became the general retailers. Ironmonger Lane was one of the first spots on which the trade congregated. Many of the rich Ironmongers were buried in the church of the adjacent united parishes of St. Olave Jewry and St. Martin, Ironmonger Lane.

The Ironmongers were incorporated in the 3rd of Edward IV., their arms having been granted to them several years before. Their records are ancient; their first court-book commences in 1541, but they have documents and records of a still earlier date. Some of the entries are curious, and of these we select a few of the most interesting. In 1562, they provide 19 soldiers for the Queen's service; 1565, pay £75 towards building the Royal Exchange; 1566, provide three soldiers for the Queen's service, Ireland; 1575, they lend the Queen £60; 1577, supply 100 men as soldiers; 1578, provide seven seamen; 1579, provide 73 men for the defence of the kingdom; 1591, contribute £344 to help send forth ten ships of war and a pinnace; 1596, lend Government £172; 1630, pay £35 16s., being their proportion of a fine exacted from the City for not apprehending the murderers of John Lamb (see Vol. I., page 421); 1642, pay for the service of Parliament £3,400; 1643, pay Parliament £9 10s. every week for four months, and sell their plate to try to raise £1,700 to help Parliament.

The ancient livery hood was crimson and puce. In choosing wardens it was usual at the election dinner to bring in garlands, preceded by minstrels, and try them on each person, till they arrived at the stewards-elect. Worthy Mr. Evelyn (September 4, 1671) mentions this ceremony, and describes how the solemn procession came to the upper table and drank to the new stewards.

The present Ironmongers' Hall is the third or fourth building erected on the same site. The present hall was designed by T. Holden, in 1748. It was then a handsome stone building, with a rustic base and Ionic pilasters, balustraded roof, and carved tympanum. The vestibule was divided by six Tuscan columns, and the state room was adorned with Ionic ornaments, an orchestra and grand buffet. The master and wardens' chairs stood against the west wall, in front of the king's arms, while the blue semi-oval ceiling was stuccoed with heraldic bearings, satyrs' heads, cornucopias, palm-branches, flowers, and scrolls. The banqueting-hall has since been decorated in the Louis Quatorze taste, in papier-mache and *carton-pierre* imitative oak aided by oak carvings. The hall contains portraits of Mr. Thomas Betton (a Turkey merchant, who left £26,000), Sir Robert Geffery (giver of the Company's almshouses in the Kingsland Road), Sir James Cambell, and other benefactors, and a fine full-length of Lord Hood, by Gainsborough, given by that admiral to the Company, in 1783, when his lordship was received into the Company without fee or previous nomination. The Ironmongers' arms are argent, on a chevron gules, three swivels or between three steel gads azure; crest on a wreath, two scaly lizards, erect, combatant proper (*i.e.*, vert); motto, "God is our strength." The lizards should properly be salamanders, but the Ironmongers insist on the lizards, and even named their Irish estate after them.

Mincing Lane was so called from houses there belonging to the "Minchuns," or nuns, of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. Of old time (says Stow) there dwelt in this lane Genoese traders called "galleymen," because they brought their wines and other merchandise to Galley Wharf, in Thames Street. They used amongst themselves small silver halfpence called, in London, "galley halfpence," forbidden by Act of Parliament in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry VI. These coins were broader than English halfpence, but not so thick and strong.

Mincing Lane is specially mentioned by Pepys, *àpropos* of the Great Fire:—"19th June, 1668," he says, "between two and three in the morning we were waked with the maids crying out, 'Fire, fire, in Marke Lane!' So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful, and strange apprehensions in me and us all of being presently burnt. So we all rose, and my care presently was to secure my gold and plate and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin Lane, over against the Clothworkers' Hall, which burned furiously; the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt."

The original Clothworkers' Hall, in Mincing Lane, was purchased by the Fullers, in the year 1455

(Henry VI.), ever to remain in their fellowship. The spot is remarkable as the boundary of the Great Fire of London, which partly destroyed the hall. Pepys speaks of the building as being "in one body of flame for three days and nights, the cellars being full of oil."

The Clothworkers, says Herbert, seem to have sprung, like the Fullers, from the very ancient guild of Weavers. The trade had formerly several subdivisions, of which the Fullers, the Burrellers, and the Testers were the chief. The Burrellers were inspectors and measurers of cloth. In the reign of Edward IV. the Shearmen were separated from the Drapers and Tailors, and were incorporated. Henry VII. granted them additional privileges, and Henry VIII. united them with the Fullers, and gave the joint fraternity the name of Clothworkers. There were endless disputes between the Clothworkers and Dyers for precedence, till at last the Clothworkers settled down as twelfth and last of the great companies, and the Dyers took rank as first of the minor ones. Shearmen, the old title of the Clothworkers, had no reference to removing the wool from the sheep, but applied to the manner of clipping the nap in the process of cloth manufacture. The Clothworkers are especially mentioned in a statute concerning the woollen manufacture, in the reign of Edward VI., which contained clauses requiring the clothiers' seal on cloth, and forbidding over-stretching, and adding chalk, or flour, or starch, and the use of iron cards. Queen Elizabeth confirmed the right of the Clothworkers, and Charles I. (who, as well as his father, was a member of the fraternity) confirmed their charter. There were five degrees in the Company—apprentices, freemen (also called yeomen and bachelors), householders, the fellowship, and wardens. The government consisted of a court of assistants, including only those who had been masters and wardens.

Pepys himself was a member of this Company, and left it a quaint and valuable old cup, which still shines out among the meaner plate, on the occasion of grand dinners, "when beards wag all." The hall, after the Great Fire, seems to have been restored with green wood, which soon fell into decay. It must have been a fine building, for the banqueting-hall was a lofty wainscoted room, adorned with a great oak screen, with figures of James I. and Charles I., and two stained-glass windows. These windows contained, among other devices, the arms of Pepys and Sir John Robinson. The latter worthy was Lieutenant of the Tower, President of the Artillery Company, and Lord Mayor in 1663, when he entertained, in Clothworkers' Hall, Charles II. and his Queen, the Queen-Dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York. Mr. Samuel Angell was the architect of the new hall, which occupies the old position in Mincing Lane. It was completed in 1860, and is now, with its fine oak carving and splendid mirrors, a good specimen of a Company's Hall—the ceiling, in white and gold, being ornamented in a rather unusual, but most tasteful manner, with life-size figures in relief. At one end of the hall stand the statues of James I. and Charles I., very dazzling in their covering of pure gilding. The ground on which the hall is built has been enlarged by the addition of a very large piece of land purchased by the Company quite recently. This is the site of the old church and graveyard of Allhallows Staining. The body of the church itself has been pulled down, and its place is occupied by houses built and let on lease to tenants. The churchyard is to remain as an open space, and will still admit air and light to the hall. But the old tower still remains; the Company, by arrangement with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, being bound not only not to demolish it, but to keep it in repair. Anything more absurd than this restriction cannot be imagined. The crumbling old tower is not by any means ornamental, and it can serve no purpose on earth except that of obstructing and incommoding the property of the Company. The real estates held by this Company are very large, and comprise a great deal of valuable house property in London. The Irish estates were let as far back as 1769 for £600 per annum, and a fine of £28,000. They have, however, been sold since the last rebuilding of the hall. The Company have schools at Sutton Valence, in Kent, and in the Isle of Man, and almshouses at Sutton Valence, in Islington, and other places. The charities were estimated in 1836 at about £1,400 per annum, but they are now vastly increased. This Company has numbered many royal personages among its members, and among them the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. Prince Albert was also a member, and the Company have a large picture of his late Royal Highness, with a sister painting of Her Majesty, executed by Herrick in 1863. In proof of the honour in which the Clothworkers were held two centuries ago, we may quote the words of the panegyrist, Elkanah Settle:—"The grandeur of England is to be attributed to its golden fleece (which is the crest of this Company), the wealth of the loom making England a second Peru, and the back of the sheep, and not the entrails of the earth, being its chief mine of riches. The silkworm is no spinster of ours, and our wheel

and web are wholly the Clothworkers'. Thus, as trade is the soul of the kingdom, so the greatest branch of it lies in the Clothworkers' hands; and though our naval commerce brings us in both the *or* and the *argent*, and indeed the whole wealth of the world, yet, when thoroughly examined, it will be found 'tis your cloth sends out to fetch them. And thus, whilst the Imperial Britannia is so formidable to her foes and so potent to her friends, . . . to the Clothworkers' honour it may justly be said, ''Tis your shuttle nerves her arm, and your woof that enrobes her glory.'"

Howes relates that "James I., being in the open Hall, inquired who was master of the Company; and the Lord Mayor answering, 'Sir William Stone,' to whom the king said, "Wilt thou make me free of the Clothworkers?' 'Yea,' quoth the master, 'and think myself a happy man that I live to see this day.' Then the king said, 'Stone, give me thy hand; and now I am a Clothworker.'"

The Clothworkers' arms, granted in the reign of Henry VIII., are sable, a chevron ermine between two habricks, in chief argent, and a thistle in base, or; crest, a ram passant, or; supporters, two griffins, or; pellette. Motto—"My trust is in God alone."

At the north-east corner of Mark Lane, says Stow, was the manor of a knight of Richard II., called by the pretty name of Blanch Appleton, afterwards corrupted into Blind Chapel Court. In the reign of Edward IV. basket-makers and wire-drawers were allowed to practise their trade in Blanch Appleton. Mark Lane was originally called Mart Lane, from some fair of uncertain date there established.

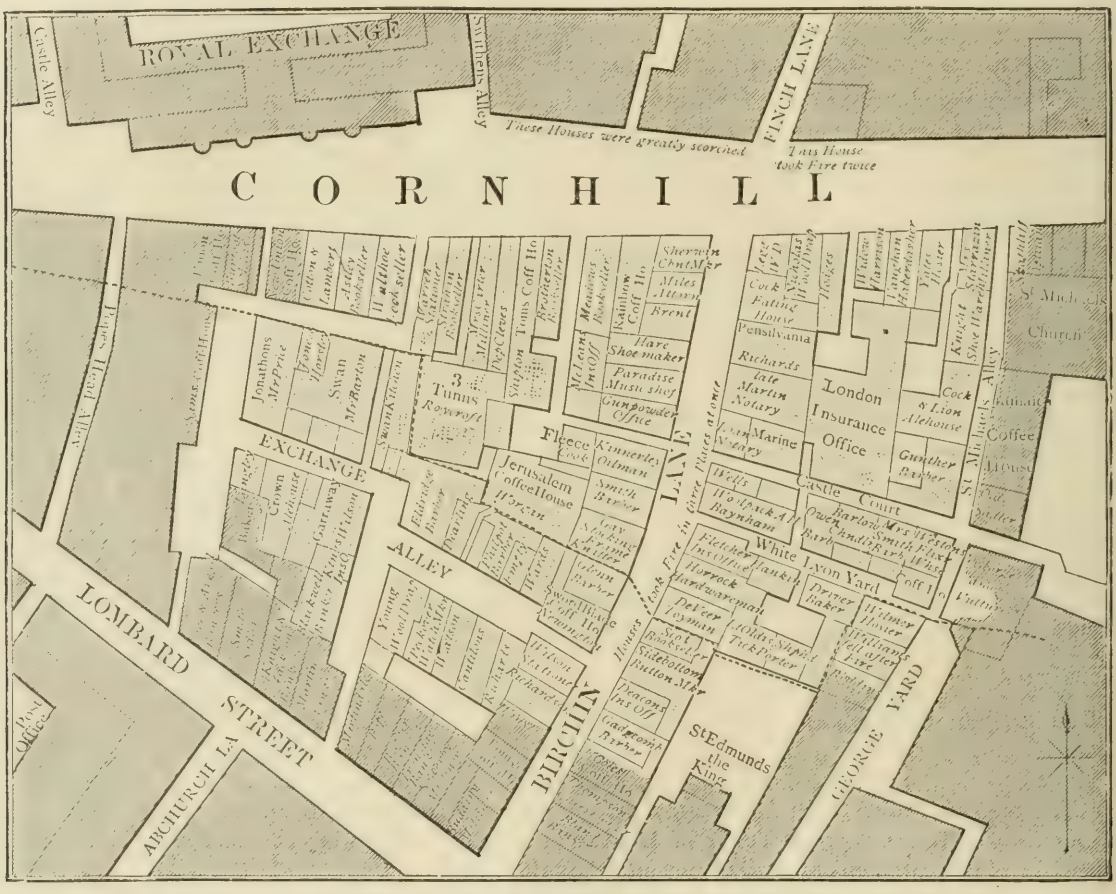
The Church of Allhallows, standing in Mark Lane, recently pulled down by the Clothworkers' Company to enlarge their hall, was given, in 1367, by the Bishop of London to the Abbey and Convent of our Lady of Grace, near the Tower of London. The right of presentation eventually came into the possession of the Grocers' Company. According to Stow, the church was called Stane or Stayning, 'o distinguish it at an early period when many London churches were erected of timber. The churchwardens' books of Allhallows are perfect from as far back as 1491, and abound with some interesting facts as to prices and manners and customs. In 1492 the great beam light of the church is mentioned as weighing more than 40 pounds, and cost 1d. the pound. In 1587 there is a shilling paid to the ringers for expressing joy at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In 1606 a shilling is paid for painting three red crosses on the doors of houses infected with the plague. In the Great Plague of 1665, 165 persons died in the parish, and that year £3 17s. 6d. is paid for street fires to purify the air. In 1688, the ringers are paid for expressing joy at King James's return from Faversham, and two days after for more joy at the Prince of Orange's arrival, for the purpose of dethroning James! The church escaped the Great Fire, but, as if tired of standing, fell down suddenly in 1671, nearly burying a sexton who was digging a grave. The tower contains six bells, the greater number of which are dated 1682–3. Two of them, however, are much older. Malcolm says the date upon one is 1485.

The Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was projected and opened in 1747. A new Exchange was rebuilt by Mr. G. Smith in 1827, and opened the next year. It is now again proposed to rebuild it. On building the second Corn Exchange a fine Roman pavement was discovered. The old Exchange, still standing in Mark Lane, has an open colonnade with modern Doric pillars. The factors have stands in the interior court, which has been compared to the *atrium*, or place of audience, of a Pompeian house. The New Corn Exchange is in the Grecian and Doric style. The interior is lighted by a lantern with vertical lights in the centre space within the columns, and the compartments on each side have skylights in their ceilings. The stands of the corn-factors, to the number of eighty and upwards, are along the sides of the building. On them are placed small bags and wooden bowls, with samples of different kinds of grain, and behind is a desk for the factor or his clerk, with something of the convenience of a counting-house. Lightermen and granary-keepers have stands as well as corn-merchants, factors, and millers. The seed-market is held in another part of the building. In the north wing is a tavern and coffee-room, and an opening in the south side of the wing communicates with the old Corn Exchange.

As some London corn merchants were said, as far back as thirty years ago, to turn over in a year nearly a million and a half of money, it may be supposed that Mark Lane is a strictly busy place, and that the factors there do not scoop up handfuls of corn or toss wheat up in the air for mere amusement. In two months alone in 1841 there arrived in London 787 vessels from foreign ports, laden with foreign corn, a fact which proves the ceaseless cry for bread of hungry England, unable to fully supply its own wants, and dependent on the energy of the Mark Lane dealers.

In the Middle Ages, London, a mere bantling then, with no great appetite, depended in simple faith for corn on Kent and Essex alone. In Stow's

time Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex were the chief competitors in the London corn trade. Speculators in corn were looked upon in old times with suspicion, and even detestation; while regraters, or holders back of corn, were formerly branded as ruthless enemies of the human race. In 1542 corn dealers were prohibited having more than ten quarters in their possession at one time, and justices could examine a farmer's barns and sell the superfluous stock. Heavy penalties



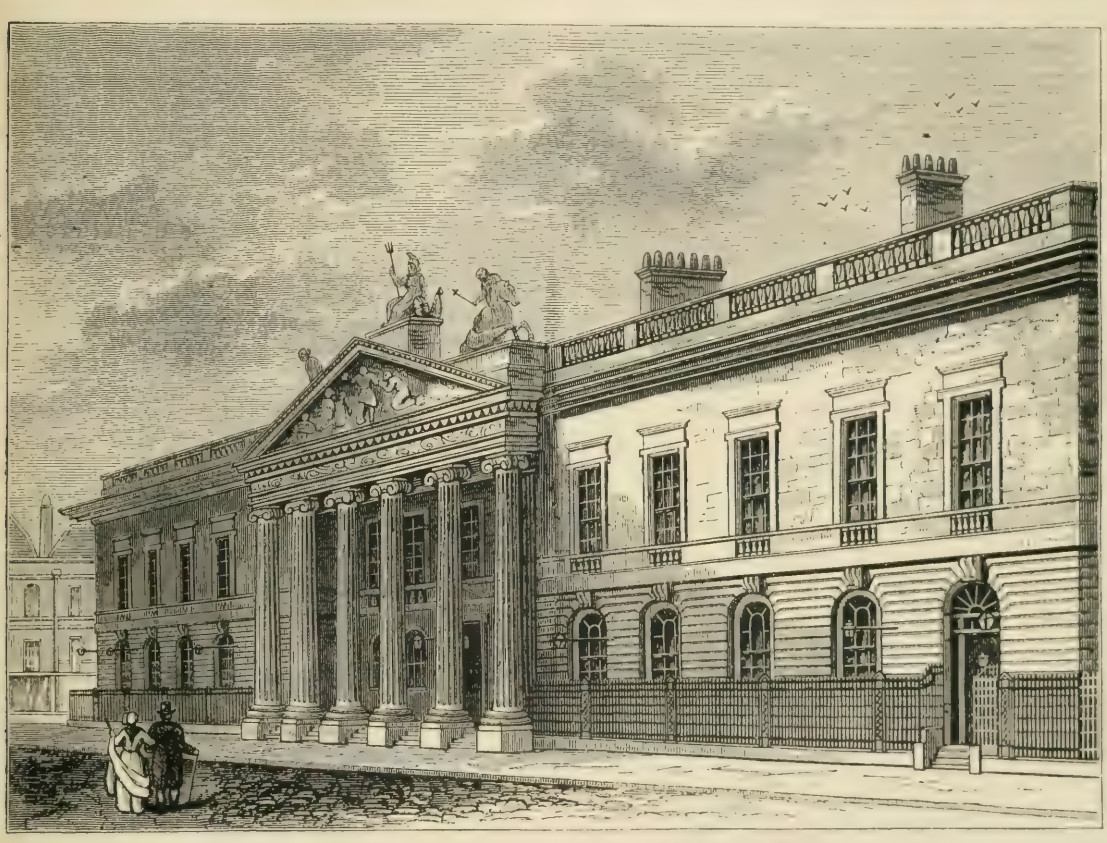
PLAN SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE GREAT FIRE IN CORNHILL IN 1748. (*See page* 172.)

were inflicted two years afterwards on persons who bought corn to sell again. Farmers buying corn for seed were required to sell an equal quantity of store corn; while corn dealers were required to take out an annual licence, and not to engross or forestall, or buy out of open market, except under an express permission.

Dearths frequently occurring in the Middle Ages, the livery companies were required to keep stores of corn, as we have already mentioned in previous chapters. Sir Stephen Brown is the first Lord Mayor praised by Stow for sending to Dantzic for cheap corn in time of scarcity, and Sir Simon Eyre, another Lord Mayor, established a public granary, such as Joseph did in Egypt, at Leadenhall. In 1521 a mayor found the City granaries nearly empty, and had to lay in a provision of wheat. In 1546 two aldermen were appointed weekly in rotation to see that the markets were well supplied. When prices rose the companies were compelled to send in for sale certain specified quantities of corn, and then to provide a fresh stock. In 1590, they were called on, at two different periods, to purchase 18,000 quarters. The Bridgemaster had the charge of buying the corn, which was at one period entirely stored in the Bridge House. The money to purchase the grain for the City granaries was raised by loans and contributions from the mayor and aldermen, the City companies, and sometimes from the citizens. The companies often grumbled, clamoured for a return of their money, and were sometimes paid in store corn, which they by no means wanted. In 1596 the companies built their own granaries, and were allowed to keep their supply there. The difficulty with the companies grew worse and worse,

and the refusals to buy corn became more frequent, till at last the Great Fire, that fierce reformer of many abuses, swept away the Bridge House and all the other granaries, and thus at last the custom of laying up corn and interfering with the natural balance of trade ceased altogether.

The German Steel Yard merchants were at one period the sole importers of foreign corn, and in times of scarcity were not allowed to sell either to bakers or brewers without the City's licence.



THE OLD INDIA OFFICE, LEADENHALL STREET, IN 1803.

In one special year bakers were forbidden to buy any meal, except at the City's store, the Bridge House, where the quantity each might take, and the price, were fixed by the Lord Mayor. Such were the fetters in which trade had to move in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when so many feudal restrictions were still in existence. As an instance of the power of the City in the reign of her successor, it has been mentioned that in 1622 the Court tried to borrow thirty or forty quarters of wheat, and the City would only lend ten.

The ancient corn-ports of London were, as we have shown, Queenhithe and Billingsgate. The chief corn-warehouse was at Queenhithe. There was a principal meter there, and eight master porters, each of whom had three men under him. The chief corn-markets of London were Cornhill and Michael-le-Quern, at the west end of Cheapside. Bread Street was the mediæval bakers' market. The Fellowship of Bakers held four hall-motes during the year, to punish offences of their craft. In 1370 a Stratford baker, for selling loaves smaller than the assize, was drawn on a hurdle through London streets with a fool's cap on his head, while round his neck dangled his meagre loaves.

The old assize of bread compelled bakers to regulate the size of thier loaves by the price of corn. The assize was regulated in Queen Anne's reign, and not finally abolished till 1815. The Bakers' Company used formerly to present two new-baked loaves to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, to be fairly weighed. They were made out of wheaten corn, purchased by four "sworn and discreet men" at the markets of Grasschurch, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Queenhithe. London bakers were formerly, except at Christmas, forbidden to sell household loaves at a higher price than twopence, or to sell by retail spice-cakes, buns, or biscuits, except for funerals, and at the festivals of Christmas and Easter.

The London corn-mills were latterly chiefly at London Bridge. Besides Leadenhall and the Bridge House there were granaries at one time at Bridewell and Christchurch. At the beginning of the last century the metropolitan corn-market was held at Bear Quay, in Thames Street. Queenhithe was at the same period the great market for flour and meal, and the "White Horse" Inn meal-market, situated near Holborn Bridge, was much frequented.

The system of factorage is only about 180 years old. Tradition has it that it began with a number of Essex farmers, who used to leave samples of corn with the landlord of an inn at Whitechapel where they put up, and to whom they paid commission, to save the trouble of attending the market every week. The ancestors of one of the oldest commission-houses began with a stand on Tower Hill.

"Such great events from little causes spring."

Kentish, Essex, and Suffolk corn arrives in sacks; foreign and Irish corn, and English oats and barley in loose bulk. The Kentish hoys sometimes bring joint-stock cargoes. The operation of unloading and measuring was, under the old system, very skilfully managed. Two fellowship porters all but filled the bushel with wooden shovels, the meter completed the bushel, and one of the men passed the strike over the surface. The sack was then filled and shot into the lighter. At purchase the grain was again measured.

By a recent Act of Parliament the City's rights of measuring corn, worth as much as £13,000 a year, were done away with. Corn is now sold by weight, the only charge being three-sixteenths of a penny per hundredweight, to pay for the ex-sworn meters, as compensation to the City, this charge to continue for thirty years.

The London terms of the factors are one month's open credit, and the buyer has to lodge any objection as to quality, bulk, &c., at the factor's stand before eleven o'clock on the following market day, or else has to abide by his bargain. The centre of the market is devoted, at the entrance end, to shipbrokers of all classes, and also to masters of small craft, and lightermen; in the middle assemble the great Greek merchants, who almost monopolise the importation of corn from every part of the world; they here give directions to factors who are selling their arrived cargoes, and to agents who are negotiating with country merchants and factors from all parts of the kingdom, either personally or by telegraph, for the sale of cargoes shipping at foreign ports, or on passage, or arrived on the coast at Plymouth or Queenstown. There are sometimes as many as 100 cargoes at ports of call, the size of each one being from 4,000 to 5,000 quarters up to 8,000 quarters, and sometimes as much as 13,000 quarters, waiting for a destination, which is notified to them by telegraph as soon as a contract is made. Not only is the United Kingdom supplied in this way, but also any part of the Continent where corn may be required.

The upper part of the market is the place of assembling for oil seed-crushers, and here the Greeks again are the great importers of all kinds of oil-seeds.

A strict and punctual system governs all the proceedings of the establishment. The market opens at eleven o'clock by ring of bell, and factors never name a price for goods till then. At two o'clock a notice bell is rung, and at half-past two the final bell, when the doors of the market are closed until three, when the sweepers begin to clear up the spilt samples, which bring in a good revenue to the company.

The next market adjoining, and in communication with the old Exchange, is the "London Corn Exchange," which is commonly called the New Corn Market, to distinguish it from the other. The exterior is much more imposing than the old market, which is very simple. Originally some dealers clubbed together and acquired some property opposite the old Exchange, and in opposition to it, and set up a few small stands, but they subsequently formed a company, and acquired the present site. This may be called the retail market, as the standholders are principally dealers, who sell corn lying in their own river-side warehouses to shopkeepers, livery-stables, &c., and they buy, generally from factors on the old market, the grain ex-ship. Some of these dealers are also factors in the old market. Here also the malt-factors and maltsters attend, as the Greeks do in the other market; and also a great many country dealers, who sell home-grown barley. The stands are arranged round the interior, and smaller stands fill up the centre opening.

A staircase at the entrance of the old Exchange, and the property of the same company, leads to "Jack's Coffee House," the assembly for London and country millers, who examine their purchases, &c., after the market is over. The room is crammed between three and four o'clock. At the rear of the old Exchange is a handsome building, which was erected in 1860; the upper storeys are divided into offices, and the ground-floor forms a large subscription-room.

Granaries are numerous about Bermondsey and Shad Thames, but they abound on both sides of the river, from Greenwich to Vauxhall. The foreign corn is stored in bonded granaries near the Commercial Docks. In the times of the high duties corn-merchants have been known to throw 2,000 quarters of wheat into the river at one time rather than pay the high tax, or keep it subject to long granary rent.

The supply of foreign corn to this country has undergone many changes from time to time; formerly our supplies were chiefly from the Baltic and South Russian ports, but now the United States is the chief contributor, and we also get wheat from Australia, California, the Cape, and New Zealand.

The cultivation of grain has undergone a marvellous change since 1830, the English farmer preferring cattle-rearing to corn-growing: thus in 1830 the supply of foreign corn to the port of London, as measured by the sworn meters, was 1,132,580 quarters, and of English 3,154,270 quarters; whereas, in the year 1871 the quantities were, foreign, 2,471,394 quarters; English, 662,567 quarters. The total of foreign grain and flour imported into London during 1871 was 20,400,905 cwts., according to Custom House Returns.

No. 33, Mark Lane, opposite the Corn Exchange, is a large and very ancient house, with fine oak carving over the gateway, and inside. Horses used to be lodged inside the gateway, and there are still the wooden pegs used for hanging up saddles and harness. This house must have been the residence of a great City grandee.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEADENHALL STREET AND THE OLD EAST INDIA HOUSE.

The Old East India House—Façade of the Old Building—The Ground Floor—Distinguished Servants of the Company—The Real Commencement of our Trade with India—Injustice of the Stuarts towards the East India Company—Dissensions—The Company's Court of Directors rendered subordinate to the Government—Abolition of the Company's Trading Powers—The General Court of Proprietors—The Board of Control—"John Company's" Establishment—Despatches and Letters from India—Charles Lamb as Clerk in the Old East India House—The Government of the Indian Army transferred to the Crown—The Present Council of India—Peter Anthony Motteux's "India House"—Lime Street—Colonel Turner.

"It does not appear to be ascertained where the East India Company first transacted their business," says an historian of the great Company, "but the tradition of the house is, that it was in the great room of the "Nag's Head Inn," opposite Bishop's-gate Church, where there is now a Quakers' Meeting House. The maps of London constructed soon after the Great Fire place the India House in Leadenhall Street, on a part of its present site. It is probably the house, of which a unique plate is preserved in the British Museum, surmounted by a huge, square-built mariner, and two thick dolphins. In the indenture of conveyance of the dead stock of the Company, dated 22nd July, 1702, we find that Sir William Craven, of Kensington, in the year 1701, leased to the Company his large house in Leadenhall Street, and a tenement in Lime Street, for twenty-one years, at £100 a year. Upon the site of this house what is called the old East India House was built in 1726; and several portions of this old house long remained, although the subsequent front, and great part of the house, were added in 1799, by Mr. Jupp.

The façade of the old building was 200 feet in length, and was of stone. The portico was composed of six large Ionic fluted columns on a raised basement, and it gave an air of much magnificence to the whole, although the closeness of the street made it somewhat gloomy. The pediment was an emblematic sculpture by Bacon, representing the commerce of the East protected by the King of Great Britain, who stood in the centre of a number of figures, holding a shield stretched over them. On the apex of the pediment rose a statue of Britannia. Asia, seated on a dromedary, was at the left corner, and Europe, on horseback, at the right.

"The ground floor," says a writer in "Knight's London," describing the old India House in 1843, "is chiefly occupied by Court and Committee Rooms, and by the Directors' private rooms. The Court of Directors occupy what is usually termed the 'Court Room,' while that in which the Court of Proprietors assemble is called the 'General Court Room.' The Court Room is said to be an exact cube of thirty feet; it is splendidly ornamented by gilding and by large looking-glasses; and the effect of its too great height is much diminished by the position of the windows near the ceiling. Six large pictures hang from the cornice, representing the three Presidencies, the Cape, St. Helena, and Tellicherry. A fine piece of sculpture, in white marble, is fixed over the chimney; Britannia is

seated on a globe by the sea-shore, receiving homage from three female figures, intended for Asia, Africa, and India. Asia offers spices with her right hand, and with her left leads a camel; India presents a large box of jewels, which she holds half open; and Africa rests her hand upon the head of a lion. The Thames, as a river-god, stands upon the shore, a labourer appears cording a large bale of merchandise, and ships are sailing in the distance. The whole is supported by two caryatid figures, intended for Brahmins, but really fine old European-looking philosophers.

"The General Court Room, which until the abolition of the trade was the old sale-room, is close to the Court Room. Its east side is occupied by rows of seats which rise from the floor near the middle of the room towards the ceiling, backed by a gallery where the public are admitted. On the floor are the seats for the chairman, secretary, and clerks. Against the west wall, in niches, are six statues of persons who have distinguished themselves in the Company's service; Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and the Marquis Cornwallis occupy those on the left, and Sir Eyre Coote, General Lawrance, and Sir George Pococke those on the right. It is understood that the statue of the Marquis Wellesley will be placed in the vacant space in the middle. The Finance and Home Committee Room is the best room in the house, with the exception of the Court Rooms, and is decorated with some good pictures. One wall is entirely occupied by a representation of the grant of the Dewannee to the Company in 1765, the foundation of all the British Power in India; portraits of Warren Hastings and of the Marquis Cornwallis stand beside the fireplace; and the remaining walls are occupied by other pictures, among which may be noticed the portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan, the Persian Envoy, who excited a good deal of attention in London in the year 1809. The upper part of the house contains the principal offices and the library and museum. In the former is, perhaps, the most splendid collection of Oriental MSS. in Europe, and, in addition, a copy of almost every printed work relating to Asia."

Our trade with India may date its real commencement from the last day of the sixteenth century, when 215 London merchant adventurers, elated by the capture of a Portuguese ship laden with Indian gold, pearls, spices, silks, and ivory, obtained a charter to trade with Hindostan for fifteen years. King James, with some reluctance (being, no doubt, tampered with by courtiers), renewed the charter, in 1609, "for ever," providing that it might be recalled on three years' notice from the Crown. In 1612, after twelve voyages had been made to the East Indies, the whole capital subscribed, amounting to £429,000, was united, and the management taken out of the hands of the original twenty-four managers. The Company suffered at first from the ordinary rapacity and injustice of the Stuarts. In 1623 (James I.), just as a fleet was starting for India, the Duke of Buckingham (then High Admiral) refused to allow it to sail till the Company had paid up a disputed Admiralty claim of £10,000, and £10,000 claimed by the king. In 1635, Charles I., breaking the charter, allowed a Captain Weddell, for some heavy bribe, to trade to India for five years. In 1640, the same unjust king compelled the Company (on bonds never entirely paid) to sell him their whole stock of Indian pepper in their warehouses, which he instantly re-sold at a lower price, at an eventual loss of £50,000. In 1655 the Republican Government, nobly antagonistic to royal monopolies, from which the people had so long groaned, under both the Tudors and the Stuarts, threw the trade to India entirely open, but the Company was reinstated in its power two years afterwards. In 1661, Charles II. (no doubt for a pretty handsome consideration) granted the Company a fresh charter, with the new and great privilege of making peace or war. Now the Company's wings began to grow in earnest. In 1653, Madras was made a presidency; in 1662, Bombay was ceded to England by the Portuguese, who gave it to Charles as part of the dower of poor ill-starred Catherine of Braganza; and in 1692 Calcutta was purchased by the ambitious traders, who now began to feel their power, and the possibilities of their new colony. From 1690 to 1693 there were great disputes as to whether the king or Parliament had the right of granting trade charters; and on William III. granting the Company (rich enough now to excite jealousy) a new charter for twenty-one years, an angry inquiry was instituted by the Tories, who discovered that the Company had distributed £90,000 among the chief officers of state. A prorogation of Parliament dropped the curtain on these shameful disclosures.

In 1698 the old Company was dissolved, and a new Company (which had outbid the old in bribes) was founded, rivalled, in 1700, by the old Company, which had obtained a partial resumption of its powers. In 1708, however, the two Companies, which had only injured each other, were united, and called "The United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies," a title which it retained till its trading privileges were abolished, in 1834. On the renewal of the charter in 1781 (George III.), the Government made important

changes in the charter, and required all despatches to be submitted to them before they were forwarded to India. The Government was already jealous of the imperial power of a Company which had the possibility of conquering 176 millions of people. In 1784 the blow indeed came, with the establishment of the Board of Control, "by which, in everything but patronage and trade," says a well-informed writer on the subject, "the Company's Court of Directors was rendered subordinate to the Government" of the time being. In 1794 private merchants were allowed to export goods in the Company's ships, another big slice out of the cake. By the year 1833 the private trading had begun to exceed, in value of goods, those carried by the Company. In 1833 an Act was passed to enable the Company to retain power until 1854, but abolishing the China monopoly, and all trading. This was cutting off the legs of the Company, and, in fact, preparing it for death. Their warehouses and most of their property were then sold, and the dividend was to be 10½ per cent., chargeable on the revenues of India, and redeemable by Parliament after the year 1874. The amount of dividend guaranteed by the Act was £630,000, being 10½ per cent. on a nominal capital of £6,000,000. The real capital of the Company was estimated, in 1832, at upwards of £21,000,000, including cash, goods, and buildings, and £1,294,768 as the estimated value of the East India House and the Company's warehouses, the prime cost of the latter having been £1,100,000. The Company was henceforth to be entitled the East India Company, and its accounts were to be annually laid before Parliament. The old privileges of the Company were now limited.

The General Court of Proprietors was formerly composed of the owners of India stock. After 1693 no one who had less than £1,000 stock could vote. Later still, the qualification was lowered to £500, and the greatest holders had no more. By the last law (that of 1773) the possession of £1,000 only gave one vote; £3,000, two; £6,000, three; and £10,000 the greatest number allowed—namely, four. The Court of Proprietors elected the Court of Directors, framed bye-laws, declared the dividends, and controlled grants of money above £600, and additions to salary above £200. Latterly the functions of this general court were entirely deliberative, and the vote was by ballot. In 1843 there were 1,880 members of the Court of Proprietors. The meetings in old times were very stormy, and even riotous; the debates virulent. In 1763, Clive, as unscrupulous as he was brave, laid out £100,000 in India stock, to introduce nominees of his own, who would vote at his pleasure. The directors were then appointed annually; latterly they were elected for four years, six retiring yearly, and the chairman and deputy-chairman, who communicated with the Government, did the greater part of the work.

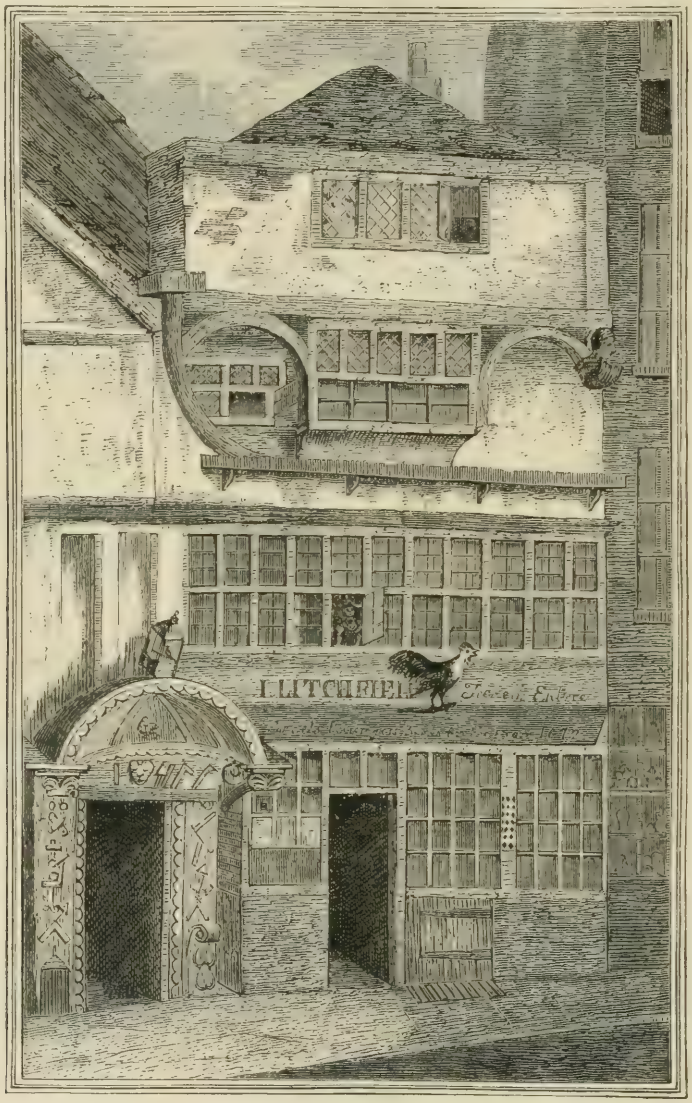
The Board of Control, established by the Act of 1784, was nominated by the Crown, and (after 1793) consisted of an unlimited number of members, all of whom, except two, were to be of the Privy Council, including the two principal Secretaries of State and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Three only of the commissioners were paid, and all changed with the Ministry. They had supreme power to keep or send despatches; had access to all books, accounts, papers, and documents in the East India House, orders, or secret despatches; and communicated with the Secret Committee.

In old times "John Company" employed nearly 4,000 men in its warehouses, and, before the trade with India closed, kept more than 400 clerks to transact the business of this greatest company that the world had ever seen. The military department superintended the recruiting and storing of the Indian army. There was a shipping department, a master-attendant's office, an auditor's office, an examiner's office, an accountant's office, a transfer office, and a treasury. The buying office governed the fourteen warehouses, and so worked the home market, having often in store some fifty million pounds weight of tea, 1,200,000 lbs. being sometimes sold in one day, at the annual tea sales. The tea and indigo sales were bear-garden scenes.

The despatches and letters from India poured ceaselessly into the India House. From 1793 to 1813 they made 9,094 large folio volumes; while from 1813 to 1829, the number increased to 14,414 folios. In a debate on East India matters, in 1822, Canning mentioned, in eulogy of the Company's clever and careful clerks, that he had known one military despatch accompanied by 119 papers, and containing altogether 13,511 pages. These were the men who had heard of Clive and Warren Hastings, and remembered that Macaulay had spoken of Indian writers as fallen from their high estate, because then (1840) they could only expect, at forty-five, to return to England with £1,000 a year pension and £30,000 of savings. They never forgot, we may be sure, that India yielded £17,000,000 in taxes.

It must never be forgotten, in describing the old East India House, that that most delightful of all our humourists, Charles Lamb, was a patient, humble, and plodding clerk at its desks for thirty years. "My printed works," he used to say, with his quaint stutter, "were my recreations; my real works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall

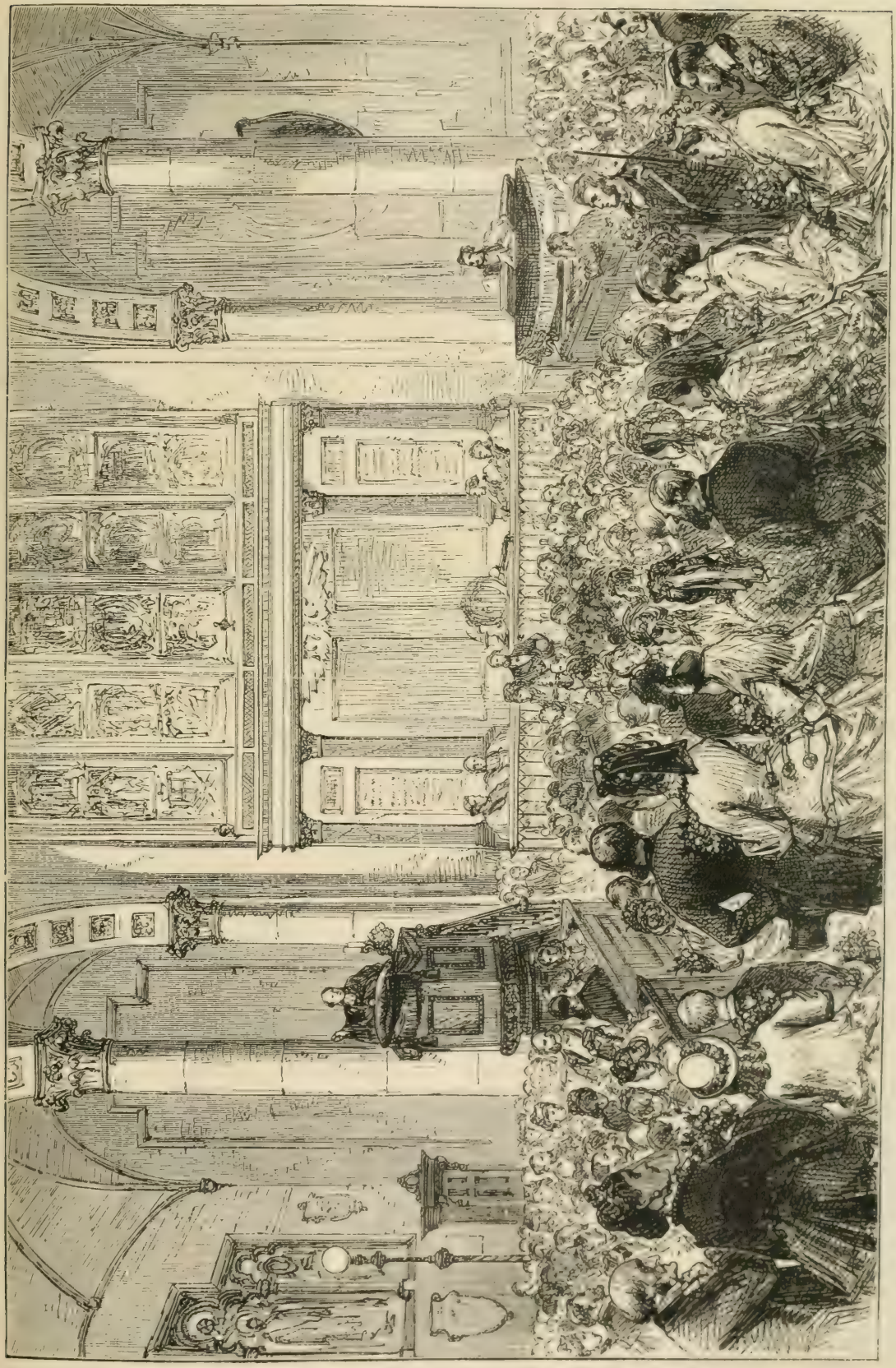
Street, filling some hundred folios." His half painful feelings of pleasure on at last regaining his freedom, he has himself beautifully described; and in one of the best of his essays he has sketched the most fantastic of his fellow-clerks. James Mill, the learned author of the "History of India," and worthy Hoole, the heavy translator of "Tasso," were also clerks in the India House.



OLD HOUSE FORMERLY IN LEADENHALL STREET.

In 1858, in consequence of the break-up occasioned by the mutiny, and the disappearance of the Company's black army, the government of the vast Indian empire was transferred to the Crown; the Board of Control was abolished, and a Council of State for India was instituted. The Queen was proclaimed in all the great Indian cities, as the successor to poor old dead-and-gone "John Company," November 1, 1858. The East India House, in Leadenhall Street, was sold with the furniture in 1861, and pulled down in 1862. The handsome pile of the East India Chambers now occupies its site, and the museum was transferred to Whitehall.

The Council of India now consists of fifteen members, at £1,200 a year each, payable, together with the salary of the Secretary of State, out of the revenue of India. The old twenty-four directors received £300 a year each, and £500 for their "chairs." At first eight of the council were appointed by the Queen, and seven by the Court of East India Directors, from their own body. In



THE FLOWER SERMON IN ST. CATHERINE CREE CHURCH.

future, vacancies in the Council will be filled up by the Secretary of State for India.

At the "Two Fans," in Leadenhall Street, Peter Anthony Motteux, a clever but rather unprincipled dramatic writer of the beginning of the eighteenth century, kept an India house, for the sale of Japan wares, fans, tea, pictures, arrack, rich brocades, Dutch silks, Flanders lace and linens. Such houses were then often used by fashionables as places of assignation. Motteux was a Protestant refugee from Rouen. He wrote or translated seventeen plays, including some of Molière's; produced a tragedy called *Beauty in Distress;* translated "Don Quixote" and "Rabelais," and was eventually found murdered on his birthday, 1717–18, in a notorious house in Star Court, Butcher Row, Temple Bar. Steele inserts a letter in the *Spectator*, No. 288, professedly written by Motteux, and calling attention to his shop.

The following fragment of a song of Motteux's, taken from *The Mock Doctor*, a translation of *Le Medecin malgré lui*, has always seemed to us full of spirit and French gaiety :—

"Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man;
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man."

Lime Street, Leadenhall Street, is supposed to have got its name from lime having been once upon a time sold there. It was a street rendered famous, in the time of Pepys, by the great robbery committed by an old rascally Cavalier colonel on his friend Tryan, a rich merchant. Under date of the 8th of January, 1663–4, that omnivorous news-collector, Pepys, records :—"Upon the 'Change, a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lime Street, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1,050 in money, and about £4,000 in jewels, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till, in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay." On the 10th, which was Sunday, Pepys goes on: "All our discourse to-night was about Mr. Tryan's late being robbed; and that Colonel Turner (a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me), one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood, was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it; of which we are all glad, so very a known rogue he was." On the next day it is added, "The general talk of the town still is of Colonel Turner, about the robbery; who, it is thought, will be hanged." And so he was. When the old Cavalier was on the ladder he related all his exploits in the wars, and, before he was turned off he kissed his hand to some ladies at a window near.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEADENHALL STREET (*continued*).

The Old Market—St. Catherine Cree Church—Laud's Folly at the Consecration—The Lion and the Flower Sermons—St. Mary Axe—A Roman Pavement—House of the De Veres—St. Andrew Undershaft—Sawing up the Maypole—Stow's Monument.

THE original Leadenhall Market was a mansion which belonged to Sir Hugh Neville, in 1309, and was converted into a granary, and probably a market for the City, by Sir Simon Eyre, a draper, and Lord Mayor of London in 1445. It appears to have been a large building roofed with lead, and at that time thought, we presume, grand and remarkable.

There was a large chapel on the east side of old Leadenhall Market, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, by Sir Simon Eyre. To this chapel were attached, for daily service of the market people, master, five secular priests, six clerks, two choristers, and three schoolmasters, for whose support Eyre left 3,000 marks. In the reign of Edward IV. a fraternity of sixty priests was established in this chapel. During a scarcity in 1512 (Henry VIII.) a great store of corn was laid up in the Leadenhall granary, and the mayor used to attend the market at four a.m. In the year 1534 it was proposed to make Leadenhall a merchants' Bourse, but the plan dropped through. At Henry VIII.'s death, in 1547, the Bishop of Winchester, the king's almoner, gave alms publicly to the poor at Leadenhall for twelve consecutive days. In Strype's time Leadenhall (now celebrated for its poultry) was a market for meat and fish, a market for raw hides, a wool market, and an herb market.

"The use of Leadenhall, in my youth," says Strype, "was thus :—In a part of the north quadrant, on the east side of the north gate, were the common beams for weighing of wool and other wares, as

had been accustomed; on the west side the gate was the scales to weigh meal; the other three sides were reserved (for the most part) to the making and resting of the pageants shewed at Midsummer in the watch. The remnant of the sides and quadrants were employed for the stowage of woolsacks, but not closed up; the lofts above were partly used by the painters in working for the decking of pageants and other devices, for beautifying of the watch and watchmen. The residue of the lofts were letten out to merchants, the woolwinders and packers therein to wind and pack their wools."

Leadenhall Market, says Pennant, "is the wonder of foreigners, who do not duly consider the carnivorous nation to which it belongs." When Don Pedro de Ronquillo, the Spanish ambassador, visited Leadenhall, he told Charles II. with admiration that he believed there was more meat sold in that market than in all the kingdom of Spain in a whole year. In 1730 Leadenhall Market was partly rebuilt, and in 1814 the leather-market was restored, the chapel and other old buildings being removed.

The engraving on page 186 shows an old house formerly standing in Leadenhall Street. The door at the side appears to have been the entrance to an old Jewish synagogue.

St. Catherine Cree (or Christ Church) is the memorable building where Archbishop Laud performed some of those dangerous ceremonials that ultimately contributed to bring him to the scaffold. Between the years 1280 and 1303 this church was built as a chapel for the parish of St. Catherine, in the churchyard of the priory of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., who united the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and the Trinity. Of the church of St. Michael (at the angle formed by the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets) the crypt existed at the date of Mr. Godwin's writing in 1839, with pointed arched groining and clustered columns, the shafts of which were said to be sunk about fourteen feet deep in the earth.

Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave the priory and the church to Lord Audley, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College, Cambridge. In Stow's time the high street had been so often raised by pavements round St. Catherine's, that those who entered had to descend seven steps. In the year 1628 the church, all but the tower was pulled down, and the present building commenced. The new building was consecrated by Archbishop Laud, then Bishop of London, Jan. 16, 1630-31. Rushworth gives the following account of the opening:—

"St. Catherine Cree Church being lately repaired, was suspended from all divine service, sermons, and sacraments, till it was consecrated. Wherefore Dr. Laud, Lord Bishop of London, on the 16th January, being the Lord's Day, came thither in the morning to consecrate the same. Now, because great exceptions were taken at the formality thereof, we will briefly relate the manner of the consecration. At the bishop's approach to the west door of the church, some that were prepared for it cried with a loud voice, 'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in.' And presently the doors were opened, and the bishop, with three doctors, and many other principal men, went in, and immediately falling down upon his knees, with his eyes lifted up, and his arms spread abroad, uttered these words: 'This place is holy, this ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy.' Then he took up some of the dust, and threw it up into the air several times in his going up towards the church. When they approached near to the rail and communion-table, the bishop bowed towards it several times, and returning they went round the church in procession, saying the Hundredth Psalm, after that the Nineteenth Psalm, and then said a form of prayer, 'Lord Jesus Christ,' &c.; and concluding, 'We consecrate this church, and separate it unto Thee, as holy ground, not to be profaned any more to common use.' After this, the bishop being near the communion-table, and taking a written book in his hand, pronounced curses upon those that should afterwards profane that holy place, by musters of soldiers, or keeping profane law-courts, or carrying burdens through it; and at the end of every curse he bowed towards the east, and said, 'Let all the people say, Amen.' When the curses were ended, he pronounced a number of blessings upon all those that had any hand in framing and building of that sacred church, and those that had given, or should hereafter give, chalices, plate, ornaments, or utensils; and at the end of every blessing he bowed towards the east, saying, 'Let all the people say, Amen.'

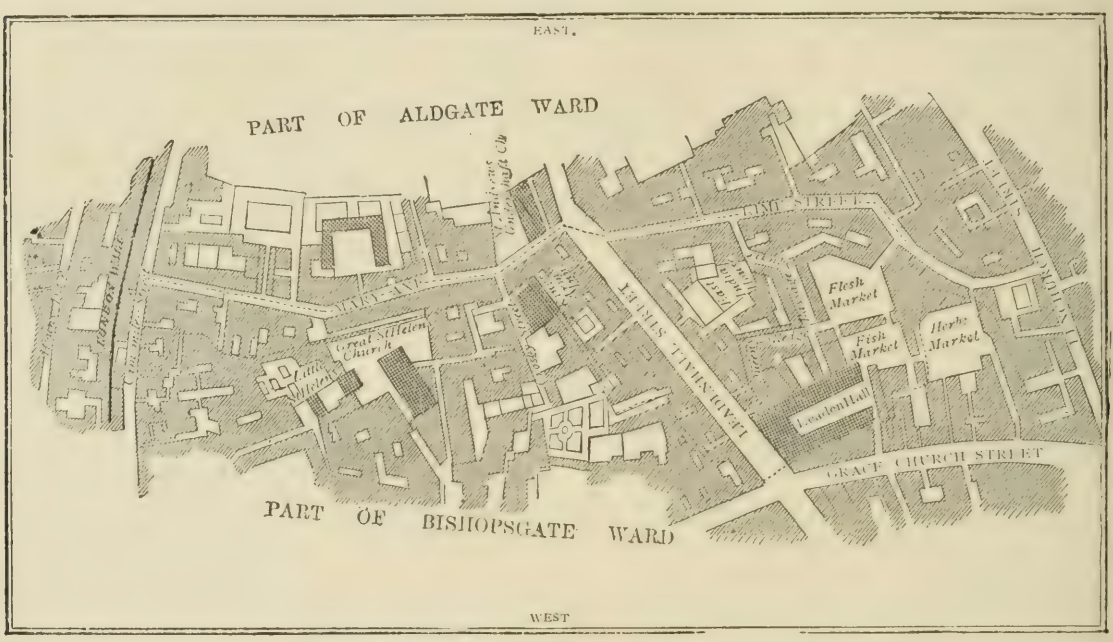
"After this followed the sermon, which being ended, the bishop consecrated and administered the sacrament in manner following:—As he approached the communion-table he made several lowly bowings, and coming up to the side of the table where the bread and wine were covered, he bowed seven times; and then, after the reading of many prayers, he came near the bread, and gently lifted up the corner of the napkin wherein the bread were laid; and when he beheld the bread, he laid it down again, flew back a step or two, bowed three several times towards it. Then he drew

near again, and opened the napkin and bowed as before. Then he laid his hand on the cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon it, which he let go again, went back, and bowed thrice towards it; then he came near again, and lifting up the cover of the cup, looked into it, and seeing the wine, he let fall the cover again, retired back, and bowed as before. Then he received the sacrament, and gave it to some principal men; after which, many prayers being said, the solemnity of the consecration ended."

In the Middle Ages morality plays were acted in the churchyard of St. Catherine Cree. In an old parish book, quoted by Malcolm, under the date 1565, there is an entry of certain players, who for licence to play their interludes in the churchyard paid the sum of 27s. 8d.

The most interesting ceremonial to be witnessed in this church is the annual "flower sermon" on Whit-Monday, which is largely attended: the congregation all wear flowers, and a large bouquet is placed on the pulpit before the preacher.

It is generally thought by good authorities that this church was restored under the direction of Inigo Jones. The building displays a strange mixture of Gothic and Greek architecture, yet is still not without a certain picturesqueness. The east window is square-headed; Corinthian columns support a clerestory, and the groined ceiling is coarse and ugly. The chief monument in the church is one to the memory of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, chief butler of England, a chamberlain, and an ambassador to France from Queen Elizabeth. The tomb, of marble or alabaster, "now (1839)," says Mr. Godwin, "painted stone-colour, is canopied, and has a recumbent effigy." There is also a small tablet, supported by two figures of monks (beginning of seventeenth century). At the west end is an indifferent bas-relief by the elder Bacon. There is also a man more illustrious than these said to be buried here, and that is the great Holbein. The great painter is said to have died in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and Strype gives this as the place of his interment, adding that the Earl of Arundel had wished to erect a monument to his



LIME STREET WARD. (*From a Survey made in* 1750.)

memory, but was unable to discover the exact spot of his grave. The close of Holbein's career, however, is wrapped in obscurity. Walpole observes that "the spot of his *interment* is as uncertain as that of his *death*;" and he might have added, that there is quite as much doubt about the time.

St. Mary Axe, so called originally from a shop with the sign of an axe, is a street which runs from Lime Street into Camomile Street, on the line of the old Roman wall, and so named (like Wormwood Street) from the rough herbs that grew among the old Roman stones. The church of St. Mary, long since vanished, was, says Stow, after the union of the parish with that of St. Andrew Undershaft, turned into a warehouse. The Smiths, in one of the best of the "Rejected Addresses," in imitation of Crabbe, play very wittily on the name of St. Mary Axe—

"Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary."

Near this spot stood, in the reign of Henry V., the London residence of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Richard, Earl of Oxford, fought at Agincourt, and died in France, 1417, two years after that great victory.

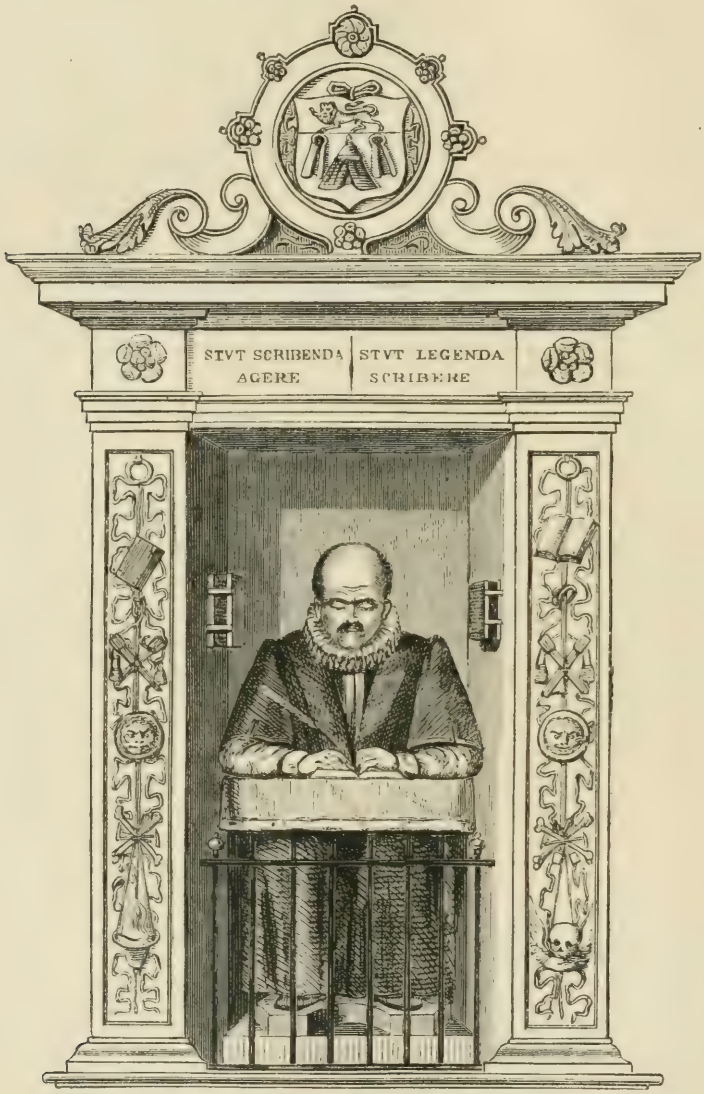
In Leadenhall Street, opposite the East India House, in 1803, was found the most magnificent Roman tessellated pavement yet discovered in London. It lay at only nine and a half feet below the street, but a third side had been cut away for a sewer. It appeared to have been the floor of a room more than twenty feet square. In the centre was Bacchus upon a tiger, encircled with three borders (inflexions of serpents, cornucopiæ, and squares diagonally concave), with drinking-cups and plants at the angles. Surrounding the whole was a square border of a bandeau of oak, and lozenge figures and true-lover's knots, and a five-feet outer margin of plain red tiles. The pavement was broken in taking up, but the pieces were preserved in the library of the East India Company. A fragment of an urn and a jawbone were found beneath one corner. "In this beautiful specimen of Roman Mosaic," says Mr. Fisher, who published a coloured print of it, "the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected by about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials, the major part of which are baked earths; but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are of glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design." In connection with this interesting discovery, it may be mentioned that another fine Roman pavement, twenty-eight feet square, was found in 1854 in Old Broad Street, on taking down the Excise Office. It lay about fifteen feet lower than the foundations of Gresham House, on the site of which the Excise Office was built. "It is," says a description of it inserted by Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities," "a geometrical pattern of broad blue lines, forming intersections of octagon and lozenge compartments. The octagon figures are bordered with a cable pattern, shaded with grey, and interlaced with a square border shaded with red and yellow. In the centres, within a ring, are expanded flowers, shaded in red, yellow, and grey, the double row of leaves radiating from a figure called a true-love knot, alternately with a figure something like the tiger-lily. Between the octagon figures are square compartments bearing various devices. In the centre of the pavement is Ariadne or a Bacchante, reclining on the back of a panther, but only the fore-paws, one of the hind-paws, and the tail, remain. Over the head of the figure floats a light drapery, forming an arch. Another square contains a two-handled vase. On the demi-octagons, at the sides of the pattern, are lunettes; one contains a fan ornament; another, a bowl crowned with flowers. The lozenge intersections are variously embellished with leaves, shells, true-love knots, chequers, and an ornament shaped like a dice-box. At the corners of the pattern are true-love knots. Surrounding this pattern is a broad cable-like border, broad bands of blue and white alternating, then a floral scroll, and beyond this an edge of demi-lozenges, in alternate blue and white. An outer border composed of plain red tessellæ, surrounds the whole. The ground of the pavement is white, and the other colours are a scale of full red, yellow, and a bluish grey. This pavement is of late workmanship. Various Roman and mediæval articles were turned up in the same excavation; among these were a silver denarius of Hadrian, several copper coins of Constantine, and a small copper coin bearing, on the reverse, the figures of Romulus and Remus suckled by the traditionary wolf; several Roman and mediæval tiles and fragments of pottery; a small glass of a fine blue colour, and coins and tradesmen's tokens were also found.

Perhaps of all the old churches of London there is scarcely one so interesting as St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street, nearly opposite the site of the old East India House, the very name itself suggesting some curious and almost forgotten tradition. Stow is peculiarly interesting about this church, which he says derived its singular name from "a high or long shaft or Maypole higher than the church steeple" (hence *under* shaft), which used, early in the morning of May Day, the great spring festival of merry England, to be set up and hung with flowers opposite the south door of St. Andrew's.

This ancient Maypole must have been the very centre of those joyous and innocent May Day revelries sung of by Herrick:—

"Come, my Corinna; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying."

The venerable St. Andrew's Maypole was never raised after that fatal "Evil May Day," in the reign of Henry VIII., which we have mentioned in our chapter on Cheapside. It remained dry-rotting on its friendly hooks in Shaft Alley till the third year of Edward VI., when the Reforming preachers, time but between Shrovetide and Easter. The same eccentric reformer used to preach out of a high elm-tree in his churchyard, and sing high mass in English from a tomb, far from the altar. The sermon denouncing the Maypole was preached at Paul's Cross, when Stow himself was present;



STOW'S MONUMENT IN ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

growing unusually hot and zealous in the sunshine of royal favour, and, as a natural consequence, considerably intolerant, one Sir Stephen, a curate of the neighbouring St. Katherine's Christ Church, Leadenhall Street, preached against the good old Maypole, and called it an "Idol," advising all men to alter the Popish names of churches and the names of the days of the week, to eat fish any day but Friday and Saturday, and to keep Lent any and that same afternoon the good old historian says he saw the Shaft Alley people, "after they had dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour, raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house." Thus was the "idol" mangled and burned. Not long after there was a

Romish riot in Essex, and the bailiff of Romford was hung just by the well at Aldgate, on the pavement in front of Stow's own house. While on the ladder this poor perplexed bailiff said he did not know why he was to be hung, unless it was for telling Sir Stephen (the enemy of the Maypole) that there was heavy news in the country, and many men were up in Essex. After this man's death Sir Stephen stole out of London, to avoid popular reproach, and



MOORFIELDS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD. (*From a Map of about 1720.*)

was never afterwards heard of by good old Stow. And this is the whole story of St. Andrew's Maypole and the foolish curate of Catherine Cree.

Many eminent citizens were buried in this church. Among them we may name John Kirby, the great Elizabethan merchant tailor, and Stow himself, Stephen Jennings, Mayor of London, another worthy merchant tailor, who, in 1520, rebuilt half the church, but sought a grave in the Grey Friars (Christ's Hospital). An old chronicler mentions "at the lower end of the north ile" of this church "a faire wainscot press full of good books, the works of many learned and reverend divines," for chance readers; and there still is a desk with seven curious old books (mostly black letter), which formerly were chained to open cages. The present church, rebuilt 1520–1532, consists of a nave and two aisles, with a ribbed and flattened perpendicular roof, painted and gilt, with flowers and emblazoned shields. The chancel has also paintings of the heavenly choir, landscapes, and buildings. St. Andrew's boasts much stained glass, particularly a large painted window at the east end, containing whole-length portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, Charles I., and Charles II. This church was pewed soon after 1520. It contains many valuable brasses, tablets, and monuments, as might be expected in a celebrated City church lucky enough to escape the Great Fire. The most special and memorable of these is the terra-cotta monument to worthy, indefatigable, honest old Stow. The monument to Stow was erected at the expense of his widow, and the effigy was formerly painted to resemble life. The worthy old chronicler is represented sitting at a table, as he

must have spent half his existence, with a book before him (an old parish register, no doubt), and he holds a pen in his hand, as was his custom. The figure is squat and stiff, but the portrait is no doubt exact. There was formerly, says Cunningham, a railing before the tomb. That Stow was a tailor, born about 1525, in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, we have stated in a previous chapter. That he lived near Aldgate Pump we have also noted. He seems to have written his laborious "Chronicles," "Annals," and "Survey" amidst care and poverty. He was a friend of Camden, and a *protégé* of Archbishop Parker, yet all he could obtain from James I. was a license to beg. He died a twelvemonth after this effusion of royal favour, and was buried at St. Andrew's in 1605. In 1732 his body was removed, says Maitland, "to make way for another." His collection for the "Chronicles of England," in sixty quarto volumes, are now in the British Museum. Wonderful *chiffonnier* of topographical facts! Peter Anthony Motteux, the clever translator of "Don Quixote," already mentioned by us, was buried here, but there is no monument to his memory.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOREDITCH.

The Famous Legend respecting Shoreditch—Sir John de Soerditch—"The Duke of Shoreditch"—Archery Competitions of the Sixteenth Century—St. Leonard's Church—Celebrated Men of Elizabeth's Time—The Fairchild Sermon—Holywell Lane—The "Curtain" Theatre.

THIS ancient and ill-used parish extends from Norton Folgate to Old Street, and from part of Finsbury to Bethnal Green. Originally a village on the old Roman northern road, called by the Saxons Old Street, it is now a continuation of Bishopsgate Street.

The old London tradition is that Shoreditch derived its name from Jane Shore, the beautiful mistress of Edward IV., who, worn out with poverty and hunger, died miserably in a ditch in this unsavoury suburb. This legend, however, is entirely erroneous, as we have shown in a previous chapter. It does not seem to have been popular even so late as 1587. Dr. Percy hit upon quite as erroneous a derivation when he traced the name of the parish to shore (sewer), a common drain. Shoreditch, or, more correctly, Soerdich, really took its name from the old family of the Soerdiches, Lords of the Manor in the time of Edward III. Sir John de Soerdich of that reign, an eminent warrior, lawyer, statesman, and diplomatist, was, on one memorable occasion, sent to Rome to protest before the Pope against the greedy and tyrannical way in which foreign priests were thrust into English benefices, and it was all Sir John could do to get safe back to the little island. The Soerdich family, Mr. Timbs informs us, held the manor of Ickenham, near Uxbridge, and resided there till our own time. The last of the family, an engineer, died in 1865, in the West Indies. In the reign of Richard II. the manor of Shoreditch was granted to Edmund, Duke of York, and his son, the Earl of Rutland, which accounts for the fact that St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, is full of the Manners family. Stow mentions a house in Hackney called Shoreditch Place; and Strype notes the vulgar tradition that Jane Shore once lived there, and was often visited by her royal lover. This was probably the old mansion of Sir John de Soerdich, who rode against the French spears by the side of the Black Prince, and with Manney and Chandos.

In the reign of Henry VIII., when Shoreditch was still a mere waste of fields, dotted with windmills and probably, like Islington (fields, much frequented by archers, for practising at roving marks), the burly king conferred on an archer of Shoreditch, named Barlow, who had pleased him at some wondrous competition at Windsor, the jocular title of Duke of Shoreditch. Happiest and proudest of all London's archers must Barlow have gloried at all civic processions, when, as captain, he strode first to the Hoxton, Islington, or Newington Butts. The duke's companions adopted such titles as the Marquises of Hoxton, Islington, Pancras, and Shacklewell, and other ludicrous appellations of honour. In Elizabeth's reign the archers of London numbered no fewer than 3,000, and on one occasion we hear of one thousand of them, wearing gold chains, going from the Merchant Taylors' Hall to Smithfield, to try their skill, attended by 4,000 billmen, besides pages. In Dryden's time Shoreditch was a disreputable place, frequented by courtesans; and in Lillo's old ballad of "George Barnwell," the apprentice hero of which

thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow, that wicked siren, Mrs. Millwood, lives at Shoreditch, "next door unto the 'Gun.'"

The present St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, occupies the site of a church at least as old as the thirteenth century. The old church, which had four gables and a low square tower, was taken down in 1736, and the present ugly church built by the elder Dance, in 1740, with a steeple to imitate that of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and a fine peal of twelve bells. The chancel window, the gift of Thomas Awsten, in 1634, and a tablet to the Awstens, are the only relics left of the old church. St. Leonard's is the actor's church of London; for, in the days of Elizabeth and James, the players of distinction from the Curtain, in Holywell Lane, and from "The Theatre," as well as those from the Blackfriars Theatre and Shakespeare's Globe, were fond of residing in this parish. Perhaps nowhere in all London have rooms echoed oftener with Shakespeare's name than those of Shoreditch.

The parish register, within a period of sixty years, says Cunningham, records the interment at St. Leonard's of the following celebrated characters:—"Will. Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester (d. 1560); Richard Tarlton, the famous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time (d. 1588); James Burbage (d. 1596) and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage (d. 1618–19); Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell, in 1598, in a duel with Ben Jonson; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sydney; Fortunatus Greene, the *un*fortunate offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player (d. 1593). Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar, as a yearly benefactor of £6 10s., which sum is still distributed in bread every year to the poor inhabitants of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed.

In the burial register, January 22nd, 1588, is the following entry: "Aged 207 years. Holywell Street. Thomas Cam." The 2 should probably be 1. A correspondent of the *Penny Magazine*, writing in 1833, notices this entry as the most remarkable record of longevity in existence, and adds: "It thus appears that Cam was born in the year 1381, in the fourth of Richard II., living through the reign of that monarch, and through those of the whole of the following sovereigns—viz., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and to the thirtieth of Elizabeth. Such an extreme duration of life is, however, contrary to all recorded experience; and unless the fact can be supported by other evidence, it is reasonable to conclude that the entry in the register is inaccurate."

At St. Leonard's, every Whit Tuesday, is preached a sermon on the "Wonderful Works of God in the Creation," or "On the Certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, proved by certain changes of the Animal and Vegetable Parts of the Creation." The money, £25 in all, left for this purpose to the preacher was bequeathed, in 1728, by Mr. Thomas Fairchild, a gardener, whose gardens (Selby's Gardens) then extended from the west end of Ivy Lane to the New North Road. The sum originally bequeathed was afterwards increased by sundry contributions. It used to be the custom for the President and Fellows of the Royal Society to attend these sermons.

Holywell Lane (west side of Shoreditch) was so called, says Stow, from a sweet, wholesome, and clear well, spoiled, in that writer's time, by the manure-heaps of the nursery gardens. Here formerly, till the dissolution, stood a Benedictine nunnery of St. John the Baptist, founded by some forgotten Bishop of London; and in this street lived and died Richard Burbage, the tragedian, and friend and companion of Shakespeare. Near St. Leonard's Church stood two of the earliest London theatres—the "Curtain" and "The Theatre." The site of the first of these is still marked by Curtain Road.

"The Theatre," on the site of Holywell Priory, was remarkable as being, according to Malone, the first theatre erected in London. It is noticed in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, in 1578, as the "gorgeous playing-place erected in the Fields." In 1598 this wooden theatre was taken down, and the timber of it was used for enlarging the Globe.

The "Curtain" is mentioned as early as 1577 (before Shakespeare came to London), and by Stubbs, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," in 1583. In 1622 it was occupied by Prince Charles's actors. Aubrey, in 1678, calls it the "Green Curtain," and terms it "a kind of nursery, or obscure playhouse." It gradually, like many of the smaller theatres, sank into a sparring-room. Maitland, in his "London" (1772), mentions some remains of the "Curtain" as recently standing. It is supposed to have got its name from having been the first house that used the green curtain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOORFIELDS AND FINSBURY.

The Early Days of Moorfields—Curious Skates—Various Moorfield Scenes—A Fray between Butchers and Bakers—The Carpenters' Company and their Hall—Moorfields at the Time of the Great Fire—The Artillery Ground—The Trained-Bands—The Tabernacle in Moorfields—The Old Bedlam—Miscellaneous Trades in Moorfields—The Hospital of St. Luke—The Present Hospital—Peerless Pool—St. Luke's Church—Finsbury Fields—An Old-fashioned Medical Quarter of London—Great Change in the Character of the Inhabitants of Finsbury—Bunhill Fields Burial Ground—The Great Plague Pit in Finsbury—Finsbury as an Ecclesiastical Property—Treaties for the Transfer of Bunhill Fields Cemetery to the Dissenters—Negotiations between the City Corporation and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—Lackington and his History—The London Institution—Finsbury Pavement.

"THIS Fen or Moor Field," says Stow, "stretching from the wall of the City betwixt Bishopsgate and the postern called Cripplesgate, to Finsbury, and to Holywell, continued a waste and unprofitable ground a long time, so that the same was all letten for four marks the year in the reign of Edward II.; but in the year 1415, the 3rd of Henry V., Thomas Falconer, Mayor, caused the wall of the City to be broken toward the said moor, and built the postern called Moorgate, for the ease of the citizens to walk that way upon causeys towards Iseldon and Hoxton."

Fitzstephen the monk, who wrote a curious account of London in the reign of Henry II., describes Moorfields as the general place of amusement for London youth. Especially, he says, was the Fen frequented for sliding in winter-time, when it was frozen. He then mentions a primitive substitute for skates. "Others there are," he says, "still more expert in these amusements; they place certain bones—the leg-bones of animals—under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the City on the north side."

The barren region of Moorfields and Finsbury was first drained (no doubt to the great indignation of the London apprentices) in 1527, laid out in pleasant walks in the reign of James I., and first built on after the Great Fire, when all the City was turned topsy-turvy. Moorfields before this must have been a melancholy region, with raised paths and refuse-heaps, deep black ditches, not inodorous, and detestable open sewers; a walk for thieves and lovers, suicides and philosophers, and as Howes (1631) says, "held impossible to be reformed."

It is described by Peter Cunningham, in a few lines that conceal much research, as a place for cudgel-players and train-band musters, for its madhouse (one of the lions of London), and for its wrestlers, pedestrians, bookstall-keepers, and ballad-sellers. Ben Jonson makes old Knowell follow his son there, when he has the suspicious appointment in the Old Jewry; and worthy Brainworm has to do his best to screen his young master. In "The Embassy to England in 1626" of Bassompierre, that French ambassador mentions, after dining (the Duke and Earls of Montgomery and Holland having brought him home), taking a fashionable walk in the Moorfields. Sir William Davenant (Charles II.) wittily talks of the laundresses and bleachers of Moorfields, "whose acres of old linen make a show like the fields of Carthagena (the great naval depôt of Spain), when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread." In one of Peter Cunningham's series of admirably-selected extracts bearing on London topography, we find chatty Pepys (June, 1661) going to Moorfields to see the northern and western men wrestle. Then comes a fray in Moorfields between the butchers and weavers, described by the same diarist, very characteristic of the old guild jealousies, not even then quite forgotten—"26th July, 1664. Great discourse yesterday of the fray in Moorfields; how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied, and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling, '£100 for a butcher!'"

In 1671, Shadwell, a close imitator of Ben Jonson and the old school whom Dryden ridiculed, sneers, in his "Humourist," at a French surgeon, originally a barber, whose chief customers were the cudgel-players of Moorfields, and drawers (waiters) whose heads had been broken with quart-pots. In the "Scowrers" (so called after the predecessors

of the Mohocks, those London night-roysterers who made even Swift tremble), the same fat poet makes Lady Maggot, a vulgar pretender, talk with contempt of walking with her husband. "Well," says the insolent parvenu, "I shall never teach a citizen manners. I warrant you think you are in Moorfields, seeing haberdashers walking with their whole fireside." Garth alludes to the cheap book-stalls of Moorfields; and long after Gray refers in a letter to Warton to "a penny history that hangs upon the rails in Moorfields;" while Tom Brown (1709, Queen Anne), to illustrate the insolence and forgetfulness of prosperity, describes how a cutler despises a knife-grinder, and "a well-grown Paul's Churchyard bookseller, one of the trade that sells second-hand books under the trees in Moorfields."

Carpenters' Hall, on the southern side of London Wall, is one of the few City Halls which escaped the Great Fire of 1666. It was also, says Timbs, nearly destroyed in a great fire Oct. 6, 1849, when the end walls and windows were burned out, and the staircase and roof much damaged; while the burning building was only separated from Drapers' Hall by the garden and fore-court. The Hall was originally built in 1429. The walls of old London faced it, and beyond were Moorfields, Finsbury, and open ground. The exterior possesses no trace of antiquity. The court-rooms were built in 1664, and the principal staircase and entrance-hall by W. Jupp about 1780; the latter is richly decorated with bas-reliefs of carpentry figures and implements, with heads of Vitruvius, Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Wren, designed by Bacon; and the street archway has also a fine bust of Inigo Jones, by Bacon.

The Great Hall has a rich and beautiful ceiling, put up in 1716, the supporting pillars springing from the corbels of the old arched timber roof. On the western side, surmounted by an embattled oak beam, is a series of four fresco paintings, which were discovered in 1845 by a workman in repairing the hall. The subjects are divided by columns painted in distemper; the ground-work is laths, with a thick layer of brown earth and clay held well together with straw, and a layer of lime, upon which the paintings are executed.

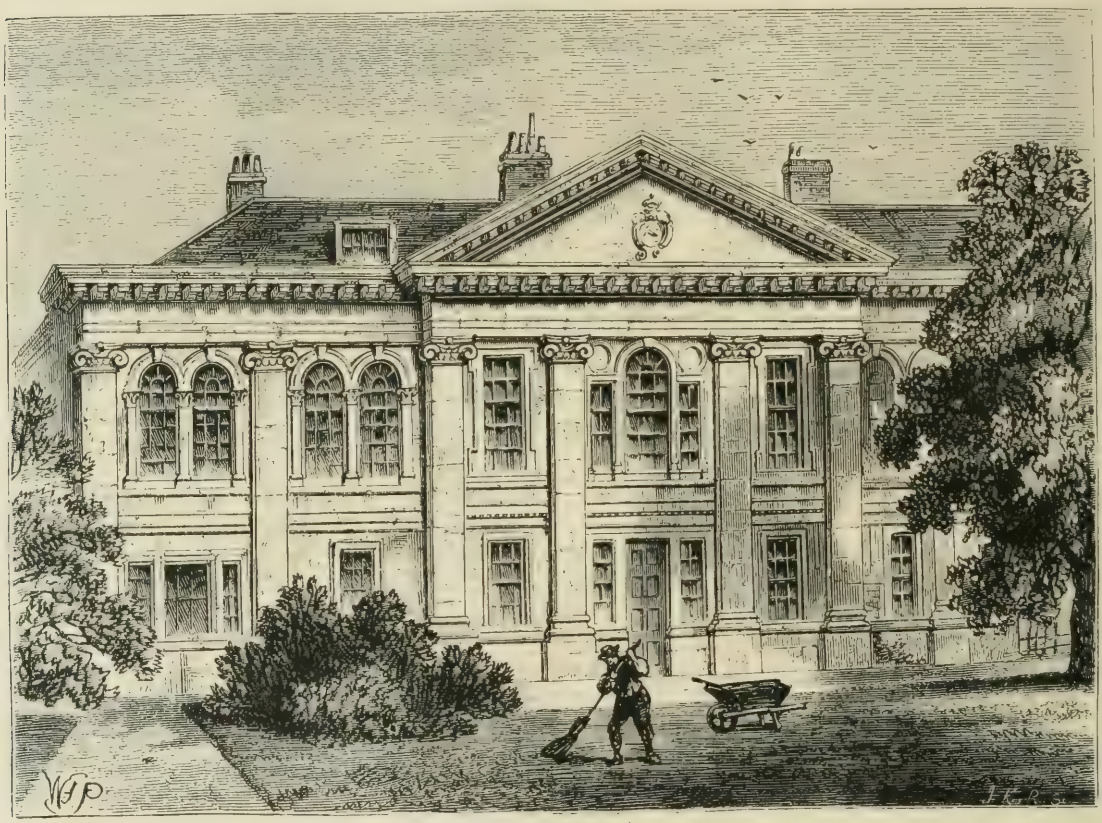
The subjects are:—1. Noah receiving the commands from the Almighty for the construction of the ark; in another portion of the picture are Noah's three sons at work. 2. King Josiah ordering the repair of the Temple (2 Kings xxii.); mentioning *carpenters* and builders and masons as having no reckoning of money made with them, "because they dealt faithfully." 3. Joseph at work as a carpenter, the Saviour as a boy gathering the chips; Mary spinning with the distaff; the figure of Joseph represents that in Albert Durer's woodcut of the same incident, executed in 1511. 4. Christ teaching in the synagogue; "Is not this the *carpenter's* son?" Each painting has a black-letter inscription, more or less perfect. The figures are of the school of Holbein; the costumes are *temp.* Henry VIII. Above the picture, in the spandrel of the arch, are painted the Company's arms, and "Shreeves" and "Robard" of an inscription remain, intimating it to commemorate the benefit of some sheriffs. The southern wall has some decorative Elizabethan work. The eastern window has carved oak mullions and Renaissance bases, and some armorial painted glass, date 1586. There are a few carved wooden panels, besides the series of corbels, some of good workmanship.

About the date of the Carpenters' Company's earliest charter there is considerable uncertainty. Their common seal and grant of arms is dated 1466; and a guild of carpentry is noticed in 1421–2. The earliest entry in the Company's books is dated 1438; they contain many proofs of their power over the trade. Among the pictures are portraits of William Portington, master carpenter to the Crown, *temp.* Elizabeth and James I.; and John Scott, ordnance carpenter and carriage-maker, *temp.* Charles II. The Company also possess four very curious caps or crowns (the oldest 1561), still used by the master and wardens. Among their plate are three silver-gilt *hanaps* (1611, 1612, 1628), which are borne in procession round the hall on election-day. Cakes are presented to the members of the court on Twelfth Day, and ribbon-money to them on Lord Mayor's Day.

Moorfields was crowded after the Great Fire. "The poor inhabitants," writes Evelyn, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest poverty and misery. In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

"Here in Moorfields," says Strype, "is the new Artillery Ground, so called in distinction from another artillery garden near St. Mary Spittal, where formerly the Artillery Company exercised; who,

about the latter end of King James I. his reign, were determined to remove thence, and to hold their trainings and practice of arms here; being the third great field from Moorgate, next to the six windmills, which field, Mr. Leat, one of the twenty captains, with great pains, was divers years a-preparing to that purpose. The reason of this, their remove, was, because now their meetings and number consisted of many more soldiers than the old ground could well contain, being sometimes 6,000. Though sometimes, notwithstanding, they went to the old artillery, and continued so to do in my memory."



HALL OF THE CARPENTERS' COMPANY.

It was this company, then known by the name of the Trained-bands, which decided the fate of the great civil war. On every occasion they behaved with the spirit and perseverance of the most veteran troops. They were commanded by Skippon, captain of the Artillery Garden, who had served long in Holland, and raised himself from a common soldier to the rank of captain, and proved himself an excellent officer. From the service he had been in he came over full of prejudice against the Church and State, so was greatly in the confidence of his party. He was totally illiterate, but his speeches to his soldiers had more weight in their ears than the finest oratory. On marching to join the Earl of Essex, this was his speech: "Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily; I will run the same fortune and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God; and for yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless you."

The Tabernacle, in Moorfields, was built in 1752; previously to which, in 1741, shortly after Whitefield's separation from Wesley, some Calvinistic Dissenters, says Mr. Timbs, raised for Whitefield a large shed near the Foundry, in Moorfields, upon a piece of ground lent for the purpose, until he should return from America. From the temporary nature of the structure it was called the Tabernacle, in allusion to the Tabernacle of the Israelites in the Wilderness; and the name became the designation of the chapels of the Calvinistic Methodists generally. Whitefield's first pulpit here is said to have been a grocer's sugar hogshead, an eccentricity not improbable. Silas Todd describes the Moorfields Tabernacle, about 1740, as "a ruinous place, with an old pantile covering, a few rough deal boards put together to constitute a temporary pulpit, and



OLD BETHLEM HOSPITAL, MOORFIELDS ABOUT 1750.

several other decayed timbers, which composed the whole structure." John Wesley also preached here (the Foundry, as it was called), at five in the morning and seven in the evening. The men and women sat apart; and there were no pews, or difference of benches, or appointed place for any person. At this chapel the first Methodist Society was formed in 1740. "In 1752, the wooden building was taken down, the site was leased by the City of London, and the present chapel was built, with a lantern roof. It is now occupied by Independents, and will hold about 4,000 persons. This chapel was the cradle of Methodism; the preaching-places had hitherto been Moorfields, Mary-le-bone Fields, and Kennington Common." The building here alluded to was pulled down in 1868, and a smaller chapel erected on the site.

The old Bedlam, one of the chief lions of Moorfields, was a low, dismal-looking pile; enclosed by heavy gates, and surrounded by squalid houses.

"When I remember Moorfields first," says "Aleph" (*i.e.*, Mr. William Harvey), "it was a large open quadrangular space, shut in by the Pavement to the west, the hospital and its outbuildings to the south, and lines of shops without fronts, occupied chiefly by dealers in old furniture, to the east and north. Most of these shops were covered in by screens of canvas or rough boards, so as to form an apology for a piazza; and, if you were bold enough, in wet weather you might take refuge under them, but it was at the imminent risk of your purse or your handkerchief. As Field Lane was the favourite market for wearing apparel, at a low charge, so these stores afforded an endless choice of decayed upholstery to poorer purchasers: a broken-down four-poster or a rickety tent bedstead might be secured at almost any price, 'No reasonable offer was refused.' It was interesting to inspect the articles exposed for sale: here a cracked mirror in a dingy frame, a set of hair-seated chairs, the horse-hair protruding; a tall, stiff, upright easy chair, without a bottom; a cupboard with one shelf left of three, and with half a door; here a black oak chest, groaning to be scraped, so thick with ancient dust that it might have been the den of some unclean animal in Noah's ark; a washhand-stand, with a broken basin; a hall clock-case, with a pendulum, but no dial; and other hopelessly invalided household necessaries, too numerous to mention. These miscellaneous treasures were guarded by swarthy men and women of Israel, who paraded in front of their narrow dominions all the working day; and if you did but pause for an instant, you must expect to be dragged into some hideous Babel of frowsy chattels, and made a purchaser in spite of yourself. Escaping from this uncomfortable mart to the hospital footway, a strange sense of utter desertion came over you; long, gloomy lines of cells, strongly barred, and obscured with the accumulated dust, silent as the grave, unless fancy brought sounds of woe to your ears, rose before you; and there, on each side of the principal entrance, were the wonderful effigies of raving and moping madness, chiselled by the elder Cibber. How those stone faces and eyes glared! How sternly the razor must have swept over those bare heads! How listless and dead were those limbs, bound with inexorable fetters, while the iron of despair had pierced the hearts of the prisoned maniacs! Those terrible presentments of physical anguish were till lately preserved in the entrance of the new hospital, but a rumour went the round of the press that they were about to be removed." This presentiment proved correct, and these two remarkable statues may now (says Mr. Harvey in 1863) be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where they are infinitely less appropriate than in their old home.

"Opposite to Bethlem Hospital, on the north side of Moorfields, stood the hospital of St. Luke, a long plain building, till of late," says Pennant, "appropriated to the same purposes, but totally independent of the former." It was founded on the humane consideration that Bethlem was incapable of receiving all the miserable objects which were offered. A few years before Pennant's writing, in 1790, the patients were removed from the old hospital to a new one, erected under the same name, in Old Street, on the plan of the former, extending in front 493 feet.

In 1753 (says Timbs) pupils were admitted to the hospital; and Dr. Battie, the original physician, allowed medical men to observe his practice. This practice fell into disuse, but was revived in 1843, and an annual course of chemical lectures established, at which pupils selected by the physicians of the different metropolitan hospitals are allowed to attend gratuitously. In 1754 incurable patients were admitted, on payment, to the hospital on Windmill Hill.

"There are few buildings in the metropolis, perhaps in Europe," says Elmes, "that, considering the poverty of the material, common English clamp-bricks, possess such harmony of proportion, with unity and appropriateness of style, as this building. It is as characteristic of its uses as that of Newgate, by the same architect."

This building was commenced in 1782, when green fields could be seen in every direction, and

the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Montague, July 30; the cost, about £50,000, being defrayed by subscriptions. George Dance, junior, was the architect.

Since the first admission of patients on July 30th, 1751, to the same day 1791, 4,421 were admitted, of which 1,936 were discharged cured, and 1,465 uncured. By a very liberal regulation, uncured patients could be taken in again, on the payment of five shillings a week. This was afterwards increased to seven shillings; so that their friends might, if they pleased, try a second time the force of medicine on their unhappy relations or connections. The number of patients received into the hospital from its opening to April 25, 1809, amounted to 9,042, of whom 3,884 were discharged uncured or as idiots, and 35,911 as cured. Seven hundred died during that period. The old hospital was at last pulled down and replaced by a row of houses.

The hospital was incorporated in 1838, the end infirmaries added in 1841; a chapel in 1842, and open fire-places set in the galleries; when also coercion was abolished, padded rooms were provided for violent patients, and an airing ground set apart for them; wooden doors were substituted for iron gates, and unnecessary guards and bars removed from the windows. In 1843 were added reading-rooms and a library for the patients, with bagatelle and backgammon boards, &c. By Act 9 & 10 Vict., cap. 100, the Commissioners of Lunacy were added to the hospital direction. In 1848, Sir Charles Knightley presented an organ to the chapel, and daily service was first performed. The hospital was next lighted with gas; the drainage, ventilation, and the supply of water improved, by subscription at the Centenary Festival, June 25, 1851.

"On St. Luke's Day (October 18), a large number of the patients are annually entertained with dancing and singing in the great hall in the centre of the hospital, when the officers, nurses, and attendants join the festival. Balls are also given fortnightly."

Since the year 1684, when Bethlem Hospital admitted into its wards seventy-three lunatic patients, and since the establishment of St. Luke's in 1751, about 40,000 insane persons have been treated in these two institutions. Within comparatively few years insanity in England has more than tripled. During the last forty-five years or so, several large asylums have been built in the metropolitan counties: for example, Hanwell, 1831; Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, founded in 1847; and Colney Hatch, 1851. The Lunatic Asylum for the City of London is situated near Dartford. It was erected at the expense of the Corporation of London, and opened in the year 1866, for the reception and treatment of lunatic patients chargeable upon the City of London, and upon the several unions in the City. It contains accommodation for 284 patients.

"Immediately behind this hospital," Pennant remarks, "was Peerless Pool, in name altered from that of Perilous Pond, so called, says old Stow, from the numbers of youths who had been drowned in it in swimming." In our time, says Pennant writing in 1790, it has, at great expense, been converted into the finest and most spacious bathing-place now known; where persons may enjoy the manly and useful exercise with safety. Here is also an excellent covered bath, with a large pond stocked with fish, a small library, a bowling green, and every innocent and rational amusement; so that it is not without reason that the proprietor hath bestowed on it the present name."

The parish of St. Luke was taken out of that of St. Giles, Cripplegate, by an Act of George II.'s reign. The same writer directs the reader's attention to the steeple of the church (built in 1732) which terminates most singularly in a fluted obelisk.

From Moorfields we have not far to go to Finsbury. It was in Finsbury Fields, on his return after his exploits in Scotland, that the great Protector, the Duke of Somerset, was met and congratulated by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London. According to the chronicler, Holinshed, "The mayor and aldermen, with certain of the commons, in their liveries and their hoods, hearing of his approach to the City, the 8th of October (1548), met him in Finsbury Fields, where he took each of them by the hand, and thanked them for their good wills. The Lord Mayor did ride with him till they came to the pond in Smithfield, where his grace left them, and rode to his house of Shene that night, and the next day to the king at Hampton Court."

As the old fashionable medical quarter of London, Finsbury has a peculiar interest. The special localities of doctors used to be Finsbury Square, Finsbury Pavement, Finsbury Place, Finsbury Circus, Broad Street, and St. Helen's Place, which, fifty years since, swarmed with doctors and surgeons, who made larger earnings out of the chiefs and prosperous business folk of the City than the West-end faculty made out of the Court and aristocracy. At the same time young surgeons and doctors occupied small houses in the adjacent courts, just as the young barristers and pleaders

housed themselves in modest streets and yards near the Inns of Court. William Eccles, formerly surgeon of the Devonshire Square Hospital, and Royal Free Hospital, a notable surgeon thirty or forty years since, had his first house in Union Court, Broad Street. His successor (Edward Chance) lived afterwards in the same house; but was about the only surgeon residing in a street which once housed not less than a score of surgeons and physicians. Broad Street and Union Court are now made up of chambers tenanted by stock-brokers and other City agents. The last pre-eminently great physician to practise in the City was Henry Jeaffreson, M.D. (Senior Physician of St. Bartholomew's), who died some years since in Finsbury Square, where he had long made a larger income than any other doctor of his day. Several eminent doctors still live in Finsbury Square and Finsbury Pavement. St. Helen's Place (Bishopsgate) also still houses a few well-to-do doctors. Charterhouse Square was another great place for East-end doctors.

But the migrations of the eminent doctors is not so much due to mere fashion, as to the centralisation and development of commerce, which have raised the rentals of the residential parts of the quarter so prodigiously, that only very wealthy folk could afford to house themselves there. Such a house as Mr. Eccles had in Broad Street at some £210 a year rent and taxes, is now-a-days let as offices and business chambers for £1,000 a year. Hence, the commercial families have moved westward from economy, as well as from disinclination to live in a socially deserted district. The doctors now swarm in Cavendish Square, Harley Street, Wimpole Street, Henrietta Street, Queen Anne Street, Brook Street, Savile Row, and Spring Gardens; and in these days of circular railways and fast cabs, they are as accessible to their unfashionable visitors in such quarters as the old Finsbury doctors were to their outlying patients.

When the doctors and surgeons thus swarmed in the Finsbury district, the City and its adjacent districts were largely inhabited by wealthy families, that have now also migrated westward, as their doctors naturally have.

That Campo Santo of the Dissenters, the Bunhill Fields burial-ground (no longer used for interments), is on the west side of the Artillery Ground, and close to Finsbury Square.

It is generally supposed that the Bunhill Fields Cemetery was the site of the Great Plague pit, so powerfully described (from hearsay) by Defoe. Peter Cunningham, usually so exact, has said so, and every writer since has followed in his wake. That the conjecture is entirely erroneous is admirably shown in the following accurate account by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, who has devoted much time to the study of the question:—The burial-ground in Bunhill Fields, said our authority in 1866, preserves the ashes of Cromwell's favourite minister, Dr. Goodwin, John Owen, the Puritan Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, General Fleetwood, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, John Horne Tooke, Isaac Watts, Blake, Stothard, Susannah Wesley (the mother of John Wesley), and many other eminent persons. The "great pit in Finsbury," mentioned by Defoe in his "Journal of the Plague in 1665," occupied ground that abuts on the upper end of Goswell Street; whereas Bunhill Fields Cemetery lies within a step of the Artillery Ground, and a stone's throw of Finsbury Square. The precise locality of Defoe's "Pit" can be pointed out by any person familiar with the novelist's "Journal" and the map of London. In the passage of Defoe which describes how John Hayward, the driver of a dead-cart, was on the point of consigning to the gloomy pit a wretched street-musician, who, whilst in a sound sleep, or perhaps stupefied with drink, had been thrown upon a load of corpses, the writer of the "Journal," says, "Accordingly when John Hayward, with his bell and the cart, came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly. From thence they passed along and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart. Yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground; which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it—as soon as the cart stopped the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies; when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, 'Hey! where am I?'" Of the locality called *Mountmill*, the topographer and historian, William Maitland, writing in 1739, observes, in his "London," "At Mountmill, near the upper end of Goswell Street, was situate one of the forts which were erected by order of Parliament, for the security of the City of London in the year 1643. But the same being rendered useless at the end of the Civil War, a windmill was erected thereon; from which it received its present name." The popular impression that Defoe's "great pit in Finsbury" was on the site of the present Bunhill Fields Cemetery is no matter for surprise, when it is known that the

ground of the Dissenters' graveyard was actually set apart and consecrated, in 1665, for the reception of victims of the plague. That the place was not used for the especial purpose for which it was consecrated, we have Maitland's authority.

"Of the ground thus set apart by the Corporation of London for a graveyard the City merely owned a lease. Lying in the centre of a large tract, which the City had held for 350 years under a succession of leases, granted by successive prebendaries of Finsbury, the civic authorities had a limited right over the spot. The fee-simple of the ground was part of the estate attached to the prebend of Finsbury, one of the prebends of St. Paul's Cathedral; and though prebendaries of Finsbury have repeatedly renewed old leases and granted new leases of the land, the freehold of the estate has never passed out of the hands of the Church. The last lease of the Finsbury estate, made by the Church to the City, was executed in 1769, and is a good instance of the nice little arrangements that were formerly made with Church property. Under the authority of a private Act of Parliament, the then Prebendary Wilson gave a lease of the Finsbury estate to the civic Corporation for ninety-nine years, the said lease being renewable at the expiration of seventy-three years, for fourteen years; whereby the term still to expire would become forty years, and afterwards renewable every fourteen years, in like manner for ever. Hence, under this grant, the City, by duly renewing the lease, could hold for ever ground which is now covered by some of the most valuable residential property in London.* By this same private Act," the writer goes on to say, "the City was empowered to keep three-sixths of the net rents, profits, and annual proceeds arising from the estate during the lease. Two-sixths of the same revenue were reserved to Prebendary Wilson and his assigns, and the remaining one-sixth of the income was retained for the prebendary and his successors. This pleasant little arrangement was sanctioned by legislation in the good old times! As holders of the largest single share of the income, the civic authorities took the entire management of the estate, which has, certainly, prospered in their hands. But though the rent-roll has increased prodigiously under civic management, the rulers of the City—so far as one portion of the estate, *i.e.*, Bunhill Fields Cemetery, is concerned—cannot be said to have acted discreetly, and in one matter affecting the entire property they have been guilty of astounding remissness. Having only a leasehold tenure of the graveyard, they systematically sold the graves in perpetuity, accepting for them money which the buyers of graves would never have thought of paying for ground that might be built upon, or turned into a cattle-market, at the end of a ninety-nine years' lease. Having originally the right to renew the lease on the expiry of seventy-three years, the tenants omitted to renew; and, in consequence, through this omission, their interest in the estate would terminate in 1867.

"It should be observed, that in 1801 the Corporation bought the interest in the estate secured to the Wilson family; consequently, since the date of that purchase, the City has received five-sixths of the annual net income derived from the property. In 1842—in which year, by the terms of the agreement, the Corporation could have renewed the lease—the leaseholders negotiated for the purchase of the freehold of the estate, and the Bishop of London introduced a bill into the Upper House for legalising the sale. Having passed the Lords, this Bill encountered defeat in the Commons, where it was rejected as a money bill that ought to have originated in the Lower Chamber. Occupied with this Parliamentary contest, the civic authorities allowed the time to pass without exercising their right to renew the lease; and, in consequence of this remissness, their interests, in 1867, devolved on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in whom the estate of the prebendary of Finsbury vested in 1856. On the termination of the civic interest the Commissioners derived from the property about sixty thousand pounds per annum.

"Not only has the City lost its hold over this magnificent rental, but it finds itself in an awkward discussion with the buyers of graves in Bunhill Fields Cemetery on the one hand, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the other. Apprehensive that the graveyard may be desecrated on the termination of the lease, the Dissenters have, on two occasions, asked the Commissioners to preserve the ground from profanation. On each occasion the Commissioners have expressed a readiness to settle terms. For £10,000 they will make over to trustees the burial-ground—the freehold of which is computed as worth £100,000—on condition that, should it be converted to secular uses, their present rights revive. Moreover, the Commissioners have expressed their readiness to preserve the sacred character of the ground, provided the civic

* This appears to be an error on the part of the writer we are quoting. Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," 1868, p. 76, quoting from a communication to the *City Press*, remarks:—"It is said the Act of Parliament authorised the renewal of the lease in perpetuity. . . . This is not the fact. The mistake has arisen from the marginal note saying the lease is renewable; but there is nothing in the Act to warrant the note, and no one at this distance of time can explain how the error has arisen."

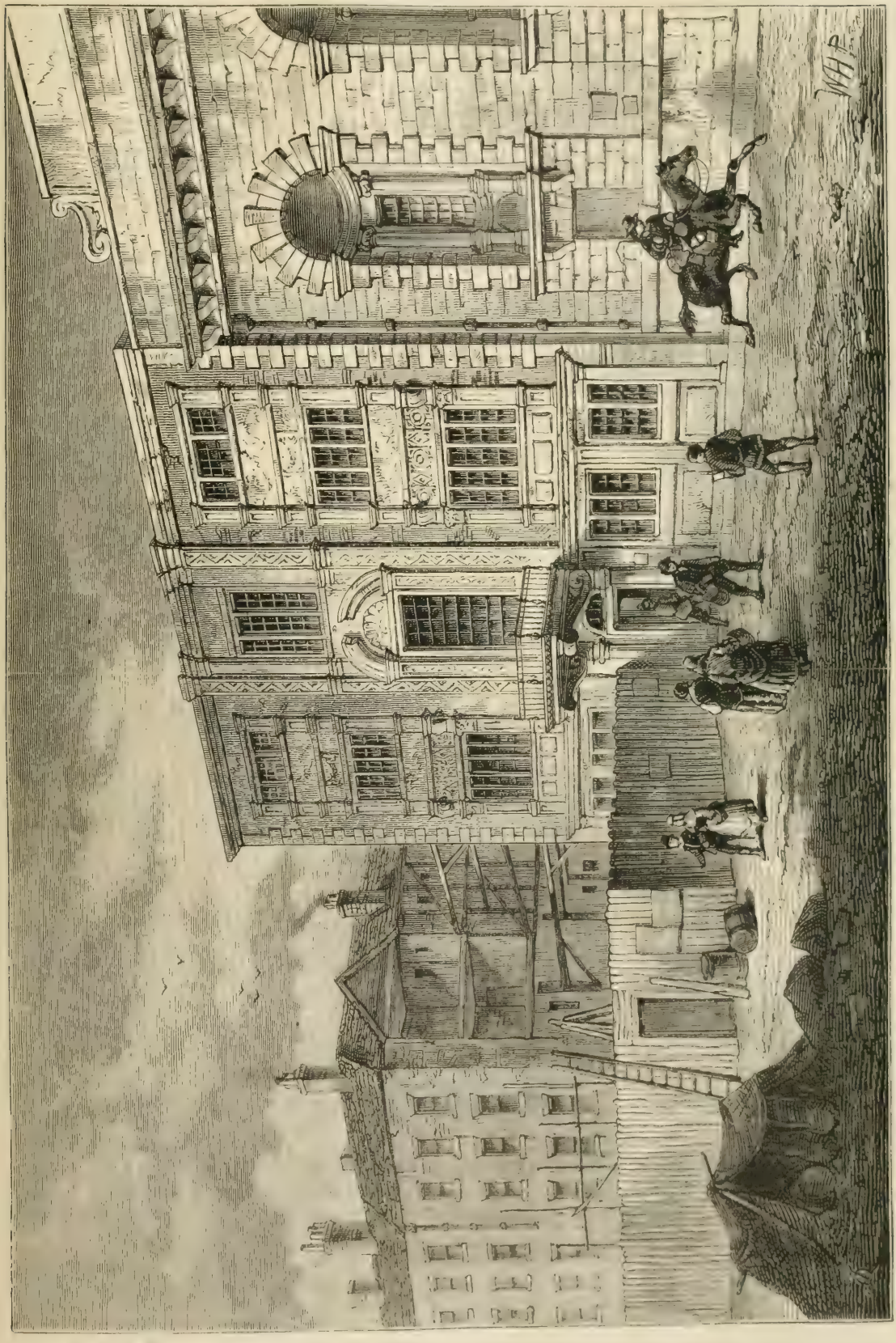
authorities pay into the purse of the Commission the sums which they have received for the fee-simple of graves which they had no power to sell. Anyhow, for £10,000 the custody of the cemetery may be purchased; and, if no better terms can be made with the Commissioners, it seems clear that the City is morally bound to supply this sum, for the fulfilment of its engagements to the purchasers of graves.

"There are good reasons to believe that the Commissioners will not stand out for the last farthing of the sum just mentioned. In previous arrangements concerning burial-grounds—the grave-yard, for instance, which contains John Wesley's bones—they acted in a conciliatory and fair manner; and in the present case special considerations counsel them to take a moderate course. In the first place, the ground was actually consecrated; and an Ecclesiastical Commission could not, without indecency, authorise the disturbance of a consecrated burial-ground. Moreover, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are morally bound by the action of the City. Throughout the stewardship of the municipal authorities the Church has received a portion of the proceeds of the Finsbury estate. The prebendaries, who have received the one-sixth of the revenue reserved to the prebend, by taking a sixth of the money derived from the sale of graves, may be said to have given ecclesiastical sanction to the defective arrangement; and however irregular the arrangement and the sanction may be, it would not be wise in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to disregard them. The relations of the City and the Commission in this matter involve some delicate questions. However, as a body that has greatly benefited by the entire transaction, and as a society bound to fulfil its contracts with private persons, the Corporation should effect a settlement of the dispute, even at the sacrifice of £10,000.



BUNHILL FIELDS BURIAL-GROUND.

"An account of the negotiations for securing Bunhill Fields to the Corporation of London as a place for recreation, and to prevent desecration of the graves of many eminent Englishmen, was eventually presented to the Common Council. The report stated that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners appear to have proposed to accept, for the preservation of the ground, five-sixths of the purchase-money paid for vaults, &c., to the Corporation during its current lease. The total receipts were



THE OLD POST OFFICE, IN LOMBARD STREET, ABOUT 1800.

£24,000, *i.e.*, averaging £247 a year. Half this sum had been applied in connection with the prebend of Finsbury; the other was received by the Corporation. Failing agreement about the price to be paid by one of these parties to the other, the negotiations stood over. The latest proposal of the Commissioners was to arbitrate. The committee declined this, and denied the existence of a legal claim on the Corporation on the part of the Commissioners. The report concluded by stating that no useful result would be obtained by further correspondence, and recommended that the Corporation should repeat the offer to preserve the ground for public use and from desecration, plant, and watch it, in failure of performing which the land might revert to the Commissioners; also that they should be authorised to second the efforts of parties who might apply to Parliament or the public for aid to save the graves from speculating builders, and the site for public service. The report was adopted, and referred back to be carried into effect. It was alleged that the Commissioners valued the ground at about £100,000, and asked what the Corporation would give for its preservation. If this be true," said a writer to the *Times*, "the Commissioners, considering that they represented a party which has already received cash for preserving the graves, were hard driven. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are probably not so black as they are painted. Would it not serve all ends if the Government introduced a Bill to the House of Commons to permit, or, better still, to enjoin the Commissioners to relax their hold on the ground, be content with the half share of profits already received, and that the onus of maintaining the ground should be placed upon the recipients of the other moiety, who are anxious to receive it? It has been stated officially that the Commissioners already receive £50,000 a year on account of the Finsbury prebend. It appears that in 1655, when the estates of that office were sold, the City bought the fee-simple, and for ten years following paid no rent. At the Restoration the property was taken back, rent demanded and paid, to recover which the Corporation farmed part of the land for interments, which began as early as 1665, or the Great Plague. At one time the City received as much as £700 per annum from this source. In 1852 the ground was closed, and the registers removed to Somerset House. This year (1867) the whole estate reverts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who may feel it their duty so far to violate their natural feelings as to let it for building leases. As literary men, if not equally as cosmopolitans, the late and present Chancellors of the Exchequer ought to unite in exonerating the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from this probably painful sense. It would be disgraceful to the Government if the desecration took place."

This negotiation was eventually completed, and the old cemetery is now a place where meditative men may wander and quietly contemplate the old text, "Dust to dust." The Act for the preservation of the ground as an open space was passed 15th July, 1867, and it was reopened by the Lord Mayor on the 14th of October, 1869. It may be added that a monument to Defoe, the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe," subscribed by boys and girls, was inaugurated on the 15th of September of the following year.

Lackington, one of the most celebrated of our early cheap booksellers, lived in Chiswell Street, Finsbury, and afterwards at the "Temple of the Muses," Finsbury Place. The shop, into which a coach and six could be driven, was destroyed by fire in 1841. In 1792 Lackington cleared £5,000 by his business, and retired with a fortune in 1798. The following selections from his autobiography show a curious mixture of piety, vanity, and love of business.

"I was born," he says, "at Wellington, in Somersetshire, 31st August (old style), 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker. He displeased his own father by marrying a woman without a shilling, of a mean family, in my grandmother Trott's poor cottage; and that good woman took me to church, unknown to my father, who was (nominally) a Quaker, that being the religion of his ancestors. My father ultimately became a drunkard, but to our mother we are indebted for everything. Never did I hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children. For many years she worked nineteen and twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Whenever she was asked to drink half a pint of ale, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to drink it. Out of love to us she abstained from all drink save water. Her food was chiefly broth (little more than water and oatmeal), turnips, potatoes, cabbages, carrots. Her children fared somewhat better, but not much. I was put for two or three years to a dame school, kept by an old woman, where I was thought, from being able to repeat several chapters of the New Testament, to be a prodigy of science; but my mother soon became so poor that she could not afford twopence a week for my schooling. Indeed, I was forced to nurse my brothers and sisters, and soon forgot what little I knew. Then I became the

captain of all the mischievous boys in the place; so that if an old woman's lanthorn were kicked out of her hand, or drawn up a sign-post, or if anything were fastened to her tail, or if her door were nailed up, I was sure to be accused of the crime whether I were guilty or not. For spiriting the town lads to mock our butcher, who was given to yawning, I had nearly been killed like one of his calves, for he flung his cleaver at me. At ten years old I cried apple pies in the street. I had noticed a famous pieman, and thought I could do it better myself. My mode of crying pies soon made me a street favourite, and the old pie merchant left off trade. You see, friend, I soon began to make a noise in the world. But one day I threw my master's child out of a wheelbarrow, so I went home again, and was set by my father to learn his trade, continuing with him for several years. My fame as a pieman led to my selling almanacks on the market days at Christmas. This was to my mind, and I sorely vexed the vendors of 'Moore,' 'Wing,' and 'Poor Robin.' My next move was to be bound apprentice for seven years to Mr. George and Mrs. Mary Bowdon—yes, to both wife and husband, and an honest, worthy couple they were. They were Anabaptists, and I attended their place of worship; though, for a long while, I had no idea that I had any concern in what the minister preached about. Master had two sons who had been at school, but all they read was the Bible. Master's whole library consisted of a school-size Bible, Watt's Hymns, Foote on Baptism, Culpepper's 'Herbal,' 'The History of the Gentle Craft,' 'Receipts in Physic,' and a 'Ready Reckoner.'

* * * *

"I was soon able to read easy parts of the Bible and Wesley's Hymns; every leisure minute was so employed. I worked from six to ten, yet managed to read six chapters every day, as well as some sermons. My eyes were good, and I could often read by moonlight. I was far gone in enthusiasm, and on a Sunday, being locked in my room to prevent my going to meeting, I opened the Bible and read, 'He has given His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou shouldest dash thy foot against a stone.' Wherefore I threw myself out of window. I was carried back to bed, where it was a month before I recovered the use of my limbs. I was ignorant enough to think that the Lord had not used me very well, and resolved not to put so much trust in Him for the future.

* * * *

"For many years I have expended two-thirds of my profits, but never more. Once I beckoned across the way for a pot of porter; then a dinner, roast veal; then with an addition of ham; and then a wind-up of pudding. Once a glass of brandy-and-water was a luxury; raisin wine followed; then good red port; nor was sherry long behind. It was not long before the country was a necessity once a year; lodgings first, then my own mansion; and at length the inconveniences of a stage coach were remedied by a chariot.

* * * *

"My new wife's attachment to books was fortunate. She delighted to be in the shop, and could readily get any article that was asked for. Such constant attention procured me many customers. I wanted a larger stock, but had no capital. Mr. John Dennis, an oilman, of Cannon Street, offered to be my partner, and to advance money in proportion to the stock. We soon laid out the cash in second-hand books, which at once doubled them. In 1779 we published a catalogue of 12,000 volumes. We took £20 the first week."

This partnership was dissolved in 1780. In that year Lackington determined to give no credit, and though he admits he had some difficulties in carrying out the plan, he says it fully answered. His business steadily increased; and the catalogue for 1784 contained 30,000 volumes. He declares he sold at a very small profit, and, ultimately, was able to give a higher price when purchasing than other booksellers. At the trade sales there were often 80,000 volumes sold in an afternoon. It was common to destroy one-half or three-fourths of them in order to keep up the prices. This Lackington did for some time, but soon resolved not to destroy any good books, but to sell them off at a half or a quarter of the publication prices.

"My purchases," says he, "were now very large. I have purchased 6,000 copies of one book, and at one time have had 10,000 copies of Watts's Hymns and as many of his Psalms in my possession. At one trade sale I have purchased books to the amount of £5,000. To remind me of what has led to my prosperity, I have put for a motto on the doors of my carriage, 'Small profits do great things.' I remain in business because I have fifty poor relations, some very young, some old and infirm. I can manage better for them than they can for themselves. I maintain my good old mother, who is still alive at Wellington. I support two aged men and one woman. I also maintain and educate four children. I now sell fully 100,000 volumes annually. I publish two catalogues yearly, and of each 3,000 copies."

His final residence was Budleigh Salterton, Devon, where he built a third chapel, which cost

£2,000, appointing one Hawkey, a retired army minister, his chaplain, with a stipend of £150 per annum. Lackington's health declining—he suffered from epileptic fits, and ultimately from apoplexy and paralysis—he died November 22, 1815, aged seventy, and his remains were interred in Budleigh Churchyard.

The London Institution, Finsbury Circus, was established in 1805, and incorporated 1807. The cost of the building was £31,124, and its annual income is about £3,000 per annum, derived from funded property, and six annual payments. The number of volumes is about 70,000, which are available for the holders of a proprietor's share or a nominee of a proprietor, having his medal or ticket. In the winter time, when the lectures are delivered by leading men of science, the theatre is as full as can well be imagined, and is by no means a quiet resting-place; but the reading-room is a treat, and it is pleasant to get away from the City bustle, and take shelter there. Another recommendation of the place is that under the library there is a well-supplied newspaper room. (Timbs.)

"The Pavement—so called, no doubt," says Aleph, "as the only firm pathway in the neighbourhood—was formerly edged with some fifty or sixty brick houses, with very unpretentious shops attached—bakers, butchers, ale and spirit stores, and the like, with a chapel in the centre; the whole giving no promise of the gay and tempting shop-windows, blazing with gas, so soon to be substituted. Yet most of the buildings are unaltered, even now; only the facia has been 'improved and beautified.'

"How, you will ask, was the centre of old Moorfields employed, in its chrysalis state? Variously. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield it was the favourite haunt of open-air preachers. Both those remarkable men chose the spot for their London lectures; and they often gathered audiences of a fabulous number—the prints of the period say, of 20,000, 30,000, and even 50,000. They had begun to preach in the churches, but it was alleged the vast crowds made that practice dangerous, and they extemporised pulpits under the blue vault of heaven. The Tabernacle, not far distant, was the result of this movement.

"In 1812, and long after, carpet-beating was the chief use of the dry or sloppy area (according to the season). Poles with ropes stretched across were placed at intervals, and sturdy arms brandishing stout sticks were incessantly assaulting Turkey, Kidderminster, and Brussels floor-covers, and beating out such clouds of dust that as you passed it was expedient to hold your cambric or bandanna over your mouth and nostrils. Then you had, in fair-time, those humble incentives to gambling which for a penny offer the chance of winning a tin box or a wooden apple. Five uprights are stuck in deep holes; you stand a few yards off, supplied with short sticks, and if you can knock away box or apple without its lapsing into the hole, it becomes your property, and the gain may be about twopence. Those days are gone; the open space is filled in with a strange conglomeration of buildings, public and private—the London Institution, a Catholic cathedral, a Scotch church, a seceding ditto, the Ophthalmic Hospital, Finsbury Circus, and dwellings of all sizes, accommodating a mixed population, varying in position from extreme poverty to wealth."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALDERSGATE STREET AND ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

Origin of the Name—History of the Old Gate—Its Demolition—The General Post Office—Origin of the Penny Post—Manley—Bishop—The Duke of York's Monopoly—Murray's Post—Dockwra—Absorption of the Penny Post by the Government—Allen's "Cross Posts"—Postal Reformers—John Palmer, of Bath—Procession of the Mail Coaches on the King's Birthday—The Money Order Office—Rowland Hill's Penny Post—The Post Office Removed to St. Martin's-le-Grand—Statistics and Curiosities of the Post Office—Stamping—Curious Addresses—Report on the Post Office Savings-Bank—Posting the Newspapers—The Site of the Present Post Office—St. Martin's College—Discovery of Antiquities—The New Buildings—The Telegraph Department—Old Houses in Aldersgate Street—The "Bull and Mouth"—Milton's House—Shaftesbury House—Petre House—St. Botolph's Church—The So-called Shakespeare's House—The Barbican and Prince Rupert—The Fortune Theatre—The "Nursery"—Little Britain—The "Albion."

ALDERSGATE was one of the four original gates of London, and formed the extreme corner to the north. Some say it was named after Aldrich, a Saxon, who built it; others, says Stow, attribute it to the alder trees which grew around it. There is no mention of it previous to the Conquest. Becoming dilapidated and dangerous, it was pulled down by order of the Lord Mayor and aldermen; but rebuilt in 1618, the expense (more than £1,000) being defrayed out of a legacy, left for the purpose by one William Parker, a merchant tailor. It was damaged in the Great Fire, but soon after repaired and beautified. Originally, like Temple Bar, it had an arch in the centre for general traffic, and two

posterns for pedestrians. Over the arch was a figure in high relief of James I., but the building itself was heavy and inelegant. The imperial arms surmounted the figure, for through this gate the Stuart first entered London when he came to take possession of the Crown. On the eastern side was an effigy of the prophet Jeremiah, and these lines from his prophecies:—"Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever." In the western niche was an effigy of Samuel, with this inscription:—"And Samuel said unto all Israel, Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that you said unto me, and have made a king over you." On the south was a bas-relief of James in his royal robes.

The City Crier had rooms over the gate, but in Elizabeth's reign they were occupied by John Day, who printed the folio Bible dedicated to Edward VI. in 1549. He also printed the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Foxe's "Actes and Monuments." There is a work of his now much sought after by book-collectors on account of the frontispiece, which represents Day with a whip entering the room of his workmen, who are sleeping, the sun shining upon them. He rouses them with these words: "Arise, for it is day." This gate was sold in 1761, and taken down immediately afterwards. The "Castle and Falcon" inn was built near its site.

The General Post Office forms a noble preface to an important street. From two years before the death of Charles II. there has been a Penny Post (one of the greatest blessings of civilisation) established in London. In Cromwell's time, the revenues of the Post Office were farmed to a Mr. John Manley for £10,000 a year, and it was calculated that latterly Manley made £14,000 annually by his bargain. Bishop, his successor, had to pay £21,500 a year for the office (the monopoly of letting post horses being included). In 1675, the fifteenth year of this disgraceful reign, the entire revenue of the Post Office was granted to the Duke of York. About this time Robert Murray, an upholsterer, suggested the idea of a post from one part of London to another, the City having grown too large for messengers. Murray's Post was afterwards assigned to Mr. William Dockwra (or Docwra). By the early regulations, all letters not exceeding a pound in weight were to be charged one penny for the City and suburbs, and twopence for any distance within a ten mile radius. Six large offices were opened in different parts of London, and receiving-houses were established in all the principal streets. The deliveries in the chief streets near the Exchange were as many as six or eight times a day, and in the outskirts there were four daily deliveries.

The moment the Penny Post became a success, the courtiers were all nibbling, and the Duke of York complained that his monopoly was infringed. Titus Oates cried out that the Penny Post was a Jesuit scheme, and useful for transmitting Popish treason. The City porters, too, says Mr. Lewin, in his excellent book, "Her Majesty's Mails," pulled down the placards, "Penny Post Letters taken in here," from the doors of the receiving-houses. The Court of King's Bench, on a trial, decided, of course unjustly, that the new office must be absorbed by the Government. From this time, the London District Post existed as a separate establishment from the General Post, and so continued till 1854. Shortly after this verdict Mr. Dockwra was appointed, under the Duke of York, controller of the District Post. On the accession of the Duke of York the revenues of the Post Office reverted to the Crown. Ten years after the removal of unfortunate Dockwra from the "Penny Post," a Mr. Povey attempted, in vain, to rival the Government by establishing a "Halfpenny Post." In 1720 Pope's friend, Ralph Allen—

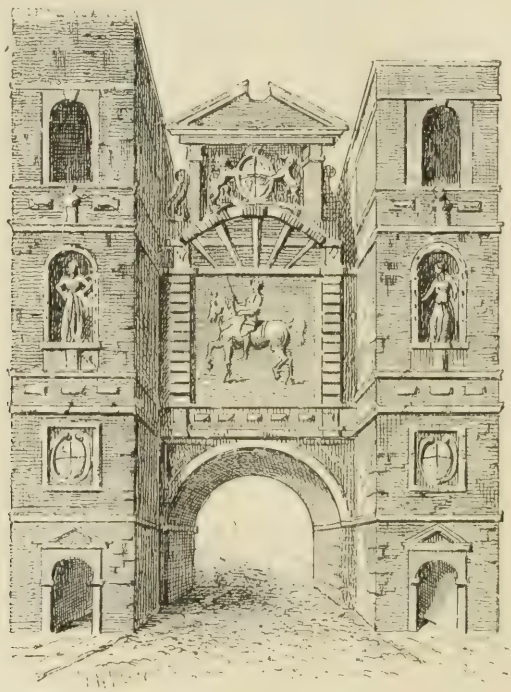
> "Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

established an improved system of "cross posts," at a rental of £6,000 a year. By this contract Allen is supposed to have made nearly half a million sterling. On the death of this worthy and successful speculator, the cross posts passed under the control of the Postmasters-General. In 1799, when this department was amalgamated, the proceeds, says Mr. Lewin, had reached the enormous yearly sum of £200,000.

The careless post-boy on a slow horse was still the agent employed to carry letters, often requiring to be conveyed with the utmost care and speed. Fifteen years after the death of Allen, a greater reformer arose in the person of Mr. John Palmer, a brewer and theatrical manager at Bath. In 1784, after some successful experiments with coaches and swifter horses, he was at once appointed controller-general of the Post Office, at £1,500 a year, with two and a half per cent. commission upon any excess of net revenue over £240,000, the Post Office's annual revenue for the year of his appointment. The conservative opposition to Palmer's improvements was incessant and untiring, and in 1792 he was compelled to surrender his appoint-

ment for a pension of £3,000 a year. After a twenty years' struggle against this unfair removal, Mr. Palmer's son, in 1813, obtained a Parliamentary grant of £50,000. The first year of the introduction of Mr. Palmer's plans the net revenue of the Post Office was about £250,000; thirty years afterwards, the proceeds had increased six-fold—to no less a sum, indeed, than a million and a half sterling.

In 1836 there were fifty four-horse mails, and forty-nine two-horse mails in England, says Mr. Lewin, thirty in Ireland, and ten in Scotland.



ALDERSGATE. (*From a print of 1670.*)

The last year of mail coaches, twenty-seven mails left London every night punctually at eight p.m., travelling in the aggregate about 5,500 miles before they reached their several destinations.

The original Post Office, of which a view is given on page 205, stood in Lombard Street,* and one of the most interesting sights of the Post Office in old time was the gay procession of mail coaches thither on the King's birthday. Hone, in 1838, tells us that George IV. changed the annual celebration of his birthday to St. George's Day, April 23rd. "According to annual custom," says he, "the mail coaches went in procession from Millbank to Lombard Street. At about twelve o'clock the horses belonging to the different mails, with new harness, and the postmen and postboys on horseback, arrayed in their new scarlet coats and jackets, proceed from Lombard Street to Millbank, and there dine. At this place the coaches are fresh painted, then the procession, being arranged, begins to move, about five o'clock in the afternoon, headed by the General Post men on horseback. The mails follow them, filled with the wives and children, friends and relations, of coachmen and guards, while the post-boys, sounding their bugles and cracking their whips, bring up the rear. From the commencement of the procession the bells of the different churches ring out merrily, and continue their rejoicing peals till it arrives at the General Post Office, in Lombard Street, from whence they sparkle abroad to all parts of the kingdom. Great crowds assemble to witness the cavalcade as it passes through the principal streets of the metropolis. . . . The clean and cheerful appearance of the coachmen and guards, each with a large bouquet of flowers in his bright scarlet coat, the beauty of the cattle and the general excellence of the equipment, present a most agreeable spectacle to every eye and mind, that can be gratified by seeing and reflecting on the advantages derived to trade and social intercourse by this magnificent establishment." "Such a splendid display of carriages and four as these mail coaches," says Von Raumer, in 1835, "could not be found or got together in all Berlin. It was

* See Vol. I., p. 525.



ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND IN 1760.

a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, in an hour or two later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England."

The Money Order Office dates from 1792. No order originally could be issued for more than five guineas, and the charge for that sum amounted to four shillings and sixpence, or nearly five per cent. It was originally a private speculation of three Post Office officials, and so remained till 1838, when it became a branch of the general institution. It began with two small rooms at the north end of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and a staff of three clerks. During the year 1863 the number of orders amounted in round numbers to 7,500,000, representing a money value exceeding £16,000,000, the commission on the whole amounting to more than £144,000.

That great reform of Rowland Hill's, the Penny Postage, was first mooted in 1837, and in 1839 the uniform rate of fourpence a letter was tried. The penny rate for half an ounce commenced in 1840. Telegraph messages were first used to expedite Post Office business in 1847. In 1855, the Duke of Argyll being Postmaster-General, the General Post and the London District Letter-carriers were amalgamated, and the red uniform of the General Post abandoned.

In 1765 four houses in Abchurch Lane were taken for the Post service, and additional offices erected; and from time to time other additions were made, until the whole became a cumbrous and inconvenient mass of buildings, ill adapted to the great increase which had taken place in the business of the Post Office. It was at length determined to erect a building expressly for affording the conveniences and facilities required; and in 1815 an Act was passed authorising certain commissioners to select a site. The situation chosen was at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand with Newgate Street, where once stood a monastery which had possessed the privileges of sanctuary. The first stone of the new building was laid in May, 1824. On the 23rd September, 1829, it was completed and opened for the transaction of business. It is about 400 feet long, 130 wide, and 64 feet high. The front is composed of three porticoes of the Ionic order—one of four columns being placed at each end, and one of eight columns forming the centre—and surmounted by a pediment. In the interior is a hall 80 feet long, by about 60 wide, divided into a centre and two aisles by two ranges of six Ionic columns, standing upon pedestals of granite. There is a tunnel underneath the hall by which the letters are conveyed, by ingenious mechanical means, between the northern and southern divisions of the building.

In 1839, under the old system, the number of letters which passed through the post was 76,000,000. In 1840 came the uniform penny, and for that year the number was 162,000,000, or an increase of 93,000,000, equal to 123 per cent. That was the grand start; afterwards the rate of increase subsided from 36 per cent. in 1841 to 16 per cent. in 1842 and 1843. In 1845, and the three following years, the increase was respectively 39, 37, and 30 per cent. Then succeeded a sudden drop; perhaps the culminating point in the rate of increase had been attained. The Post Office is, however, a thermometer of commerce. During the depressing year 1848 the number of letters increased no more than 9 per cent. But in 1849 337,500,000 epistles passed through the office, being an augmentation of 8,500,000 upon the preceding year, or 11 per cent. of progressive increase.

In 1850 it was estimated that upon an average 300 letters per day passed through the General Post Office totally unfastened, chiefly in consequence of the use of what stationers are pleased to call "adhesive" envelopes. Many were virgin ones, without either seal or direction; and not a few contained money. In Sir Francis Freeling's time the sum of £5,000 in bank-notes was found in a "blank." It was not till after some trouble that the sender was traced, and the cash restored to him. Not long since, an humble postmistress of an obscure Welsh post town, unable to decipher the address on a letter, perceived, on examining it, the folds of several bank-notes protruding from a torn edge of the envelope. She securely re-enclosed it to the secretary of the Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who found the contents to be £1,500, and the superscription too much even for the hieroglyphic powers of the "blind clerk." Eventually the enclosures found their true destination.

The dead letters of one year alone contained, stowed among other articles, tooth-picks, tooth-files, fishing-flies, an eye-glass, bradawls, portraits, miniatures, a whistle, corkscrews, a silver watch, a pair of spurs, a bridle, a soldier's discharge and sailor's register tickets, samples of hops and corn, a Greek MS., silver spoons, gold thread, dinner, theatre, and pawn tickets, boxes of pills, shirts, nightcaps, razors, all sorts of knitting and lace, "dolls' things," and a vast variety of other articles, that would puzzle ingenuity to conjecture.

The letters formerly were ranged, for stamping the date and hour of despatch, in a long row, like a pack of cards thrown across a table, and so

fast did the stamper's hand move, that he could mark 6,000 in an hour. While defacing the Queen's heads, he counted as he thumped, till he enumerated fifty, when he dodged his stamp on one side to put his black mark on a piece of plain paper. All these memoranda were afterwards collected by the president, who, reckoning fifty letters to every black mark, got a near approximation to the number that had passed through the office. This work is now performed by machinery. The total number of letters which passed through the Post Office on Valentine's Day, 1850, was 187,037. To this total are to be added 6,000 "bye" letters—or those which passed from village to village within the suburban limits of the District Post without reaching the chief office—and 100,000, destined for the provinces and places beyond sea, which were transferred to the Inland Department. The grand total for the day, therefore, rose to nearly 300,000. Thus the sacrifices to the fane of St. Valentine, consisting of hearts, darts, Cupids peeping out of paper roses, Hymen embowered in hot-pressed embossing, swains in very blue coats, and nymphs in very opaque muslin, coarse caricatures and tender verses, caused an augmentation to the revenue on this anniversary equal to about 70,000 missives; 123,000 being the usual daily average for district and "byes" during the month of February. This increase, being peculiar to cross and district posts, does not so much affect the Inland Office, for lovers and sweethearts are generally neighbours. The entire correspondence of the three kingdoms it was calculated in 1850 was augmented on each St. Valentine's Day to the extent of about 400,000 letters.

The extraordinary addresses of many of the dead letters are worth noting. Among them we find the following:—

To George Miller, boy on board H.M.S. *Amphitrite*, Voillop a Razzor or ellesaware (the *Amphitrite*, Valparaiso, or elsewhere).

H.M. Steem Freigkt *Vultur*, Uncon or els war (Steam Frigate *Vulture*, at Hong-Kong).

Mr. Weston,
Osburn Cottage,
Ilwait (Isle of Wight).

Mr. Laurence, New Land, I Vicum (High Wycombe).

W. Stratton, commonly ceald teapot (we presume, as a total abstinence man), Weelin (Welwyn).

Thom Hoodless, 3, St. Ann Ct., Searhoo Skur (Soho Square).

Mr. Dick Bishop Caus, ner the Wises (near Devizes).

Peter Robinson, 2 Compney 7 Batilian Rolyl Artirian, Owylige (Woolwich), England.

To Mr. Michl Darcy, in the town of England.

To my Uncle John, in London.

Miss Queen Victoria, of England.

From the report of the Postmaster-General for the year 1872, we gather the following interesting facts:—

The Post Office Savings-Banks continue to show a steady and rapid advance in their business; with a remarkable increase in the number of friendly, provident, and other societies and institutions placing money in them. The number of depositors last year increased in round numbers from upwards of 1,300,000 to upwards of 1,440,000; and the whole amount of deposits (including interest) from £17,000,000 to upwards of £20,000,000, giving an average of more than £13 for each depositor.

Last year the Post Office, on behalf of the Board of Inland Revenue, issued more than 1,000,000 licenses of various kinds, producing a revenue of nearly £500,000, being an increase of about three per cent. on the previous year. Of these licenses more than £570,000 were for keeping dogs.

Last year the number of officers was increased by about 2,000, making a total of rather more than 40,000, of whom about 9,600, or nearly one-quarter, are employed exclusively on telegraph work. Upwards of 12,000 of the officers are postmasters, about 8,600 clerks, &c., and upwards of 19,000 letter-carriers, sorters, messengers, &c. Of the foregoing staff nearly 9,000 belong to the London district, and of these more than 3,000 are attached to the chief offices, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and over 1,500 to the Central Telegraph Office.

The gross revenue from postage and money orders last year was, in round numbers, £5,209,000—namely, 5,013,000 from postage, and £196,000 from money orders.

The expenditure last year was £3,685,000, as compared with £3,611,000 in 1871, showing an increase of £74,000.

The net revenue last year was £1,524,000—namely, £1,505,000 from postage, and £19,000 from money orders; being an increase on the net revenue from postage, in 1871, of £260,500, and a decrease on that from money orders of £9,500; or a balance of increase amounting to £251,000.

The number of letters which, owing to wrong addresses and other causes, found their way back to the Returned Letter Office, did not greatly differ from the number in 1871, and was about 3,600,000. About 88,000 of the undelivered letters contained property of different kinds. Besides the property thus posted, there were 2,700 valuable books, which, owing to careless packing or weak envelopes, escaped from their covers, but were recorded, so as to allow of their being traced if inquired for; and more than 51,000 postage stamps were found loose in the different post-offices. The total num-

ber of letters posted last year without any address was 15,000.

The number of ordinary telegraphic messages last year reached a total of nearly 15,000,000, showing an increase of nearly 3,000,000, or about 25 per cent. During a single night, when important Ministerial statements were made in Parliament, upwards of 200,000 words, or about 100 columns of the *Times* newspaper, were transmitted from the central station in London for publication in the provincial press. The total length of the Postal Telegraph wires at the end of the year was more than 105,000 miles, of which about 5,000 miles were rented by private persons. In 1871 the total mileage was rather less than 88,000.

During the last year nearly 270 additional Money Order Offices (serving also as Savings-Banks) were opened, making the whole number upwards of 4,600. The number of inland money orders increased from rather more than 12,000,000 in 1871 to nearly 14,000,000 (amounting to £24,000,000) in 1872, or by nearly 16 per cent. The number of colonial and foreign money orders last year, counting the issues both in this country and abroad, was about 260,000, being an increase of about 70,000, or nearly 37 per cent., on the number in 1871. These orders amounted to more than 1,000,000 (as compared with about 770,000 in 1871), and yielded a profit of nearly £9,000, being an increase during the year of nearly £3,500.

The following is an estimate of the weight of correspondence carried, and the value of the postal services performed for the following public offices in the year 1872 :—

	Weight.		Amount.
Great Britain	24,131,090 oz.	...	£174,975
Ireland.....	2,791,750 ,,	...	£12,134

The following table shows the gross revenue, cost of management, and net revenue of the Post Office since the year 1837 :—

Year.	Gross Revenue.	Cost of Management.	Net Revenue.	Postage Charged on Government Departments.
	£	£	£	£
1838	2,346,278	686,768	1,659,510	45,156
1839	2,390,763	756,999	1,633,764	44,277
1871	4,900,454	2,559,797	2,340,657	
1872	5,208,922	2,754,764	2,454,158	

Postage ceased to be charged on the correspondence of Government departments early in the year 1868. The amount of Government postage (excluding the Post Office itself) for the last complete year in which it was charged (1867), was about £197,000.

In an admirable article in the first volume of *Household Words*, March 30, 1850, the late Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. W. H. Wills described, in a very animated way, the manner of then closing the evening letter-boxes at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "It was a quarter before six o'clock," they say, "when they crossed the hall, six being the latest hour at which newspapers can be posted without fee. "It was then just drizzling newspapers. The great window of that department being thrown open, the first black fringe of a thunder-cloud of newspapers, impending over the Post Office, was discharging itself fitfully—now in large drops, now in little; now in sudden plumps, now stopping altogether. By degrees it began to rain hard; by fast degrees the storm came on harder and harder, until it blew, rained, hailed, snowed, newspapers. A fountain of newspapers played in at the window. Waterspouts of newspapers broke from enormous sacks, and engulfed the men inside. A prodigious main of newspapers, at the Newspaper River Head, seemed to be turned on, threatening destruction to the miserable Post Office. The Post Office was so full already, that the window foamed at the mouth with newspapers. Newspapers flew out like froth, and were tumbled in again by the bystanders. All the boys in London seemed to have gone mad, and to be besieging the Post Office with newspapers. Now and then there was a girl; now and then a woman; now and then a weak old man; but as the minute hand of the clock crept near to six, such a torrent of boys and such a torrent of newspapers came tumbling in together pell-mell, head over heels, one above another, that the giddy head looking on chiefly wondered why the boys springing over one another's heads, and flying the garter into the Post Office, with the enthusiasm of the corps of acrobats at M. Franconi's, didn't post themselves nightly along with the newspapers, and get delivered all over the world. Suddenly it struck six. Shut, sesame!"

On the site of the General Post Office, in the early days, stood a collegiate church and sanctuary, founded by Withu, King of Kent, in 750, and only enlarged in 1056 by Ingebrian, Earl of Essex, and Girard, his brother, and confirmed by a charter of William the Conqueror, in 1068. The proud Norman also gave to the college all the moor land without Cripplegate, and granted them "soc and sac, dot and sheam," in a chapter confirmed by two cardinals of Pope Alexander. Many of the deans of this college were great people, observes Strype, one being Keeper of the Treasure and Jewels of Edward III., and another Clerk of the Privy Seal. The college was a parish of itself, and

claimed great privileges of sanctuary, prisoners from Newgate to Tower Hill sometimes trying to slip from their guards and get through the south gate of St. Martin's. Thus, in 1442 (Henry VI.), a soldier, on his way from Newgate to the Guildhall, was dragged by five of his fellows, who rushed out of Pannier Alley, in at the west door of the sanctuary; but that same day the two sheriffs came and took out the five men from the sanctuary, and led them fettered to the Compter, and then chained by the necks to Newgate. The Dean and Chapter of St. Martin's, furious at this, complained to the king, who, after hearing the City, who denied the right of sanctuary to the college, returned the five soldiers to their former retreat. In the reign of Henry VII. the right of sanctuary was again violated, and again disputed at law, and this time the sheriffs were "grievously fined" for their pains.

In the reign of Edward II. there was before St. Martin's College a "solar," that is, a large airy room, or chamber, somewhat like the galleries in great houses, being places of entertainment and pleasure. This "solar" was toward the street, and a jetty outward, which was so low that it annoyed the people passing along.

When the college of St. Martin's-le-Grand flourished, the curfew was rung here, as at Bow, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and Allhallow's, Barking, to warn citizens to keep within doors. Strype also mentions an ordinance of Edward I., at a time when "certain Hectors" infested the streets at night, walking armed, and committing "mischiefs, murders, and robberies," commanding none to wander in the streets after "coverfew" has sounded at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A crypt was laid open in St. Martin's-le-Grand on clearing for the site of the General Post Office, in 1818. There were then found two ranges of vaults, which had served as cellars to the houses above; one of these being the crypt of St. Martin's (taken down in 1547) and afterwards the cellar of a large wine-tavern, the "Queen's Head." This was in the pointed style of Edward III., and was most probably the work of William of Wykeham. The second or westernmost range, which must have supported the nave, was of earlier date, and was a square vaulted chamber, divided by piers six feet square. Here was found a coin of Constantine, and a stone coffin containing a skeleton; and in digging somewhat lower down, Roman remains were met with in abundance. In St. Martin's-le-Grand also, between Aldersgate and St. Anne's Lane end, was the large tavern of the "Mourning Bush," whose vaulted cellars, as they remain from the Great Fire of 1666, disclose the foundation wall of Aldersgate, and are a remarkably fine specimen of early brick archwork.

The new Post Office buildings, erected from the designs of Mr. James Williams, of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings, were opened early in 1874. The building is rectangular, having frontages of 286 feet to St. Martin's-le-Grand and Bath Street, and frontages of 144 feet to Newgate Street and Angel Street, and is 84 feet in height from the paving line. It stands on a base of granite from the De Lank quarries, and the whole of the fronts have been executed in Portland stone of the hardest "Whitbed." The building is four stories in height, exclusive of the basement, and the floors are thus appropriated:—The basement is partly occupied as office-rooms, partly for stores, and partly by the department of the telegraph engineers, the large room in the centre being used as a battery-room. The ground floor is appropriated to the Postmaster-General and the Accountant-General. On the first floor are accommodated the secretaries and their staff; the third and fourth floors being appropriated to the telegraph department. The fourth floor is especially devoted to the telegraph instruments, and the pneumatic tubes are laid on to it, establishing communication with the district offices. The large instrument-room is 125 feet by 80 feet The central hall is intended for the staff of the Accountant-General. In the north court there are placed four steam-engines, each of 50-horse power, for working the pneumatic tubes. An Artesian well is also proposed for the supply of the large quantity of water required, and a small engine will be kept at work at pumping to the large tanks (two of 6,000 gallons each) at the top of the building. It is calculated that about three-quarters of a mile of instrument-tables will be required in the telegraph galleries.

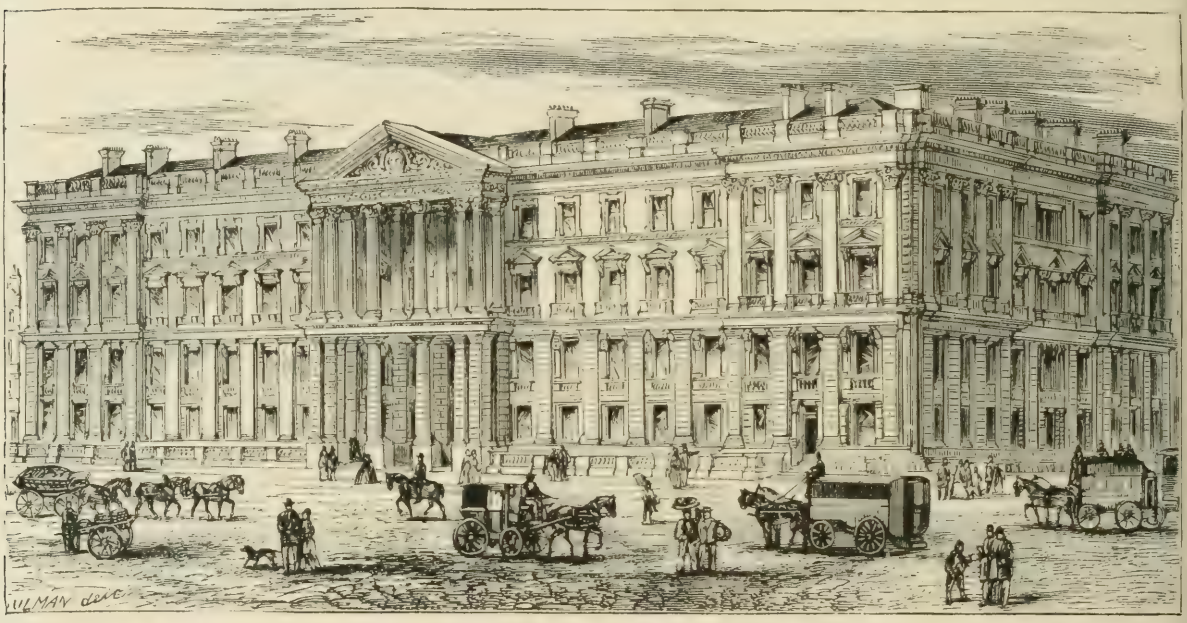
The building was commenced in December, 1869, the first block of Portland stone being laid by the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton, M.P., the First Commissioner of Works, on the 16th of December, 1870. The contractor was Mr. William Brass; the clerk of the works, Mr. William Trickett. The contract amounted to £129,718.

The whole of the carving and sculpture has been executed by Mr. Burnie Philip. The site cost in round numbers £300,000.

"In the telegraph department in the new wing," says Mr. Yates, "young ladies are seated at the long rows of tables crossing the room from end to end, and, with few exceptions, each one has before her a single needle or printing instrument, the 'circuit,' or place with which it is in communication, being denoted on a square tablet, something like a

headstone in a cemetery, erected immediately in front of her. It may further be remarked of these young ladies, that they talk much less than might be expected, work very quickly, and have generally very nice hands."

The Metropolitan Gallery, consisting of a set of three large rooms, is simply used as a centre for the collection of messages from the metropolitan district. It is arranged upon the plan of the postal districts, with which the public are now familiar, and each division is under the superintendence of a clerk in charge. All messages are brought to the central sorting-table, and there subdivided: those for the country being sent to the upper or Provincial Gallery by a lift, those for the City being sorted into different batches, and dispatched by the agency of a pneumatic tube to the delivery station nearest to their destination. These pneumatic tubes, through which the messages are being perpetually shot all day long, have been found of great service, and are now in operation between the office and the principal delivery stations in the City, while they are also used by the Anglo-American, the Indo-European, and the Falmouth and Gibraltar offices, for the transmission of messages to the central station. It should be here noticed that the messages for the Continent received at the office are dealt with entirely by the members of the male staff, a mixed assemblage of foreigners and Englishmen conversant with foreign tongues. Pausing for an instant by the side of the young lady to whose memory a tombstone inscribed "Holborn" has been erected, we find her at fifty-four and a half minutes past three p.m. writing off the last words of a message which had been handed in at the office on Holborn Viaduct at fifty-three minutes past three p.m., and which will thus have been completed and ready for sending out for delivery within two minutes. Here in this south-western division are what are known as the "official circuits," worked by the A B C instrument, with the grinding handle and the alphabetical depressible keys familiar to most of us, which communicate with the War Office, the Foreign Office, the Treasury,



NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

the Admiralty, the Houses of Parliament, and the whipper-in. Here, too, is the last specimen left throughout the building of what at one time used to be the favourite telegraphic instrument, the "double needle," which is used for communication with Buckingham Palace. At Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral there are telegraphic instruments, under the charge of a clerk, who travels with the Court, to which he has been attached for some years; while Sandringham, Badminton, the seat of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Caterham, and the country-houses of various other noblemen and officials, are similarly furnished.

The work in the Metropolitan Gallery, which is always great, is largely increased on the occasion of any of our great cockney festivals, such as the Derby, or the University Boat Race. A dense fog, too, brings much extra business for them, and the

wires, but for the precaution which the department has been able to take against sudden pressure, would be choked with messages explaining the impossibility of keeping appointments already made. All the messages for the tube stations are sorted into different pigeon-holes marked with the name of the superintendent. Some idea of the business done may be guessed, when it is stated that there are already between three and four hundred of these delivery stations in London.

but it is still clamorous for more, and is likely to have its wishes gratified. This is considered rather a dull time in the office. During the busy season, the daily average of messages sent, exclusive of press messages, has been nearly 20,000; now it is about 16,000. We can check these figures, if we like, by the aid of the superintendent of one of the check-tables close by. Her account, she says, stands at this time (quarter to five p.m.) at 6,500 messages; each of these has been sent twice, representing a



THE YARD OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH" ABOUT 1820.

The Provincial Gallery is more interesting as a show-place for the display of *tours de force* than the Metropolitan. Thus, we are taken to one of the Liverpool circuits, furnished with one of Hughes's instruments, the speciality of which is, that it records the message in actual Roman type, and are invited to communicate with the clerk at the instrument in the Liverpool office. We do so, and in less than a minute and a half we see his printed reply come winding, snake-like, out of the instrument. This Liverpool, by the way, is a very cormorant of telegraphic communication. Already it has eleven direct circuits from the office, and five from the Stock Exchange, making sixteen in all; total of 13,000, and there is yet plenty of time for the receipt of more.

This extraordinary collection of apparently the brass butt-ends of fishing-rods, with thin coils of wire running around and between them, is one of the most important of the internal arrangements at the office. It is called the testing-box, and, as its name imports, is the place where the trial of the state and efficiency of all the wires is made. When the engineer's attention is called by a clerk to a fault in the wire which he is working, each one of which has a separate number and letter, he proceeds to the test-box, and, by means of the galvanometer in connection therewith, he is able to ascertain at once

whether the fault or fracture is at his end of the wire. Finding it is not there, he then proceeds to test the wire in the various sections into which it is divided; thus, supposing it were a north-western wire, he would test the section between the office and Euston, then between Euston and Wolverton, then between Wolverton and Rugby, and so on, until he hit upon the section, and, finally, upon the immediate locality where the fault lay; when the divisional engineer would be instructed as to its whereabouts, and ordered to remedy it. Nearly all the wires radiating from the station are tested at six a.m. every morning, when every terminal station is spoken to and expected to reply, to see if the lines are right throughout. It is calculated that there are nearly sixty miles of wire under the floor of the Provincial Gallery, merely for making local connections with batteries, &c.

Another interesting object is the chronopher, or instrument from which all England is supplied with the correct time. Sixteen of the most important cities in the kingdom are in direct communication with this instrument, which is itself in direct communication with the Observatory at Greenwich. At two minutes before ten every morning all other work is suspended, in order that there may be no interference with what is called the "time current," which, precisely at the striking of the clock, flashes the intelligence to the sixteen stations with which it is in communication. And not merely at these large towns, but at every post-office throughout the kingdom, the clerks at two minutes before ten are on the look-out for the signal which is to be passed along the line, and the clocks are adjusted accordingly. Messrs. Dent, Benson, and all the principal watchmakers in London receive the time every hour from this chronopher. Time-guns at Newcastle and at Shields are also fired at one p.m. by batteries connected with the chronopher at the office, the clock attached to which is regulated for accuracy to the twentieth part of a second.

The principal instruments in use at the office are the single needle, the Morse inker, the Hughes, and the Wheatstone's automatic.

The single-needle instrument conveys its information by the varying vibrations of an indicator or "needle" between two fixed ivory stops. It is read by the eye, and its signals are transitory. It is as though the minute-hand of a small clock, or a large watch, were caused by the electric current to perform rapid calisthenic exercises between the points that indicate eleven and one o'clock. If the minute-hand made two violent efforts to show that it was one o'clock, and after each effort returned exhausted to noon, it would simply indicate the letter M. If panting to go the right way, it made two powerful efforts to go the other way and retired after each effort equally unsuccessful, it would simply indicate the letter I; one such tick to the right would be T, one to the left E. The letters of the alphabet are thus formed by the movements of the indicator to the right and left of some fixed point, and every word is so spelt out letter by letter.

The Morse instrument is different. It depicts its telegraphic language on a long piece of paper that unrolls itself by machinery in tape-like fashion beneath a revolving wheel, one half of which is constantly enjoying a cold bath of ink. While no electric current flows, the paper is free from this circular pen. When the current is caused to speed its lightning career, the paper is pressed against the wheel, and a thin blue line is traced by the ink which the revolving wheel carries with it on the paper with beautiful regularity. If a current of very short duration be sent, there is simply a dot, like a full stop, registered on the paper. If the current be maintained for a little longer period, we have a ——— shown. One dot is the letter E, one dash the letter T, a dot and a dash the letter A, and a dash and a dot the letter N. The letters of the alphabet are thus made up of a series of dots and dashes.

The signals in both instruments are made by the depression of a small lever, which is moved like the key of a piano. The needle instrument has two keys, one for the movements to the right, the other for the movements to the left. The Morse instrument has but one key, which is depressed as though the telegraphic manipulator wished to play crotchets and quavers on one note, the crotchets forming the dots, the quavers the dashes.

The Hughes instrument is most readily appreciated by strangers, as it records the message in actual Roman type.

As regards the Wheatstone instrument, it is only necessary to point out that the speed of the ordinary Morse is dependent upon the rate at which a clerk can manipulate his key. Forty words a minute is very fast sending, and few, if any, clerks can reach forty-five words per minute. But there is no limit to the speed of the electric current, and if the messages are sent mechanically, as in the Wheatstone, that is, if the varying currents required to indicate a despatch are regulated by a machine moving with great speed, we are not only independent of the limited powers of the human hand, but made free from the liability to error in meting out the proper duration of the signal. Thus great accuracy and great speed can be simultaneously attained.

There are instruments, also, that appeal to the ear as well as to the eye. Bright's bell is an instrument which indicates its telegraphic language by sound; bells of different notes struck by little hammers connected with the right and left movements of the needle, and the dot and dash of the Morse. These little tinkling talkers rattle forth their information with great speed, and many clerks are to be seen writing for their very lives to keep up at the rapid rate at which the bells are speaking.

The staff at present employed by the office consists of between seven and eight hundred clerks, of whom about a third are men, and two-thirds women. Of the latter, some come on duty at eight a.m., and leave at four p.m.; others arrive at twelve noon, and leave at eight p.m. It is noticeable that no women are on duty before eight a.m. or after eight p.m.; but the night duties are performed by a special night male staff, who are employed from eight p.m. to nine a.m., under the superintendence of a clerk in charge. Before the transfer of the office to the Government, the male and female staff were kept rigidly apart, and marriage between any members of either entailed the loss of situation on both the contracting parties. But a paternal Government looks upon these matters with a much more benevolent eye, and so far from forbidding matrimony, is understood to encourage it.

The old sanctuary privileges of St. Martin's-le-Grand led to infinite mischief. There is no doubt that up to the time of the mischievous and abused rights of sanctuary being abolished, St. Martin's-le-Grand was a mere refuge for rogues, ruffians, thieves, and murderers. Any rascal who stabbed his pot-companion, or struck down an innocent traveller in a dark bye-street, any red-handed brawler, could rush through the monastic gates and shelter himself in this den of crime. Here also, says Stow, harboured picklocks, forgers, coiners, makers of sham jewellery, carders, dicers, and other gamblers. After the dissolution a tavern was built where the college church had stood.

In Elizabethan times, when sanctuary privileges were still claimed, French, German, Dutch, and Scotch artificers settled here. Here lived shoemakers, tailors, button-makers, goldsmiths, purse-makers, drapers, and silk-weavers, and the first Flemish silk-throwers settled here. In 1569 the number of inhabitants was 269. There were frequently disorders in this turbulent Liberty, the inhabitants of which often objected to pay taxes, in the Plague-time refused when stricken to close their doors and windows, and often erased the red cross set upon their houses, and even threatened the constable and headboroughs who, according to law, painted them up. "And some," says Stow, "repaired to the court with their wares, a thing dangerous to the queen and nobility;" and, there being no prison in the Liberty, the Liberty people sent to the Gate House at Westminster frequently brought actions for such illegal imprisonment.

Butler, in "Hudibras," speaks of this district—

> "'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,
> French stones, which in our eyes you set,
> But our right diamonds that inspire,
> And set your am'rous hearts on fire.
> Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
> Which on our lips you place for reds,
> And make us wear, like Indian dames,
> Add fuel to your scorching flames."

"Round Court, St. Martin's-le-Grand, hath a passage leading into Blowbladder Street, which is taken up," says Strype, "by milliners, sempstresses, and such as sell a sort of copper lace called St. Martin's lace, for which it is of note."

On the west side of Aldersgate Street stood the London residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland (still indicated by Westmoreland Buildings), and close on the site of Bull and Mouth Street, stood the mansion of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. At her house in this street, in 1621, died Mary, Countess of Pembroke, "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," a lady immortalised in Ben Jonson's hyperbolic yet noble epitaph. As an "ancient dame," whom Shakespeare must have seen and honoured, we claim in Aldersgate Street remembrance for him, as well as for Milton, who, according to Philips, had, at one time, "a pretty garden-house in this street, at the end of an entry."

The great coaching-inn of Aldersgate Street, in the old time, was the "Bull and Mouth." The original name of this inn was "Boulogne Mouth," in allusion to the town and harbour of Bouloge, besieged by Henry VIII. But the "gne" being generally pronounced by the Londoners "on," it gradually became "an," and it only required the small addition of "d" to make "and" of it. The first part being before this made a "bull" of, it was ultimately converted into the "Bull and Mouth."

The "Queen's Hotel," St. Martins-le-Grand, rebuilt in 1830, now occupies the site of the old "Bull and Mouth." On the front there is a statuette of a bull, above which are the bust of Edward VI., and the arms of Christ's Hospital, to which the ground belongs. The old inn stood in Bull and Mouth Street, and the south side in Angel Street still retains the name of the old inn, but is merely a luggage depôt of Chaplin and Horne. On the front of the present hotel, much affected by Manchester men, under the turbulent little bull, is a stone

tablet probably from the old inn, and on it are deeply cut the following quaint lines :—

"Milo the Cretonian
An ox slew with his fist,
And ate it up at one meal,
Ye gods, what a glorious twist !"

Howell in his Londinopolis, 1657, speaking of the spacious and uniform buildings which made Aldersgate Street almost resemble a street in an Italian town, calls Jewin Street "a handsome new street, fairly built by the Company of Goldsmiths."

Jewin Street, Aldersgate, in Stow's time was full of "fair garden plots and summer houses for pleasure." It was anciently called "Leyrestow," and was granted by Edward I. to William de Monteforte, Dean of St. Paul's. For several centuries this spot was the only one allowed the London Jews as a place of interment ; but in the reign of Henry II., after long suits to King and Parliament, they obtained leave to buy local graveyards.

Aldersgate Street, dear to business men for its Post Office, is hallowed to authors by having once, as we have already said, been the residence of Milton. Here the poet came, with bag and baggage, in 1643, the year after Edgehill, removing from St. Bride's Churchyard, the site of the present *Punch* office, where he had kept a small school. This residence is especially interesting to those who honour our great poet, as it was here he became reconciled to Mary Powell, his first wife, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier. As a first step to their re-union, Milton placed his wife in the house of one Widow Weber, in St. Clement's Churchyard. Mr. Jesse has pointed out very happily the possible reminiscence contained in "Paradise Lost" to this reconciliation. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve, after their fall, Milton, says Mr. Jesse, had evidently in his mind his own first interview with his repentant wife, after her unhappy estrangement—

"She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
His peace."

And again—

"Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now to his feet submissive in distress."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July, 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate Street to a larger house in Barbican. Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's Inn Fields. After the Restoration he removed to a house in Jewin Street, where he married his third wife.

On the east side of Aldersgate Street, Nos. 35 to 38 (still distinguished by a series of eight pilasters), stands Shaftesbury or Thanet House, one of Inigo Jones's fine old mansions, formerly the London residence of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet. From them it passed into the family of that clever and dangerous political intriguer, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the hated "Achitophel" of Dryden, of whom it was said in jest that he hoped to be chosen King of Poland. He was the idol of the anti-Popery apprentices, the hatcher of the Popish plot, the rival of Buckingham for the favour of the Whigs, a man seditious and restless as Wilkes, yet, like that demagogue, a constant striver for constitutional liberty. Sir Walter Scott, in the Notes to his edition of "Dryden," anticipatory of his "Peveril of the Peak," says of Shaftesbury—

"Being heir to a plentiful fortune, a Member of Parliament, and high sheriff of the county of Dorset, he came to Oxford when the Civil War broke out, and though then only twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, presented to the king a digested plan for compromising matters between him and his subjects in arms against him. Charles observed, he was a very young man for so great an undertaking ; to which, with the readiness which marked his character, he answered, that would not be the worse for the king's affairs, provided the business was done. He had, in consequence, a commission from the king to promise indemnity and redress of grievances to such of the Parliamentary garrisons as would lay down their arms. Accordingly, his plan seems to have taken some effect ; for Weymouth actually surrended to the king, and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, as his style then was, was made governor. Some delays occurred in the course of his obtaining this office ; and whether disgusted with these, and giving scope to the natural instability of his temper, as is intimated by Clarendon, or offended, as Mr. Locke states, at Weymouth having been plundered by Prince Maurice's forces, he made one of those sudden turns, of which his political career furnishes several instances, and went over to the other side. After this, Clarendon says that 'he gave up himself, body and soul, to the Parliament, and became an implacable enemy to the Royal Family.'"

Shaftesbury is thus described by the author of a poem, entitled "The Progress of Honesty ;" or the view of Court and City :—

"Some call him Hophni, some Achitophel,
Others chief Advocate for hell ;
Some cry, he sure a second James is,
And all things past and present sees ;
Another, rapt in satire, swears his eyes
Upon himself are spies ;

And slily do their optics inward roul,
To watch the subtle motions of his soul ;
That they with sharp perspective sight,
And help of intellectual light,
May guide the helm of state aright.
Nay, view what will hereafter be,
By their all-seeing quality."

But Dryden's was the most terrible portrait of this busy politician :—

" For close designs, and crooked counsels fit
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

The author of "Hudibras" has sketched Shaftesbury with the etching tool of Gilray.

" 'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the whores of Babylon ;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink ;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
He had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one ;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one ;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,
For, when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoiled his game ;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose ;
And, when, he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck."

Hudibras, Part III., Canto 2.

Thomas Flatman, that tame poet of Charles II.'s time, whom almost every witling of the period belaboured, was born in Aldersgate Street in 1633.

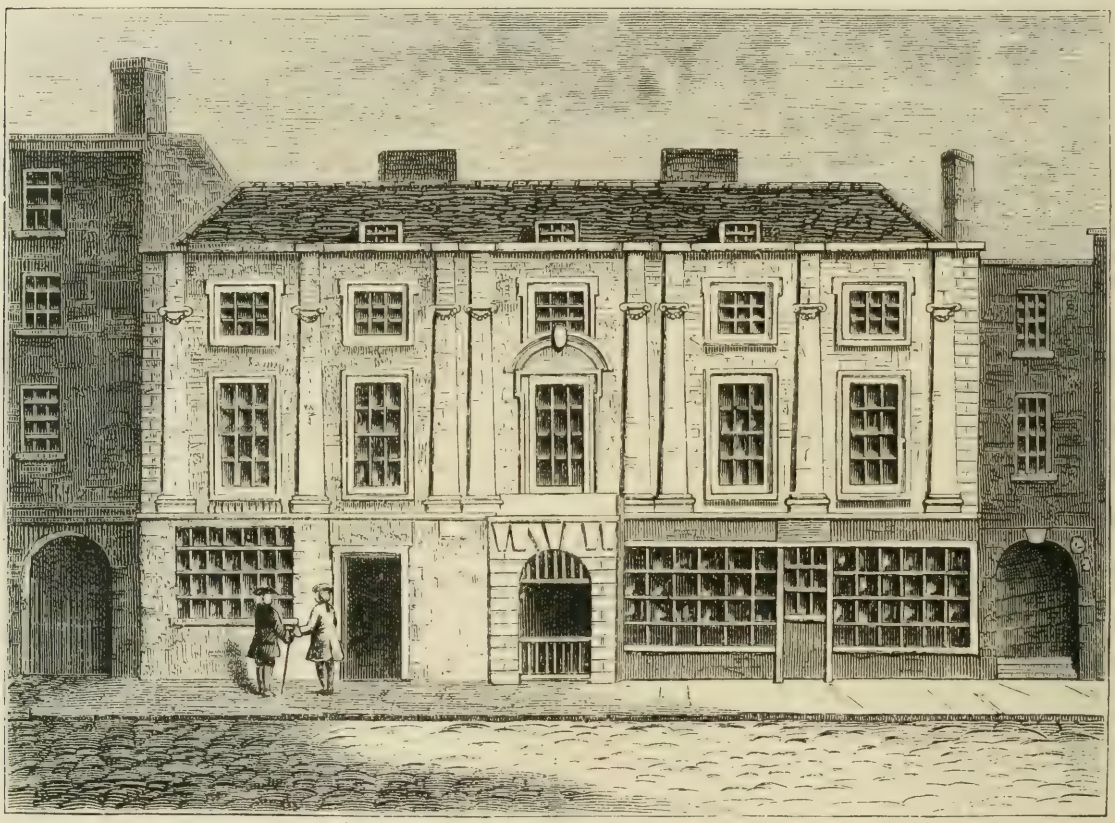
Almost opposite to Shaftesbury House stood Petre House, the residence of the Petre family in the great Elizabethan times ; and of Henry Pierrepoint, Marquis of Dorchester, in the days of the Commonwealth. It was also used as a state prison in the Commonwealth-times, and subsequently became the temporary abode of the Bishops of London, after the Great Fire had treated their mansion in St. Paul's Churchyard in a Puritanical and remorseless way. In 1688, when the selfish Princess Anne deserted her father, James II., and fled at night from Whitehall, she was conducted by the warlike Bishop Compton to his house in Aldersgate Street in a hackney coach.

The street of which we are taking stock in this chapter contains singularly few churches. St. Anne-in-the-Willows we have already visited (somewhat, perhaps, out of sequence) ; the remaining church, St. Botolph's, at the corner of Little Britain, but for its mean bell-turret and pretty fizzing fountain, singularly resembles a meeting-house. It was erected in 1790 on the site of the old building, which had escaped the Great Fire. An old Jacobean pulpit in the vestibule is the only relic of the old church, except the few uninteresting monuments. There is one to a worthy Dame Anne Packington (died 1563), who founded almshouses near the White Friars' Church, in Fleet Street, which were left under the superintendence of the Clothworkers' Company ; one to Richard Chiswell, an eminent bookseller (died 1711), and another to an Elizabeth Smith, with a cameo bust by Roubiliac.

At the north-east end of this street of noblemen's houses, not far from Shaftesbury House, stood Lauderdale House, the residence of that cruel and unprincipled minister of Charles II. Lauderdale was one of those five "thorough-going" adherents of Charles II. who formed the "cabal" (Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale), after Clarendon's exile, and the death of Southampton and Monk. It was this same unscrupulous inhabitant of Aldersgate Street whom Charles, in 1669, sent to Edinburgh as High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, to put down conventicles with a high hand, to fine Presbyterians, and to hang and shoot field-preachers, severities which eventually led to the rebellion of the Covenanters of 1679. There must have been many a quiet and many a state visit made from Shaftesbury House to Lauderdale House.

An audacious board over two small shops, No. 134, half-way down Aldersgate Street on the west side, boldly asserts that "This was Shakespeare's House." There is no documentary evidence (the best of all evidence), and not even a tradition, to connect our great poet's name with the house, or even with the street, often as he may have visited good Master Alleyn's Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane. The assertion is as impudent as that

which claims a small house, opposite Chancery Lane, as the palace of "Wolsey and Henry VIII." An antiquary of authority has clearly shown that no residence of Shakespeare's in London is actually known. There was a house in Blackfriars which he purchased in March, 1612-13, from Henry Walker, "abutting from a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, on the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe," and the counterpart of the original conveyance of which (bearing the signature of Shakespeare), is in the library at Guildhall.



SHAFTESBURY HOUSE. (*From a print of* 1810.)

That house is of course undoubtedly connected with Shakespeare; but although he was the owner of it, none of his editors believe he ever lived in it. Mr. Knight and other commentators conjecture that this house was purchased in reference to some object connected with Blackfriars Theatre; but in addition to that—although we do not positively know when Shakespeare retired from London—all his biographers are of opinion that he left London, and went back to his native Stratford to spend the remainder of his days, about the year 1610 or 1611. The only other place *probably* connected with Shakespeare's name was a property in St. Helen's parish, in the ward of Bishopsgate. There is a subsidy roll of 1598, preserved at the Carlton Ride, in which the name of "William Shakespeare" occurs as the owner of property then to the value of £5. and on which a tax of 13s. 4d. was assessed. But that roll has the memorandum "affid." affixed to his name, and that means that an affidavit had been produced, showing that he did not reside in the parish or district. Shakespeare's name, in respect of that property, does not occur before 1598, nor is it heard of after that date. Besides, we are not to jump to the conclusion that every William Shakespeare then living in London was *our* William Shakespeare. These are the only two houses in London that can be associated with Shakespeare, and they have long since been improved off the face of the earth. The concocter of the board, says the antiquary we have quoted, finding out that a public-house in that neighbourhood had been mentioned as having been a place of resort of the most celebrated wits of the sixteenth century, at once jumped to the conclusion that this was "the house," and further, that Shakespeare, being a wit of that period, he took it for granted that the poet came there to slake his thirst, and so tickets this house with Shakespeare's name.

Barbican, an essential tributary of Aldersgate Street, derives its Saracenic-sounding name, according to all old London antiquaries, from the Saxon words, "burgh kennin," or "postern tower," the remains of which existed a little north of the street till towards the end of the last century. entrusted to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, no doubt a valiant and stout knight, in whose family it remained hereditary, through the female line, till the reign of Queen Mary. In that cruel reign it is on record that the Barbican (then a mere sinecure, and no longer needed by the City for



THE FORTUNE THEATRE. (*From a print published by Wilkinson*, 1811.)

According to Bagford, a good old London antiquary, who died in 1716, and who, from being a shoemaker, turned bookseller, printer, and collector of books for the Earl of Oxford, the Romans kept watch at night in that tower, and gave notice of conflagrations, or an approaching army. At night they lit bonfires on the top of the turret, to guide travellers to the City.

In the reign of Edward III. the Barbican was defence) was in the keeping of the Baroness Katharine Willoughby d'Eresby, baroness in her own right, and widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who lived in a lordly mansion near the spot. This was that daring Protestant lady who so narrowly escaped the Smithfield fires for calling her lap-dog Gardiner (after the detested bishop, Bonner's worthy yoke-fellow), and dressing him up in small episcopal rochet and surplice. For this practical

joke the jocose lady and Richard Bertie, her second husband, ancestor of the Dukes of Ancaster, had to fly to Poland, where the king, according to Mr. Jesse, installed them in the earldom of Crozan.

On the site of Bridgewater Square resided the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, in a mansion famous for its fruitful orchards. The house was burnt down in April, 1687, during the occupancy of John, third earl, "when his two infant heirs," says Mr. Jesse, "Charles, Viscount Brackley, and his second son Thomas, perished in the flames." Hatton, in 1708, calls Bridgewater Square "a new, pleasant, though very small square;" and Strype mentions it as "well inhabited, the middle neatly enclosed with palisado pales, and set round with trees, which renders the place very delightful."

Sir Henry Spelman (born 1562), the learned and laborious author of the "Glossarium," that great archæological work completed by Dugdale, died at his house in Barbican, 1640.

Beech Lane, Barbican, where Prince Rupert resided, and worked on his chemical experiments and his mezzotint plates, was probably so called, says Stow, from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower, who was deprived of his office by Edward III. Stow, whose clue we ever follow, describes the lane, in Elizabeth's time, as stretching from Redcross Street to Whitecross Street, and adorned with "beautiful houses of stone, brick, and timber." An old house in Barbican belonging to the Abbot of Ramsay was afterwards called Drury House, from the worshipful owner, Sir Drew Drury, also of Drury Lane. This was the house Prince Rupert afterwards occupied; and parts of the mansion were in existence as late as 1796. Here lived the fiery prince, whom Time had softened into a rough old philosopher, fond of old soldiers, and somewhat of a butt at Whitehall among the scoffing Rochesters of his day, who were all *à la mode de France*. Here Evelyn visited Rupert. In the parish books of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, a guinea is set down as payment to the ringers on the occasion of Charles II. visiting the prince at his Barbican house. In Strype's time the street had lost its gentility, and was inhabited by clothes-salesmen, and on the site of the old watch-tower fronting Redcross Street, stood an ignoble watchhouse for the brawling Mohocks of the day.

The Fortune, one of the celebrated and one of the earliest Elizabethan theatres, stood between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane. It was opened about 1600 by Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn; and here, and at the Bear-garden, Bankside, Southwark, of which he was the proprietor, the latter actor derived the money afterwards bestowed on God's-gift College, at Dulwich. An adjoining passage still retains the name of Playhouse Yard. Alleyn's theatre was burnt down in 1621, and was shortly afterwards rebuilt, but again destroyed, in 1649, by some rough and fanatical Puritan soldiers. Many of the actors of this theatre, in the last scene of all, when they had shuffled off this mortal coil, were buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

In Golding Lane also stood the Nursery, a seminary for educating children for the profession of the stage, established in the reign of Charles II., under the auspices (says Mr. Jesse) of Colonel William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to that monarch, and uncle to the first Lord Dartmouth. Dryden speaks of it in his "Mac Flecknoe":—

> "Near these a Nursery erects its head,
> Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred;
> Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
> Where infant punks their tender voices try,
> And little Maximins the gods defy;
> Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
> Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear."

In Pepys' "Diary" are the following notices of the Nursery:—"2nd Aug., 1664. To the King's Playhouse. . . . . I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted.

"24th Feb., 1667-8. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called *Jeronimo is Mad Again*, a tragedy."

According to Stow, the antiquaries of his time believed that Little Britain, without Aldersgate, was so called from the Earls of Brittany lodging there, just as Scotland Yard was where the Kings of Scotland took up their quarters, and Petty Wales, in Thames Street, where Prince Hal held his noisy court. R. B., in Strype, defines Little Britain as stretching from Aldersgate Street, by the corner of St. Botolph's Church, running up to the Pump; then, as it grows wider, turning north up Duck Lane into another passage turning to "the Lame Hospital, or Bartholomew's Hospital." It was full of "old booksellers," especially from the Pump to Duck Lane. Here, especially during the Commonwealth, any hour in the day, might have been found such amiable dozy old antiquaries as still haunt old bookstalls ("all these for sixpence each"), poring over black-letter pamphlets and yellow flying-sheets of the Civil War time, spectacles on nose, and crutch-cane in hand, intent on culling odd

learning; and errant 'prentice-boys, their rough hair on end at the wonders of some story-books, which they would have given a month's wages to buy.

"It may not be amiss," says Roger North, in his Life of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North, 1740-42, "to step aside to reflect on the vast change in the trade of books between that time (about 1670) and ours. Then Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade; the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversable men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse. And we may judge the time as well spent there as (in latter days) either in tavern or coffee-house . . . . but now this emporium is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons."

Isaac Walton sketches Little Britain in his Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson. "About the time," he says, "of his printing this excellent preface," that is to say, the preface to his last twenty sermons, first printed in 1655, "I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a pent-house (for it began to rain), and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money."

Here, too, Milton's great work was published, and lay for a time unnoticed on the stalls. "Dr. Tancred Robinson," says Richardson, in his "Remarks," "has given permission to use his name, and what I am going to relate he had from Fleet (wood) Shepherd at the Grecian Coffee House, and who often told the story. The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste; there was 'Paradise Lost.' He was surprised with some passages he struck upon, dipping here and there, and bought it. The bookseller begged him to speak in its favour if he lik'd it, for that they lay on his hands as waste paper; Jesus-Shepherd was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. 'This man (says Dryden) cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'"

Later still we find that amiable writer, Washington Irving, wandering contemplatively in Little Britain. "In the centre of the great City of London," he says, "lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of 'Little Britain.' Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the City; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth Street separates it from Butcher Lane, and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection. . . . But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oak carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fireplaces. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways."*

In Aldersgate, Street in 1661 (the year after the Restoration), died Brian Walton, Bishop of Chester, a laborious and learned scholar, who edited and in 1657 published the first English Polyglot Bible, in the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, Greek, and Vulgar Latin languages. Before the war Walton had been rector of St. Martin Orgars and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. He was a good deal hunted about during the Civil Wars for his zeal for tithes, yet the Preface of his Bible contains compliments to Cromwell, which

* "It is evident," remarks a note in the complete edition of "The Works of Washington Irving, New York, 1857," vol. ii., p. 302, "that the author has included, in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair."

were afterwards altered so as to suit Charles II. "His triumphant return to his see, says an old writer, zealously, "was a day not to be forgotten by all the true sons of the Church, though sneered at in private by the most rascally faction and crop-eared whelps of those parts, who did their endeavours to make it a May game, and piece of foppery." This learned prelate, who studied so hard during all the commotions of the Civil Wars, was buried in St. Paul's.

The "Albion," in Aldersgate Street, has long been famed for its good dinners. "Here," says Timbs, "take place the majority of the banquets of the Corporation of London; the sheriffs' inauguration dinners, as well as those of civic companies and committees, and such festivals, public and private, as are usually held at taverns of the highest class.

"The farewell dinners given by the East India Company to the Governors-General of India usually take place at the 'Albion.' Here likewise (after dinner) the annual trade sales of the principal London publishers take place,' revivifying the olden printing and book glories of Aldersgate and Little Britain.

"The *cuisine* of the 'Albion' has long been celebrated for its *recherché* character. Among the traditions of the tavern, it is told that a dinner was once given here under the auspices of the gourmand alderman Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds apiece. It might as well have cost twice as much, for amongst other acts of extravagance they dispatched a special messenger to Westphalia to choose a ham. There is likewise told a bet as to the comparative merits of the 'Albion' and 'York House' (Bath) dinners, which was to have been formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost at each; but it became a drawn bet, the 'Albion' beating in the first course, and the 'York House' in the second. . . . . Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the 'Albion' at ten guineas a head."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALDERSGATE STREET (*continued*).

Sir Nicholas Bacon — The Fighting Earl of Peterborough — A Knavish Duke — The Cooks' Company — Noble Street — The "Halfmoon Tavern," a house of call for wits — The "Bell Inn" — The City Road — Founding of Bunhill Fields Chapel — The Grecian Saloon — The "Old Milestone," City Road — Northumberland House in the City — The French Protestant Church in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

CLOSE to Shaftesbury House—which, after being a tavern and a lying-in hospital, became in 1848 a general dispensary, and latterly was divided into shops—stood Bacon House, the residence of Sir Nicholas Bacon (Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper), an enemy to Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Jesuits, a resolute, honest, unambitious man, and the father of the great philosopher and Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon. The Lord Chancellor, however, was born at York House in the Strand, of which Buckingham Street marks the site. A popular writer has thus graphically described Bacon's father:—"Huge in person, gouty, asthmatic, high in flesh, Sir Nicholas could not walk from Whitehall to York House without sitting down to rest and blowing for his breath; and this weakness in his legs and chest descended to both his sons by Lady Anne. Queen Elizabeth, laughing, used to say the soul of her lord keeper was well lodged—in fat; but the lusty old knight, who had mother-wit of his own, could have been as brightly sarcastic as the queen. His was a shrewd saying: 'Let us take time, that we may have sooner done.' When Elizabeth, tripping into the hall at Redgrave, cried, 'My lord, what a little house you have gotten!' he adroitly answered, 'Madam, my house is well; but you have made me too great for my house.' When an impudent thief named Hogg asked mercy from him as judge, on the plea of kindred between the Hoggs and Bacons, he replied, 'Ah, you and I cannot be of kin until you have been hanged!'"

Swift's warlike friend, Mordaunt, the Earl of Peterborough, also lived in Aldersgate Street. Many of this energetic general's letters to Swift, are still extant, as well as Swift's pleasantly sarcastic verses to him. In the War of Succession the Earl took Barcelona, and drove the French out of Spain. Swift says of him:—

"Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

"In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics and gives the toast;

"Knows every prince on Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

* * * * *

"So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion
He's with you like an apparition.

"Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar.

"Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden."

In "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" Peterborough is thus described:—"He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt and very poor. A well-shaped, thin man, with a very brisk look, near fifty years old." "*This character*," observes Swift, "*is for the most part true!*"

Of the famous Duke of Montagu, who also lived in Aldersgate Street, the author of "Remarks on the Characters," says, "Since the queen's accession to the throne, he has been created a duke; and is near sixty years old." "*As arrant a knave*," is Swift's addition, "*as any in his time.*"

"Opposite to St. Botolph's Church stood the Cooks' Hall, a spacious building," says Aleph, "which escaped the Great Fire, but was consumed by a comparatively insignificant conflagration in 1771, when the worshipful company transferred their business to the Guildhall. The Cooks' Company is a fellowship nearly as ancient as good living; it is thirty-fifth in precedence, was incorporated in 1480 by that luxurious monarch Edward IV., and obtained further privileges from Queen Elizabeth."

In Noble Street, in Shakespearian times, dwelt Mr. Serjeant Fleet, the Recorder of London, and in the same house afterwards resided Robert Tichborne, Lord Mayor in 1657. Tichborne signed the death-warrant of Charles I.; and at the Restoration was tried, with Hugh Peters, Harrison, and others, and executed. The old "Castle and Falcon" inn stood near the old City gate. Nearly opposite Lauderdale House, which was north of Shaftesbury House, stood in 1830 the "Half-moon Tavern," a place of resort for the wits of Charles II.'s time, Wycherley and Congreve being among the *habitués*. The fireplaces were ornamented with curious grotesque carvings in wood.

Higher up than Lauderdale House, two doors only from Barbican, once stood the "Bell" inn, "of a pretty good resort for wagons with meal." From this inn John Taylor, the poetical waterman of the time of James I., set out on his penniless pilgrimage to Scotland. At the west side, a little beyond St. Botolph's, is Trinity Court, so called centuries ago from a brotherhood of the Holy Trinity, first founded in 1377, as a fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, licensed by Henry VI., and suppressed by Edward VI. The hall was still standing as late as 1790.

The City Road, an indirect tributary of Aldersgate (by Goswell Road), is a continuation of the New Road, and runs from the "Angel" at Islington to Finsbury Square. It was opened on June 29th, 1761, when Mr. Dingly, the projector, modestly refused to give it his own name. In April, 1777, John Wesley laid the first stone of the chapel opposite Bunhill Fields, and remarked, as he laid it, "Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up."

The theatrical traditions of this neighbourhood demand a few words. The "Eagle" Tavern, now the Grecian Theatre, City Road, when under the management of its originator, Mr. Thomas Rouse, was highly famed for its two comic vocalists, Harry Howell, and Robert Glindon. The first-named was, perhaps, the best buffo singer of his day; and it was for these gardens that Glindon wrote "Biddy the Basket Woman," "The Literary Dustman," and other songs of world-wide repute, singing them himself in the evening, his daytime being fully occupied in painting, with the late Mr. Danson, that marvel of panoramas "London by Day and Night," so many years the main attraction at the Coloseum, Regent's Park. After his voice failed him, he was enlisted in the standing company at the Drury Lane Theatre, assisting in the scene-painting and property department, and doing small parts in the pantomime openings. It was at the Grecian Saloon that Frederick Robson also made his mark with the London playgoers, in the characters of "Jacob Earwig," in *Boots at the Swan*, and "Wormwood" in *The Lottery Ticket*. William Farren, that excellent actor, had seen and admired Robson's wonderful abilities, and wished to secure his services for the Olympic; but fearing the announcement "from the Grecian Saloon" might act detrimentally with public opinion, he got Robson an engagement in Ireland, and then, announcing him "from the Theatre Royal Dublin," launched him on his brilliant career at the little theatre in Wych Street.

The "Old Milestone," City Road, opposite Goswell Street Road, was, in the early part of the present century, much patronised by Cockney tourists, on account of its pretty tea-gardens, and like White Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells, it attracted immense crowds of Sunday ramblers. Concerts were oc-

casionally given here, particularly at holiday times, but its modern reputation was chiefly owing to its Judge and Jury Society, and the forensic ability of its proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Foster, who was afterwards so well-known and respected by literary men as we have shown, over the Gate itself, as the illustrious Cave did at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. It afterwards, in Strype's time, was a tavern, the usual end of all celebrated London buildings.

Adjoining what is at present the Money Order



PRINCE RUPERT'S HOUSE, IN THE BARBICAN.

as mine host of the "Saint John's Gate," or Gate House, Clerkenwell.

Very near Aldersgate stood Northumberland House, where the fiery Hotspur, who owes all the emblazonment on his escutcheon to Shakespeare, once dwelt. Henry IV. gave the house to Queen Jane, his wife, and it was then called her Wardrobe. In Stow's time it was the house of a printer—not, however, John Day, the celebrated printer of Elizabeth's time, as has been suggested, for he lived,

Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand is the French Protestant Church, opened in 1842, when St. Mary's Chapel, in Threadneedle Street, was taken down. On July 24, 1850, the tercentenary of the Royal Charter to Foreign Protestants granted by Edward VI. was commemorated by special services both at the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, and at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in the evening the members of the consistories of both churches dined together, and drank to the memory of the pious Edward VI.

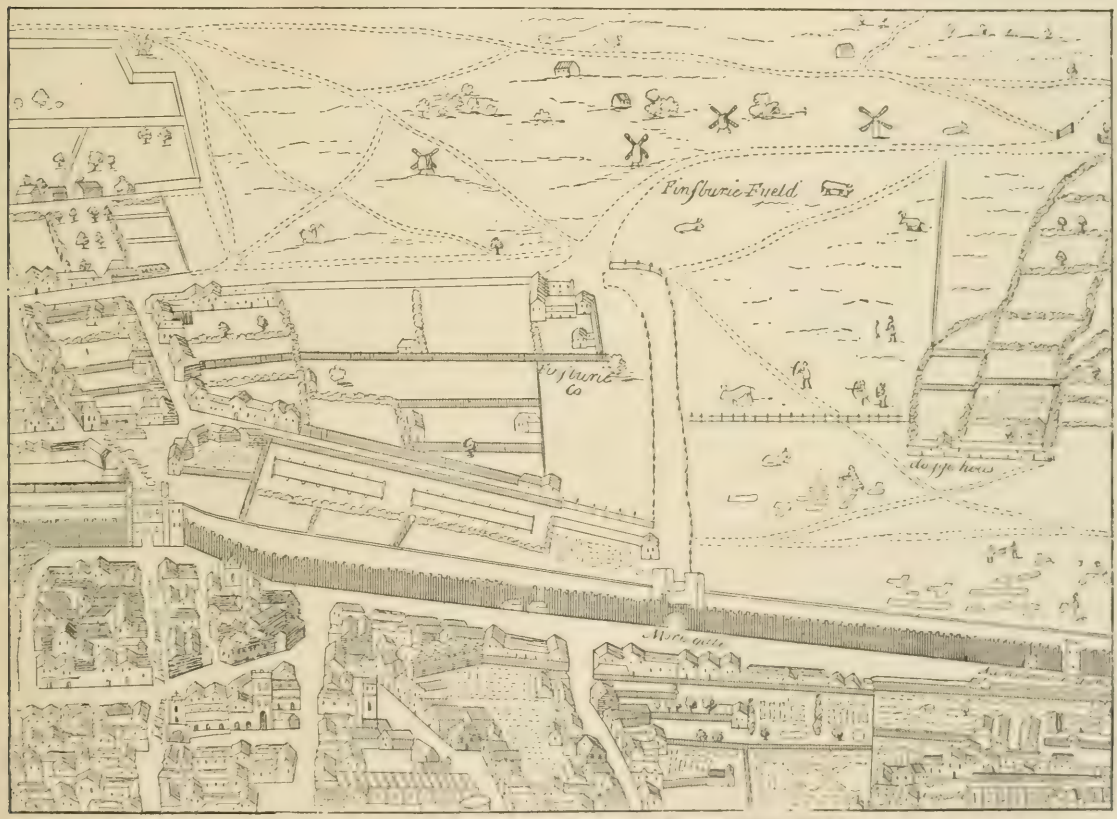
CHAPTER XXIX.

CRIPPLEGATE.

Miracles performed by Edmund the Martyr after Death—Cripplegate—The Church of St. Giles—The Tomb of John Speed—The Legend of Constance Whitney—Sir Martin Frobisher—Milton's Grave Outraged—The Author of "The Book of Martyrs:" his Fortunate Escape from Bishop Gardiner—St Alphage, London Wall—An Old State Funeral—The Barber-Surgeons' Hall: its Famous Picture of Henry VIII. —Holbein's Death—Treasures in Barber-Surgeons' Hall: its Plate Stolen and Recovered—Another kind of Recovery there—Lambe, the Benevolent Clothworker—The Perambulation of Cripplegate Parish in Olden Time—Basinghall Street—St. Michael's Bassishaw—William Lee, the Inventor of the Stocking-loom—Minor City Companies in the neighbourhood of Basinghall Street—The Bankruptcy Court—Whitecross Street and its Prison—The Dissenters' Library in Whitecross Street.

STOW, quoting a history of Edmund the Martyr, King of the East Angles, by Abbo Floriacensis, says that in 1010, when the Danes approached Bury St. Edmunds, Bishop Alwyn removed the rooms over the gate were set apart for the City Water Bailiff.

The church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is the successor of one founded some twenty-four years



CRIPPLEGATE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. (*From Aggas's Map.*)

body of the martyred king to St. Gregory's Church, near St. Paul's; and as it passed through Cripplegate, such was the blessed influence it diffused, that many lame persons rose upright, and began to praise God for their miraculous cure. The postern afterwards became a prison, like the Compter, for debtors and common trespassers. The gate was rebuilt, says Fabian, by the Brewers of London, in 1244, and again in 1491, at the cost of 400 marks, money left by Edmund Shaw, goldsmith and ex-mayor. It was again repaired and beautified, and a foot-postern made, in the 15th Charles II. The after the Conquest. It suffered greatly by fire in 1545 (Henry VIII.) Matilda, queen of Henry I., had founded a brotherhood there, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Giles. The church was repaired, and perhaps partially rebuilt, after the fire of 1545. "Since that event," says Mr. Godwin, "it has undergone miscalled adornments, but has not been materially changed." The tower was raised fifteen feet in 1682. St. Giles's had a peal of twelve bells, besides one in the turret. It also boasts one of the sets of chimes in London. Those of St. Giles were, it is said, constructed by a poor working man.

In the north aisle of this interesting and historical church lies a great benefactor to London antiquaries, the learned and laborious John Speed, the great topographical writer, who died 1629. He was a wise tailor whom Sir Fulke Greville patronised, and who was assisted in his labours by Cotton and Spelman. He had in his time twelve sons and six daughters. His marble monument is adorned with an effigy of Speed (once gilt and painted), holding in one hand a book, and in the other a skull. The long eulogistic Latin inscription describes him as "Civis Londinensis Mercatorum Scissorum Fratris." It is a singular fact that two of the great London antiquaries should have been tailors, yet the sartor's is undoubtedly a contemplative trade, and we owe both worthies much gratitude for laboriously stitching together such a vast patchwork of interesting facts.

Considering that Foxe, the martyrologist (buried, it is believed, on the south side of the chancel) was sheltered by Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare's traditional persecutor—

"At home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass,"

it is singular to find near the centre of the north aisle of St. Giles's a monument to Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who died at the age of seventeen, excelling "in all noble qualities becoming a virgin of so sweet proportion of beauty and harmonie of parts." From this maiden's grave a lying tradition has sprung like a fungus.

The striking-looking monument represents a female in a shroud rising from a coffin. According to tradition it commemorates the story of a lady who, after having been buried while in a trance, was not only restored to life, but subsequently became the mother of several children, her resuscitation, it is said, having been brought about by the cupidity of a sexton, which induced him to open the coffin, in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring on her finger. This story, however, is entirely fabulous.

A small white marble tablet within the communion-rails also records another Lucy. The inscription is—

"Here lies Margaret Lucy, the second daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcott in the county of Warwicke, Knight (the third by imediate discent of the name of Thomas), by Alice, sole daughter and heire of Thomas Spenser, of Clarenden, in the same county, Esq., and Custos Brevium of the Courte of Comon Pleas at Westminster, who departed this life the 18th day of November, 1634, and aboute the 19th year of her age. For discretion and sweetnesse of conversation not many excelled, and for pietie and patience in her sicknesse and death, few equalled her; which is the comforte of her nearest friendes, to every of whom shee was very dear, but especiallie to her old grandmother, the Lady Constance Lucy, under whose government shee died, who, having long exspected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust, by faith and hope in the precious bloode of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after, and be partaker, together with her and others, of the unspeakable and eternell joyes in His blessed kingdome; to whom be all honour, laude, and praise, now and ever. Amen."

In this church, too, after many a voyage and many a battle, rests that old Elizabethan warrior and explorer, Sir Martin Frobisher, who was brought here in February, 1594–5, after receiving his death shot at Brest. His northern discoveries while in search of a north-west passage to China, in a mere fishing-boat of twenty-five tons, his West Indian cruise with Drake, and his noble courage against the Spanish Armada, fully entitle Frobisher to rank as one of the earliest of our naval heroes.

Above all, Milton is buried here. A sacrilegious desecration of his remains, we regret to record, took place in 1790. The object of the search for the sacred body was reasonable, the manner of the search disgraceful. The church being under repair, and £1,350 being spent upon it, the vestry clerk and churchwardens had agreed—as a monument to Milton was contemplated at St. Giles's, and the exact spot of the poet's interment only traditionally known—to dig up the coffin whilst the repairs were still going on. The difficulty was this: the parish tradition had always been that Milton was buried in the chancel, under the clerk's desk, where afterwards the common councilmen's pew stood, in the same grave with his father, the scrivener, of Bread Street. He died fourteen years after the "blessed Restoration," of consumption, say the parish books, not gout, at his house in Bunhill Fields. Aubrey, in 1681, says, "The stone is now removed, for about two years since the two steps to the communion-table were raised." During the repairs of 1682 the pulpit was removed from the second pillar on the north side to the south side of the old chancel, which was then covered with pews. The parish clerks and sextons, forgetting this change, used to show a grave on the south side as Milton's, and Mr. Baskerville, to show his reverence for Milton, was buried in this wrong spot.

The right spot was at last remembered, the ground was searched, and Milton's leaden coffin discovered, directly over the wooden one of his father. The coffin, which was old, and bore no inscription, was five feet ten inches in length. The following ghoulish and disgraceful scene, described by P. Neve, in his "Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin," 1790, then took place. The disinterment had been agreed upon after a merry meeting at the house of Mr. Fountain, overseer, in Beech Lane, the night

before, Mr. Cole, another overseer, and the journeyman of Mr. Ascough, the parish clerk, who was a coffin-maker, assisting.

"Holmes, the journeyman, having fetched a mallet and a chisel, and cut open the top of the coffin, slantwise from the head, as low as the breast, so that, the top being doubled backward, they could see the corpse, he cut it open also at the foot. Upon first view of the body, it appeared perfect, and completely enveloped in the shroud, which was of many folds, the ribs standing up regularly. When they disturbed the shroud the ribs fell. Mr. Fountain confessed that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted, until some one hit them a knock with a stone, when they easily came out. There were but five in the upper jaw, which were all perfectly sound and white, and all taken by Mr. Fountain. He gave one of them to Mr. Laming. Mr. Laming also took one from the lower jaw; and Mr. Taylor took two from it. Mr. Laming said that he had at one time a mind to bring away the whole under-jaw with the teeth in it; he had it in his hand, but tossed it back again. Also, that he lifted up the head, and saw a great quantity of hair, which lay strait and even, behind the head, and in the state of hair which had been combed and tied together before interment; but it was wet, the coffin having considerable corroded holes, both at the head and foot, and a great part of the water with which it had been washed on the Tuesday afternoon having run into it.

"Elizabeth Grant, the gravedigger, and who is servant to Mrs. Hoppy, therefore now took possession of the coffin; and, as its situation under the common councilmen's pew would not admit of its being seen without the help of a candle, she kept a tinder-box in the excavation, and, when any persons came, struck a light, and conducted them under the pew; where, by reversing the part of the lid which had been cut, she exhibited the body, at first for sixpence and afterwards for threepence and twopence each person. The workmen in the church kept the doors locked to all those who would not pay the price of a pot of beer for entrance, and many, to avoid that payment, got in at a window at the west end of the church, near to Mr. Ayscough's counting-house."

The hair torn off the poet's forehead resembled the short locks seen in Faithorne's quarto print of Milton taken in 1670, four years only before the poet's death. In Charles II.'s time, coffin-plates were not generally used, and it was only usual to paint the name, &c., on the outer wooden case. The rascals altogether stole a rib-bone, ten teeth, and several handfuls of hair.

Upon this sacrilege Cowper, horrified, wrote these lines:—

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones,
And steal his dust away.

"O, ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts the dead!"

In all fairness, however, it must be added that grave doubts have been raised as to whether the corpse found was really that of the poet. Immediately on the publication of Mr. Neve's Narrative, it was ably answered in the *St. James's Chronicle*, in "Nine Reasons why it is improbable that the coffin lately dug up in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, should contain the reliques of Milton." Mr. Neve, says Todd, one of Milton's biographers, added a postscript to his Narrative, but all his labour appears to have been employed on an imaginary cause. The late Mr. Steevens, who particularly lamented the indignity which the nominal ashes of the poet sustained, has intimated in his manuscript remarks on this Narrative and Postcript that the disinterred corpse was supposed to be that of a *female*, and that the minutest examination of the fragments could not disprove, if it did not confirm, the supposition.

In 1793, Samuel Whitbread, Sheridan's friend, erected a bust to Milton in this church with this inscription:—

"John Milton,
Author of 'Paradise Lost,'
Born Dec., 1608,
Died Nov., 1674.

His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.
They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793."

In this most interesting old church were buried many illustrious persons, recorded by Stow. Amongst these we may mention Robert Glover, a celebrated Elizabethan herald, who assisted Camden with the pedigrees of his famous "Britannia." John Foxe, the pious and laborious author of that manual of true Protestantism, "The Book of Martyrs," was also interred here, as well as that good old herbalist and physician of Elizabeth's time, Dr. William Bulleyn, author of the "Government of Health" (1558), and a "Book of Simples," works full of old wives' remedies and fantastic beliefs. Foxe the martyrologist was a Lincolnshire man, born in 1517, the year Luther first openly opposed Romish errors. At Oxford he became

famous for writing comedies in especially elegant Latin. For his religious opinions he was expelled Magdalen College, of which he was a Fellow, and, forsaken by his friends, he was reduced to great distress, till he was taken as family tutor by Sir Thomas Lucy, of Warwickshire, the Shakesperian traditional persecutor. With this worthy knight he remained till his children arrived at mature years, and had no longer need of a tutor. Now commenced a period of want and despair, which closed with what his son calls, in the Life of his father "a marvellous accident and great example of God's mercy."

Foxe was sitting one day in St. Paul's Church, almost spent with long fasting, his countenance wan and pale, and his eyes hollow, when there came to him a person whom he never remembered to have seen before, who, sitting down by him, accosted him very familiarly, and put into his hands an untold sum of money, bidding him to be of good cheer, to be careful of himself, and to use all means to prolong his life, for that in a few days new hopes were at hand, and new means of subsistence. Foxe tried all methods to find out the person by whom he was thus so seasonably relieved, but in vain.

The prediction was fulfilled, for within three days the starving student was taken by the Duchess of Richmond as tutor to her nephews and niece, the children of the poet Earl of Surrey. At the escape of Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, from prison, on the death of that swollen tyrant, Henry VIII., the duke took Foxe under his patronage, but Bishop Gardiner's determination to seize him compelled Foxe to take refuge in Switzerland. On the accession of Elizabeth, Foxe returned to England, and was made Prebend of Salisbury. Although befriended by Sir Francis Drake, Bishop Grindal, and Sir Thomas Gresham, Foxe never rose high in the church, having Genevese scruples about ecclesiastical vestments, which he was too honest to swallow. Queen Elizabeth used to call the old martyrologist "Father," but she would not spare, at his intercession, two Anabaptists condemned to the flames. Latterly Foxe denounced the extreme Puritans as "new monks," who desired to bring all things contrary to their own discipline and consciences "into Jewish bondage." This worthy man died in 1587, aged seventy years, and was buried in St. Giles's Church.

The parish register of St. Giles's records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bourchier, on the 22nd of August, 1620. The future Protector was then in his twenty-first year.

In 1803 a fine battlemented piece of the London wall of Edward IV.'s time, tufted with wild plants, that stood in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was taken down, having become dangerous. It joined on to the fine base of the round bastion tower still existing at the south-west corner, and is the most perfect portion left.

In 1812 "Rainy Day" Smith mentions seeing the workmen remove the wainscoting of the north porch of St. Giles's, when they discovered an old wainscot of Henry IV. or Henry V., its perforated arches beautifully carved, and the vermilion with which it was painted bright as when first put on.

There is little to be said about the Norman church of St. Alphage, London Wall. It was built, remarks Cunningham, "in 1777 (it is said by Dance), on the site of the old Hospital or Priory of St. Mary the Virgin, founded for the sustentation of one hundred blind men in 1532, by William Elsing, mercer, and of which Spittle, the founder, was the first prior. The living is a rectory, and was originally in the gift of the Abbot of St. Martin's-le-Grand. It afterwards came to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and was ultimately conferred by Mary I. on the Bishop of London and his successors for ever." The old hospital had become a dwelling-house in Henry VIII.'s reign, and was inhabited by Sir John Williams, Master of the King's Jewels. In 1541 it was destroyed by fire, and many of the jewels were burnt, and more stolen.

The first Barber-Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street, is said to have been of the date of Edward IV. The second hall was built by Inigo Jones, 1636, and was repaired by that distinguished amateur in architecture, the Earl of Burlington. The theatre, one of the finest of Inigo's works, in the opinion of Horace Walpole, was pulled down at the latter end of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. Hatton describes it temptingly as a theatre fitted with "four degrees of cedar seats," rising one above another, and adorned with the figures of the seven Liberal Sciences, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and a bust of King Charles I. The roof was an elliptical cupola. The quaint old wooden doorway, with the deep arched roof, the grotesque goggling head, the monsters, stiff foliage, and heraldry, has been removed, to humour a stuck-up modern set of chambers, and the three razors quartered on the Barber-Surgeons' arms, and the motto, "Trust in God," are gone. The hall, now displaced by warehouses, stood on a bastion of the old Roman wall; and the architect had ingeniously turned it to use, in the erection of the west end of the room.

Before the late changes the Barber-Surgeons'

Hall used to be dirty and neglected. The inner hall, now pulled down, was some sixty feet by thirty, and was lighted by an octagonal lantern, enriched with fruit and flowers delicately carved in wood. Many of the pictures are fine, especially the great Holbein's, "The Presentation of the Charter by Henry VIII." This picture contains, among eighteen other portraits, that of Sir William Butts, the good-natured physician who saved Cranmer from disgrace, and that of Dr. John Chamber, the doctor who attended Queen Anne Boleyn in her confinement with Elizabeth.

"To this year" (1541), says Mr. Wornum, "also possibly belongs the Barber-Surgeons' picture of Henry granting a charter to the corporation. The Barbers and Surgeons of London, originally constituting one company, had been separated, but were again, in the thirty-second of Henry VIII., combined into a single society, and it was the ceremony of presenting them with a new charter which is commemorated by Holbein's picture, now in their hall in Monkwell Street. In 1745 they were again separated, and the Surgeons constituted a distinct company, and had a hall in the Old Bailey. The date of this picture is not known, but it was necessarily in or after 1541, and as Holbein's life did not extend much beyond this time, there is some probability in the report alluded to by Van Mander, namely, that the painter died without completing the picture. Besides the king's —a seated full-length, crowned, and with the sword of state in his right hand—it contains also portraits of eighteen members of the guild, three kneeling on the right hand of the king, and fifteen on the other, and among them are conspicuous our friends Butts and Chamber on the right. The head of the latter is effective and good, though the portraits generally are unsatisfactory; but Warden Aylef's, the second on the left, is especially good. The rest are indifferent, either owing to the fact of their having been some of them perhaps entirely repainted, or possibly having never had a touch of Holbein's in them.

"There is a large engraving of this picture by B. Baron, but reversed. The names of the members of the guild are written in a most offensive manner over the face of the picture, which is a piece of barbarism that belongs, I imagine, to a period long subsequent to the time of Holbein. These names are J. Alsop, W. Butts, J. Chamber, T. Vycary (the master of the guild, who is receiving the charter from the left hand of the king), T. Aylef, N. Symson, E. Harman, J. Monforde, J. Pen, M. Alcoke, R. Fereis, X. Samon, and W. Tylly; five of the second row are without names.

"The king is placed very stiffly, and the face, much repainted, is that we are familiar with in the many ordinary half-lengths of the king, representing him in the last years of his life. The composition is anything but graceful, and there is not an entire hand in the whole piece; the king's hands are good, though slight and sketchy. The principle of the composition is somewhat Egyptian, for the king is made about twice the size of the other figures, though they are in front of him.

"We have an interesting notice of this picture in Pepys' 'Diary,' where, against the date August 29, 1668, that is, two years after the Great Fire, he notes: 'At noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me; and after dinner he and I to Chirurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money. I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant though a good picture.'

"Pepys is very candid about his motive for buying the picture; because it was said to be worth a thousand pounds he was willing to give two hundred for it, not that he wanted the picture for its own sake; however, he did not like it, and he declined the speculation. When we consider the worth of money at that time, the estimated value seems an enormous one. Pepys' own price was not an inconsiderable sum. The picture is on oak, on vertical boards, about six feet high by ten feet three inches in width. The College of Surgeons possesses an old, but smaller, indifferent copy of it, on paper attached to canvas. J. Alsop, on the extreme right, is omitted; and in the place of a tablet with a Latin inscription, which disfigures the Barber-Surgeons' picture, is a window showing the old tower of St. Bride's, indicating, accordingly, the palace of Bridewell as the place of the ceremony.

"There can be no question of the genuineness of this picture in its foundations, but in its present state it is not remarkable that it should cause discussions. I am disposed to believe that Holbein never did finish the picture, and from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left hand of the king I think that these must have been added later. There is no trace of Holbein's hand in them; and the fact of five of them being without names is also suggestive of the assumption that these five were not even members of the guild when the picture was painted. Two of this back-

ground group are named X. Samson and W. Tilley; these, therefore, may have been Holbein's contemporaries, though not introduced by him into the picture. It is not to be supposed that the king sat to Holbein for this portrait; it is the stock portrait of the time. The king is not looking at the master, Vycary, to whom he is handing the charter, but straight before him. The composition is a mere portrait piece, got up for the sake of the portraits. In the whole group of nineteen only five besides the king wear their beards—Aylef, Symson, Harman, Alcoke, and Fereis. Monforde's, the fifth from the king, is a very expressive face, considerably repainted, but full of character. The three on the right—Chamber, Butts, and Alsop—are perhaps so separately placed as physicians to the king."

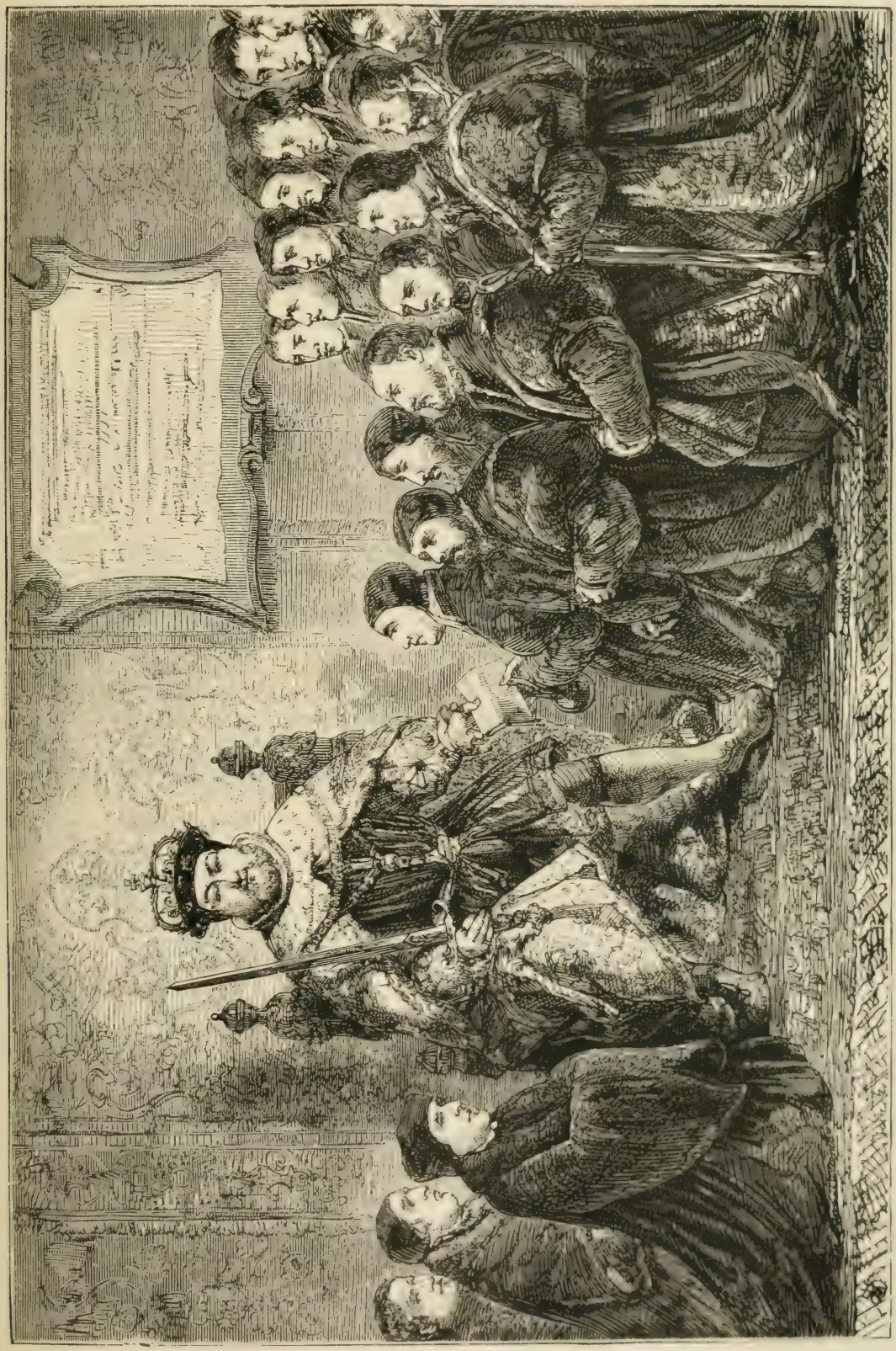


ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE, SHOWING THE OLD WALL.

There is a letter of James I. to the Barber-Surgeons still in their possession. It is written from Newmarket, and dated 1617, requesting the loan of this picture, in order that it should be copied. In Mr. Wornum's opinion this copy is the one still to be seen at the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was formerly in the possession of Desenfans, and at his sale in 1786 was purchased by the Surgeons' Company for five guineas. In the Lincoln's Inn picture there is a window at the back instead of the tablet with a long complimentary Latin inscription to Henry VIII. It was probably added after the picture had been injured in the Fire of London, where, from what Pepys says, it may have got injured. The Lincoln's Inn picture was cleaned in 1789. The cleaner sent in a bill for £400, but eventually took fifty guineas.

Shortly before this picture of Holbein's was finished Henry (who was always murdering or marrying) wedded ugly Anne of Cleves, beheaded Cromwell, and married Lady Katherine Howard. Holbein himself, who lived in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, died of the plague in the year 1543, as was proved by Mr. Black's discovery of his hasty will. Before this discovery the date of Holbein's death was generally assigned to 1554.

"Prince Albert," remarks Aleph, "visited this noble Holbein more than once. At his desire it was sent to Buckingham Palace, and remained there a month; but when the directors of the Manchester Exhibition desired the loan of it they were refused. As doubts were entertained that it would be damaged by remaining in the City, a Royal Commission inspected it, and specimens of colours were hung in the hall for several months, with a view to ascertain whether the atmosphere was unfavourable to them, but no change took place, and Dean Milman, with his coadjutors, expressed their conviction that its removal was not desirable. It is pretended that Henry never sat for any other portrait, and that those of him at Hampton Court are merely copies. . . . . The other paintings," continues Aleph, "well deserve notice. Two, certainly, are Vandyke's. 1st. A whole-length of the Countess of Richmond, in a standing position, resting her right hand upon a lamb. This is a beautiful work of art. The face is expressive of unaffected goodness, and the attitude graceful, without stiffness. She is robed in white satin, and so admirably is the fabric imitated that you half believe it may be grasped. There is a copy of this portrait at Hampton Court. 2nd. A likeness of Inigo Jones, very fine, and highly characteristic. Over the entrance to the Hall is a bronzed bust of Jones, which is connected with a



THE BARBER-SURGEONS' PICTURE.

rather discreditable story. It seems this bust, not many years since, was found in a lumber-closet. It was of white marble, and the sagacious Master of the day gave orders that it should be bronzed. There is a doubtful sketch of a head, as it is thought, of Linnæus, and by whatever artist painted, its merit is of no common order. Also, portraits of Charles II. and Queen Anne, both benefactors of the Company; of Henry Johnson, a favourite of the Merry Monarch; and of Thomas Lisle, King's barber in 1622—the latter a most solemn and imposing-looking personage, who might well pass for the Prime Minister. Across the principal entrance there stands a very curious two-leaved screen; originally it had four compartments, two are lost or have been destroyed. It exhibits the arms of the Company, and is elaborately wrought over with innumerable artistic emblems, fruit, flowers, fantastic ornaments, and gilding. Its history is a strange one. Once on a time a notable felon was hanged, and his corpse handed over to the Barber-Surgeons for dissection; the operator, fancying the heart still pulsated, used means for resuscitation, and succeeded. The man was kept hidden for a long while, and then sent abroad at the Company's expense. He ultimately became rich, and in gratitude sent them this screen."

"The Company's plate," remarks the same writer, "includes a drinking-cup and cover, in silver gilt, the gift of Henry VIII., very beautifully chased; a similar cup, in silver, still more elaborately worked, the gift of Charles II.; a dish, or bowl, very large, with a flowered edge, not remarkable for elegance, the gift of Queen Anne; an oblong dish, with a well centre, said to have been used for lather when people of rank were shaved; and two velvet caps, in filagree silver bands, worn on state occasions by the Master and his deputy, they being privileged by charter to be covered in the presence of the sovereign."

In the reign of James I. the Company, it appears, nearly lost the whole of their plate, through a successful robbery. "The thieves," says Mr. Jesse, in his "London and its Celebrities," "were four men of the names of Jones, Lyne, Sames, and Foster, of whom the former confessed his guilt, when, in consequence of information which he gave, the plate was recovered. In the books of the Company for November, 1616, is the following matter-of-fact entry recording the fate of the culprits:—'Thomas Jones was taken, who, being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following, Sames was taken and executed. In April, Foster was taken and executed. Now, let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen.'

"The following extract from the Company's papers, under the date of the 13th of July, 1587, is still more curious:—'It is agreed that if any body which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the Company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall so happen to bring home the body; and who, further, shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award.' The last instance, it would appear, of recuscitation in a dissecting-room occurred in the latter part of the last century. The case, as used to be related by the late celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, was that of a criminal, whose body had been cut down after execution at Newgate." This case we have already mentioned.

Lambe's Almshouses stood at the upper end of Monkwell Street. The worthy clothworker who built these havens of refuge after life's storms was a gentleman of Henry VIII.'s chapel. These almshouses were on the site of an ancient chapel or hermitage, built in the old City wall, about the time of the early Norman kings, and was partly supported by royal stipend assigned to it in 1275. Soon after 1346 it passed into the hands of the Corporation of London, and after the dissolution it was purchased by Lambe.

This benevolent man also built a conduit at Holborn Bridge, at a cost of £1,500, and gave one hundred and twenty pails for carrying water to such poor women "as were willing," says Strype, "to take pains." Water was not too plentiful in Elizabethan London. As late as the end of the seventeenth century, carriers with yokes and pails perambulated the streets, shouting "Any New River water here?" Lambe also founded a school at Sutton Valence, Kent, the place of his birth, and built almshouses there. He gave £300 to the Shropshire clothiers; gave £15 to Cripplegate parish, for bells, with a bequest of a £6 annuity and £100 ready money to Christ's Hospital; left St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, £4 a year, and bequeathed money to the poor prisoners of the London gaols. He provided 10s. each for the marriage of forty poor maids, provided for all his servants, and ordered a hundred and eight frieze gowns to be distributed to the poor at his funeral.

Anthony Munday's account of the perambulation

of Cripplegate parish is so quaint that we cannot refrain from abridging it, as a good specimen of the old parochial anxiety to preserve the parish bounds. The parishioners, says Stow's continuator, first struck down the alley forming part of their churchyard, close by St. Giles's Well (made at the charge of Richard Whittington), and crossing the tower ditch, kept along by the City wall almost to Aldersgate; they then crossed the ditch again, by certain garden-houses near, and came down a little garden alley (formerly leading into Aldersgate), and returned by St. Giles's Well. They then paraded up the west side of Redcross Street and the south side of Barbican, till they came to the "Boar's Head," at the end, and there set up their marks on a great post. From there they crossed over to the north side of the street, through certain garden alleys, on the west side of Willoughby House, a course afterwards denied them. They next passed through Barbican, and turned up Goswell Street; a little beyond the bars they set up their marks, and passed along the right side of the King's highway leading to Islington; then leaving the Mount Mill on the right, they proceeded till they came within three rods of a little bridge at the lower end of a close, over which lay a footpath to Newington Green. They then dug a way over the ditch, and passing south-east by the low grounds and brick-fields, left the footpath leading from the Pest House to Islington on the left. From a boundary-stone in the brick-hill they came south to a bridge, temporarily provided for them, and struck down eastward by the ditch side to the farthest conduit head, where they gave the parish children points (metal tags, used to fasten clothes, in the reign of James I., when Munday lived). This was to fix the boundaries in the children's minds. In some parishes children were whipped at the boundaries, a less agreeable method of mnemonics. From Dame Anne de Clare's famous well, mentioned by Ben Jonson, they pushed on past the Butts, into Holywell Close. Eventually, turning full west over the highway from Moorgate, they came into Little Moorfields; and keeping close to the pales and the Clothworkers' tenters, they reached the Postern, where they put up their final mark, "and so," as Pepys would say, "home."

Basinghall Ward consists of Basinghall Street alone. The present Bankruptcy Court is on the site of the old mansion of the Basings, of whom one, Solomon Basing, was Lord Mayor in the first year of Henry III. To his son, Adam, afterwards mayor, Henry III. gave messuages in Aldermanbury and Milk Street, and the advowson of the church at Basing Hall. According to an old tradition, which Stow derides, the house had once been a Jewish synagogue. It passed into the hands of the Bakewells, in the reign of Edward III., and in the reign of Richard II. was sold by the king for £50 to the City, who turned it into a cloth exchange, which it continued till 1820, when the present Bankruptcy Court was erected on its site. In old times no foreigner was allowed to sell any woollen cloth but in Bakewell Hall. Part of the tolls or hallage was given by Edward VI. to Christ's Hospital, whose governors superintended the warehouses. It was rebuilt for £2,500 in 1558, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and re-erected about 1672.

St. Michael's Bassishaw, in this ward, was founded about 1140, rebuilt in 1460, destroyed in the Great Fire, and again rebuilt in 1676 by Sir Christopher Wren. Here lies interred Sir John Gresham, uncle to Sir Thomas Gresham.

One of the great benefactors of the church, John Burton, mercer, who died 1460 his (will was dated 1459), bequeathed seven chasubles wrought with gold, in honour of the Passion, to the church of Wadworth, in Yorkshire, and desired his executor to keep the day of his anniversary, otherwise called "yearsmind," for ten years, in the church of St. Michael.

The following is part of an epitaph of an old knight and surgeon, of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.'s reigns:—

"In chirurgery brought up in youth,
A knight here lieth dead;
A knight, and eke a surgeon, such
As England seld hath bred.

"For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,
King Henry VIII. called him to court,
Who loved him dearly well.

* * * *

"King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a knight,
A name of praise; and ever since
He Sir John Ailife hight," &c.

No less than four of the smaller City companies pitched their tents in or near Basinghall Street. The Masons' Hall is in Masons' Alley, between Basinghall Street and Coleman Street. The Masons, with whom are united the Marblers, were incorporated about 1410 as "the Free Masons," they received their arms in 1474, but were not incorporated till 1677. The Weavers' Hall is in Basinghall Street. Cloth and tapestry weavers were the first of the livery companies incorporated, and in the reign of Henry I. paid £16 a year to the Crown for their immunities.

The privileges were confirmed at Winchester by Henry II., in 1184, their charter being sealed by no less an official than Thomas à Becket. The great palladium of the Weavers' Company is their old picture of William Lee, the inventor of the stocking-loom, showing his invention to a female knitter, whose toil it was to spare. Below is this inscription :—

"In the year 1589 the ingenious William Lee, Master of Arts, of St. John's College, Cambridge, devised this profitable art for stockings (but being despised went to France); yet of iron to himself, but to us and others of gold, in memory of whom this is here painted."

There is a tradition that Lee invented the machine to facilitate the labour of knitting, in consequence of falling in love with a young country girl, who, during his visits, was more attentive to her knitting than to his proposals.

Lee is named as the inventor in a petition of the Framework-knitters or Stocking-makers of London to Cromwell for a charter, which Charles II. subsequently granted.

In this street also stood Coopers' Hall. The banqueting-hall is large and wainscoted. "The Coopers," says Mr. Timbs, "were incorporated by Henry VII. in 1501, and Henry VIII. empowered them to search and to gauge beer, ale, and soap-vessels in the City and two miles round, at a farthing a cask." At Coopers' Hall the State lotteries were formerly drawn; and Hone describes, in his "Every-Day Book," the drawing of the last lottery here, October 18, 1826. Coopers' Hall was taken down in 1866 for the enlargement of the site for the Guildhall Offices.

Girdlers' Hall, No. 39, Basinghall Street, was rebuilt after the Great Fire. The Company of Girdle-Makers was incorporated by Henry VI., in 1449, and the charter was confirmed by Elizabeth, and they were subsequently united with the Pinners and Wire-Drawers. In their arms the punning heralds have put a girdle-iron. The Company possesses a document dated 1464, by which Edward IV. confirmed privileges granted to them by Richard II. and Edward III. They had the power to seize all girdles found within the City walls, which were manufactured with spurious silver or copper. The Girdlers still retain one quaint old custom of their craft, and that is, at the annual election the clerk of the Company crowns the new master with a silk crown embroidered in gold with the Girdlers' devices, and the lesser officials wear three ancient caps, after which the master pledges the company in a goblet of Rhenish wine.

The old Bankruptcy Court in Basinghall Street had two judges and five commissioners; the present has only one. The most important changes effected in the bankruptcy laws by the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 are as follow :—

1. Jurisdiction of the London Court confined to the metropolis, and in local cases transferred to the County Court of the district. The abolition of commissioners, official assignees, and messengers. Appointment of a single judge, with registrars, not exceeding four clerks, ushers, and other subordinate officers in substitution.
2. Service of the petition on the debtor.
3. The election of a paid trustee and a committee of creditors to wind up the estate.
4. Debtor's petition abolished.
5. Petition to be presented within six months of act of bankruptcy, and secured creditors only to count for amount unsecured.
6. Debtor's summons extended to non-traders, and judgment summons abolished.
7. Bankrupt not entitled to discharge until 10s. in the pound be paid, or creditors pass a special resolution that bankrupt cannot justly be held responsible.
8. If no discharge granted, bankrupt to remain free for three years, but property liable to sequestration afterwards.
9. Privilege of Parliament abolished.
10. Liquidation by arrangement authorised, being a new mode of winding up the debtor's affairs by the creditors, on the petition of the debtor.
11. A new mode of practice in cases of composition.

In Whitecross Street Henry V. built a house for a branch of the Brotherhood of St. Giles, which Henry VIII., after his manner, eventually suppressed. Sir John Gresham, mayor, afterwards purchased the lands, and gave part of them as a maintenance to a free school which he had founded at Holt, in Norfolk. In this street there is the debtor's prison, now almost disused. It was built in 1813–15, from the designs of William Montague, Clerk of the City Works. Warm-hearted Nell Gwynne, in her will, desired her natural son, the Duke of St. Albans, to lay out £20 a year to release poor debtors out of prison, and this sum was distributed every Christmas Day to the inmates of Whitecross Street Prison.

"Whitecross Street Prison," says Mr. H. Dixon, in 1850, in his "London Prisons," "is divided into six distinct divisions, or wards, respectively called—1, the Middlesex Ward; 2, the Poultry and Giltspur Street Ward; 3, the Ludgate Ward; 4, the Dietary Ward; 5, the Remand Ward; 6, the Female Ward. These wards are quite separate, and no communication is permitted between the inmates of one and another. Before commencing our rounds, we gain, from conversation with the intelligent governor, an item or two of useful preliminary information. The establishment is capable of holding 500 persons. It is, however, very seldom that half that number

is confined at one time within its walls. At this period last year it had 147 inmates; the pressure of the times has since considerably increased the sum-total. There are now 205, of which number eight are females. The population of this prison is, moreover, very migratory. Last year there were no less than 1,143 commitments. This shows an advance upon previous years—the result of the operation of the Small Debts Act—a part of the building having been set apart for persons committed under that Act. Many debtors are now sent hither for a fixed term, mostly ten days, at the expiration of which they are discharged. This punishment is principally inflicted for contempt of court. A woman was recently locked up here for ten days, for contempt, because unable, or unwilling, it was difficult to say which, to discharge a debt of sevenpence! In all such cases a more penal discipline is enforced; the person incarcerated is not allowed to maintain him or herself, but is compelled to accept the county allowance.

"Round the yard are the lofty walls of the prison, and the general pile of the prison buildings, several storeys high. On one side is a large board, containing a list of the benefactors of this portion of the prison. There are similar benefactions to each ward; amongst others, one from Nell Gwynne, still periodically distributed in the shape of so many loaves of bread, attracts attention. These donations are now employed in hiring some of the poorer of the prisoners to make the beds, clean the floors, and do other menial offices for the rest. Passing through a door in the yard, we enter the day-room of this ward. There are benches and tables down the sides, as in some of the cheap coffee-houses in London, and a large fire at the end, at which each man cooks, or has cooked for him, his victuals. On the wall a number of pigeon-holes or small cupboards are placed, each man having the key of one, and keeping therein his bread and butter, tea and coffee, and so forth. These things are all brought in, and no stint is placed upon the quantity consumed. A man *may* exist in the prison who has been accustomed to good living, though he cannot live well. All kinds of luxuries are prohibited, as are also spirituous drinks. Each man may have a pint of wine a day, but not more; and dice, cards, and all other instruments for gaming, are strictly vetoed."

CHAPTER XXX.

CRIPPLEGATE (*continued*).

The Dissenters' Library in Whitecross Street—A Curious Anecdote about Redcross Street—Grub Street—The Haunts of Poor Authors—Johnson in Grub Street—Henry Welby, the Grub Street Recluse—General Monk's House—Whittington's House—Coleman Street and the Puritan Leaders—Venner, the Fanatic—Goodwin—St. Stephen's Church—Armourers' Hall.

REDCROSS STREET derived its name from a cross which stood near the end of Golden Lane, as Whitecross Street did from a stone cross, near which ran a watercourse to Moorfields. Hughson (1806) calls Whitecross Street "noble, wide, and well built, inhabited by persons of property." Here Dr. Williams first established the Free Library, chiefly for the use of Protestant Dissenting ministers, now removed to Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square. Dr. Daniel Williams was a Welsh Nonconformist, in great favour with William III. He was preacher at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, and succeeded Richard Baxter at the lectureship of Pinners' Hall, Broad Street. Opposed by the Antinomians, the Doctor, with Dr. Bates, Dr. Annerley, and others, set up the lectures at Salters' Hall, Cannon Street, already described by us. The richer Dissenters erected a building in Whitecross Street, to contain the Doctor's library, generously left for public use, and employed the building as a place of convocation. The building contained two handsome rooms, capable of holding 40,000 volumes, though the original collection contained not many more than 16,000 (Dr. Bates's and Dr. Williams's libraries formed its basis). There was also a gallery of portraits of celebrated Dissenting ministers. Among the curiosities mentioned in old guide-books of London were the following:—Eighteen volumes of the Bible, written with white ink on black paper, for Mr. Harris, an old linen-draper, in 1745, when he had become nearly blind; portraits of Samuel Annesly, an ejected minister of Cripplegate, and grandfather of Wesley; the preachers at the meeting-house in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street—John Howe, Dr. Watts, Flavell, Baxter, and Jacomb. The library also contains 238 volumes of Civil War tracts and sermons; a finely illuminated copy of the Salisbury Liturgy (1530); the Bible in short-hand, written by a zealous Nonconformist in 1686, when the writer was afraid

James II. would destroy all the Bibles; a mask of Cartouche, the great robber, of Paris; the glass basin in which Queen Elizabeth was christened; a portrait of Colonel John Lilburne, one of the judges of Charles I. The library foundation was, in 1806, under the direction of twenty-three trustees, fourteen ministers, and nine laymen, all Dissenters, with a secretary and steward under them.

Sir Thomas More, in his "Pitiful Life of Edward V.," has a curious anecdote about Redcross Street: "And first," he says, "to show you that by conjecture he (Richard III.) pretended this thing in his brother's life, you shall understand for a truth that the same night that King Edward dyed, one called Mistlebrooke, long ere the day sprung, came to the house of one Pottier, dwelling in Red Crosse Street, without Cripplegate, of London; and when he was, with hasty rapping, quickly let in, the said Mistlebrooke showed unto Pottier that King Edward was that night deceased. 'By my troth,' quoth Pottier, 'then will my master, the Duke of Gloucester, be king, and that I warrant thee!' What cause he had so to think, hard it is to say, whether he being his servant, knew any such thing pretended, or otherwise had any inkling thereof, but of all likelihood he spake it not of ought."

The old Grub Street, the haunt of poor authors, the mosquitoes who tormented Pope, and the humble drudges with whom Dr. Johnson argued and perambulated in his struggling days, has now changed its name to Milton Street. This absurd transition from Lazarus to Dives, from the dunghill to the palace, originated in the illogical remembrance of some opaque-headed Government official that Milton died at his house in the Artillery Walk,



BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL (1800).

Bunhill Fields, adjoining to which place he had removed soon after his third marriage. The direct association of Pope's Grub Street poets was surely better than the very indirect association of Grub Street with the sacred name of Milton; but officials are like that. Here poor hacks of weak will and mistaken ambition sat up in bed, with blankets skewered round them, and, encouraged by gin, scribbled epics and lampoons, and fulsome dedications to purse-proud patrons. Here poor men of genius, misled by Pleasure's *ignis fatuus*, repented too late their misused hours, and, by the flickering rushlight, desperately endeavoured to retrieve the loss of opportunities by satires on ministers, or ribald

attacks on men more successful than themselves. Here poor wretches, like Hogarth's poet, wrestled with the Muses while the milkman dunned them for their score, or the bailiff's man sat sullenly waiting for the guinea bribe that was to close his one malign eye. We have before alluded to Pope's



THE GRUB STREET HERMIT. (*From a Picture published by Richardson*, 1794.)

attacks on his Grub Street enemies, and shown how he degraded literature by associating poor writers, however industrious or clever, with ribaldry and malice, so that for long Curll's historians, sleeping two in a bed, in Grub Street garrets, were considered the natural kinsmen of all who made literature their profession, and did not earn enormous incomes by the generous but often unremunerative effort of spreading knowledge, exposing error, and discovering truth.

Stow describes Grub Street, in Elizabethan times, as having been inhabited by bowyers, fletchers (arrow-makers), and bow-string makers, who supplied the archers of Finsbury, Moorfields, and Islington, and who were gradually succeeded by keepers of bowling-alleys and dicing-houses, who always favoured the suburbs, where there was little supervision over them. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines Grub Street as "the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street."

The Memoirs of the Grub Street Society was the title of a publication commenced Jan. 8, 1730. Its object was to satirise unsparingly the personages of the "Dunciad," and the productions of Cibber, Curll, Dennis, &c. It was continued weekly, till the end of 1737. The reputed editors were Dr. Martyn, a Cambridge Professor of Botany, and Dr. Richard Russell, who wrote one of the earliest treatises on the beneficial use of salt water.

Warburton seems prophetically to have antici-

pated a line of Mr. Disraeli's "Lothair," when, in a note to the "Dunciad," he calls a libeller "nothing but a Grub Street critic run to seed." Pompous Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," says, "During the usurpation a prodigious number of seditious and libellous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were from time to time published. The authors of these were for the most part men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the suburbs and most obscure parts of the town. Grub Street then abounded with mean old houses, which were let out in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was in publishing anonymous treason and slander. One of the original inhabitants of this street was Foxe, the martyrologist." In 1710-11 Swift writes to Stella of a tax on small publications, which, he says, "will utterly ruin Grub Street."

Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, told Dr. Johnson, on one occasion, says Boswell, that "he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub Street. 'Sir,' said Johnson, smiling, 'you have been *regularly* educated.' Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, 'My uncle, sir, who was a tailor,' Johnson, recollecting himself, said, 'Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical* tailor. He was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others; but pray, sir, was he a good tailor?' Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shopboard, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat. 'I am sorry for it,' said Johnson, 'for I would have every man to be master of his own business.'

"In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authors, Johnson often said to a friend, 'Let you and I, sir, go together, and eat a beefsteak in Grub Street.'"

A remarkable seclusion from the world took place in Grub Street, in the person of Henry Welby, Esq. This gentleman was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above £1,000 per annum. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualifications of a gentleman. Having been a competent time at the university and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the love and esteem of all that knew him, on account of his many acts of humanity, benevolence, and charity. When he was about forty years of age, it is said that his brother (though another account makes it merely a *kinsman*), an abandoned profligate, made an attempt upon his life with a pistol. It missed fire, and Welby, wresting it from the villain's hand, found it charged with bullets. Hence he formed the resolution of retiring from the world; and taking a house in this street, he reserved three rooms for himself—the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. In these he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty-four years he was never seen by any human creature, except an old female servant that attended him, and who was only permitted to see him in some cases of great necessity. His diet was constantly bread, oatmeal, water-gruel, milk, and vegetables, and as a great indulgence, the yolk of an egg, but no part of the white.

The hermit of Grub Street bought all the new books that were published, most of which, upon a slight examination, he rejected. His time was spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more rigid in his abstinence. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity, and was very inquisitive after proper objects. He died October 29, 1636, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. The old servant died not above six days before her master. He had a very amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hildyard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she nor any of her family ever saw her father after his retirement.

A very grand old house in Hanover Yard, near Grub Street, was sketched by J. T. Smith, in 1791. It was called by the neighbours "General Monk's House." On one of the old water-spouts was the date, 1653. The lead on the roof was of enormous thickness, the staircase spacious and heavy. The large rooms had ornamented plaster ceilings, and one of the first-floor wainscotings was richly carved with flowers. But the great feature of the old mansion, after all, was the porch, a deep gable-ended structure, supported by stately Ionic pillars, and in the centre of the pediments a lion looking out. The windows were wide and latticed. There is, however, no proof that General Monk ever resided in the house. When the trimming general returned from Scotland, he took up his headquarters at Whitehall; and on the refractory citizens refusing the £60,000 demanded by the Parliament, Monk marched into the City, destroyed the portcullises, and drew up his soldiers

in Finsbury Fields. When the cowed City advanced the money, chose Monk as the major-general of their forces, and invited the Council of State and the general to reside in London, for their greater safety, it is expressly mentioned that he returned thanks without accepting the offer. If Monk ever resided in Hanover Yard, it must have been after the Restoration. This may have been, as has been suggested by some, the house of Dr. William Bulleyn, that learned physician whom we have mentioned in our chapter on St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

In Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, Mr. Smith also discovered an extremely old house, which, according to tradition, had been inhabited by both Whittington and Gresham. It was part of six houses which had occupied the site of an older mansion. The lower portions of the chimneys were of stone, the timber was oak and chestnut, and the ceilings were ornamented. There was a descent of three feet into the parlour from the outer street. This house possessed a great curiosity—an external staircase, which stood out like a rickety tower of timber and plaster, and was covered with a slanting projecting wooden roof. In an adjacent house was an oriel window, and in the street there ran a long line of lattices, once covered with the relics of a ruined penthouse.

Coleman Street, near London Wall, was so called, says Stow, vaguely, of "Coleman, the first builder and owner thereof," and had the honour to give a name to one of the twenty-six wards of the City of London. From the trial of Hugh Peters, after the Restoration, we gather that the "Star," in Coleman Street, was a place of meeting for Oliver Cromwell and several of his party, in 1648, when Charles I. was in the hands of the Parliament.

Counsel. Mr. Gunter, what can you say concerning meeting and consultation at the "Star," in Coleman Street?

Gunter. My lord, I was a servant at the "Star," in Coleman Street, with one Mr. Hildesley. That house was a house where Oliver Cromwell, and several of that party, did use to meet in consultation. They had several meetings; I do remember very well one amongst the rest, in particular, that Mr. Peters was there; he came in the afternoon, about four o'clock, and was there till ten or eleven at night. I, being but a drawer, could not hear much of their discourse, but the subject was tending towards the king, after he was a prisoner, for they called him by the name of Charles Stuart. I heard not much of the discourse; they were writing, but what I know not, but I guessed it to be something drawn up against the king. I perceived that Mr. Peters was privy to it, and pleasant in the company.

The Court. How old were you at that time?

Gunter. I am now thirty years the last Bartholomew Day, and this was in 1648.

The Court. How long before the king was put to death?

Gunter. A good while. It was suddenly, as I remember, three days before Oliver Cromwell went out of town.

Peters. I was never there but once with Mr. Nathaniel Fiennes.

Counsel. Was Cromwell there?

Gunter. Yes.

Counsel. Was Mr. Peters there oftener than once?

Gunter. I know not, but once I am certain of it; this is the gentleman, for then he wore a great sword.

Peters. I never wore a great sword in my life.

The street had been a loyal street to the Puritan party, for it was here that, in 1642, the five members accused of treason by Charles I. took refuge, when he rashly attempted to arrest them in Parliament.

"And that people might not believe," says Lord Clarendon, "that there was any dejection of mind or sorrow, for what was done, the same night the same council caused a proclamation to be prepared for the stopping the ports, that the accused persons might not escape out of the kingdom, and to forbid all persons to receive and harbour them, when it was well known that they were all together in a house in the City, without any fear of their security. And all this was done without the least communication with anybody but the Lord Digby, who advised it; and it is very true, was so willing to take the utmost hazard upon himself, that he did offer the king, when he knew in what house they were together, with a select company of gentlemen who would accompany him, whereof Sir Thomas Lunsford was one, to seize upon them and bring them away alive, or leave them dead in the place; but the king liked not such enterprises.

"That night the persons accused removed themselves into their stronghold, the City; not that they durst not venture themselves at their old lodgings, for no man would have presumed to trouble them, but that the City might see that they relied upon that place for a sanctuary of their privileges against violence and oppression, and so might put on an early concernment for them. And they were not disappointed; for, in spite of all the Lord Mayor could do to compose their distempers (who like a very wise and stout magistrate bestirred himself), the City was that whole night in arms, some people designed to that purpose running from one gate to another, and crying out 'that the Cavaliers were coming to fire the City,' and some saying that 'the king himself was in the head of them.'

"The next morning Charles himself came in search of the five members. He told one of the sheriffs (who was of the two thought less inclined to his service) 'that he would dine with him. He then departed without that applause and cheerfulness which he might have expected from the extra-

ordinary grace he vouchsafed to them; and in his passage, through the City, the rude people flocked together, crying out, 'Privilege of Parliament! privilege of Parliament!' some of them pressing very near his own coach, and amongst the rest one calling out with a very loud voice, 'To your tents, O Israel!' However, the king, though much mortified, continued his resolution, taking little notice of the distempers; and, having dined at the sheriff's, returned in the afternoon to Whitehall, and published the next day a proclamation for the apprehension of all those whom he accused of high treason, forbidding any person to harbour them, the articles of their charge being likewise printed and dispersed."

At No. 14, Great Bell Yard, now Telegraph Street, Robert Bloomfield, the shoemaker poet, followed his calling. The poet's father was a poor tailor in Suffolk, and his mother kept a little school in which her own children were the chief pupils. Being too delicate to follow the plough, Bloomfield was sent to London to his elder brother George, to learn shoemaking. There, penned up in a garret with six or seven other lads, who paid a shilling each for their lodging, Bloomfield wrote "The Farmer's Boy," of which, in three years, 26,000 copies were sold, besides French, German, Italian, and Latin translations. The Duke of Grafton then kindly assigned him a pension of a shilling a day, and gave him a small post in the Seal Office. Compelled by ill-health to resign this situation, Bloomfield returned to the manufacture of ladies' shoes, became involved in debt, and died worn out and nearly insane in 1823. Taylor, the water-poet, describes the Cambridge carriers as lodging in his time at the "Bell," in Coleman Street.

Cowley, in his pleasant comedy of *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, admirably sketches the tricks of the old broken-down Cavaliers after the Restoration, who had to practise all their arts to obtain a dinner, and who, six days out of seven, had to feast with Duke Humphrey, and flourish a toothpick, while all the while struggling with that unruly member, an empty stomach.

Jolly. (*A gentleman whose estate was confiscated in the late troubles.*) Ye shall no more make monstrous tales from Bruges, to revive your sinking credits in loyal ale-houses, nor inveigle into taverns young foremen of the shop, or little beardless blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the royal family parabolically, and with bouncing oathes like cannon at every health; nor upon unlucky failing afternoons take melancholy turns in the Temple walks, and when you meet acquaintance cry, "You wonder why your lawyer stays so long, with a hang to him!" . . . .

Worm. (*Cutter's companion, and of much the same character.*) They call him Colonel Cutter, but to deal faithfully with you, madam, he is no more a colonel than you're a major-general,

Cutter. (*A merry, sharking fellow about town*—entering.) Ha! Sure I mistake the rogue!

Wor. He never serv'd his king—not he!—no more than he does his Maker. 'Tis true he's drunk his health as often as any man, upon other men's charges, and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector till he was soundly beaten one day, and dragg'd about the room, like old Hector o' Troy about the town.

Cut. What does this dog mean, trow?

Wor. Once, indeed, he was very low—for almost a twelvemonth—and had neither money enough to hire a barber nor buy scissors, and then he wore a beard (he said) for King Charles. He's now in pretty good clothes, but would you saw the furniture of his chamber! Marry, half a chair, an earthen pot without an ear, and the bottom of an ink-horn for a candlestick; the rest is broken foul tobacco-pipes, and a dozen o' gally-pots, with salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever such a cursed villain!

Wor. He's been a known cheat about town these twenty years.

It was in a conventicle, hidden away in Swan Alley, on the east side of Coleman Street, that that dangerous fanatic Venner, a wine-cooper and Millenarian (already alluded to in our chapter on Wood Street, Cheapside), preached to "the soldiers of King Jesus," and urged them to commence the Fifth Monarchy. The congregation at once rose in arms, and rushed out into the streets to slay all the followers of Baal. An insurrection followed, which ended in Venner (who had better have been hooping his casks) being hung and quartered in Coleman Street, January 19th, 1660–1.

John Goodwin, a Puritan religious writer who promoted the condemnation of Charles I., was, in 1633, presented to the living of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street. He it was who had intruded himself on the king the day before his execution, and offered to pray with him. The king thanked him, but said he had chosen Dr. Juxon, whom he knew. Fearing the gallows after the Restoration, his pamphlet defending the sentence passed on the king having been burnt by the public hangman, Goodwin fled, but afterwards returned and opened a private conventicle in Coleman Street, where he died, 1665.

Goodwin, whose hand was against every man, was much belaboured by John Vicars, an usher of Christ's Hospital, a man even more violent and intolerant than himself. The title of one of Vicars's works will be sufficient to show his command of theological Billingsgate.

"Coleman Street conclave visited, and that grand impostor, the schismatic's cheater-in-chief (who hath long slily lurked therein), truly and duly discovered; containing a most palpable and plain display of Mr. John Goodwin's self-conviction under his own handwriting), and of the notorious heresies, errors, malice, pride, and hypocrisy of this most huge Garagantua, in falsely-pretended

piety, to the lamentable misleading of his too-too credulous soul-murdered proselytes of Coleman Street and elsewhere; collected principally out of his own big—bragadochio and wave-like—swelling, and swaggering writings, full-fraught with six-footed terms, and flashie rhetorical phrases, far more than solid and sacred truths. And may fitly serve (if it be the Lord's will), like Belshazzar's handwriting, on the wall of his conscience, to strike terror and shame into his own soul and shameless face, and to undeceive his most miserably cheated and inchanted or bewitched followers."

St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, can boast some antiquity if it can boast no beauty, since between the years 1171 and 1181 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's granted both this building and St. Olave's, Jewry, to which it was appended as a chapel, to the prior and abbot of Butley in Suffolk. It is said by Stow to have been first a synagogue, then a parish church, and lastly a chapel to St. Olave's, in which vassalage it continued till the 7th of Edward IV., when it was again chosen to reign over a parish of its own. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, and meanly rebuilt by Wren in 1676. The monuments, with few exceptions, are uninteresting. There is one to John Taylor, a haberdasher, who left £200 to be lent to young haberdashers, and 2s. a week in bread to be distributed for ever on Sundays to poor householders; and here lies the only hero of St. Stephen's tombs, good old Anthony Munday, the continuator of Stow, who died in 1633, after much industrious study of the London records, and thirty years' honest labour at City shows and pageants. There is a certain friendly fervour about his epitaph, as if some City laureate had written it to pin to his hearse.

"To the Memory of that ancient Servant to the City, with His Pen, in Divers Imployments, especially the Survey of London, Master Anthony Munday, Citizen and Draper of London:

"He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,
(I' th' labour seeming more among the dead
To live, than with the living), that survaid
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his pen,
That (spite of Time) those old are new again.
Under this marble lies interr'd, his tombe
Claiming (as worthily it may) this roome,
Among those many monuments his quill
Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his survey; in which
He has monument, more fair, more rich
Than polisht stones could make him where he lies,
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dyes."

The entrance gateway of St. Stephen's has a rude alto-relievo of the Last Judgment; the clouds are as round and heavy as puddings, and the whole is inferior to the treatment of the same subject at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. Of this parish, according to Defoe's romance, John Hayward was under-sexton during the Great Plague. He carried all the parish dead to the Plague-pit, and drove their bodies in the dead-cart, yet he never caught the disease, and lived twenty years after. Among the modern monuments at St. Stephen's is a marble bas-relief, by E. W. Wyat, erected in 1847, to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, vicar of the parish, whose active missionary labours are personified by an angel addressing an African, a Hindoo, and a New Zealander.

The fine building with a Doric portico situated at the north-east corner of Coleman Street is the Armourers' and Braziers' Hall. It stands on the site of the old hall of the Company, incorporated at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., in 1422. The Armourers' function is now rather obsolete, but the hall is still decorated with coats of arms, and there is a fine gilt suit at the Tower, which was given by the Company to Charles I., when a gay young prince, with his narrow head firm on. In the Banqueting Hall is one of Northcote's vapid but ambitious pictures, "The Entry of Richard II. and Bolingbroke into London," purchased by the Company from Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, in 1825. How the spiteful, shrewd little painter would writhe could he hear the opinions of critical visitors!

CHAPTER XXX.

ALDGATE, THE MINORIES, AND CRUTCHED FRIARS.

The Aldgate of 1606—Brave Doings at Aldgate—The Conduit—Duke's Place—The Priory of the Holy Trinity—The Jews in Aldgate—The Abbey of St. Clare—Goodman's Fields—The Minories—A fine old London House—Crutched Friars—Sir John Milborne—The Drapers' Almshouses.

"The gate described by Stow," says Cunningham, "was taken down in 1606, and a new one erected in its stead, the ornaments of which are dwelt on at great length by Stow's continuators. Two Roman soldiers stood on the outer battlements with stone balls in their hands, ready to defend the gate; beneath, in a square, was a statue of James I., and at his feet the royal supporters. On the City side stood a large figure of Fortune, and somewhat lower, so as to grace each side of the gate, gilded figures of

Peace and Charity, copied from the reverses of two Roman coins, discovered whilst digging the new foundations for the gate. The whole structure was two years in erecting."

Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, says, "Many things that seem foul in the doing, do please done. You see gilders will not work but inclosed. How long did the canvas hang before Aldgate? Were the people suffered to see the City's Love and Charity while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnished?"

The City's Love and Charity were standing in 1761; the other statues had been long removed.

Through this gate—under which, about the year 1607, were discovered coins of Trajan, Domitian, and Valentinian—the Barons, in 1215, entered London by consent of the citizens, on their way to meet King John. This was one of the most ruinous of the City gates, and the Earl of Essex and Earl of Gloucester repaired it with the stones from monasteries and Jews' houses, that had been ruthlessly pulled down on purpose.



RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CLARE. (*From a View published by J. T. Smith*, 1797).

During the reign of Edward IV., Aldgate again felt maces beat at its doors, and clothyard shafts tremble in its tough planks. In 1471 the Bastard Falconbridge, collecting seamen in Essex and Kent, came with his vessels and anchored near the Tower. On hearing of his intention, the mayor and alder-



WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE, GRUB STREET. (*Smith*, 1811.)
GENERAL MONK'S HOUSE. BLOOMFIELD'S HOUSE (1823).
REMAINS OF ALDGATE, BETHNAL GREEN. (*Malcolm*, 1800.)

men fortified the Thames shore, from Baynard Castle to the Tower, and stood to their guns. The Bastard, finding the south side unapproachable, then assailed the east of London, and attacked Aldgate with 5,000 turbulent men; but the citizens, letting the portcullis drop, entrapped and cut off many of their assailants. Elated by this, Robert Bassett, the alderman of Aldgate, ordered the portcullis to be drawn up, in God's name, and, by a brave sortie, drove the enemy back as far as St. Botolph's. At this juncture, Earl Rivers and the Constable of the Tower arriving with reinforcements, drove the rebels back as far as Mile End, Poplar, and Stratford. Many of the assailants of Aldgate were slain in this attack, after which the Bastard fled.

Near this gate, in the reign of Edward I., in a small projecting turret, was a hermitage. Without Aldgate was a conduit, erected in 1535. The water was conveyed from Hackney. The crowd of poor water-bearers, with their tubs, pails, and tankards, proving, however, a nuisance, the conduit was removed into a side court.

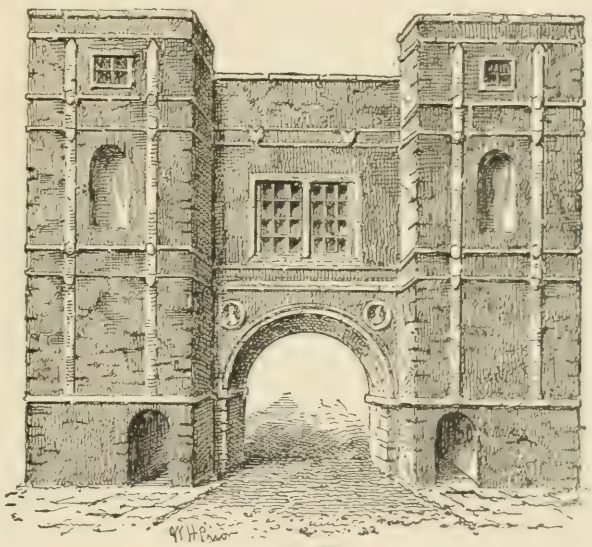
Among the records of the City of London is a lease granting the whole of the house above the gate of Aldgate to the poet Chaucer, in 1374.

In Aldgate all the prisoners of the Poultry Compter were lodged after the Great Fire, till the prison could be rebuilt. In the year 1760, when the City gates were taken down to widen the streets, Aldgate was bought by Mr. Mussell, of Bethnal Green, a zealous antiquary, who inhabited a house belonging to Lord Viscount Wentworth, built in the reign of James II. Mr. Mussell rebuilt the gate on the north side of his mansion, to which he henceforth gave the name of Aldgate House. There was a bas-relief on the south front, carved from Wat Tyler's tree, an old oak which once grew on Bow Common, and which the aldermen and council had had carved to adorn the old City gate, A year ago, as workmen were excavating near Aldgate Pump, some very curious arches, resembling the cloisters of an ancient abbey, were discovered.

Duke's Place, Aldgate, was so called from Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572 for his political intrigues with Mary Queen of Scots, to whose hand the weak and ambitious Catholic nobleman had aspired. "I find," says Strype, "the said duke, anno 1562, with his Duchess, riding thither through Bishopsgate Street to Leadenhall, and so to Cree Church, to his own place, attended with a hundred horse in his livery, with his gentlemen afore, their coats guarded with velvet, and four heralds riding before him, viz., Clarencieux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue Mantle." The precinct of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, without Aldgate, was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Chancellor, who lived there, and died there in 1554. Sir Thomas, wishing to rebuild St. Catherine Cree, offered the parish the priory church and its nine bells in exchange for their own. The parish refusing to purchase, Sir Thomas offered the church and steeple to any one who would cart it off, but in vain. He then pulled it down anyhow, breaking half the stones, and sold the bells to Stepney parish and St. Stephen, Coleman Street. The Duke of Norfolk, marrying Sir Thomas's daughter, inherited the estate. The Earl of Suffolk, son of the duke who was beheaded, sold the priory precinct and the mansion-house of his mother to the City. In the year 1622 the inhabitants of Duke's Place, having a quarrel with the parishioners of St. Catherine, obtained leave from King Charles to rebuild the priory church, aided by the donations of Lord Mayor Barkham. The people of Duke's Place claim the priory church as the place of interment of Fitz Alwyn (draper), the first Lord Mayor of London, but their claim is highly doubtful. In 1650, when they were allowed by Cromwell, in his tolerant wisdom, to return to England, many Jews settled in Duke's Place, where, after the Restoration, they still more flourished. The German and Polish Jews built a synagogue here, in 1692, which was rebuilt in 1790. Over the porch of this building is a large hall, once used for the celebration of the weddings of poor Jews. A writer in the *Jewish Chronicle* says:—

"The influx of Jews from Lithuania and Germany became greater and greater towards the end of the seventeenth century. The aristocratic Sephardim, whose ancestors had banqueted with sovereigns, and held the purse-strings of kings, looked, it must be owned, with some disdain on their poorer and humbler brethren—the plebeian Ashkenazim, who had dealt in worn garments or huckstered in petty commodities on the banks of the Vistula, or in German Ghettos. The Portuguese did not allow the Germans to have any share in the management of congregational affairs. The Germans, in point of fact, were treated as belonging to a lower caste, and the only functions that a member of that nationality was permitted to fulfil were the useful, albeit lowly duties of beadle, which were actually entrusted to a German—a certain Benjamin Levy. In time the Germans resolved to establish a synagogue of their own, and in 1692, during the reign of William III., one of their body, a philanthropic and affluent individual, named Moses Hart, built a place of worship in Broad Court, Duke's Place."

In the Minories, lying between Aldgate and Tower Hill, there stood, in the Middle Ages, an abbey of nuns of the order of St. Clare, called the Minories, founded in 1293 by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, and brother to Edward I., to receive nuns who were brought from Spain by his wife Blanche, Queen of Navarre. Ribideneira, the Spanish Jesuit, who wrote the "Lives of the Saints," tells us that St. Clare was an Italian saint who, by the advice of St. Francis, ran away from her father's house to take refuge in a convent, where she miraculously multiplied the bread, and rebuked the devil in person. She died in 1253 (Henry III.) During the plague of 1515 twenty-seven of these nuns were carried off, besides lay servants. The nunnery, which spent £418 8s. 5d. a year, was surrendered by Dame Elizabeth Salvage, the last abbess, to Henry VIII., in 1539. After the dissolution the nunnery became the residence of many great people; first of all, of John Clark, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Henry's ambassador, afterwards of officers of the Tower; and early in 1552 Edward VI. gave it to Henry, Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. In Stow's time, in place of the nunnery were built "divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses serving the same purpose."



ALDGATE.

The Church of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in the Minories, was founded by Matilda, queen of Henry I., in 1108. It escaped the Great Fire, but becoming dangerous was taken down and rebuilt in 1706. In Strype's time this church claimed mischievous privileges, such as marrying without a licence. In the church is the tomb of William Legge, that faithful servant of Charles I., to whom the king confided his message to his degenerate son, enjoining him to remember "the faithfullest servant ever prince had." Here, too, was buried Legge's son, the first Earl of Dartmouth, to whose father Charles II. had granted the Minory House.

"Near adjoining to this abbey, called the Minories," says Stow, more autobiographically than usual, "on the south side thereof, was some time a farm belonging to the said nunnery; at the which farm I myself (in my youth) have fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the cow, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son being heir thereof, let out the ground, first for grazing of horses, and then for garden plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby. He lieth buried in St. Botolph's Church."

In Strype's time Goodman's Fields were "no longer fields and gardens, but buildings consisting of many fair streets, as Maunsel Street, Pescod or Prescot Street, Leman Street, &c., and tenters for clothworkers, and a large passage for carts and horses out of Whitechapel into Wellclose, besides many other lanes." "On the other side of that street," says Stow, "lieth the ditch without the walls of the City, which of old times was used to lie open, and was always (from time to time) cleansed from filth and mud, as need required; and was of great breadth, and so deep, that drivers watering horses, where they thought it shallowest, were drowned, both horse and man. But now of later time the same ditch is enclosed, and the banks thereof let out for garden plots, and divers houses be thereon builded; whereby the City wall is hidden, the ditch filled up, a small channel left, and made shallow enough."

That miserable and worthless coward, Lord Cobham, who falsely accused Raleigh of a share in his plot, almost died of starvation in the Minories, in the mean lodgings of a poor woman who had been his laundress. Congreve has some verses full of strained wit and gallantry, after his manner, on the Mulcibers of the Minories, who deform themselves in shaping the stays of steel that "give Aurelia's form the power to kill." During the Spa Fields

riots of December 2, 1816, when young Watson led on the mob, and Thistlewood tried to persuade the soldiers to surrender the Tower, two gun-shops in the Minories were broken open by the rioters, and many guns and one small brass field-piece stolen. When the cavalry arrived, however, the field-piece was soon deserted.

One of the most extraordinary old houses in London was one sketched by J. T. Smith, in 1792, and taken down in 1801. It stood at the end of a low dark court on the south side of Hart Street, and was universally known in Crutched Friars as Whittington's Palace. The last lodger was a carpenter, who had sunk a saw-pit at the north end of the courtyard. The whole front of the house, which had originally formed three sides of a square, was of carved oak. The tradition was that the cats' heads carved on the ceilings always had their eyes directed on the spectator wherever he stood, and that even the knockers had once been shaped like cats' heads. Two sides of the outer square were nearly all glass lattice, and above and below ran wild-beasts' heads and crouched goblins, that acted as corbels. The doorway panels were richly carved, and above and below each tier of windows were strings of carved shields, including several arms of the City companies. A curious old house which formerly stood in the Minories is shown on page 252. It was at one time an inn, and when taken down in 1793 the timber-work was so firmly fixed together, that it had to be pulled asunder by horses.

In 1842 a curious group of three seated figures of goddesses, bearing baskets of fruit in their laps, were discovered in digging a sewer in Hart Street, Crutched Friars. The group is now at the Guildhall.

The House of Crutched Friars, or Friars of the Holy Cross, at the corner of Hart Street, was founded by Ralph Hosiar and William Sabernes, about the year 1298. The founders themselves became friars of the order, and to them Stephen, the tenth prior of the Holy Trinity, granted three tenements for 13s. 8d. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Crutched Friars solicited the City magistrates to take the establishment under their patronage. At the dissolution the watchful emissaries of Cromwell caught the Prior of Crutched Friars *flagrante delicto*, and down at once went the king's hammer upon the corrupt little brotherhood. The church was turned into a carpenter's yard and a tennis-court, and the friars' hall eventually became a glass-house. On the 4th of September, 1575, Stow says, a terrible fire burst out there that destroyed all but the stone walls." Turner dedicated his folio "Herbal" (1568) to Queen Elizabeth from this place.

The great benefactor to the Crutched Friars was Sir John Milborne, who was buried in their church. This worthy draper, mayor in the year 1521, was the founder of certain Drapers' Almshouses in the parish of St. Olave's, close to the old priory. The will, given by Strype, is a curious exemplification of the funeral customs of the old religion, and of the superstitions of the reign of Henry VIII. By the last testament of Sir John, his thirteen bedesmen from the adjoining almshouses were required to come daily to the church and hear mass said or sung near the tomb of their benefactor, at eight a.m., at Our Lady's altar in the middle aisle; and before the said mass the thirteen bedesmen, one of them standing right over against the other and encompassing the tomb, were severally, two and two of them together, to say the "De Profundis," and a paternoster, ave, and creed, with the collect thereunto belonging; and those who could not say the "De Profundis" were required to say a paternoster, ave, and creed for the souls of Sir John and Dame Johan, and Margaret, Sir John's first wife, and the souls of their fathers, mothers, children, and friends, and for "all Christian souls." A good and comprehensive benediction, it cannot be denied.

The inmates of the Drapers' Almshouses received 2s. 4d. a month, the first day of every month, for ever. The bedesmen were to be of honest conversation, and not detected in any open crime. They were forbidden to sell ale, beer, or wine, "or any other thing concerning tippling." Over the gate of Milborne's Almshouses, says Strype, there was "a four-square stone, with the figure of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, supported by six angels in a cloud of glory." Sir Richard Champion, mayor and draper, in Elizabeth's reign, gave £19 14s. a year to these same bedesmen. He also desired that every Sunday thirteen penny loaves of white bread should be given to thirteen poor people at the churches of St. Edmund, Lombard Street, and St. Michael's, Cornhill. He also gave the poor of each parish one load of charcoal (thirty sacks) every year; and to carry out these bequests, he left the Drapers' Company twenty-three messuages and eighteen garden-plots in the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street. But Anthony Munday denies these last bequests, and thinks that Stow unintentionally slandered the Drapers' Company, by asserting that the terms of the will had not been carried out. Lord Lumley's house, built by Sir Thomas Wyat, in the reign of Henry VIII., adjoined these almshouses, and not far off was the house of the prior of Horn Church, in Essex, Northumberland House; and Poor Jewry, a small district of Jews.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ISLINGTON.

Etymology of the Word "Islington"—Beauty of the Place in Early Times—The old Northern Roads—Archery at Islington—A Royal Patron of Archery—The Archers' Marks—The "Robin Hood"—Topham, the Strong Man—Llewellyn and the Welsh Barons—Algernon Percy's House—Reformers' Meeting at the "Saracen's Head"—Queen Elizabeth and the Islington Beggars—Later Royal Visitors to Islington—Citizens' Pleasure Parties—Cream and Cake—Outbreak of the Plague—Bunbury and the "New Paradise"—The old "Queen's Head"—"The London Hospital"—Sir Walter Raleigh's House—The old "Pied Bull"—The "Angel."

No satisfactory etymology of the word "Islington" has yet been given. By some writers the name is supposed to have been derived from the Saxon word *isen* (iron), from certain springs, impregnated with iron, supposed to have their rise in the neighbourhood. Others trace it to the Saxon word *eisel* (a hostage), without ever condescending to explain what hostages had to do with Islington. The more favoured supposition is that the village was originally called "Ishel," an old British word signifying "lower," and "dun," or "don," the usual term for a town or fortress. It might have been so called, Mr. Lewis thinks, to contrast it with Tolentone, a village built on the elevated ground adjoining the woods of Highbury. The germ of the Islington of the Britons, it is generally allowed, must have been along the east side of the Lower Street.

Islington is supposed to have been situated on the great northern Roman road called the Ermin, or Herman Street, which left London by Cripplegate, and passed through Islington, though, as some antiquaries think, the Roman road really intersected Old Street, and, crossing the City Road, passed by Highbury and Hornsey Wood, and continued by way of the green lanes towards Enfield.

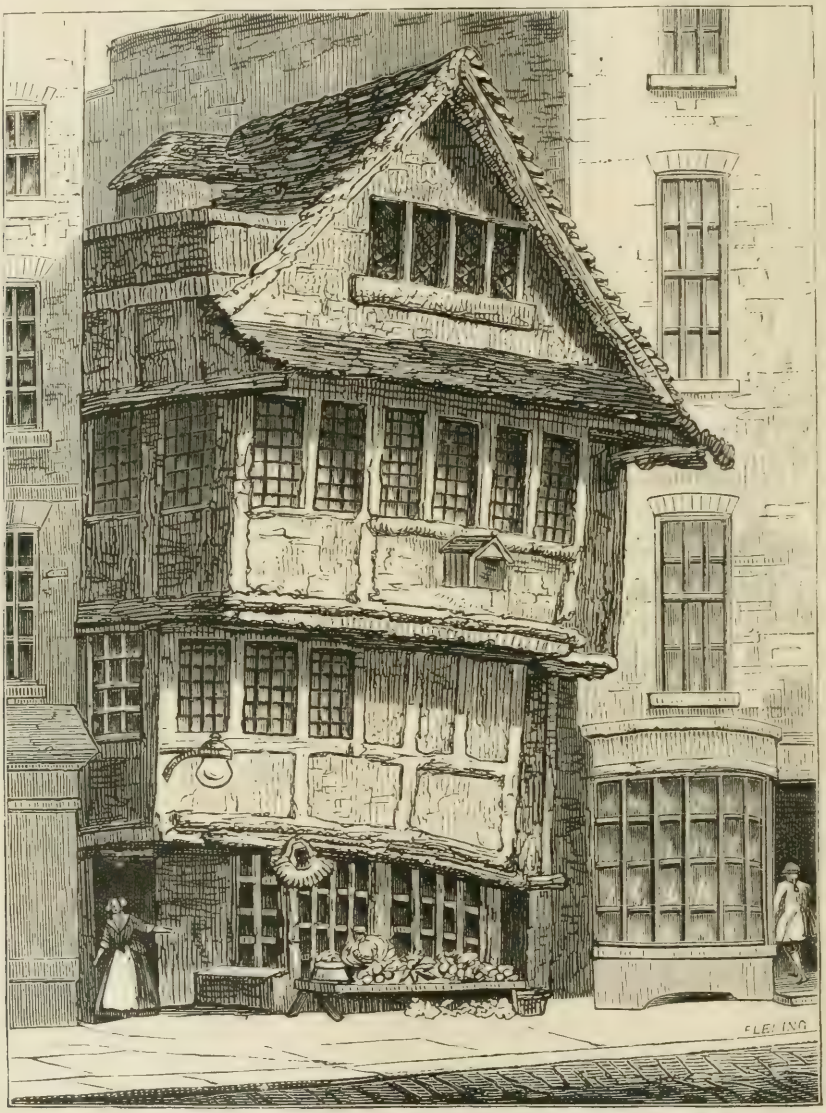
Fitzstephen, the friend of Becket, writing between 1170 and 1182, speaking of the north of London, says, "On the north are fields for pastures, and open meadows, very pleasant, into which the river waters do flow, and mills are turned about with a delightful noise. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravel ground, but like the rich fields of Asia, which bring plentiful corn, and fill the barns of the owners with a dainty crop of the fruits of Ceres." Still "beyond them an immense forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." In later centuries Islington became the pasture-ground of London.

The old highways and roads connected with Islington were very badly kept, and extremely incommodious. Formerly the avenues leading to the village from the metropolis, exclusive of the footpaths over the fields, were confined to the road from Smithfield, through St. John Street; the Goswell Street road, from Aldersgate; and a bridle way that had once been an old Roman road: all these were frequently impassable in winter. The broad green fields that stretched from Finsbury to Hoxton and Islington seem to have been recognised as the Campus Martius of London as early as the reign of Henry II., for Fitzstephen describes, with more unction than an ascetic monk might be expected to manifest, the scholars of the City going to the northern fields with their teachers, to play at ball, while the old and wealthy citizens came on horseback to watch the merry conflict of the lads. He also mentions the military exercises on horseback, good training for war or the tournament, every Friday in Lent; while other citizens, more intent on their own amusement, he says, carried their hawks on their fists, or took out their dogs there, to have a turn or two after a hare.

Archery was early practised in these pleasant northern fields, and here men shot the shafts that were hereafter to be aimed at Frenchmen's hearts. As early as the reign of Edward III. the royal will was proclaimed that every able-bodied citizen was, in his leisure hours and on all holidays, to practise with bows or crossbows, and not to waste his time in throwing stones, or at football, handball, bandy, or cock-fighting, which were vain and profitless plays; while in the reign of Richard II. an Act was passed to oblige all men-servants to exercise themselves with bows and arrows at all times of leisure, and on all Sundays and holidays.

In the reign of Henry VIII., that manly and warlike king, who was himself an archer, several Acts were passed to promote the practice of archery. Every father was enjoined to provide a bow and two arrows for his son, when he reached his seventh year; and all persons, except the clergy and judges, were obliged to shoot periodically at the butts, which were nowhere more numerous than in the fields towards Islington. Three gentlemen of the Court were constituted overseers of the science of artillery—to wit, of longbows, crossbows, and handguns—and leave was given them, as a body cor-

porate, to practice shooting at all manner of marks and butts, and at fowls, and the game of the popinjay in the City and suburbs, and all other places. And when any member of this society, shooting at well-known and accustomed marks, says the chronicler Hall, the young men of London, finding the fields about Islington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch getting more and more enclosed with hedges and ditches, and that neither the old men could walk for their pleasure, nor lads shoot without



THE OLD "FOUNTAIN," IN THE MINORIES. (*From a View by N. Smith*, 1798.)

and used the usual caution-word of archers, "Fast," they could not be impeached or troubled by the relations of any passer-by slain at misadventure. It was in these fields the king's favourite archer, Barlow, christened by him "the Duke of Shoreditch," and the Marquis of Islington and the Earl of Pancras, his skilful companions, made their cleverest hits, and in Hoxton Fields took place that great procession of the Duke of Shoreditch and his 3,000 archers and 200 torch-bearers. In the reign of Henry VIII., getting their bows and arrows taken away or broken, a riot arose. One morning a turner, dressed as a jester, led a mob through the City shouting "Shovels and spades! shovels and spades!" So many of the people followed, that it was a wonder to behold; and within a short space all the hedges about the City were cast down and the ditches filled up. The rioters then quietly dispersed. "After which," Hall says, with gusto, "those fields were never hedged."

In the reign of Elizabeth archery seems to have

been on the decline, though good old Stow describes the citizens as still frequenting the northern fields, "to walk, shoot, and otherwise recreate and refresh their dulled spirits in the sweet and wholesome air," and mentions that of old it was the custom for the Stow we gather that the increased enclosures had driven the archers into bowling-alleys and gambling-houses.

James I., in 1605, finding archery still on the decline, though many of his best soldiers preferred



THE OLD "QUEEN'S HEAD" TAVERN.

officers of the City—namely, the sheriffs, the porters of the Weigh House, and all others—to be challengers of all men in the suburbs to wrestle, "shoot the standard, broad arrow and flight," for games, at Clerkenwell and in Finsbury Fields. In 1570, however, we find the London bowyers, fletchers, stringers, and arrow-head makers petitioning the Lord Treasurer concerning their decayed condition, by reason of the discontinuance of archery, and the practice of unlawful games; and from bows to guns, still issued letters patent to several distinguished persons, and among them to Sir Thomas Fowler, of Islington, to survey all the open grounds within two miles of the City, and to see that they were put in proper order for the exercise of the City, as in the reign of Henry VIII. Charles I. published a similar edict, ordering all mounds to be lowered that obstructed the archers' view from one mark to another. There were indeed at this time, or a little later, no less than 160 marks set up in

the Finsbury Fields, each duly registered by name. These marks, placed at varying distances, to accustom the archers to judge the distance, are all named in a curious old tract, entitled "Ayme for Finsbury Archers," published at the "Swan" in Grub Street, in 1594, and several times reprinted. Among them we find the following quaint titles, suggestive of old nicknames, lucky shots, and bowmen's jokes:—Sir Rowland, Lurching, Nelson, Martin's Mayflower, Dunstan's Darling, Beswick's Stake, Lambert's Goodwill, Lee's Leopard, Thief in the Hedge, Mildmay's Rose, Silkworm, Lee's Lion. Goodly shots, no doubt, these marks had recorded, and pleasant halts they had been for the Finsbury bowmen of old time.

The dainty archers of the present day can scarcely believe the strength of the old yew bows, or the length of the arrows, and are apt to be incredulous of the pith of their ancestors' shafts. Nevertheless, the statute of the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. distinctly lays down that men of the age of twenty-four were prohibited from shooting at any mark under two hundred and twenty yards; and the longest distance of that stalwart epoch seems to have been nineteen score, or three hundred and eighty yards.

During the Cromwell time archery seems to have been deemed unpractical, and was not much enforced. The old ways, however, revived with Charles II., and in 1682 there was a great cavalcade to the Finsbury Fields, at which the king himself was present, and the old titles of the Duke of Shoreditch and Marquis of Islington were bestowed on the best shots. On a Finsbury archer's ticket for the shooting of 1676, all lovers of archery are invited to meet at Drapers' Hall, in Throgmorton Street; and it is noted that the eleven score targets would be set up in the new Artillery Ground. It was in this year that the great archer, "Sir" William Wood, was presented with a silver badge. This stout bowman was eventually buried in Clerkenwell Church, with archers' honours. Sir William Davenant, in his playful poem of "The Long Vacation in London," describes the attorneys shooting against the proctors, and thus sketches the citizen archer of those days—

> "Each with solemn oath agree
> To meet in fields of Finsburie;
> With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde,
> Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
> With hats pin'd up, and bow in hand,
> All day most fiercely there they stand,
> Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and *Clymme*,
> Sol sets, for fear they'll shoot at him."

Up to the last edition of the Map of Archers' Marks in 1738, the fields from Peerless Pool to northward of the "Rosemary Branch" are studded with "roving" marks, generally wooden pillars, crowned by some emblem, such as a bird or a circle. The last great meeting of Islington archers was in 1791, at Blackheath, when the archers' company of the Honourable Artillery Company contended with the Surrey and Kentish bowmen, the Hainault Foresters, the Woodmen of Arden, the Robin Hood Society, &c. Several times in the last century the Artillery Company asserted their old archer privileges, and replaced the marks which had been removed by encroachers. In 1782 they forced the gate of a large field in which stood one of their stone marks, close to Balls Pond; and in 1786 they ordered obstructions to be removed between Peerless Pool, *south*, Baume's Pond, *north*, Hoxton, *east*, and Islington, *west*. In the same year they threatened to pull down part of a wall erected by the proprietors of a white-lead mill, between the marks of *Bob Peak* and the *Levant*. One of the partners of the works, however, induced them to desist; but a member of the archers' division shot an arrow over the enclosure, to assert the Company's right. In 1791, when the long butts at Islington Common were destroyed by gravel-diggers, the Artillery Company also required the marks to be replaced. In 1842, of all the old open ground there only remained a few acres to the north of the City Road.

An old public-house fronting the fields at Hoxton, and called the "Robin Hood," was still existing in Nelson's time (1811). It had been a great place of resort for the Finsbury archers, and under the sign was the following inscription:—

> "Ye archers bold and yeomen good,
> Stop and drink with Robin Hood;
> If Robin Hood is not at home,
> Stop and drink with Little John."

There is a traditional story that Topham, the strong man of Islington, was once challenged by some Finsbury archers whom he had ridiculed to draw an arrow two-thirds of its length. The bet was a bowl of punch; but Topham, though he drew the shaft towards his breast, instead of his ear, after many fruitless efforts, lost the wager.

The historical recollections of Islington are not numerous. One of the earliest is connected with the visit of Llewellyn and his Welsh barons, who in the reign of Edward I. came to London to pay homage to the king. They were quartered at Islington, but they disliked our wine, ale, and bread, and could not obtain milk enough. Moreover, their Welsh pride was disgusted at being so stared at by the Londoners, on account of their uncommon dress. "We will never visit Islington

again except as conquerors," they cried, and from that instant resolved to take up arms. In 1465, Henry VI., who had been captured in Lancashire, was brought to London with his legs bound to his horse's stirrups. At Islington he was met by his great enemy, the Earl of Warwick, who removed his gilt spurs contemptuously, and hurried him to the Tower. Edward IV., on the occasion of his accession to the throne, was welcomed between Islington and Shoreditch by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, some of whom he knighted. In the same manner the crafty King Henry VII., on his return from the overthrow of Lambert Simnel, was met in Hornsey Park by the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and principal commoners, all on horseback in one livery, when he dubbed the mayor, Sir William Horn, knight, and between Islington and London knighted Alderman Sir John Percivall.

Henry VIII. frequently visited Islington, to call on noblemen of his court, for Dudley, Earl of Warwick, held the manor of Stoke Newington; and Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, occupied a mansion on Newington Green. From this house we find the earl writing in an alarmed way to Secretary Cromwell, vowing that he had never proposed marriage to Anne Boleyn. The earl, who died the year after, is supposed to have left the house in which he lived, and one on the south side of Newington Green, to the king, who resided for some time in the first, and employed the other for the use of his household. From this country palace of Henry VIII. a pathway leading from the corner of Newington Green, to the turnpike road at Ball's Pond, became known as "King Harry's Walk." Game was plentiful about Islington, and by a proclamation dated 1546 the king prohibited all hunting and hawking of hares, partridges, pheasants, and heron, from "Westminster to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath."

In 1557, during Queen Mary's hunting down of Protestants, a small congregation of Reformers, who had assembled at the "Saracen's Head," Islington, under pretext of attending a play, were betrayed by a treacherous tailor, arrested by the Queen's vice-chamberlain, and thrown into prison. The most eminent of these persecuted men was John Rough, who had been a preacher among the Black Friars at Stirling, chaplain to the Earl of Arran, and the means of persuading John Knox to enter the ministry. He was burnt at the stake at Smithfield, and four of the others perished praising God in one fire at Islington. But there is the old saying, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Only the next year forty "godly and innocent persons," who had assembled in "a back close in the field by the town of Islington" to pray and meditate, were apprehended by the constables, bowmen, and billmen. All but twenty-seven escaped, and of these twenty-two lay in Newgate seven weeks before they were examined, though offered pardon if they would consent to hear a mass. "Eventually," says Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," "seven were burnt in Smithfield and six at Brentford."

Queen Elizabeth seems to have been partial to Islington, paying frequent visits to Sir Thomas Fowler and to Sir John Spencer of Canonbury House. In 1561 she made a grand tour of the east of London which took several days. From the Tower she first visited Houndsditch and Spitalfields, thence went through the fields to Charterhouse, and in a few days continued her route back to the Savoy and thence to Enfield. On her return to St. James's as she passed through Islington, hedges were cut down and ditches filled up to quicken her progress across the fields.

In 1581, the queen, riding by Aldersgate Bars towards the Islington Fields to take the air, was environed by a crowd of sturdy beggars, which gave the queen much disturbance. That same evening Fleetwood, the Recorder, had the fields scoured, and apprehended seventy-four rogues, some blind, "yet great usurers, and very rich." The strongest of the seventy-four "they bestowed in the milne and the lighters."

In the great entertainment given at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth in 1575, a minstrel discoursed with tiresome minuteness on the Islington dairies, that supplied London bridal parties with furmenty, not over-sodden, for porridge, unchalked milk for "flawnery," unadulterated cream for custards, and pure fresh butter for pasties. The arms of Islington, it was proposed, should be three milk tankards proper on a field of clouted cream, three green cheeses upon a shelf of cake bread, a furmenty bowl, stuck with horn spoons, and, for supporters, a grey mare (used to carry the milk tankards) and her silly foal; the motto, "Lac caseus infans," or "Fresh cheese and cream," the milkwives cry in London streets.

The ill-starred Earl of Essex, on his way to Ireland, where he was to sweep away rebellion by a wave of his hand, passed through Islington with his gay and hopeful train of noblemen and gentlemen, returning only to become himself a rebel, and to end his days on the Tower Hill block.

In 1603, when James I., with all his hungry Scotch courtiers, rode into London, he was met at Stamford Hill by the Lord Mayor, aldermen,

and 500 of the principal citizens, who escorted him through the Islington Fields to the Charterhouse. He passed along the Upper Street, which was for a short time after known as King Street.

Charles I., on his return from Scotland in 1641, passed through Islington, accompanied by his queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. In the following year the Committee of the London Militia gave orders to fortify the approaches to the City, and in 1643 the entrenchment began in earnest, the Trained Band citizens, and even their wives and children, toiling at the work. The trades volunteered by turns. One day there were 5,000 felt-makers and cappers, and nearly 3,000 porters; another day, 4,000 or 5,000 shoemakers; and a third day, 6,000 tailors. Several of the works were in the neighbourhood of Islington. There was a breastwork and battery at Mount Mill, in the Goswell Street Road, another at the end of St. John Street, a large fort, with four half bulwarks, at the New River Upper Pond, and a small redoubt near Islington Pound.

When the great plot to assassinate Cromwell was detected, in 1653, Vowell, an Islington schoolmaster, one of the plotters, was hung at Charing Cross. He died bravely, crying out for Church, King, and Restoration, and warning the soldiers of their dangerous principles. Colonel Okey, whom Cromwell compelled to sit as one of King Charles's judges, was in early life a drayman and stoker at an Islington brewery. He was seized in Holland, after the Restoration, and executed in 1662. A curious story is told of the famous Parliamentary general, Skippon, in connection with Islington. This tough old soldier was being brought from Naseby, where he had been desperately wounded. As his horse litter was passing through Islington, a mastiff sprang at one of the horses, and worried him, nor would he let go till a soldier ran him through with his sword. Skippon, however, on getting to London, had a piece of his waistcoat drawn from his bullet-wound, and soon recovered.

For many ages Islington, especially in summer, was a favourite resort for London citizens, who delighted to saunter there to drink creams and eat cakes, or to hunt the ducks of the suburban ponds with their water-dogs. As early as 1628, George Wither, the poet, in his "Britannia's Remembrances," describing holiday-making, says—

"Some by the banks of Thames their pleasure taking
Some sillibubs among the milkmaids making,
With music some upon the waters rowing,
Some to the next adjoining hamlets going;
And Hogsdone, Islington and Tothnam Court
For cakes and cream had there no small resort."

Davenant describes very pleasantly in rough verse the setting out of a citizen's party for Islington:—

"Now damsel young, that dwells in Cheap,
For very joy, begins to leap;
Her elbow small she oft doth rub,
Tickled with hope of syllabub,
For mother (who does gold maintaine
On thumb, and keys in silver chaine),
In snow-white clout, wrapt nook of pye,
Fat capon's wing, and rabbit's thigh;
And said to Hackney coachman, go,
Take shillings six—say, I or no;
Whither? (says he)—quoth she, thy teame
Shall drive to place where groweth creame.
But husband grey, now comes to stall,
For 'prentice notch'd he strait doth call.
Where's dame? (quoth he)—quoth son of shop,
She's gone her cake in milke to sop.
Ho! ho!—to Islington—enough—
Fetch Job my son, and our dog *Ruffe*;
For there, in pond, through mire and muck,
We'll cry, hay, duck—there *Ruffe*—hay, duck," &c.

In the *Merry Milkmaid of Islington*, 1681, the prices noted down are highly curious.

SCENE—*Lovechange, Sir Jeffery Jolt, Artezhim (the Lady Jolt), and Tapster.*

Love. What is the reckoning?

Tap. Nine and elevenpence.

Jeff. How's that? Let's have the particulars. Mr. Lovechange shall know how he parts with his money.

Tap. Why, sir, cakes two shillings, ale as much; a quart of mortified claret eighteen pence, stewed prunes a shilling.

Art. That's too dear.

Tap. Truly, they cost a penny a pound of the one-handed costermonger, out of his wife's fish-basket. A quart of cream half-a-crown.

Art. That's excessive.

Tap. Not if you consider how many carriers' eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the charge of isinglass, and other ingredients, to make cream of the sour milk.

Art. All this does not amount to what you demand.

Tap. I can make more. Two threepenny papers of sugar a shilling; then you had bread, sir—

Jeff. Yes, and drink too, sir—my head takes notice of that.

Tap. 'Tis granted, sir—a pound of sausages, and forty other things, make it right. Our bar never errs.

The Ducking-ponds were on Islington Green, near White Conduit House in the Back Road, and in East Lane, the spot where the Reservoir of the New River Head afterwards stood. Thomas Jordan, in a coarse comedy called *The Walks of Islington and Hogsden, with the Humours of Wood Street Compter*, 1641, the scene of which is laid at the "Saracen's Head," Islington, and his Prologue speaks of the diet of the place, and the sort of persons who went there for amusement.

"Though the scene be Islington, we swear
We will not blow ye up with bottle beer,

Cram ye with creams and fools which sweetly please
Ladies of fortune and young 'prentices,
Who (when the supervisors come to find 'um)
Quake like the custard, which they leave behind 'um."

Browne, in his "New Academy," 1658, alludes to the "Cream and Cake Boys" who took their lasses to Islington or Hogsden to feast on white pots, puddings, pies, stewed prunes, and tansies.

The plague seems to have raged at Islington in the years 1577, 1578, and 1592. In 1665 593 persons died of the plague. The story of the first outbreak is told graphically in the "City Remembrancer." A citizen had broken out of his house in Aldersgate Street, and had applied in vain for admission at the "Angel" and the "White Horse," in Islington. At the "Pied Horse" he pretended to be entirely free from infection, and on his way to Lincolnshire, and that he only required lodgings for one night. They had but a garret bed empty, and that but for one night, expecting drovers with cattle next day. A servant showed him the room, which he gladly accepted. He was well dressed, and with a sigh said he had seldom lain in such a lodging, but would make a shift, as it was but for one night, and in a dreadful time. He sat down on the bed, desiring a pint of warm ale, which was forgot. Next morning one asked what had become of the gentleman. The maid, starting, said she had never thought more of him. "He bespoke warm ale, but I forgot it." A person going up, found him dead across the bed, in a most frightful posture. His clothes were pulled off, his jaw fallen, his eyes open, and the rug of the bed clasped hard in one hand. The alarm was great, the place having been free from the distemper, which spread immediately to the houses round about. Fourteen died of the plague that week in Islington.

Cromwell is said to have resided in a house (afterwards the "Crown" public house) on the north side of the road at Upper Holloway, but there is no proof of the fact. He probably, however, often visited Islington to call on his friend Sir Arthur Haselrigge, colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers, called the "Lobster" regiment, who had a house there. In May, 1664-5, Sir Arthur complained to Parliament that as he was riding from the House of Commons in the road leading from Perpoole Lane to Clerkenwell, returning to his house at Islington, the Earl of Stamford and his two servants had struck at him with a drawn sword and "other offensive instruments," upon which he was enjoined to keep the peace, and neither send nor receive any challenge.

In later times Islington still remained renowned for its tea-gardens and places of rustic amusement, and in the *Spleen*, or *Islington Spa*, a comic piece, written by George Colman, and acted at Drury Lane in 1756, the author sketches pleasantly enough the bustle occasioned by a citizen's family preparing to start for their country house at Islington. The neats' tongues and cold chickens have to be packed up preparatory to the party starting in the coach and three from the end of Cheapside. It was here and at Highbury that Goldsmith spent many of his "shoemaker's holidays," and Bonnell Thornton has sketched in the *Connoisseur* the Sunday excursions of the citizens of his times, in which he had no doubt shared.

Bunbury, that clever but slovenly draftsman, produced, in 1772, a caricature of a London citizen in his country villa, and called it "The delights of Islington." Above it he has written the following series of fierce threats :—

"Whereas my new pagoda has been clandestinely carried off, and a new pair of dolphins taken from the top of my *gazebo* by some bloodthirsty villains, and whereas a great deal of *timber* has been cut down and carried away from the *Old Grove*, that was planted last spring, and *Pluto* and *Proserpine* thrown into my basin, from henceforth steel traps and spring-guns will be constantly set for the better extirpation of such a nest of villains.

"By me,
"JEREMIAH SAGO."

On a garden notice-board, in another print after Bunbury, of the same date, is this inscription :—

"THE NEW PARADISE.

"No gentlemen or ladies to be admitted with nails in their shoes."

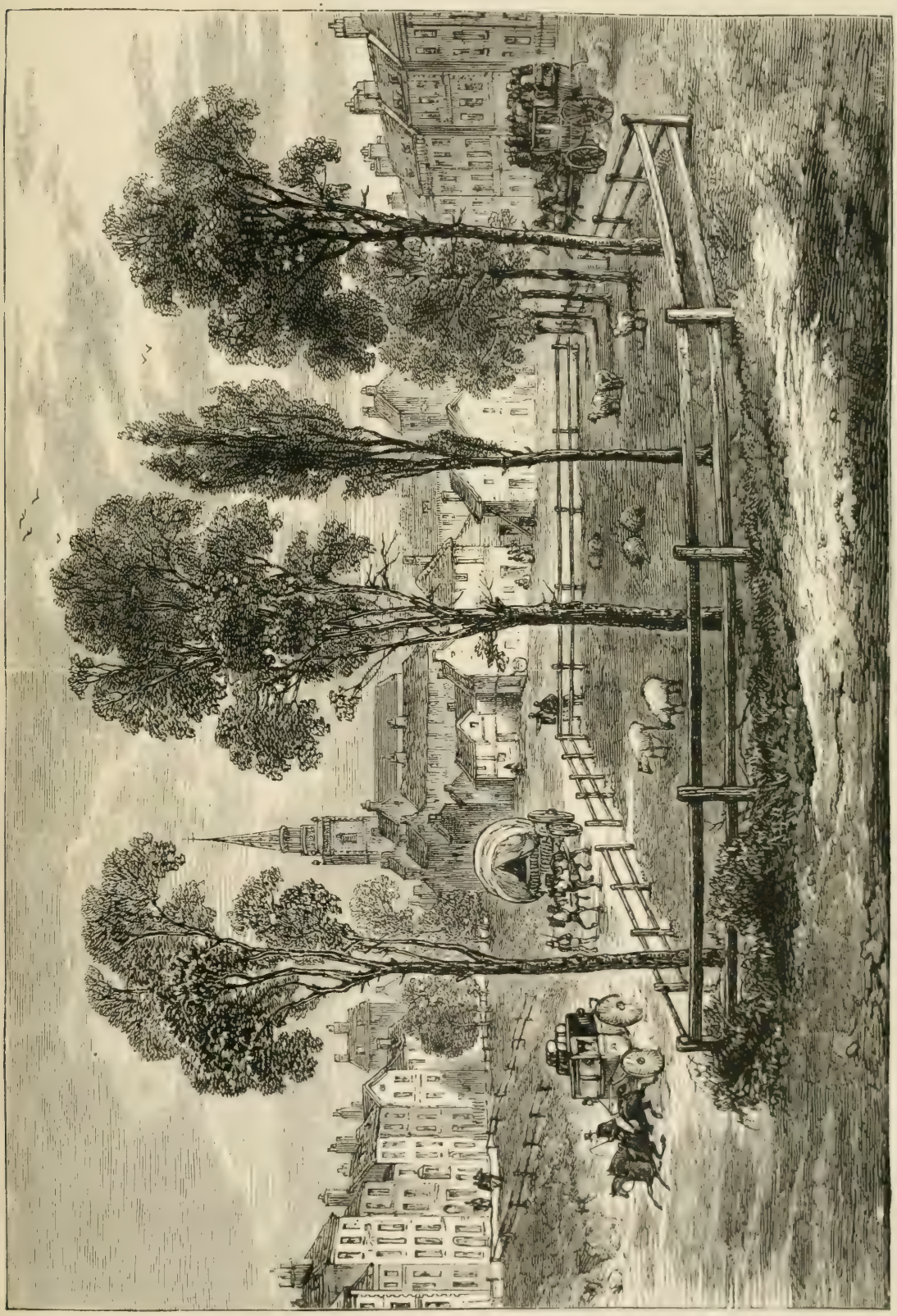
Danger lent a certain dignity to these excursions. In 1739 the roads and footpaths of Islington seem to have been infested by highwaymen and footpads, the hornets and mosquitoes of those days. In the year above mentioned, the Islington Vestry agreed to pay a reward of £10 to any person who apprehended a robber. It was customary at this time for persons walking from the City to Islington after dark to wait at the end of St. John Street till a sufficient number had collected, and then to be escorted by an armed patrol. Even in 1742 the *London Magazine* observed that scarcely a night passed without some one being robbed between the "Turk's Head," near Wood's Close, Islington, and the road leading to Goswell Street. In 1771 the inhabitants of Islington subscribed a sum of money for rewarding persons apprehending robbers, as many dwellings had been broken open, and the Islington stage was frequently stopped. In 1780, in consequence of riots and depredations, the inhabitants furnished themselves with arms and equipments, and formed a military society for

general protection. In spite of this, robberies and murders in the by-roads, constantly took place. In 1782 Mr. Herd, a clerk in the Custom House, was murdered in the fields near the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." Mr. Herd, a friend of Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," was returning from town with a friend and two servants well armed, when he was attacked by footpads armed with cutlasses and firearms, one of whom (who was afterwards hanged) shot him with a blunderbuss as he was resisting. In 1797 Mr. Fryer, an attorney of Southampton Buildings, was attacked by three footpads and shot through the head. Two men were hung for this murder, but a third man afterwards confessed on the gallows that he was the murderer.

One of the celebrities of old Islington was Alexander Aubert, Esq., who first organised the corps of Loyal Islington Volunteers. In 1797 the loyal inhabitants of Islington formed themselves into a corps, to defend the country against its revolutionary enemies. It consisted of a regiment of infantry and one of cavalry. Mr. Aubert became lieutenant-colonel commandant of the corps. The uniform consisted of a blue jacket with white facings, scarlet cuffs, collar, and epaulets, and trimmed with silver lace; white kerseymere pantaloons, short gaiters, helmets, and cross-belts. The corps was broken up in 1801, when a superb silver vase, valued at 300 guineas, was presented to Mr. Aubert. This



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.



ISLINGTON IN 1780.

gentleman, who was an eminent amateur astronomer, assisted Smeaton in the construction of Ramsgate Harbour. He died in 1805, from a cold caught when inspecting a glass house in Wales. A portrait of him, in uniform, holding his charger, by Mather Brown, used to be hung in the first floor parlour of the "Angel and Crown" at Islington.

In 1803, the old fears of French invasion again filling the minds of citizens, a volunteer corps of infantry was organised at Islington. It consisted of about 300 members. They wore as uniform a scarlet jacket turned up with black, light-blue pantaloons, short gaiters, and beaver caps. This second Islington Volunteer Corps broke up in 1806 from want of funds. The adjutant, Mr. Dickson, joined the 82nd Regiment, and was killed near Roeskilde, in the island of Zealand, in 1807.

Nelson, writing in 1811, explains the great disproportion that there appeared in the Islington parish registers between the burials and baptisms, from the fact of the great number of invalids who resorted to a district then often called "The London Hospital." Dr. Hunter used to relate a story of a lady, who, in an advanced age, and declining state of health, went, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings in Islington. She agreed for a suite of rooms, and, coming down stairs, observed that the banisters were much out of repair. "These," she said, "must be mended before she could think of coming to live there." "Madam," replied the landlady, "that will answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the banisters." The old lady was so shocked at this funereal intelligence, that she immediately declined occupying the apartments.

The most interesting hostelry in old Islington was the old "Queen's Head," at the corner of Queen's Head Lane. It was pulled down, to the regret of all antiquaries, in 1829.

"It was," says Lewis, "a strong wood and plaister building of three lofty storeys, projecting over each other in front, and forming bay windows, supported by brackets and carved figures. The centre, which projected several feet beyond the other part of the building, and formed a commodious porch, to which there was a descent of several steps, was supported in front by caryatides of carved oak, standing on either side of the entrance, and crowned with Ionic scrolls. The house is said to have been once entered by an *ascent* of several steps, but, at the time it was pulled down, the floor of its front parlour was four feet below the level of the highway; and this alteration is easily accounted for, when the antiquity of the building, the vast accumulation of matter upon the road, in the course of many centuries, and the fact of an arch having been thrown over the New River, in front of the house, are considered."

"The interior of the house was constructed in a similar manner to that of most of the old buildings in the parish, having oak-panelled wainscots and stuccoed ceilings. The principal room was the parlour already alluded to, the ceiling of which was ornamented with dolphins, cherubs, acorns, &c., surrounded by a wreathed border of fruit and foliage, and had, near the centre, a medallion, of a character apparently Roman, crowned with bays, and a small shield containing the initials 'I. M.' surrounded by cherubim and glory. The chimney-piece was supported by two figures carved in stone, hung with festoons, &c., and the stone slab, immediately over the fireplace, exhibited the stories of Danaë and Actæon in relief, with mutilated figures of Venus, Bacchus, and Plenty."

Tradition had long connected this house with the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, though with no sufficient reason. In the thirtieth year of Elizabeth, Sir Walter obtained a patent "to make licences for keeping of taverns and retailing of wines throughout England." This house may be one of those to which Raleigh granted licences, and the sign then marked the reign in which it was granted. There is also a tradition that Lord Treasurer Burleigh once resided here, and a topographical writer mentions the fact that two lions carved in wood, the supporters of the Cecil arms, formerly stood in an adjoining yard, and appeared to have once belonged to the old "Queen's Head." Another story is that Queen Elizabeth's saddler resided here; while others assert that it was the summer residence of the Earl of Essex, and the resort of Elizabeth. Early in the last century, this occasional house belonged to a family named Roome, one of whom left the estate to Lady Edwards. The oak parlour of the old building was preserved in the new one. In a house adjoining the "Queen's Head" resided John Rivington, the well-known bookseller, who died in 1792.

Behind Frederick Place we reach the site of the old "Pied Bull" Inn, pulled down about forty-five years ago, which was originally either the property or the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. In the parlour window, looking into the garden, was some curious stained glass, containing the arms of Sir John Miller, Knight, of Islington and Devon. These arms bear date eight years after Sir Walter was beheaded, and were, it is supposed, substituted by Miller when he came to reside here. The sea-horses, parrots in the window, and the leaves, sup-

posed to represent tobacco, seem to have been chosen as emblems of his career by Raleigh himself.

"The arms in the parlour window," says Nelson, "are enclosed within an ornamental border, consisting of two mermaids, each crested with a globe, as many sea-horses supporting a bunch of green leaves over the shield, and the lower part contains a green and a grey parrot, the former eating fruit. Adjoining to this is another compartment in the window, representing a green parrot perched on a wreath, under a pediment, within a border of figures and flowers, but which does not seem to have been intended for any armorial ensign.

"The chimney-piece of this room contains the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with their usual insignia, in niches, surrounded by a border of cherubim, fruit, and foliage. The centre figure, Charity, is surmounted by two Cupids supporting a crown, and beneath is a lion and unicorn couchant. This conceit was probably designed by the artist in compliment to the reigning princess, Queen Elizabeth. The ceiling displays a personification of the Five Senses in stucco, with Latin mottoes underneath, as follows:—An oval in the centre contains a female figure holding a serpent, which is twining round her right arm, and biting the hand; her left hand holds a stick, the point of which rests on the back of a toad at her feet. The motto to this is 'Tactus.' Around the above, in smaller ovals, are, a female bearing fruit under her left arm, of which she is eating, as is also an ape seated at her feet, with the word 'Gustus.' Another figure holding a vizard. At its feet a cat and a hawk, with the motto, 'Visus.' A figure playing on the lute, with a stag listening, and the motto, 'Auditus.' The last figure is standing in a garden, and holding a bouquet of flowers. At her feet is a dog, and the motto, 'Olfactus.'"

That corner stone of Islington, the "Angel," has been now an established inn for considerably more than 200 years. In old days, it was a great halting-place for travellers in the first night out of London. "The ancient house," says Lewis, "which was pulled down in 1819 to make way for the present one, presented the usual features of a large old country inn, having a long front with an over-hanging tiled roof, and two rows of windows, twelve in each row, independently of those on the basement storey. The principal entrance was beneath a projection, which extended along a portion of the front, and had a wooden gallery at the top. The inn-yard, approached by a gateway in the centre, was nearly a quadrangle, having double galleries, supported by plain columns and carved pilasters, with caryatides and other figures."

There is a tradition that the whole of the ground from the corner of the Back Road to the "Angel" was forfeited by the parish of Islington, and united to that of Clerkenwell, in consequence of the refusal of the Islingtonians to bury a pauper who was found dead at the corner of the Back Road. The corpse being taken to Clerkenwell, the district above described was claimed, and retained by that parish.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ISLINGTON (*continued*).

The old Parish Church of Islington—Scaffolding superseded—A sadly-interesting Grave—Fisher House—George Morland, the Artist—A great Islington Family—Celebrities of Cross Street—John Quick, the Comedian—The Abduction of a Child—Laycock's Dairy Farm—Alexander Cruden, the Author of the Concordance—William Hawes, the Founder of the Royal Humane Society—Charles Lamb at Islington—William Woodfall and Colley Cibber—Baron D'Aguilar, the Miser—St. Peter's Church, Islington—Irvingites at Islington—The New River and Sir Hugh Myddelton—The Opening Ceremony—Collins, the Poet—The "Crown" Inn—Hunsden House—Islington Celebrities—Mrs. Barbauld—The Duke's Head—Topham, the "Strong Man."

THE old parish church of Islington, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was a strange rambling structure, entered through a gable-ended school-room which blocked up the west end. It had an old flint tower, with six bells, a clock, and a sun-dial. The date of the building was not much earlier than 1483. In 1751, the church becoming ruinous, it was pulled down and rebuilt by Mr. Steemson, under the direction of Mr. Dowbiggin, one of the unsuccessful competitors for the erection of Blackfriars Bridge. It cost £7,340. In 1787 the church was repaired and the tower strengthened.

"Thomas Birch, a basket-maker," says Nelson, "undertook, for the sum of £20, to erect a scaffold, of wicker-work round the spire, and which he formed entirely of willow, hazel, and other sticks. It had a flight of stairs within, ascending in a spiral line from the octagonal balustrade to the vane, by which the ascent was as easy and safe as the stairs of a dwelling-house. This ingenious contrivance entirely superseded the use of a scaffold, which would have been more expensive, and is frequently attended with danger in works of this kind. The spire on this occasion presented a very curious appearance, being entirely enveloped, as it were, in a huge basket, within which the workmen were

performing the necessary repairs in perfect safety. The late Alderman Staines is said to have been the first person who contrived this kind of scaffolding, in some repairs done to the spire of St. Bride's Church, London, which was damaged by lightning in the year 1764, after having his scaffold-poles, &c., which had been erected in the usual way, carried away by a violent storm."

In Islington Church were buried, in 1609, Sir George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Steward, son of Lord Blantyre, and godson of James I. These young gallants quarrelled at the gaming-table, and fought at Islington with sword and dagger, and in their shirts, for fear of either wearing concealed armour. They both fell dead on the field, and, by the king's desire, were buried in one grave. In the church vault are two iron coffins, and one of cedar, the last containing the body of Justice Palmer, train-bearer to Onslow, the Speaker. The object of the cedar was to resist the attack of the worms, and the cover was shaped like the gable roof of a house to prevent any other coffin being put upon it. Here, also, is buried a great-grandson of the eminent navigator, Magelhaens, and Osborne, the Gray's Inn bookseller, whom Dr. Johnson knocked down with a folio. Osborne gave £13,000 for the Earl of Oxford's library, the binding of which alone had cost £18,000. In 1808 the body of a young woman named Thomas was disinterred here, there being a suspicion that she had been murdered, as a large wire was formerly thrust through her heart. It was, however, found that this had been done by the doctor, at her dying request, to prevent the possibility of her being buried alive.

One of the celebrated buildings of Islington was Fisher House, in the Lower Street, and nearly opposite the east end of Cross Street. It was probably built about the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the interior the arms of Fowler and Fisher were to be seen. Ezekiel Tongue, an old writer against the Papists, is supposed to have kept a school here about 1660 for teaching young ladies Greek and Latin. It was afterwards a lodging-house, and then a lunatic asylum. Here Brothers, the prophet, was confined, till Lord Chancellor Erskine liberated him in 1806.

At the south end of Frog Lane was formerly a public-house called "Frog Hall;" the sign, a plough drawn by frogs. At the "Barley Mow" public-house, in Frog Lane, George Morland, the painter, resided for several months, about the year 1800. Morland would frequently apply to a farm-house opposite for harness, to sketch, and if he saw a suitable rustic for a model pass by, would induce him to sit, by the offer of money and beer. Here he drank and painted alternately. Close by, at No. 8, Popham Terrace, resided that useful old writer, John Thomas Smith (he was a pupil of Nollekens), "Rainy Day Smith," to whose works on London we have been much indebted. He became Keeper of the Print-Room of the British Museum, and died in 1833.

Opposite Rufford's Buildings there stood, till 1812, an old Elizabethan house of wood and plaster, with curious ceilings, and a granite mantelpiece representing the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Knowledge. The new house became Shield's school, where Dr. Hawes and John Nicholls, the antiquary, were educated. In a house which formerly stood in the Upper Street, opposite Cross Street, resided Dr. William Pitcairn, elected physician, in 1750, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He commenced a botanical garden of five acres behind the house, but it does not now exist.

One of the celebrated houses of old Islington was No. 41, Cross Street, and formerly the mansion of the Fowler family, lords of the manor of Barnesbury. The Fowlers were great people in their swords and ruffs, in the days of Elizabeth and James; and Sir Thomas Fowler appears to have been one of the jurors upon the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, at Winchester, in 1603. The house is wood and plaster, with a modern brick front. It appears to be of the age of Elizabeth.

"The ceiling of a back room on the first floor," says Lewis, "is decorated with the arms of England in the reign of that princess, with her initials, and the date (1595) in stucco; also the initials of Thomas and Jane Fowler, $\frac{F.}{T.I.}$ with *fleur de lis*, medallions, &c., in the same style as the ceilings at Canonbury House. The rooms are wainscoted with oak in panels, and till the year 1788, when they were removed, the windows contained some arms in stained glass, among which were those of Fowler, with the date (1588), and those of Herne, or Heron. In pulling down some old houses for the formation of Halton Street, at the east end of this house, some remains of the ancient stabling and offices were taken away. In these stables a fire broke out on the 17th February, 1655, but it does not appear to have done any injury to the dwelling-house.

"At the extremity of the garden which belonged to the mansion is a small building, originally about fifteen feet square, and presenting an exterior of brick, absurdly called Queen Elizabeth's Lodge. It appears to have afforded access to the house through the grounds, and was probably built as a summer-house or porter's lodge, at the entrance of

the garden, about the time the mansion-house was erected. The arms of Fowler, bearing an esquire's helmet, are cut in stone on the west side of the building, near the top, which proves that the time of its erection was before the honour of knighthood had been conferred upon its owner."

The name attached to the lodge may have arisen from some visit paid by Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Fowler or Sir John Spencer.

A house near the old charity school at the top of Cross Street was partly demolished by the London rioters in 1780, when it was occupied by the obnoxious Justice Hyde, who had ordered out the troops, and whose goods the true Protestants with the blue cockade burnt in the street.

In Cross Street, in 1817, died Mrs. Hester Milner, the youngest of ten daughters of the Dr. John Milner in whose school Dr. John Hawkesworth and Oliver Goldsmith were assistants. At the "Old Parr's Head," at the corner of Cross Street, John Henderson, the best Falstaff ever known on the stage, made his first appearance in public, by reciting Garrick's ode to Shakespeare, with close imitations of the actor's manner. He appeared as Hamlet at the Bath Theatre in 1772.

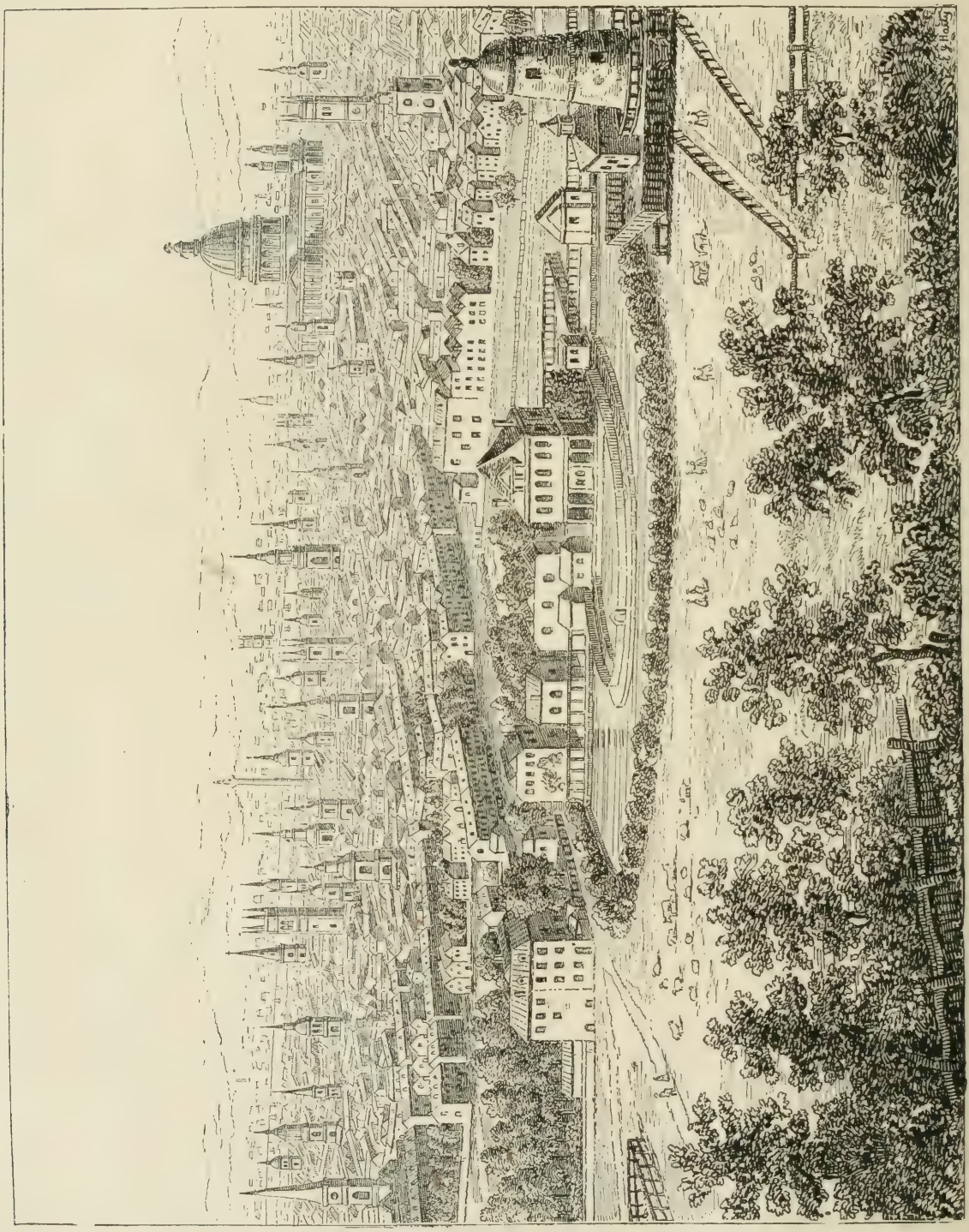
John Quick, a celebrated comedian, resided at Hornsey Row. He was the son of a Whitechapel brewer, and was the original Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, and Isaac Mendosa; he was one of the last of the Garrick school, and was a great favourite of George III. He retired in 1798, after thirty-six years on the boards, with £10,000, and died in 1831, aged eighty-three, another proof of the longevity of successful actors. Up to the last of his life Quick frequented a club at the "King's Head," opposite the old church, and officiated as president. Mrs. Davenport was Quick's daughter.

In the year 1818 great interest was excited by the abduction of the child of a shipbroker, named Horsley, who resided at 3, Canonbury Lane. It had been stolen by a man named Rennett, who had conceived a hatred for the boy's grandfather, Charles Dignum, the singer, and also for the sake of the reward. The man was tracked, taken, and eventually transported for seven years.

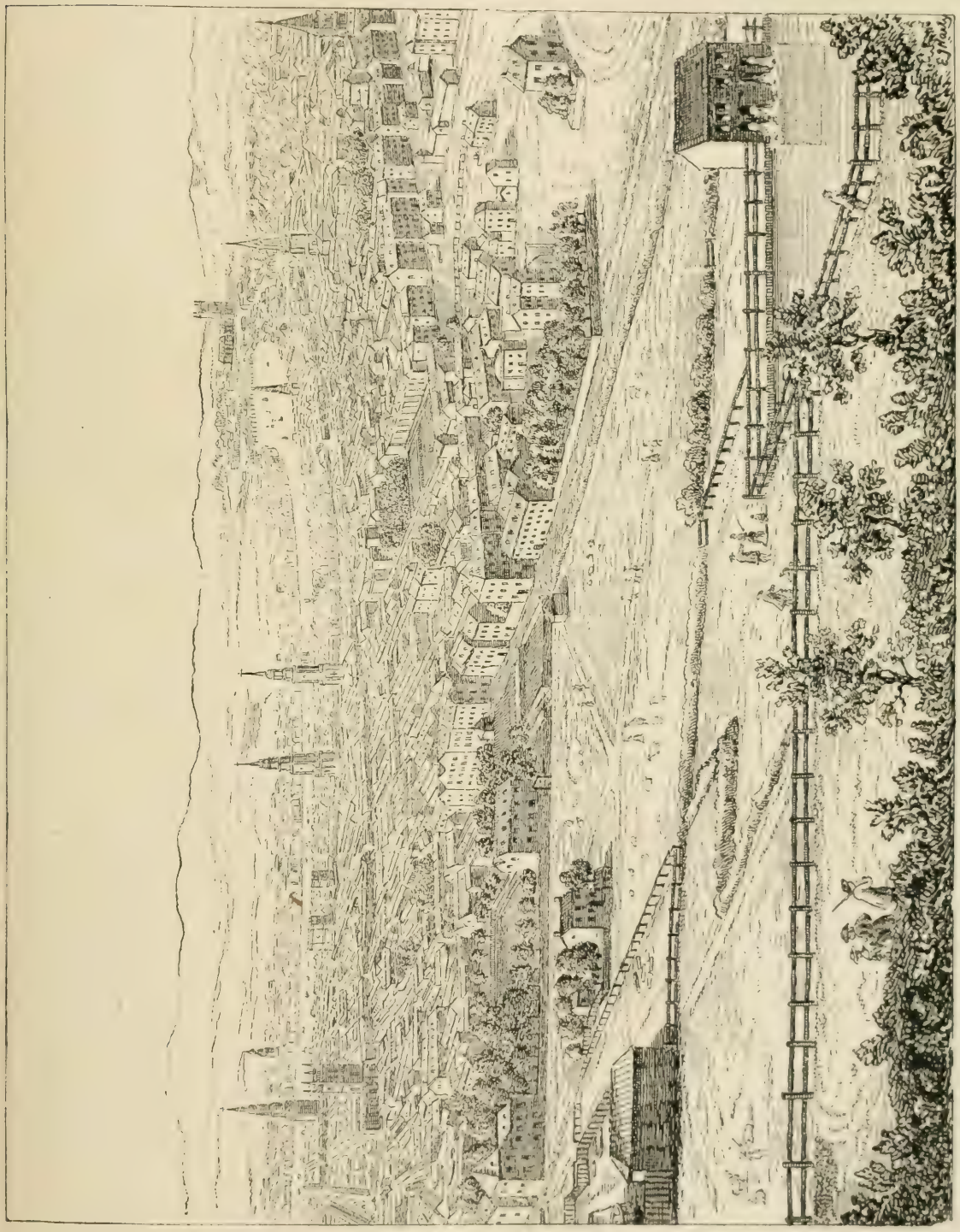
Laycock's dairy farm faced Union Chapel, built by Mr. Leroux, at the beginning of the century. Laycock, an enterprising man, who died in 1834, erected sheds for cattle on their way to Smithfield. Laycock and a Mr. Rhodes had gradually absorbed the smaller grass farms (once the great feature of Islington), and which were common seventy or eighty years ago, says Mr. Lewis, writing in 1842. The stocks varied from twenty to a hundred cows. "One of these was on the site of Elliot's Place, Lower Street; another where Bray's Buildings now stand, and others in the Upper Street, and at Holloway."

At a house in Camden Passage, near the west end of Camden Street, and also in the Upper Street and at Paradise Row, lived that extraordinary man, Alexander Cruden, the compiler of the laborious Concordance to the Bible. Cruden, the son of an Aberdeen merchant, was born in 1701. After being a private tutor and a corrector of the press, he opened a bookseller's shop under the Royal Exchange, London, and there wrote his Concordance. His mind becoming disordered at the bad reception of the Concordance, he was sent to an asylum at Bethnal Green, the practices at which he afterwards attacked, bringing an unsuccessful action against the celebrated Dr. Munro. In 1754, on his release, he applied for the honour of knighthood, put himself in nomination for the City of London, and assumed the title of "Alexander the Corrector," believing himself divinely inspired to reform a corrupt age. One of his harmless eccentricities was going about with a sponge, erasing the number forty-five from the walls, to show his aversion for John Wilkes, against whom he published a pamphlet. Eventually he became corrector for the press on Mr. Woodfall's paper, the *Public Advertiser*, and devoted his spare time to teaching the felons in Newgate, and other works of charity. He dedicated the second edition of his Concordance to George III., and presented him a copy in person. He died in 1770, being found dead on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. He was buried in a Dissenting burial-ground, in Deadman's Place, Southwark.

That excellent man, Dr. William Hawes, the founder of the Royal Humane Society, was born in 1736, in "Job's House," or the "Old Thatched House" Tavern, in Cross Street, and was the son of the landlord. In 1773 he began to call attention to the means of resuscitating persons apparently drowned, a subject which the *Gentleman's Magazine* had been urging for thirty years. At first he encountered much ridicule and opposition, but, in 1774, Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan brought each fifteen friends to a meeting at the "Chapter" Coffee House, and the Humane Society was at once formed, and the "Thatched House" Tavern became one of the first houses of reception. This same year Dr. Hawes wrote a pamphlet on the death of Goldsmith, to show the dangers of violent medicine. In 1793 this good man was the chief means of saving 1,200 families of Spitalfields weavers from starvation, at a time when cotton had begun to supersede silk. Dr. Hawes died in



LONDON FROM ISLINGTON (CITY AND EAST END). (*From a View by Canaletti, published in* 1753.)



LONDON FROM ISLINGTON (WEST END). (*From a View by Canaletti, published in* 1753.)

1808, and was buried in the cemetery attached to the churchyard at Islington.

Colebrooke Row was built in 1768. Six acres at the back formed at first a nursery and then a brick-field. Here that delightful humourist, Charles Lamb, resided, with his sister, from about 1823 to 1826, immediately after his retirement from the India House.

Lamb describes his place of abode at Islington, in a letter to Bernard Barton, dated September 2, 1823:—"When you come Londonward, you will find me no longer in Covent Garden; I have a cottage in Colebrooke Row, Islington—a cottage, for it is detached—a white house, with six good rooms in it. The New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking-pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden, with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books; and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before." And again, in the November following, in a letter to Robert Southey, he informs the bard, who had promised him a call, that he is "at Colebrooke Cottage, left hand coming from Saddler's Wells." It was here that that amiable bookworm, George Dyer, editor of the Delphin classics, walked quietly into the New River from Charles Lamb's door, but was soon recovered, thanks to the kind care of Miss Lamb.

A small house at the back of Colebrooke Row was the residence of that great Parliamentary reporter, William Woodfall, the friend of Garrick, Goldsmith, and Savage. In lodgings at a house near the "Castle Tavern" and Tea Gardens, old Colley Cibber, the best fop that ever appeared on the stage, died in 1757, aged eighty-six. As one of Pope's most recalcitrant butts, as the author of the *Careless Husband*, and as poet laureate, Cibber occupied a prominent place among the lesser lights of the long Georgian era. Cibber's reprobate daughter, Charlotte Charke, among other eccentricities in her reckless life, kept a public-house at Islington, where she died in 1760.

At the close of the last century the Baron D'Aguilar, a half-crazed miser, lived in Camden Street, and kept a small farm on the west bank of the New River, near the north end of Colebrooke Row. He beat his wife and starved his cattle, which were occasionally in the habit of devouring each other. He died in 1802, leaving jewels worth £30,000. The total bulk of his property is supposed to have been worth upwards of £200,000, which he left to two daughters, one of whom he cursed on his dying bed.

St. Peter's Church, Islington, consecrated in 1835, was erected at an expense of £3,407. The Irvingite church, in Duncan Road, was erected in 1834, the year Irving died. After his expulsion from the Presbytery, Irving frequently preached in Britannia Fields, Islington, till his admirers rented for him West's Picture Gallery, in Newman Street.

And here we may, as well as anywhere else, sketch the history of the New River, which passes along Colebrooke Row, but was some years ago covered over. In the reign of Elizabeth, the London conduits being found quite inadequate to the demands of the growing City, the Queen granted the citizens leave to convey a stream to London, from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire. Nothing, however, was done, nor was even a second Act, passed by King James, ever carried into effect. What all London could not do, a single public-spirited man accomplished. In 1609, Mr. Hugh Myddelton, a Welsh goldsmith, who had enriched himself by mines in Cardiganshire, persuaded the Common Council to transfer to him the power granted them by the above-mentioned Acts, and offered, in four years, at his own risk and charge, to bring the Chadwell and Amwell springs from Hertfordshire to London, by a route more than thirty-eight miles long. Endless vexations, however, befell the enterprising man. The greedy landholders of Middlesex and Herts did all they could to thwart him. Eventually he had to petition the City for an extension of the time for the fulfilment of his contract to nine years, and at last, when the water had been brought as far as Enfield, Myddelton was so completely drained that he had to apply to the City for aid. On their ungenerous refusal, he resorted to the King, who, tempted by a moiety of the concern, paid half the expenses. The scheme then progressed fast, and on the 29th of September, 1613, the water was at last let into the New River Head, at Clerkenwell. Hugh Myddelton's brother (the Lord Mayor of London) and many aldermen and gentlemen were present at the ceremony, which repaid the worthy goldsmith for his years of patient toil.

Stow gives us an account of the way in which the ceremony was performed. "A troop of labourers," he says, "to the number of sixty or more, well apparelled, and wearing green *Monmouth caps*, all alike, carryed spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such like instruments of laborious employment marching after drummes, twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the

Lord Maior, aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man in behalf of all the rest, delivered this speech :—

'Long have we labour'd, long desir'd, and pray'd
For this great work's perfection; and by th' aid
Of Heaven and good men's wishes, 'tis at length
Happily conquered, by cost, art, and strength.
And after five yeeres deare expence, in dayes,
Travaile, and paines, beside the infinite wayes
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
In wealth and courage. This, a work so rare,
Onely by one man's industry, cost, and care,
Is brought to blest effect; so much withstood,
His onely ayme, the Citie's generall good.
And where (before) many unjust complaints,
Enviously seated, caused oft restraints,
Stops and great crosses, to our master's charge,
And the work's hindrance; Favour, now at large,
Spreads herself open to him, and commends
To admiration, both his paines and ends
(The King's most gracious love).
* * * * *
Now for the fruits then; flow forth precious spring
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee; loudly sing,
And with thy chrystal murmurs strook together,
Bid all thy true *well-wishers* welcome hither.'

At which words the flood-gates flew open, the streame ran gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner, and a brave peale of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainement."

It was a considerable time before the New River water came into full use, and for the first nineteen years the annual profit scarcely amounted to twelve shillings a share. The following figures will give the best idea of the improvement of value in this property :—1634 (the second), £3 4s. 2d.; 1680, £145 1s. 8d.; 1720, £214 15s. 7d.; and 1794, £431 8s. 8d. The shares in 1811 were considered worth £11,500, and an adventurer's share has been sold for as much as £17,000. The undertaking cost the first projectors half a million sterling. There were originally seventy-two shares, and thirty-six of these were vested in the projector, whose descendants, however, became impoverished, and were obliged to part with the property. The mother of the last Sir Hugh indeed received a pension of twenty pounds per annum from the Goldsmiths' Company.

Sir Hugh died in 1631 a prosperous man, though there is an old Islington tradition that he became pensioner in a Shropshire village, applied in vain for relief to the City, and died in obscurity.

The last Sir Hugh was a poor drunken fellow who strived hard to die young, and boarded with an Essex farmer. Even as late as 1828 a female descendant of the Welsh goldsmith obtained a small annuity from the Corporation.

The New River is mentioned by Nelson in 1811 as having between 200 and 300 bridges over it, and upwards of forty sluices. Lewis, writing in 1842, speaks of it as having in his day "one hundred and fifty-four bridges over it, and four large sluices in its course, and in various parts, both over and under its stream, numerous currents of land-waters, and brooks, and rivulets." It was formerly conducted over the valley near Highbury, in a huge wooden trough 462 feet long, supported by brick piers, and called the Boarded River. This was, however, removed in 1776.

Dr. Johnson describes going to Islington to see poor Collins, the poet, when his mind was beginning to fail. It was after Collins had returned from France, and had come to Islington, directing his sister to meet him there. "There was then," says the Doctor, "nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school." When his friend took it in his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

On the east side of the Lower Street was formerly a very old public-house called "The Crown." "It contained," says Lewis, "several fragments of antiquity, in the form of carved work, stained glass, &c., and had been probably once the residence of some opulent merchant or person of distinction. In the window of a room on the ground-floor were the arms of England, the City of London, the Mercers' Company, and another coat; also the red and white roses united, with other ornaments, indicative of its having been erected about the time of Henry VII. or Henry VIII. Many years previous to the pulling down of the building, it had been converted into a public-house, the common fate of most of the old respectable dwellings in this parish, and was latterly kept by a person named Pressey, who frequently accommodated strolling players with a large room in the house for the exhibition of dramatic performances."

Between Lower Chapel Street and Paradise Place stood an old mansion generally known as Hunsden House, which was pulled down in 1800. It was supposed to have been the residence of Queen Elizabeth's favourite cousin, Henry Carey, created by her Lord Hunsden. The front, abutting on Lower Street, was inscribed King John's Place, as that king was said to have had a hunting-lodge there. Sir Thomas Lovell rebuilt the house. It was

supposed, from the armorial bearings in one of the stained glass windows, that this chosen residence had been at one time the abode of the great Earl of Leicester, the most favoured of all Elizabeth's suitors. It afterwards became the property of Sir Robert Ducy, Bart., the banker of Charles I. The memorable mansion was celebrated for its rich windows, illustrating the subjects of the Faithful Steward and the Prodigal Son, and crowded besides with prophets and saints. There was also a magnificent chimney-piece, containing the arms of the City of London, with those of Lovell quartering Muswell or Mosell, the arms of St. John's Priory, always potent in this neighbourhood, besides those of Gardeners of London, grocer, and the Company of Merchant Adventurers.

Among the celebrities of Islington we may notice the following, in addition to those already given:—Sir Henry Yelverton, a judge of Common Pleas in the reign of Charles I., who was baptised at St. Mary's. He got entangled in opposition to the imperious Duke of Buckingham, and paid for it by an imprisonment in the Tower and a heavy fine.

Robert Brown, the founder of the sect of Brownists, was a lecturer at Islington. After flying to Holland, and being excommunicated on his return to England by a bishop, he went back to the Establishment about 1590, and accepted a living in Northamptonshire, where he lived a somewhat discreditable life. For striking a constable who had demanded a rate from him Brown was sent to Northampton gaol, where he boasted that he had been in thirty-two prisons. He died in 1630, aged eighty-one.

Defoe was educated at a Nonconformist seminary at Islington, and four years there was all the education the clever son of a butcher in St. Giles's seems ever to have had. Edmund Halley, the celebrated astronomer royal, fitted up an observatory at Islington; and resided there from 1682 till 1696. It was Halley who urged Newton to write the "Principia," and superintended its publication. He is accused of gross unfairness to his two great contemporaries, Leibnitz and Flamsteed, breaking open a sealed catalogue of fixed stars drawn up by the latter, and printing them with his own name.

Halley's greatest work was the first prediction of the return of a comet, and a discovery of inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn, which confirmed Newton's great discovery of the law of gravitation.

Mrs. Foster, the granddaughter of Milton, kept a chandler's shop at Lower Holloway for some years, and died at Islington in 1754. In her the family of Milton became extinct. She was poor and infirm, and in 1750 *Comus* was represented at Drury Lane Theatre for her benefit, Dr. Johnson writing the prologue, which was spoken by Garrick. She used to say that her grandfather was harsh to his daughters, and refused to allow them to be taught to write; but we must allow perhaps something for the perpetual irritation of gout, which would sour the temper of an archangel. At Newington Green resided Dr. Richard Price, a Nonconformist minister, celebrated for his financial calculations in connection with assurance societies. He was a friend of Howard, Priestley, and Franklin, and was consulted by Pitt as to the adoption of the Sinking Fund. He died in 1791. Mary Woolstonecroft, the wife of William Godwin, and the mother of Mrs. Shelley, in early life conducted a day-school at Newington Green. She was one of the first advocates of the rights of women, and died in 1797.

That excellent woman, Mrs. Barbauld, was wife of Mr. Barbauld, a minister at a Unitarian chapel on Newington Green. Amongst the vicars of St. Mary's we should not forget Daniel Wilson, Heber's successor as Bishop of Calcutta. He succeeded the good Cecil at St. John's, Bedford Row. Nelson, the best of the Islington historians, lived and died, says Mr. W. Howitt, at his house at the corner of Cumberland Street, Islington Green. Rogers, the banker-poet, was born in 1763 at Newington Green, "the first house that presents itself on the west side, proceeding from Ball's Pond." On his mother's side Rogers was descended from Philip Henry, the father of Matthew Henry, the pious author of the well-known exposition of the Bible. In one of the detached houses opposite Lorraine Place lived that pushing publisher and projector, Sir Richard Phillips. We have described this active minded compiler elsewhere. Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, was for a time head-master of the Islington Proprietary School.

The "Duke's Head," at the south-east corner of Cadd's Row, near the Green, was, in the middle of the last century, kept by Thomas Topham, the celebrated "Strong Man" of Islington. His most celebrated feats were pulling against a horse at a wall in Moorfields; and, finally, in 1741, in Coldbath Fields, lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing 1,831 pounds, to commemorate the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon. He once hoisted a sleeping watchman in his box, and dropped both box and watchman over the wall into Bunhill Fields Burying Ground. Towards the close of his life this unhappy Samson took a public-house in Hog Lane, Shoreditch, and there, in 1749, in a paroxysm of just jealousy, he stabbed his unfortunate wife and killed himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CANONBURY.

The Manor of Canonbury—The Rich Spencer—Sweet Tyranny—Canonbury House—Precautions against another Flood—A Literary Retreat—The Special Glory of a Famous House—The Decorative Taste of a Former Age.

THE manor of Canonbury, so called from a mansion of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, was given to the priory by Ralph de Berners, not long after the Conquest. At the dissolution it fell into the receptive hands of Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, and at his execution an annuity from the manor was bestowed on ill-favoured Anne of Cleves. In 1547 Canonbury was granted by Edward VI. to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, from whom it passed to the ill-starred Duke of Northumberland, only a few months before his beheadal. In 1570 Lord Wentworth, to whom Queen Mary had granted the manor, alienated it to Sir John Spencer, "the rich Spencer" who figures so often in the civic history of Elizabeth's reign.

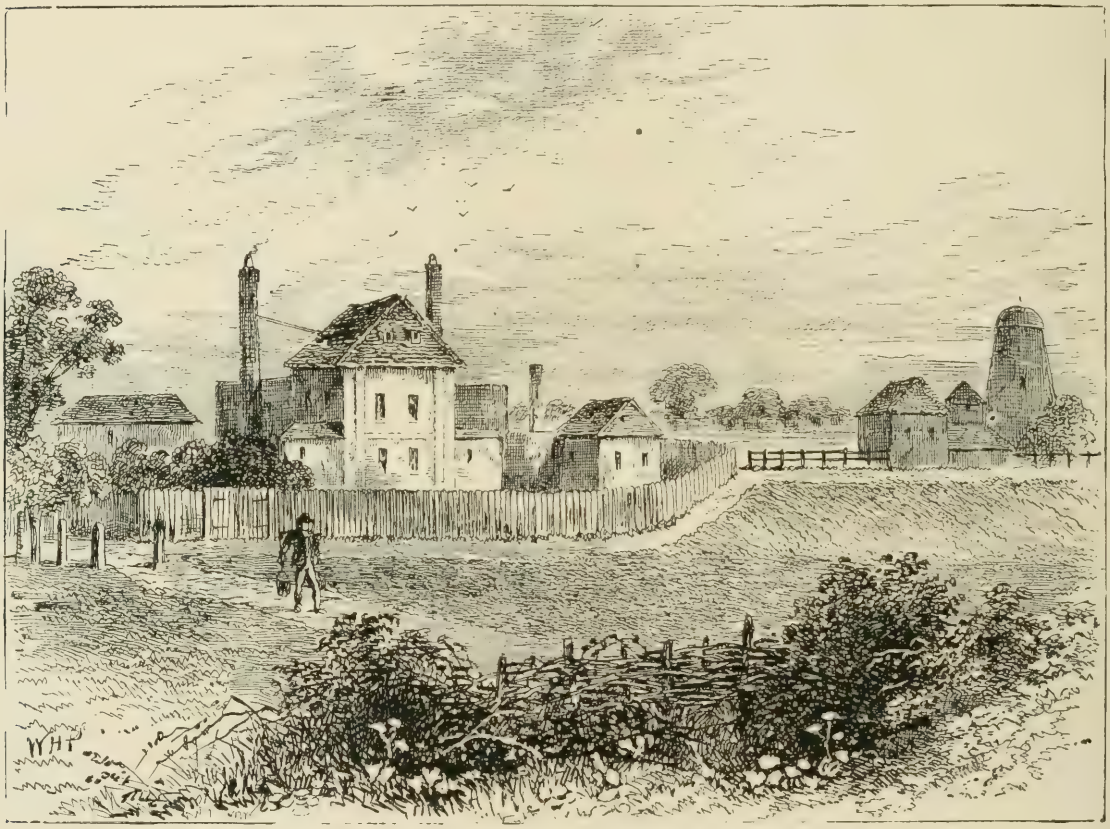
Sir John was an alderman and clothworker of London, sheriff in 1583–4, and Lord Mayor in 1594. He appears to have been a public-spirited honest man, and often stood forward boldly in defence of the Privileges of the City. On one occasion we find him protesting against the great Bridge House granaries of London being taken as storehouses for the navy; and on another, resisting an attempt to force a new recorder on the City. He also helped actively to suppress a riot of London apprentices, five of whom were hung on Tower Hill. The wealth of Sir John was so notorious, that it is said a Dunkirk pirate once contrived a plot, with twelve of his men, to carry him off, in hopes of obtaining £50,000 as ransom. The men came in a shallop to Barking Creek, and hid themselves in ditches near a field-path leading to Sir John's house, but luckily for Sir John he was detained in London that night, and so the plot was frustrated. The residence of this citizen at Crosby House, where, in 1603, he entertained the French ambassador, the Marquis of Rosny, afterwards better known as the Duke of Sully, we have alluded to in a former chapter. Sir John's only daughter, Elizabeth, tradition says, was carried off from Canonbury House in a baker's basket, by the contrivance of her lover, young Lord Compton, and Mr. Lewis says this story is confirmed by a picture representing the fact preserved among the family paintings at Castle Ashby, a seat of the Comptons, in Northamptonshire. An old Islington vestry-clerk has preserved an anecdote about this curious elopement. Sir John, incensed at the stratagem, discarded his daughter, till Queen Elizabeth's kind interference effected a reconciliation. The wily queen, watching her opportunity, requested the knight to stand sponsor to the first offspring of a young discarded couple. Sir John complied, honoured and pleased at the gracious request, and her Majesty dictated his own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony over, Sir John declared, as he had discarded his undutiful daughter, he would adopt the boy as his son. The queen then told him the truth, and the old knight, to his surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson, who ultimately succeeded "his father in his honour, his grandfather in his wealth." Sir John died in 1609, and in St. Helen's there is still his monument, with his daughter kneeling at the feet of his effigy. At his funeral about a thousand persons, clad in black gowns, attended, and 320 poor men had each a basket given them, containing a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen points, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs.

Lord Compton's mind was so shaken by the vast wealth he inherited at his father-in-law's death, that he became for a time insane. He died in 1630, of a fit produced by bathing in the Thames, after supping at Whitehall. A curiously imperious letter of his wife to her lord was published in the *European Magazine* of 1782. It begins with loving tyranny, and demands the most ample pin-money:

"MY SWEET LIFE.—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid."

She then calmly requires £600 additional for charitable works. three horses for her own saddle.

two mounted gentlewomen, six or eight gentlemen, two four-horse coaches lined with velvet and cloth, and laced with gold and silver, two coachmen, a horse for her gentleman usher, and two footmen, twenty gowns a year, a purse of £2,220 to pay her debts, £10,000 to buy jewels, and as she is so reasonable, schooling and apparel for her children, and wages for her servants, furniture for all her houses, and when he is an earl, £1,000 more and double attendance. In truth these citizens' daughters knew their rights, and exacted them. Lord Compton was created an earl in 1618. The second earl, a brave soldier, was killed during the Civil War, at the battle of Hopton Heath, in 1642–3.



THE NEW RIVER HEAD. (*From a View published in* 1753.)

Canonbury House is generally supposed to have been built in 1362, ten years after Edward III. had exempted the priory of St. Bartholomew from the payment of subsidies, in consequence of their great outlay in charity. Stow says that William Bolton (prior from 1509 to 1532) rebuilt the house, and probably erected the well-known brick tower, as Nichols, in his "History of Canonbury," mentions that his rebus, a bolt in a tun, was still to be seen cut in stone, in two places, on the outside facing Well's Row. The original house covered the whole of what is now Canonbury Place, and had a small park, with garden and offices. Prior Bolton either built or repaired the priory and church of St. Bartholomew, and, according to tradition, as Hall says, in his chronicle, fearing another flood, he built a tower on Harrow Hill, and victualled it for two months. Stow, however, redeems the prior from ridicule, by telling us that the supposed tower proved to be only a dove-house.

The mansion was much altered by Sir John Spencer, who came to reside there, in splendour, about 1599, and it is now divided into several houses, Canonbury Place having absorbed the grand old residence, and portioned out its relics of bygone grandeur. A long range of tiled buildings, supposed to have been the stables of the old mansion, but which had become an appendage to the "Canonbury" Tavern, was pulled down in 1840. A tradition once prevailed at Islington that the monks of St. Bartholomew had a subterranean communication from Canonbury to the priory at Smithfield. This notion had arisen from the discovery of brick archways in Canonbury, which

seem to have been only conduit heads, and had really served to lead water to the priory.

After the Spencers, the Lord-Keeper Coventry rented this house. In 1635 we find the Earl of Derby detained here, and prevented from reaching St. James's by a deep snow; and in 1685 the Earl of Denbigh died here. About 1719 it seems to have been let as lodgings. In 1780 it was advertised as a suitable resort for invalids, on account of the purity of the air of Canonbury, and the convenience of a sixpenny stage every hour to the City. It then became a resort for literary men, who craved for quiet and country air. Amongst those who lodged there was Samuel Humphreys, who died here from consumption, produced by overwork, in 1737. This Humphreys was a second-rate poet, who sang the glories of the Duke of Chandos's seat at Canons, and whose verse Handel praised for its harmony. Ephraim Chambers, the author of one of the earliest cyclopædias, also died here, in 1740. Among other lodgers at Canonbury House were Onslow, the Speaker; Woodfall, who printed "Junius;" Deputy Harrison, many years printer of the *London Gazette*, and Mr. Robert Horsfield, successor to Messrs. Knapton, Pope's booksellers.



CANONBURY TOWER, ABOUT 1800.

But the special glory of the old house is the fact that here Oliver Goldsmith for a time lodged and wrote, and also came here to visit his worthy friend and employer, Mr. John Newbury, the good-

natured publisher of children's books, who resided here, having under his protection the mad poet, Christopher Smart. We know for certain that at the close of 1762, Goldsmith lodged at Islington, at the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, to whom he paid £50 a year. This choleric and strictly just landlady had her portrait taken by Hogarth, as tradition says, when he paid a visit to Goldsmith. Goldsmith frequently mentions Islington in his writings, and his jovial "shoemaker's holidays" were frequently made in this neighbourhood. The poet and three or four of his favourite friends used to breakfast at his Temple chambers about ten a.m., and at eleven they proceeded by the City Road and through the fields to dinner at Highbury Barn. About six in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to tea, and concluded the evening by a merry supper at the Grecian or the Globe.

"The two principal rooms," says Lewis, "which are in the first and second storeys of the plaister part of the building facing Canonbury Square, and appear to have been fitted up by Sir John Spencer, are each about twenty feet square and twelve feet high, and wainscoted with oak from the floor to the ceiling in complete preservation, and uncovered with paint. The lower room is divided into small panels, with fluted pilasters and a handsome cornice; and over the fireplace are two compartments containing lions' heads, escalop shells, &c., in finely carved oak, as represented in the engraving. The other room, which is over this, is yet more highly ornamented in the Grecian taste, with carved wainscot in panels, intersected with beautifully wrought pilasters. A handsome cornice runs round the top, composed of wreathed foliage and escalop shells, and over the fireplace are two female figures carved in oak, representing 'Faith' and 'Hope,' with the mottoes, 'Fides · Via · Deus · Mea,' and 'Spes certa supra.' These are surmounted by a handsome cornice of pomegranates, with other fruit and foliage, having in the centre the arms of Sir John Spencer. The floors of both rooms are of very large fir boards, the ceilings are of plain plaister, and the windows are modern glazed sashes, opening towards Canonbury Square.

"The other apartments are smaller in size, and contain nothing worthy of remark. On the white wall of the staircase, near the top of the tower, are some Latin hexameter verses, comprising the abbreviated names of the Kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Charles I., painted in Roman characters an inch in length, but almost obliterated. The lines were most probably the effusion of some poetical inhabitant of an upper apartment in the building, during the time of the monarch last named, such persons having frequently been residents of the place.

"The adjoining house contains many specimens of the taste for ornamental carving and stucco work that prevailed about the time of Queen Elizabeth. At the top of the first flight of stairs are two male caryatide figures in armour, and a female carved in wood, fixed as ornaments in the corners of a doorway; and the ceilings of a fine set of rooms on the first floor are elaborately embellished with a variety of devices in stucco, consisting of ships, flowers, foliage, &c., with medallions of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Titus Vespasian, &c. The arms of Queen Elizabeth are also given in several places, one of which bears also her initials 'E.R.,' and the date 1599, at which time the premises were fitted up by Sir John Spencer. The chimney-pieces in this house are very handsome, and in their original state must have had a rich and grand appearance, but they are now covered with white paint, although in other respects they have not sustained any material injury. One of them exhibits a very elaborate piece of workmanship in carved oak, containing figures of the Christian and cardinal virtues, and the arms of the City of London, with those of Sir John Spencer and the Clothworkers' Company, of which he was a member. There is also a monogram or device, apparently intended for his name, with the date 1601, and the whole is supported by caryatides of a very elegant form. In another room is a chimney-piece divided into three compartments, and intersected by handsome columns with Corinthian capitals, and containing a male and female figure in long robes, with the arms of Sir John Spencer in the centre, surrounded by curious carved work. The Spencer arms and the crest (an eagle volant) also occur in other parts of the sculpture, and the whole is supported by two caryatides bearing on their heads baskets of fruit. The rooms of this house still retain the ancient wainscoting of oak in square and lozenge panels, but covered with white paint; and the old oak staircase also remains, together with several ponderous doors of the same wood, having massive bolts, hinges, and fastenings of iron.

"In another adjoining house is a handsome chimney-piece of carved oak, covered with white paint. In the passage of the house, placed over a door, is an arch having a blank escutcheon, and another charged with the rebus of Prior Bolton. There are also over another doorway the arms of Sir Walter Dennys, who was knighted (fifth Henry VII.) on Prince Arthur being created Prince of

Wales. These are cut on a stone about a yard square, formerly fixed over a fireplace in another part of the old house, but since placed in its present situation, with the following inscription underneath :—

"'These were the arms of Sir Walter Dennys, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur Prince of Wales, in November, 1489, and died September 1, 21 Henry VII., 1505, and was buried in the church of Olviston, in Gloucestershire. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Richard Weston, Knt., to which family Canonbury House formerly belonged. The carving is therefore above 280 years old.'"

The latter part of this inscription is erroneous, says Mr. Lewis, as neither the Dennys nor Weston family was there before the dissolution, and the carving is of a much later date.

"The old mansion, when in its perfect state, was ornamented with a turret, &c., and surrounded by a highly picturesque neighbourhood, as shown in a scarce print published by Boydell about 1760."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HIGHBURY—UPPER HOLLOWAY—KING'S CROSS.

Jack Straw's Castle—A Famous Hunt—A Celebrity of Highbury Place—Highbury Barn and the Highbury Society—Cream Hall—Highbury Independent College—"The Mother Redcap"—The Blount Family—Hornsey Road and "The Devil's House" therein—Turpin, the Highwayman—The Corporation of Stroud Green—Copenhagen Fields—The Corresponding Society—Horne Tooke—Maiden Lane—Battle Bridge—The "King's Cross" Dustheaps and Cinder-sifters—Small-pox Hospital—The Great Northern Railway Station.

In 1271 the prior of the convent of Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, purchased an old manor house here, as a summer residence, and it was afterwards rebuilt higher to the eastward, changing its name from Tolentone to Highbury In the reign of Richard II., when Wat Tyler and his bold Kentish men poured down on London, a detachment under Jack Straw, Wat's lieutenant, who had previously plundered and burnt the Clerkenwell convent, pulled down the house at Highbury. The ruins afterwards became known as "Jack Straw's Castle." It is thought by antiquaries that the prior's moated house had been the prætorium of the summer camp of the Roman garrison of London.

Many of the old conduit heads belonging to the City were at Highbury and its vicinity, one of these supplied the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and Mr. Lewis mentions another remaining in 1842, in a field opposite No. 14, Highbury Place. It might have been from Highbury that the hunt took place, noted by Strype as occurring in 1562, when the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and many worshipful persons rode to the Conduit Heads, then hunted and killed a hare, and, after dining at the Conduit Head, hunted a fox and killed it, at the end of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, with a great hallooing and blowing of horns at his death; and thence the Lord Mayor, with all his company, rode through London to his place in Lombard Street.

One of the former celebrities of Highbury Place was that well-known chief cashier of the Bank of England, honest old Abraham Newland. For twenty-five years this faithful servant had never slept out of the Bank of England, and his Highbury house was only a pleasant spot where he could rest for a few hours. He resigned his situation in 1807, on which occasion he declined an annuity offered by the Company, but accepted a service of plate, valued at a thousand guineas. He left £200,000, besides £1,000 a year, arising from estates. He made his money chiefly by shares of loans to Government, in which he could safely speculate. He was the son of a Southwark baker.

Another distinguished inhabitant of Highbury was John Nichols, for nearly half a century editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and partner of William Bowyer, the celebrated printer. His "Anecdotes of Hogarth," and his "History of Leicestershire," were his chief works. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson, and seems to have been an amiable, industrious man, much beloved by his friends. He died suddenly, while going up-stairs to bed, in 1826.

Highbury Barn (built on the site of the barn of the prior's old mansion) was originally a small ale and cake house. It was the old rendezvous of the Highbury Society as far back as the year 1740. This society was established to commemorate the dropping of a Schism Act, cruelly severe on Protestant Dissenters, and which was to have received the Royal sanction the day Queen Anne died.

"The party," says a chronicler of the society, "who walked together from London had a rendezvous in Moorfields at one o'clock, and at Dettingen Bridge (where the house known by the name

of the 'Shepherd and Shepherdess' now stands), they chalked the initials of their names on a post, for the information of such as might follow. They then proceeded to Highbury; and, to beguile their way, it was their custom in turn to bowl a ball of ivory at objects in their path. This ball has lately been presented to the society by Mr. William Field. After a slight refreshment, they proceeded to the field for exercise; but in those days of greater economy and simplicity, neither wine, punch, nor tea was introduced, and eightpence was generally the whole individual expense incurred. A particular game, denominated *hop-ball*, has from time immemorial formed the recreation of the members of this society at their meetings. On a board, which is dated 1734, which they use for the purpose of marking the game, the following motto is engraven:—'Play justly; play moderately; play cheerfully; so shall ye play to a rational purpose.' It is a game not in use elsewhere in the neighbourhood of London, but one something resembling it is practised in the West of England. The ball used in this game, consisting of a ball of worsted stitched over with silk or pack-thread, has from time immemorial been gratuitously furnished by one or another of the members of the society. The following toast has been always given at their annual dinner in August, viz.:—'The glorious 1st of August, with the immortal memory of King William and his good Queen Mary, not forgetting Corporal John; and a fig for the Bishop of Cork, that bottle-stopper.' John, Duke of Marlborough, was probably intended as the person designated Corporal John." The Highbury Society, says an authority on such subjects, was dissolved about the year 1833.

At a little distance northward of Highbury Barn was another dairy-farm called Cream Hall, where Londoners came, hot and dusty, on shiny summer afternoons, to drink new milk and to eat custards, smoking sillabubs, or cakes dipped in frothing cream. Gradually Highbury farm grew into a tavern and tea-gardens, and the barn was added to the premises, and fitted up as the principal room of the tavern, and there the court baron for the manor was held. Mr. Willoughby, an enterprising proprietor who died in 1785, increased the business, and his successors added a bowling-green, a trap ball-ground, and more gardens. A hop-garden and a brewery were also started, and charity and club dinners became frequent here. The barn could accommodate nearly 2,000 persons at once, and 800 people have been seen dining together, with seventy geese roasting for them at one fire. In 1808, the Ancient Freemasons sat down, 500 in number, to dinner; and in 1841, 3,000 licensed victuallers. There is now a theatre and a dancing-room, and all the features of a modern Ranelagh. The Sluice House, Eel Pie House, and Hornsey-wood House were old haunts of anglers and holiday-makers in this neighbourhood.

Highbury Independent College was removed from Hoxton in 1826. The institution began in a house at Mile End, rented, in 1783, by Dr. Addington, for a few students to be trained for the ministry. The present site was purchased for £2,100, by the treasurer, Mr. Wilson, and given to the charity. The building cost upwards of £15,000. "The Congregationalist College at Highbury, an offshoot from the one at Homerton," says Mr. Howitt, "was built in 1825, and opened in September, 1826, under the superintendence of Drs. Harris, Burder, and Halley, for the education of ministers of that persuasion. Amongst the distinguished men whom this college produced are the popular minister of Rowland Hill's Chapel, Blackfriars Road, the Rev. Newman Hall, and Mr. George Macdonald, the distinguished poet, lecturer, and novelist. Mr. Macdonald, however, had previously graduated at the University of Aberdeen, and had there taken his degree of M.A. In 1850 the buildings and property of the College of Highbury were disposed of to the Metropolitan Church of England Training Institution, and the business of the college transferred to New College, St. John's Wood, into which the three Dissenting colleges of Homerton, Coward, and Highbury, were consolidated."

A well-known public-house the "Mother Red-cap," at Upper Holloway, is celebrated by Drunken Barnaby in his noted doggerel. The "Half Moon," a house especially celebrated, was once famous for its cheesecakes, which were sold in London by a man on horseback, who shouted "Holloway cheesecakes!"

In an old comedy, called *Jacke Drum's Entertainment* (4to, 1601), on the introduction of a Whitsun morris-dance, the following song is given:—

"Skip it and trip it nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it lustily,
Strike up the tabor for the wenches favour,
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.

"Let us be seene on Hygate Greene
To dance for the honour of Holloway.
Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway."

Upper Holloway was the residence of the ancient and honourable Blount family, during a considerable part of the seventeenth century. Sir Henry Blount,

who went to the Levant in 1634, wrote a curious book of travels, and helped to introduce coffee into England. He is said to have guarded the sons of Charles I. during the battle of Edgehill. His two sons both became authors. Thomas wrote "Remarks on Poetry," and Charles was a Deist, who defended Dryden, attacked every one else, and wrote the life of Apollonius Tyaneus. He shot himself in 1693, in despair at being refused ecclesiastical permission to marry the sister of his deceased wife. The old manor house of the Blounts was standing a few years ago.

Hornsey Road, which in Camden's time was a "sloughy lane" to Whetstone, by way of Crouch End, seventy years ago had only three houses, and no side paths, and was impassable for carriages. It was formerly called Devil's, or Du Val's, Lane, and further back still Tollington Lane. There formerly stood on the east side of this road, near the junction with the Seven Sisters' Road, an old wooden moated house, called "The Devil's House," but really the site of old Tollington House. Tradition fixed this lonely place as the retreat of Duval, the famous French highwayman in the reign of Charles II. After he was hung in 1669, he lay in state at a low tavern in St. Giles's, and was buried in the middle aisle of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by torchlight. The tradition is evidently erroneous, as the Devil's House in Devil's Lane is mentioned in a survey of Highbury taken in 1611 (James I.) Duval may, however, have affected the neighbourhood, as near a great northern road. The moat used to be crossed by a bridge, and the house in 1767 was a public-house, where Londoners went to fish, and enjoy hot loaves, and milk fresh from the cow. In 1737, after Turpin had shot one of his pursuers near a cave which he haunted in Epping Forest, he seems to have taken to stopping coaches and chaises at Holloway, and in the back lanes round Islington. A gentleman telling him audaciously he had reigned long, Dick replied gaily, "'Tis, no matter for that, I'm not afraid of being taken by you; so don't stand hesitating, but stump up the cole." Nevertheless, the gallows came at last to Dick.

Stroud Green (formerly a common in Highbury Manor) boasts an old house which once belonged to the Stapleton family, with the date 1609. It was afterwards converted into a public-house, and a hundred and thirty years ago had in front the following inscription—

"Ye are welcome all
To Stapleton Hall.

About a century ago a society from the "Queen's Arms" Tavern, Newgate Street, used to meet annually in the summer time at Stroud Green, to regale themselves in the open air. They styled themselves "The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," and the crowd that joined them made the place resemble a fair.

Copenhagen Fields were, it is said, the site of a public-house opened by a Dane, about the time when the King of Denmark paid his visit to his brother-in-law, James I. In Camden's map, 1695, it is called "Coopen Hagen," for the Danes who were then frequenting it had kept up the Danish pronunciation. Eventually, after the Restoration, it became a great tea-house, and a resort for players at skittles and Dutch pins.

The house was much frequented for its tea-gardens, its fine view of the Hampstead and Highgate heights, and the opportunities it afforded for recreation. Hone was told by a young woman who had been the landlady's assistant that in 1780 a body of the Lord George Gordon rioters passed Copenhagen House with blue banners flying, on their way to attack Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield, and that the proprietor was so alarmed at this, that at her request Justice Hyde sent a party of soldiers to protect the establishment. Soon after this a robbery at the house was so much talked of, that the visitors began to increase, and additional rooms had to be built. The place then became famous for fives-playing, and here Cavanagh, the famous Irish player, immortalised in a vigorous essay by Hazlitt, won his laurels. In 1819 Hazlitt, who was an enthusiast about this lively game, writes, "Cavanagh used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney; and when the ball resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, 'Those are the Irishman's balls,' and the joints trembled on the spit." The next landlord encouraged dog-fighting and bull-baiting, especially on Sunday mornings, and his licence was in consequence refused in 1816.

In the early days of the French Revolution, when the Tories trembled with fear and rage, the fields near Copenhagen House were the scene of those meetings of the London Corresponding Society, which so alarmed the Government. The most threatening of these was held on October 26, 1795, when Thelwall, and other sympathisers with France and liberty, addressed 40,000, and threw out hints that the mob should surround Westminster on the 29th, when the king would go to the House. The hint was attended to, and on that day the king was shot at, but escaped unhurt. In 1794 many mem-

bers of the Corresponding Society, including Hardy, Thelwall, Holcroft, and Horne Tooke, had been tried for treason in connection with the doings of the society, but were all acquitted.

After Horne Tooke's acquittal, he is reported to have remarked to a friend, that if a certain song, exhibited at the trial of Hardy, had been produced against him, he should have sung it to the jury; that, as there was no treason in the words, they might judge if there was any in the music.

hall, to present an address to his Majesty (which, however, Lord Melbourne rejected), signed by 260,000 unionists, on behalf of some of their colleagues who had been convicted at Dorchester for administering illegal oaths. Among the leaders appeared prominently Robert Owen, the socialist, and a Radical clergyman in full canonicals, black silk gown and crimson Oxford hood.

Maiden Lane (perhaps Midden or Dunghill Lane), an ancient way leading from Battle Bridge



COPENHAGEN HOUSE. (*From a View taken about* 1800.)

As he was returning from the Old Bailey to Newgate, one cold night, a lady placed a silk handkerchief round his neck, upon which he gaily said, "Take care, madam, what you are about, for I am rather ticklish in that place just now." During his trial for high treason, Tooke is said to have expressed a wish to speak in his own defence, and to have sent a message to Erskine to that effect, saying, "I'll be hanged if I don't!" to which Erskine wrote back, "You'll be hanged if you do."

In April, 1834, an immense number of persons of the trades' unions assembled in the Fields, to form part of a procession of 40,000 men to White-

to Highgate, and avoiding the hill, was once the chief road for northern travellers. At present, bone-stores, chemical works, and potteries render it peculiarly unsavoury.

Battle Bridge is so called for two reasons. In the first place, there was formerly a small brick bridge over the Fleet at this spot; and, secondly, because, as London tradition has steadily affirmed, here was fought the great battle between Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman general, and Boadicea, the Queen of the Iceni. It is still doubtful whether the scene of the great battle was so near London, but there is still much to be said in its favour.

The arguments pro and con are worth a brief discussion. Tacitus describes the spot, with his usual sharp, clear brevity. "Suetonius," he says, "chose a place with narrow jaws, backed by a forest." Now the valley of the Fleet, between Pentonville and Gray's Inn Lane, backed by the great northern forest of Middlesex, undoubtedly corresponds with this description, but then Tacitus, always clear and vivid, makes no mention of the river Fleet, which would have been most important as a defence for the front and flank of the Roman army, and this raises up serious doubts. The Roman summer camp near Barnsbury Park, opposite Minerva Terrace, in the Thornhill Road, we have already mentioned. There was a prætorium there, a raised breastwork, long visible from the Caledonian Road, a well, and a trench. In 1825 arrow-heads and red-tiled pavements were discovered in this spot.

In 1680 John Conyers, an antiquarian apothecary of Fleet Street, discovered in a gravel-pit near the "Sir John Oldcastle," in Coldbath Fields, the skeleton of an elephant, and the shaft and flint head of a British spear. Now it is certain that the Romans in Britain employed elephants, as Polybius expressly tells us, when Julius Cæsar forced the passage of the Thames, near Chertsey, an elephant, with archers in a houdah on its back, led the way, and drove the astonished Britons to flight. Another important proof also exists. In 1842 a fragment of a Roman monumental inscription was found built into a cottage on the east side of Maiden Lane. It was part of the tomb of an officer of the twentieth legion, which had been dug up in a field on the west side of the road leading to the Caledonian Asylum. This legion formed part of the army of Claudius which Paulinus led against Boadicea. Mr. Tomlins, however, is inclined to think that a fight took place at Battle Bridge during the early Danish invasions.



KING'S CROSS. (*From a View taken during its demolition in* 1845.)

The great battle with the Romans, wherever it took place, was an eventful one, and was one of the last great efforts of the Britons. Suetonius, with nearly 10,000 soldiers, waited for the rush of the wild 200,000 half-savage men, who had already sacked and destroyed Colchester, St. Albans, and London. His two legions were in the centre, his light-armed troops at hand, while his cavalry formed his right and left wings. Boadicea and her two

daughters, in a war-chariot, was haranguing her troops, while the wives of her soldiers were placed in wagons at the rear end of the army, to view the battle. The Britons rushed to the attack with savage shouts, and songs of victory; the Romans received their charge with showers of javelins, and then advanced in the form of a wedge, the Britons eagerly opening their ranks, to surround and devour them up. The British chariots, armed with scythes, made great havoc among the Romans, till Suetonius ordered his legionaries to aim only at the charioteers. The Britons, however, after a stubborn fight, gave way before the close ranks of disciplined warriors, leaving some 80,000 men upon the field, while the Romans, shoulder to shoulder, are reported to have lost only 400 men. The line of wagons with the women proved a fatal obstruction to the flight of the Britons. The last fact to be recorded about the Romans at Battle Bridge is the discovery, in 1845, under the foundation of a house in Maiden Lane, of an iron urn, full of gold and silver coins of the reign of Constantine.

Gossiping Aubrey mentions that in the spring after the Great Fire of London the ruins were all overgrown with the Neapolitan cress, "which plant," says he, "Thomas Willis (the famous physician) told me he knew before but in one place about town, and that was at Battle Bridge, by the 'Pinder of Wakefield,' and that in no great quantity." In the reign of Edward VI., says Stow, a miller of Battle Bridge was set in the pillory in Chepe, and had his ears cut off, for uttering seditious words against the Duke of Somerset. In 1731, John Everett, a highwayman, was hung at Tyburn, for stopping a coach and robbing some ladies at Battle Bridge. The man had served in Flanders as a sergeant, and had since kept an ale-house in the Old Bailey.

In 1830 Battle Bridge assumed the name of King's Cross, from a ridiculous octagonal structure crowned by an absurd statue of George IV., which was erected at the centre of six roads which there united. The building, ornamented by eight Doric columns, was sixty feet high, and was crowned by a statue of the king eleven feet high. Pugin, in that bantering book, "The Contrasts," ridiculed this effort of art, and contrasted it with the beautiful Gothic market cross at Chichester. The Gothic revival was only just then beginning, and the dark age was still dark enough. The basement was first a police-station, then a public-house with a camera-obscura in the upper storey. The hideous monstrosity was removed in 1845. Battle Bridge, which had been a haunt of thieves and murderers, was first built upon by Mr. Bray and others, on the accession of George IV., when sixty-three houses were erected in Liverpool Street, Derby Street, &c. The locality being notorious, it was proposed to call it St. George's Cross, or Boadicea's Cross, but Mr. Bray at last decreed that King's Cross was to be the name.

Early in the century the great dust-heaps of London (where now stand Argyle, Liverpool, and Manchester Streets) were some of the disgraces of London; and when the present Caledonian Road was fields, near Battle Bridge were heaped hillocks of horse-bones. The Battle Bridge dustmen and cinder-sifters were the pariahs of the metropolis. The mountains of cinders and filth were the *débris* of years, and were the haunts of innumerable pigs. The Russians, says the late Mr. Pinks, in his excellent "History of Clerkenwell," bought all these ash-heaps, to help to rebuild Moscow after the French invasion. The cinder-ground was eventually sold, in 1826, to the Pandemonium Company for £15,000, who walled in the whole and built the Royal Clarence Theatre at the corner of Liverpool Street. Somewhere near this Golgotha was a piece of waste ground, where half the brewers of the metropolis shot their grains and hop-husks. It became a great resort for young acrobats and clowns (especially on Sunday mornings), who could here tumble and throw "flip-flaps" to their hearts' content, without fear of fracture or sprain.

In 1864 Mr. Grove, an advertising tailor of Battle Bridge, bought Garrick's villa, at Hampton, for £10,800. In 1826, opposite the great cinder-mountain of Battle Bridge, was St. Chad's Well, a chalybeate spring supposed to be useful in cases of liver attacks, dropsy, and scrofula. About the middle of the last century 800 or 900 persons a morning used to come and drink these waters, and the gardens were laid out for invalids to promenade.

The Great Northern Railway Terminus at King's Cross occupies more than forty-five acres of land. For the site of the passenger station, the Small-pox and Fever Hospital was cleared away. The front towards Pancras Road has two main arches, each 71 feet span, separated by a clock tower 120 feet high. The clock has dials 9 feet in diameter, and the principal bell weighs 29 cwt. Each shed is 800 feet long, 105 feet wide, and 71 feet high to the crown of the semicircular roof, without a tie. The roof is formed of laminated ribs 20 feet apart, and of inch-and-a-half planks screwed to each other. The granary has six storeys, and will hold 60,000 sacks of corn. On the last storey are water-tanks, holding 150,000 gallons; and the grain is hoisted by hydraulic apparatus. The goods shed is 600 feet in length,

and 80 feet wide; and the roof is glazed with cast glass in sheets, 8 feet by 2 feet 6 inches. Under the goods platform is stabling for 300 horses. The shed adjoins the Regent's Canal, which, from thence, enters the Thames at Limehouse. The coal stores will contain 15,200 tons. The buildings are by Lewis and Joseph Cubitt. The railway passes under the Regent's Canal and Maiden Lane, beneath Copenhagen Fields, over the Holloway Road, through tunnels at Hornsey and elsewhere, and over a viaduct at Welwyn, with forty-two arches, 30 feet wide, and 97 feet high (Timbs).

CHAPTER XXXV.

PENTONVILLE.

Origin of the Name—The "Belvidere" Tavern—The Society of Bull Feathers' Hall—Penton Street—Joe Grimaldi—Christ Church—"White Conduit House:" Oliver Goldsmith a Visitor there—Ancient Conduits at Pentonville—Christopher Bartholomew's Reverses of Fortune—The Pentonville Penitentiary—The Islington Cattle Market—A Daring Scheme—Celebrated Inhabitants of Hermes Hill—Dr. de Valangin—Sinner-Saved Huntington—Joe Grimaldi and the Dreadful Accident at Sadler's Wells—King's Row and Happy Man's Place—Thomas Cooke, the Miser—St. James's Chapel, Pentonville—A Blind Man's favourite Amusement—Clerkenwell in 1789—Pentonville Chapel—Prospect House—"Dobney's"—The Female Penitentiary—A Terrible Tragedy.

THE site of Pentonville was once an outlying possession of the priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, and called the "Commandry Mantels," from its having belonged to Geoffrey de Mandeville—*vulgo*, Mantell. Eventually the fields were given to the Hospitallers. There were springs and conduit-heads in the meadows; and Gerard, the Elizabethan herbalist, specially mentions the white saxifrage as growing abundantly there.

The district of Pentonville, once a mere nameless vassal of Clerkenwell and Islington (the latter itself a comparative parvenu), received its present name from Henry Penton, Esq., member for Winchester, and a Lord of the Admiralty, who died in 1812, and on whose estate the first buildings in Penton Street were erected, according to Mr. Pinks, about the year 1773.

The "Belvidere" Tavern, at the corner of Penton Street, was at an early period the site of a house known as "Busby's Folly," probably from Christopher Busby, who was landlord of the "Whyte Lyon," at Islington, in 1668. In 1664 (four years after the Restoration), the members of the quaint Society of Bull Feathers' Hall met at the Folly before marching to Islington, to claim the toll of all gravel carried up Highgate Hill. Their thirty pioneers, with spades and pickaxes, were preceded in the hall procession by trumpeters and horn-blowers. Their standard was a large pair of horns fixed to a pole, and with pennants hanging to each tip. Next came the flag of the society, attended by the master of the ceremonies. After the flag came the mace-bearers and the herald-at-arms of the society. The supporters of the arms were a woman with a whip, and the motto, "Ut volo, sic jubeo;" on the other side, a rueful man, and the motto, "Patientia patimur."

This singular club met in Chequer Yard, White-chapel, the president wearing a crimson satin gown, and a furred cap surmounted by a pair of antlers, while his sceptre and crown were both horned. The brethren of this great and solemn fraternity drank out of horn cups, and were sworn as members on a blank horn-book. Busby's house retained its name as late as 1710, but was afterwards called "Penny's Folly." It had fourteen windows in front; and here men with learned horses, musical glasses, and sham philosophical performances, gave evening entertainments. The "Belvidere" Tavern was in existence as early as 1780, and was famous for its racket-court. At No. 37, Penton Street, that emperor of English clowns, Joe Grimaldi, lived in 1797, after his marriage with Miss Hughes, the pretty daughter of the manager of Sadler's Wells. Penton Street was then the St. James's or Regent's Park of the City Road quarter.

On the west side of Penton Street is a new church, opened in 1863. It contains sittings for 1,259 persons, and with the site cost about £8,600. The first incumbent was Dr. Courtenay, formerly curate of St. James's, Pentonville. St. James's was made a district, assigned out of the parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell, in 1854. On the east side of Penton Street formerly stood that celebrated Cockney place of amusement, "White Conduit House." The original tavern was erected in the reign of Charles I., and the curious tradition was that the workmen were said to have been regaling themselves after the completion of the building the very hour that King Charles's head fell at the Whitehall scaffold. In 1754 "White Conduit House" was advertised as having for its fresh attractions a long walk, a circular fish-pond, a number of pleasant shady arbours, enclosed with a fence seven feet high, hot loaves and butter, milk direct from

the cow, coffee, tea, and other liquors, a cricket-field, unadulterated cream, and a handsome long room, with "copious prospects, and airy situation." In 1760 the following spirited verses describing the place, by William Woty, author of the "Shrubs of Parnassus," appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

"Wish'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens every face,
And paints the rose upon the house-maid's cheek,
Harriott, or Moll more ruddy. Now the heart
Of prentice, resident in ample street,
Or alley, kennel-wash'd, Cheapside, Cornhill,
Or Cranborne, thee for calcuments renown'd,
With joy distends—his meal meridian o'er,
With switch in hand, he to *White Conduit House*
Hies merry-hearted. Human beings here,
In couples multitudinous, assemble,
Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod
Fair Islingtonian plains. Male after male,
Dog after dog succeeding—husbands, wives,
Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,
And pretty little boys and girls. Around,
Across, along the garden's shrubby maze
They walk, they sit, they stand. What crowds press on
Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch
First vacant bench, or chair, in long room plac'd!
Here prig with prig holds conference polite,
And indiscriminate the gaudy beau
And sloven mix. Here, he who all the week
Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat
Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,
And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is
Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat
And silken stocking strut. The red-armed belle
Here shews her tasty gown, proud to be thought
The butterfly of fashion; and, forsooth,
Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread
The same unhallowed floor. 'Tis hurry all,
And rattling cups and saucers. Waiter here,
And Waiter there, and Waiter here and there,
At once is called, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe!
Joe on the right, and Joe upon the left,
For every vocal pipe re-echoes Joe!
"Alas! poor Joe! like Francis in the play,
He stands confounded, anxious how to please
The many-headed throng. But should I paint
The language, humours, custom of the place,
Together with all curtseys, lowly bows,
And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page
Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then
For my prophetic muse to say, 'So long
'As Fashion rides upon the wing of Time,
While tea and cream, and butter'd rolls, can please,
While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,
So long, White Conduit House shall be thy fame.'"

About this time the house and its customers were referred to by Oliver Goldsmith. He says, "After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town (Islington), I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building on my right. Here the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter. Seeing such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must no doubt be a very amusing sight to the looker-on, but still more so to those who perform in the solemnity."

"White Conduit Loaves," says Mr. Timbs, "was one of the common London street-cries, before the French war raised the price of bread."

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Goldsmith," says:—"Oliver Goldsmith, towards the close of 1762, removed to 'Merry Islington,' then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. In this neighbourhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the 'White Conduit House,' so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens he met three daughters of the family of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas. He had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which came up some of his acquaintances, in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith enabled to carry off the ladies with flying colours."

This popular place of amusement derives its name from an old stone conduit, removed in 1831, and used to repair part of the New Road. It bore the date 1641, and beneath, the arms of Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse, with initials and monograms probably of past masters. The conduit, repaired by Sutton, was built in the reign of Henry VI., and it supplied the Carthusian friars. The water-house was used by the school till about 1654, when the supply fell short, and a New River supply was decided on. The site of the conduit was at the back of No. 10, Penton Street, at the corner of Edward Street. There was a smaller conduit at the back of White Conduit Gardens, close to where Warren Street now stands. In 1816, Huntington (Sinner Saved) the preacher, cleansed the spring, but his enemies choked it with mud to spite him. Latterly, however, the Conduit House fell to ruins, and the upper floors became a mighty refuge for tramps and street pariahs.

An old drawing of 1731 represents White Conduit House as a mere tall building, with four front windows, a gable roof, a side shed, and on the other

side the conduit itself. On either hand stretched bare sloping fields and hedge-rows.

The anonymous writer of the "Sunday Ramble," 1774, describes the place as having boxes for tea, cut into the hedges and adorned with pictures; pleasant garden walks, a round fish-pond, and two handsome tea-rooms. Later the fish-pond was filled up, and an Apollo dancing-room erected. In 1826 a "Minor Vauxhall" was established here, and the place became somewhat disreputable. Mr. Chabert, the fire-eater, after a collation of phosphorus, arsenic, and oxalic acid, with a sauce of boiling oil and molten lead, walked into an oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a rump-steak, and eventually emerged with them completely baked, after which the spectators dined with him. Graham also ascended from these gardens in his balloon. In this year Hone talks of the gardens as "just above the very lowest," though the fireworks were as good as usual.

About 1827 archery was much practised; and in 1828 the house was rebuilt with a great ball-room and many architectural vagaries. A writer in the *Mirror* of 1833 says:—"Never mind Pentonville, it is not now what it was, a place of some rural beauty. The fields behind it were, in my time, as wild and picturesque, with their deep-green lanes, richly hedged and studded with flowers, which have taken fright and moved off miles away—and their 'stately elms and hillocks green,' as they are now melancholy and cut up with unfurnished, and, of course, unoccupied rows of houses, run up during the paroxysm of the brick and mortar mania of times past, and now tumbling in ruins, with the foolish fortunes of the speculators. The march of town innovation upon the suburbs has driven before it all that was green, silent, and fitted for meditation. Here, too, is that paradise of apprentice boys, 'White Cundick Couse,' as it is cacophoniously pronounced by its visitors, which has done much to expel the decencies of the district. Thirty years ago this place was better frequented—that is, there was a larger number of respectable adults; fathers and mothers, with their children, and a smaller moiety of shop-lads, and such-like Sunday bucks, who were awed into decency by their elders. The manners, perhaps, are much upon a par with what they were. The ball-room gentlemen then went through country dances with their hats on and their coats off. Hats are now taken off, but coats are still unfashionable on these gala nights. The belles of that day wore long trains to their gowns. It was a favourite mode of introduction to a lady there to tread on the train, and then apologising handsomely, acquaintance was begun, and soon ripened into an invitation to tea and the hot loaves for which these gardens were once celebrated. Being now a popular haunt, those who hang on the rear of the march of human nature, the sutlers, camp-followers, and plunderers, know that where large numbers of men or boys are in pursuit of pleasure, there is a sprinkling of the number to whom vice and debauchery are ever welcome; they have, therefore, supplied what these wanted, and Pentonville may now hold up its head, and boast of its depravities before any other part of London."

The place grew worse and worse, till, in 1849, the house was pulled down and streets built on its site. The present "White Conduit" Tavern covers a portion of the original gardens. Mr. George Cruikshank has been heard to confess that some of his early knowledge of Cockney character, and, indeed, of City human nature, was derived from observing evenings at White "Conduit House."

An old proprietor of the gardens, who died in 1811, Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, was believed to have realised property to the amount of £50,000. The "Angel," at Islington, was also his; and he used to boast that he had more haystacks than any one round London. He, however, became a prey to the vice of gambling, and is said at last to have sometimes spent more than 2,000 guineas in a single day in insuring numbers at the lottery. By degrees he sank into extreme poverty, but a friend giving him half of a sixteenth of a favourite number, that turned up a £20,000 prize, he again became affluent, only to finally sink into what proved this time irreparable ruin.

The Pentonville Penitentiary was the result of a Government Commission sent over to America in 1832, to inquire into the system of isolation so much belauded on the other side of the Atlantic. "Many people," says Mr. Dixon in his "London Prisons," published in 1850, "were seduced by the report issued in 1834, into a favourable impression of the Philadelphian system; and, amongst these, Lord John Russell, who, being secretary for the Home Department, got an Act introduced into Parliament in 1839 (2 & 3 Vict. c. 56), containing a clause rendering separate confinement legal in this country. A model prison on this plan was resolved upon. Major Jebb was set to prepare a scheme of details. The first stone was laid on the 10th of April, 1840, and the works were completed in the autumn of 1842, at a cost of more than £90,000. The building so erected consists of five wings or galleries, radiating from a point, the view from which is very striking, and at the same time very unprison-like. On the sides of four of these galleries the cells are

situate, and numbered. There are 520 of them, but not more than 500 are ever occupied. If we divide £90,000 by 500, we shall find that the accommodation for each criminal costs the country £180 for cell-room as original outlay.

"Last year the expenses of mere management at Pentonville were £16,392 1s. 7d.; the daily average of prisoners for the year was 457; consequently, the cost per head for victualling and management was nearly £36.



BATTLE BRIDGE IN 1810.

"This flourishing institution, then, stands thus in account with the nation yearly:—The land given for nothing, *i.e.*, not set down in the account; taxes, ditto; interest of outlay, £100,000 at 5 per cent., £5,000; cost of maintenance, £15,000; repairs, &c. (for 1847 this item is nearly £3,000). If we take the three items here left blank at an average of £2,000, a very moderate estimate for the yearly drain, we shall have a prison capable of accommodating 450 prisoners, at a charge upon county rates of £22,000 per annum; or, in another form, at about £50 per head for each prisoner yearly. Compare this with the cost of the maintenance of the poor in workhouses, ye disciples of economy!"

The Islington Cattle Market (like the Thames Embankment, projected by Martin, the painter, and others, and the Holborn Viaduct, projected by Mr. Charles Pearson) was planned out nearly half a century ago, by active London minds. In 1833 John Perkins, Esq., of Bletchingley, in Surrey, struck with the dirt and cruelty of Smithfield, and the intolerable danger and mischief produced by driving vast and half-wild flocks and herds of cattle through the narrow and crowded London streets, projected a new market in the fine grazing district north of the metropolis. The place was built at an expense of £100,000, and opened under an Act of Parliament, April 18th, 1836. So strong, however, was the popular and Conservative interest in old abuses, that the excellent new market proved a total failure, and was soon closed. The area for cattle at Islington was nearly fifteen acres, abutting on the road leading from the Lower Street to Ball's Pond. It was enclosed by a brick wall, ten feet high, and had vast sheds on all the four sides. A road ran entirely round the market, which was quadrated by paths crossing it at right angles, and there was to have been a central circus, to be used as an exchange for the greasy graziers and bustling salesmen, with offices for the

money-takers and clerks of the market. The market was capable of accommodating 7,000 head of cattle, 500 calves, 40,000 sheep, and 1,000 pigs. The principal entrance from the Lower Road had an arched gateway, and two arched footways. Poor Mr. Perkins, he was before his age. The spot was excellently chosen, lying as it does near the great roads from the northern and eastern counties, the great centres of cattle, and communicating easily with the town by means of the City Road, Copenhagen Fields." It was calculated that the undertaking would pay the subscribers 12½ per cent. on the capital embarked, which was to be £200,000; but the proposition met with little encouragement, and was soon abandoned.

The present Metropolitan Cattle Market occupies seventy-five acres of ground. The market-place is an irregular quadrangle, with a lofty clock-tower in the centre, and four taverns at the four corners, the open area being set off into divisions for the dif-



WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE ABOUT 1820.

which was also convenient for the western part of London. Twenty years later, in 1852, the nuisance of Smithfield (thanks, perhaps, to "Oliver Twist") became unbearable, even to the long-suffering abuse-preservers; so Smithfield was condemned to be removed, and a new cattle-market was opened in Copenhagen Fields in 1855, and that enriched district now rejoices in many cattle and all the attending delights of knackers' yards, slaughterhouses, tripe-dressers, cats'-meat-boilers, catgut-spinners, bone-boilers, glue-makers, and tallow-melters.

It was proposed by a company of projectors, in the year 1812, to establish a sea-water bathing-place at Copenhagen Fields, by bringing water through iron pipes "from the coast of Essex to

ferent kinds of live stock. No less than £400,000 have been expended upon the land and buildings. In the parts of the market appropriated for the reception of the different cattle, each central rail is decorated with characteristic casts of heads of oxen, sheep, pigs, &c.; these were designed and modelled by Bell, the sculptor. The open space of the market will accommodate at one time about 7,000 cattle and 42,000 sheep, with a proportionate number of calves and pigs. The calf and pig markets are covered, the roofs being supported by iron columns, which act at the same time as water-drains. In the centre of the whole area is a twelve-sided structure, called "Bank Buildings," surmounted by an elegant campanile, or bell tower.

The twelve sides give entrance to twelve sets of offices, occupied by bankers, salesmen, railway companies, and electric telegraph companies. In one year (1862) the returns were 304,741 bullocks, 1,498,500 sheep, 27,951 calves, and 29,470 pigs. The great Christmas sale, in the closing year of old Smithfield, ranged from 6,000 to 7,000 bullocks, and between 20,000 and 25,000 sheep. On December 15, 1862, the bullocks were 8,340, being a greater number than ever before known at any metropolitan market. The market-days for cattle, sheep, and pigs are Mondays and Thursdays. There is a miscellaneous market for horses, asses, and goats on Fridays. (Timbs.)

At a large house on Hermes Hill, afterwards (in 1811) occupied by "Sinner-saved Huntington," the converted coal-heaver, a useful man in his generation, resided, in the last century, from 1772 till his death in 1805, Dr. de Valangin, an eminent Swiss physician, who had been a pupil of Boerhaave. He called this hill "Hermes," from Hermes Trismegistus, the fabled Egyptian king, and discoverer of chemistry, to whom fawning Lord Bacon compared James I., because, forsooth, that slobbering, drunken monarch was king, priest, and philosopher. De Valangin—the inventor of several useful and useless medicines, including the "balsam of life," which he presented to Apothecaries' Hall—was the author of a sensible book on diet, and "the four non-naturals." The doctor, who was a man of taste and benevolence, married as his second wife the widow of an eminent surveyor and builder, who, says Mr. Pinks, had recovered £1,000 for a breach of promise, from a lover who had jilted her. He buried one of his daughters in his garden, but the body was afterwards removed to the vaults of Cripplegate Church. In his book (1768) De Valangin particularly mentions the increased use of brandy-and-water by English people. His house was remarkable for a singular brick tower or observatory, which was taken down by the next tenant.

That eccentric preacher, William Huntington, was an illegitimate son, whose reputed father was a day-labourer in Kent. In youth he was alternately an errand-boy, gardener, cobbler, and coal-heaver. He seems, even when a child, to have been endowed with an extraordinary deep sensibility to religious impressions, and early in life he began to exhort men to save their souls, and flee the wrath to come, and, we fully believe, in all sincerity, though his manner was vulgar. His original name was Hunt, but flying the country to escape the charge of an illegitimate child, he took for safety the name of Huntington; and, unable to pay for a Dissenting title of D.D., he christened himself S.S. (sinner saved). Huntington seems to have had a profound belief in the efficacy of faith and prayer. Whether it was tea, a horse, a pulpit, or a hod of lime, he prayed for it, he tells us, and it came. Even a pair of leather breeches was thus supplied, as he mentions in his John Bunyan way.

"I often," he says, "made very free in my prayers with my invaluable Master for this favour; but he still kept me so amazingly poor, that I could not get them, at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair, and to get him to trust me until my Master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop, I forgot it; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherds' Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold, there was a pair of *leather breeches* with a note in them, the substance of which was to the best of my remembrance as follows:—'Sir,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, and I hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them.—J. S.' I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them; at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London."

S. S. had strong belief in eternal perdition, and attacked the mad prophet Brothers, for his wild prophecies of the sudden fall of the Turkish, German, and Russian empires. When Huntington's chapel, in Tichfield Street was burnt, his congregation erected a new one on the east side of Gray's Inn Lane, at a cost of £9,000, of which he craftily obtained the personal freehold. By his first wife S. S. had thirteen children; he then married the widow of Sir James Sanderson, who came one day to his chapel to ridicule him, but "remained to pray," and to fall in love. He died in 1813, and was buried in a garden in the rear of Jireh Chapel, on the cliff at Lewes. A few hours before his death, at Tunbridge Wells, he dictated the following epitaph for himself:—

"Here lies the coal-heaver, who departed this life July 1, 1813, in the 69th year of his age, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men. The omniscient Judge, at the grand assize, shall ratify and confirm this, to the confusion of many thousands; for England and its metropolis shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.—W. H., S. S."

At the sale of his goods at Pentonville, which realised £1,800, a humble admirer bought a barrel of ale, as a souvenir of his pastor.

"When," says Huntington, "I first began to open my mouth for the Lord, the master for whom I carried coals was rather displeased; at which I do not wonder, as he was an Arminian of the Arminians, or a Pharisee of the Pharisees. I told him, however, that I should prophesy to thousands before I died; and soon after the doors began to be opened to receive my message. When this appeared, and I had left the slavish employment of coal-carrying, others objected to my master against such a fellow as me taking up the office of a minister. His answer was, 'Let him alone. I once heard him say that he should prophecy to thousands before he died; let us see whether this prophecy comes to pass or not.'"

"Huntington is described as having been, towards the close of his career, a fat burly man with a red face, which rose just above the cushion, and a thick, guttural and rather indistinct voice."

"His pulpit prayers," writes a contemporary, "are remarkable for omitting the king or his country. He excels in extempore eloquence. Having formally announced his text, he lays his Bible at once aside, and never refers to it again. He has every possible text and quotation at his finger's end. He proceeds directly to his object, and, except such incidental digressions as 'Take care of your pockets!' 'Wake that snoring sinner!' 'Silence that noisy numskull!' 'Turn out that drunken dog!' he never deviates from his course. Nothing can exceed his dictatorial dogmatism. Believe him—none but him—that's enough. When he wishes to bind the faith of his congregation, he will say, over and over, 'As sure as I am born, 'tis so;' or, 'I believe this,' or 'I know this,' or 'I am sure of it,' or 'I believe the plain English of it to be this.' And then he will add, by way of clenching his point, 'Now you can't help it;' or, 'It must be so, in spite of you.' He does this with a most significant shake of the head, and with a sort of Bedlam hauteur, with all the dignity of defiance. He will then sometimes observe, softening his deportment, 'I don't know whether I make you understand these things, but I understand them well.' He rambles sadly, and strays so completely from his text, that you often lose sight of it. The divisions of his subject are so numerous, that one of his sermons might be divided into three. Preaching is with him talking; his discourses, story-telling. Action he has none, except that of shifting his handkerchief from hand to hand, and hugging his cushion. Nature has bestowed on him a vigorous, original mind, and he employs it in everything. Survey him when you will, he seems to have rubbed off none of his native rudeness or blackness. All his notions are his own, as well as his mode of imparting them. Religion has not been discovered by him through the telescopes of commentators."

"Huntington's portrait," says Mr. Pinks, "is in the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street, Westminster. He 'might pass, as far as appearances go, for a convict, but that he looks too conceited. The vitality and strength of his constitution are fearful to behold, and it is certain that he looks better fitted for coal-heaving than for religious oratory.'"

Penton Place, leading to what was once called Bagnigge Wash, used to be frequently overflowed, when the Fleet Sewer was swollen by heavy rains or rapid thaws. The street was made about the year 1776. In 1794 Grimaldi lived here, and took in brother actors as lodgers. He removed to Penton Street in 1797. This wonderful clown was the son of a celebrated Genoese clown and dancer, who came to England in 1760, in the capacity of dentist to Queen Charlotte. He played at Drury Lane, under Garrick's management, and was generally known on the boards, from his great strength, as "Iron Legs." At one performance the agile comic dancer is said to have jumped so high that he actually broke a chandelier which hung over the side stage-door, and kicked one of the glass drops into the face of the Turkish ambassador, who was gravely sitting in a stage-box. Joe was born in 1778, in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, and his first appearance was at Sadler's Wells, in 1781, before he was three years old. Grimaldi's amusements, in his leisure time, were innocent enough; he was devoted to the breeding of pigeons and collecting of insects, which latter amusement he pursued with such success, as to form a cabinet containing no fewer than 4,000 specimens of butterflies, "collected," he says, "at the expense of a great deal of time, a great deal of money, and a great deal of vast and actual labour;" for all of which, no doubt, the entomologist will deem him sufficiently rewarded. He appears, in old age, to have entertained a peculiar relish for these pursuits, and would call to mind a part of Surrey where there was a very famous sort, and a part of Kent where there was another famous species. One of these was called the "Camberwell Beauty" (which, he adds, was very ugly); and another, the "Dartford Blue," by which Dartford Blue he seems to have set great store.

At the dreadful accident at Sadler's Wells, in 1807, during the run of *Mother Goose*, when twenty-three people were trodden to death, during a false alarm of fire, Grimaldi met with a singular adventure. On running back to the theatre that

night he found the crowd of people collected round it so dense, as to render approach by the usual path impossible. "Filled with anxiety," says his "Memoirs," "and determined to ascertain the real state of the case, he ran round to the opposite bank of the New River, plunged in, swam across, and, finding the parlour window open and a light at the other end of the room, threw up the sash and jumped in, *à la* Harlequin. What was his horror, on looking round, to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies! Yes; there lay the remains of nine human beings, lifeless, and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours back he had been himself exciting to shouts of laughter."

Grimaldi died in 1837. For many years he had been a nightly frequenter of the coffee-room of the "Marquis of Cornwallis" Tavern, in Southampton Street, Pentonville. Mr. George Cook, the proprietor, used to carry poor half-paralysed Joe out and home on his back.

King's Row, on the north side of Pentonville Road, was erected, says Mr. Pinks, prior to 1774. It formerly bore the odd name of "Happy Man's Row," from a public-house which bore the sign of the "Happy Man."

In Pentonville Road resided Mr. James Pascall, a much-respected public-spirited man, who laboured forty years for the interests of Clerkenwell parish, and helped to detect a fraudulent guardian named Scott, who defrauded the parish, in 1834, of more than £16,000. He also urged forward the covering up the noisome Fleet Ditch, and wrote a useful work on the Clerkenwell charity estates.

At No. 16, Winchester Place, now No. 61, Pentonville Road, lived for fifteen wretched years the celebrated miser, Thomas Cooke. This miserable wretch was the son of an itinerant fiddler near Windsor. Early in life he was a common porter, but by a stratagem obtained the hand of the rich widow of a paper-maker at Tottenham, and then bought a sugar-baker's business at Puddle Dock. Here his miserable life as a miser began. He would often feign fits near a respectable house, to obtain a glass of wine. His ink he begged at offices, and his paper he stole from the Bank counters. It is said that he collected with his own hands manure for his garden. His horse he kept in his kitchen, and his chaise he stored up in his bedroom. His one annual treat was the Epsom Races. Turned out of this house at last, Cooke betook himself to No. 85, White Lion Street, Pentonville, and died in 1811, aged eighty-six. He was buried at St. Mary's, Islington, the mob attending throwing cabbage-stalks on his dishonoured coffin. He left (and here was his pride) £127,705 in the Three per Cents. chiefly to the Shoreditch and Tottenham Almshouses; such is the inconsistency of human nature. In an old portrait Cooke is represented with an enormous broad-brimmed hat, a shade over his eyes, knee breeches, buckle shoes, an immense coat with a cape, while a stiff curled wig and huge cable pigtail completed the strange-looking figure.

St. James's Chapel, Pentonville, was first projected by Mr. Penton, in 1777, to benefit his estate; but the incumbent of St. James's refusing to sign a bond to the Bishop of London for the regular payment of the minister, closed the matter for ten years. In 1787, however, a chapel was begun by subscription, and was opened in 1788. The first minister was Mr. Joel Abraham Knight, from the Spa Fields Chapel. The church trustees of St. James's purchased the chapel in 1789 for £5,000. Mr. Hurst, the architect of the chapel, who died in 1799, lies in a vault beneath the building. The chapel and cemetery were consecrated for the use of the Church of England in 1791.

"Mr. Francis Linley, organist of Pentonville Chapel," says Caulfield, in his "Portraits," "was blind from his birth. His greatest amusement was to explore churchyards, and with his fingers trace out memorials of the dead from tombstones; indeed, the fineness of his touch would lead him to know a book from the lettering on the back of a volume; and he could, without a guide, make his way throughout the bustling streets of London."

In 1789 Clerkenwell pickpockets had grown so daring, that one day, as the society of "Sols" were going into this chapel, a gentleman looking on had his pocket picked, and was knocked down, and the person who informed the gentleman he was robbed was also knocked down and dragged about the road by his hair, no one interfering, although hundreds of honest persons were present.

Pentonville Chapel is built chiefly of brick, with a stone façade. The building stands north and south, instead of east and west. The altar-piece, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," in West's feeble manner, was painted by Mr. John Frearson, an amateur artist. At the death of a Mr. Faulkner, in 1856, the Bishop of London ordered the churchwardens of Clerkenwell to sequestrate at once all the "fruits, tithes, profits, oblations, and obventions," for the benefit of the next incumbent, but the Rev. Dr. A. L. Courteney, the curate, claimed the profit, as having by the incumbent's death become perpetual curate of the district chapelry erected in 1854. The case, however, never came on for trial, as the trustees dreaded litigation.

In 1863 Dr. Courteney opened his new church at the corner of John Street. The incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, presents to the living of St James's, Pentonville.

Prospect House, in Winchester Place, now Pentonville Road, was one of those old houses of half rural entertainment once common in this part of London. It derived its attractive name from the fine view it commanded northward—a great point with the Cockney holiday-maker. From Islington Hill, as the vicinity was called, there really was a fine *coup d'œil* of busy, moody London; and Canaletto sketched London from here, when he visited England. Prospect House is mentioned as early as 1669, and is noted in Morden and Lee's Survey and Map of 1700. The tavern was famous, like many other suburban taverns, for its bowling-greens. Subsequently it was re-christened from its proprietor, and was generally known as "Dobney's," or D'Aubigney's. In 1760 Mr. Johnson, a new landlord, turned the old bowling-green into a circus, and engaged one Price, from the "Three Hats," a rival house near, to exhibit feats of horsemanship, as he had done before the Royal Family. Price, the desultory man, eventually cleared £14,000 by his breakneck tricks. The time of performance was six p.m. In 1766, newspapers record, a bricklayer beat his wife to death, in a field near Dobney's, in presence of several frightened people. In 1770 Prospect House was taken for a school, but soon re-opened as the "Jubilee Tea Gardens." The interior of the bowers were painted with scenes from Shakespeare. It was the year of the Jubilee, remember. In 1772 an extraordinary man, a bee-tamer, named Wildman (perhaps from America), exhibited here. His advertisement ran—"Exhibition of Bees on Horseback.—June 20th, 1772. At the Jubilee Gardens, late Dobney's, this evening, and every evening until further notice (wet evenings excepted), the celebrated Mr. Daniel Wildman will exhibit several new and amazing experiments, never attempted by any man in this or any other kingdom before. He rides standing upright, one foot on the saddle and the other on the horse's neck, with a curious mask of bees on his head and face. He also rides standing upright on the saddle, with the bridle in his mouth, and, by firing a pistol, makes one part of the bees march over a table, and the other part swarm in the air, and return to their proper hive again. With other performances. The doors open at six, begins at a quarter before seven. Admittance in the boxes and gallery, two shillings; other seats, one shilling." This Wildman seems to have sold swarms of bees.

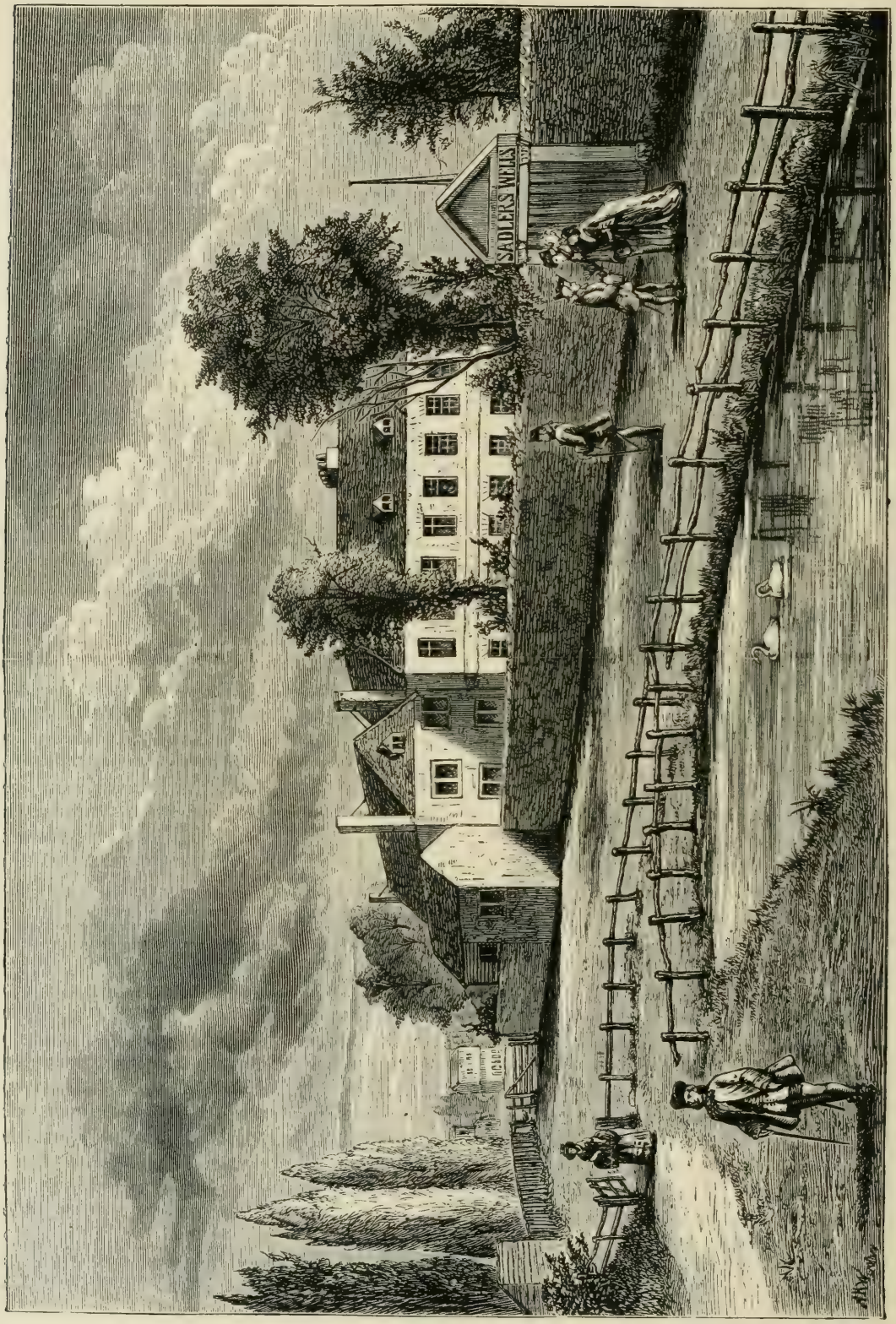
In 1774 the gardens were fast getting into the "sere and yellow leaf" that awaits, sooner or later, all such fools' paradises. A verse-writer in the *London Evening Post*, 1776, says—

> "On Sabbath day who has not seen,
> In colours of the rainbow dizened,
> The 'prentice beaux and belles, I ween,
> Fatigued with heat, with dust half poisoned,
> To Dobney's strolling, or Pantheon,
> Their tea to sip, or else regale,
> As on the way they shall agree on,
> With syllabubs or bottled ale?"

In 1780 the worn-out house became a lecture and discussion room; but about 1790 the ground was cleared, and Winchester Place built. The gardens, however, struggled on till 1810, when they disappeared, leaving as a slight memorial a mean court in Penton Street known as Dobney's Court. Until the building of Pentonville, says Mr. Pinks, the only carriage-way leading to Dobney's was one leading from High Street, Islington, under the gateway of the "White Lion," and from thence to the bowling-green.

The London Female Penitentiary, at No. 166, Pentonville Road, was formerly a nunnery school. This excellent charity, intended to save those whom vanity, idleness, and the treachery of man have led astray—poor creatures, against whom even woman hardens her heart—started here in 1807. The house was fitted for about thirty-five inmates, but was in a few years enlarged, so as to hold one hundred women. The path of penitence is up-hill everywhere, but especially in London. The inmates are trained for service, and their earnings at needlework and washing go far to maintain the institution. If the peace-makers were expressly blessed by our Saviour, how much more blessed must be those who step forward to rescue poor women like these who are willing to repent, but who are by poverty drifted irresistibly down the black river to the inevitable grave. The report, a few years ago, showed good results. There were 171 then in the house, thirty-one had been placed out in service, and eight reconciled to their friends. From 1807 to 1863 there were 1,401 poor women sent to service, 941 reconciled and restored to their friends, thirteen married, and forty-eight who have emigrated. Altogether in that time charity and kindness had been held out to 4,172 of the most miserable outcasts of the metropolis.

In 1834 a terrible and wholesale tragedy was enacted at No. 17, Southampton Street, by a German whip-maker named Steinberg. On a September night this wretch, from no known reason, but perhaps jealousy, murdered his mistress and her four children, the youngest a baby, and then cut his own throat. It was with difficulty the mob



SADLER'S WELLS IN 1756.

was prevented from dragging the murderer's body through the streets. His victims were buried in St. James's Churchyard, and he himself in the paupers' burial-ground in Ray Street, the corpse being shaken out of the shell into a pit. No stake was driven through the body, as usual formerly with suicides, but one of the grave-diggers broke in the skull with an iron mallet. There was afterwards a shameful exhibition opened at Steinberg's house, a sham bloody knife being shown, and wax figures of the woman and her children placed in the various rooms, in the postures in which they had been found. The victims' clothes were bought for £25, and nearly £50 was taken for admission in one day. And yet this was not in the Ashantee country, but in civilised England, only a few years ago.



SADLER'S WELLS. (*From a View taken in* 1756.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Discovery of a Holy Well—Fashion patronises it—The Early Days of Sadler's Wells Theatre—A Fatal Panic—Sadler's Wells Visitors—A Grub Street Eulogy—Eighteenth Century Acrobats—Joe Grimaldi's Father—Dogs that Deserved a Good Name—Theatrical Celebrities at Sadler's Wells—Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson—"Hot Codlins"—Advent of T. P. Cooke—Samuel Phelps becomes Lessee of Sadler's Wells—The Original House of Correction—The "Sir Hugh Myddelton" Tavern—A Sadler's Wells Theatrical Company—Spencer's Breakfasting House—George Alexander Stevens' Lectures on Heads.

WHILE on the subject of places of amusement in the north of London, near Islington, we must not forget Sadler's Wells (Islington Spa), or New Tunbridge Wells, as it used to be called. The chalybeate spring was discovered in 1683 by a Mr. Sadler, a surveyor of the highways, in a pleasant, retired, and well-wooded garden of a music-house he had just opened. The discovery was trumpeted in a pamphlet, detailing the virtues of the water. It was, the writer asserted, a holy well, famed, before the Reformation, for its healing power, which the priests attributed to their prayers. It had been, in consequence, looked on as a place venerated by superstition, but arched over at the Reformation, it had been since forgotten.

The Wells soon became famous with hypochondriacs. Burlesque poems (one probably by Ned Ward*) were written on the humours of the place,

* "Islington Wells; or, The Threepenny Academy, 1654."

as well as treatises on the cure of invalids by drinking the water; and finally, in 1776, George Colman produced a farce, called *The Spleen; or, Islington Spa.*

In the summer of 1700 Sadler's Wells became in high favour with the public. Gout hobbled there; Rheumatism groaned over his ferruginous water; severe coughs went arm-in-arm, chuckling as they hobbled; as for Hypochondria, he cracked jokes, he was in such high spirits at the thought of the new remedy. At this time dancers were admitted during the whole of the day on Mondays and Tuesdays, says Malcolm, provided they did not come in masks.

In 1733 the Wells were so fashionable that the Princesses Amelia and Caroline frequented the gardens in the June of that year daily, and drank the waters, the nobility coming in such numbers that the proprietor took above £30 a morning. Feathers flaunted, silks rustled, fans fluttered, and lovers sighed, partly with nausea and partly with love, as they sipped the bitter waters of Æsculapius. On the birthday of one of the princesses, the ladies were saluted as they passed through Spa Fields (then full of carriages) by a discharge of twenty-one guns—a compliment always paid to them on their arrival—and in the evening there was a great bonfire, and more powder was burnt in their honour. On ceasing to visit the gardens, the Princess Amelia presented the master with twenty-five guineas, each of the water-servers with three guineas, and the other attendants with one guinea each.

From 1683 till after 1811 these gardens were famous. Nervous, hypochondriac, hysteric affections, asthmas, indigestions, swellings, and eruptions, all took their doleful pleasure in them, and drank the waters with infinite belief. In 1811 the Wells were still frequented. The subscription for the water was a guinea the season; to non-subscribers, and with capillaire, it cost sixpence a glass. The spring was then enclosed by an artificial grotto of flints and shells, which was entered by a rustic gate; there was a lodging-house, to board invalids, and in the garden a breakfast-room, about forty feet long, with a small orchestra. In the room was hung up a comparative analysis of the water, and there were testimonials of its efficacy from gentlemen who had been ill for quarters of centuries, and had drunk all other mineral waters in vain.

On the bark of one of the trees (before 1811) were cut the two following lines: *—

"Obstructum recreat; durum terit; humidum siccat;
Debile fortificat—si tamen arte bibas."

* Nelson's "Islington," 1st edit., p. 212.

The following lines were written in a room of the lodging-house, just as a votive tablet might have been hung up on the walls of a Greek temple:—

"For three times ten years I travell'd the globe,
Consulted whole tribes of the physical robe;
Drank the waters of Tunbridge, Bath, Harrogate, Dulwich,
Spa, Epsom (and all by advice of the College);
But in vain, till to Islington waters I came,
To try if my cure would add to their fame.
In less than six weeks they produc'd a belief
This would be the place of my long-sought relief;
Before six weeks more had finished their course,
Full of spirits and strength, I mounted my horse,
Gave praise to my God, and rode cheerfully home,
Overjoy'd with the thoughts of sweet hours to come.
May Thou, great Jehovah give equal success
To all who resort to this place for redress!"

Amusements resembling those of Vauxhall—music, fireworks, &c.—were resorted to at New Tunbridge Wells, in 1809-1810, but without much success.

On the death of Sadler, his music-house passed to Francis Forcer, whose son exhibited rope-dancing and tumbling till 1730, when he died.

The place was then taken by Mr. Rosoman, a builder, and the wooden house was, about the year 1765, replaced by a brick building. A painting, introducing Rosoman and some of his actors, was in 1811, to be seen in the bar of the "Sir Hugh Myddelton," the inn introduced by Hogarth in his print of "Evening," published in 1738. There was a club, at this time, at the "Sir Hugh Myddelton," of actors, who, in 1753, formed a regular company, at what had now become a theatre. The amusements here were originally in the open air, the tickets to spectators including refreshments. The *Connoisseur*, of 1756, notes the feats of activity exhibited here. After that time this suburban theatre became famous for burlettas, musical interludes, and pantomimes. Here Grimaldi cracked his drollest jokes, and here the celebrated Richer exhibited on the tight rope. The New River was also taken advantage of, and introduced into a tank the size of the stage, to represent more effectively naval victories and French defeats. After Rosoman, Mr. Thomas King, the comedian, and Mr. Wroughton, of Drury Lane, became proprietors; and at one time Mr. Charles Dibdin, jun., was stage-manager.

A most fatal panic took place at this theatre on the 15th of October, 1807. The cry, "A fight!" was mistaken for "A fire!" and a rush took place from the gallery. The manager, shouting to the people through speaking-trumpets, entreated them to keep their seats; but in vain, for many threw themselves down into the pit, and eighteen were crushed to death on the gallery stairs. The proceed of two

benefits were divided among the children and widows of the sufferers.

Sadler's Musical House, which, tradition affirms, was a place of public entertainment even as early as the reign of Elizabeth, seems early to have affected a theatrical air. In May, 1698, we find a vocal and instrumental concert advertised here, the instrumental part being "composed of violins, hautboys, trumpets, and kettle-drums." It was to continue from ten to one, every Monday and Thursday, during the drinking of the waters. In 1699 the Wells were called "Miles's Music House;" and in that year Ned Ward, always coarse and always lively, describes going with a crowd of Inns of Court beaux to see a wretch, disguised in a fool's cap, and with a smutty face like a hangman, eat a live fowl, feathers and all.

"The state of things described by Ned Ward," says Mr. Pinks, "is abundantly confirmed by the reminiscences of Edward Macklin, the actor, who remembered the time when the admission here was but threepence, except to a few places scuttled off at the sides of the stage at sixpence, which were reserved for people of fashion, who occasionally came to see the fun. 'Here we smoked and drank porter and rum-and-water, as much as we could pay for.' Of the audience Macklin says, 'Though we had a mixture of very odd company, there was little or no rioting; there was a public then that kept one another in awe.'"

Ned Ward, who was a quick observer, describes the dress-circle gallery here as painted with stories of Apollo and Daphne, Jupiter and Europa, &c. In his poem, "A Walk to Islington," Ned Ward is not complimentary to the Sadler's Wells visitors. In the pit, he says, were butchers, bailiffs, housebreakers, footpads, prizefighters, thief-takers, deer-stealers, and bullies, who drank, and smoked, and lied, and swore. They ate cheesecakes and drank ale, and one of the buffoons was also a waiter. The female vocalist was followed by a fiddler in scarlet. Then came a child, who danced a sword-dance, and after her

> "A young babe of grace,
> With mercury in his heels, and a gallows in his face;
> In dancing a jig lies the chief of whose graces,
> And making strange music-house, monkey-like faces."

About 1711 the Wells seems to have become still more disreputable, and in 1712 a lieutenant of the navy was run through the body there by a Mr. French, of the Temple, in a drunken quarrel.

Macklin says there were four or five exhibitions in a day, and that the duration of each performance depended upon circumstances. The proprietors had always a fellow outside to calculate how many persons were collected for a second exhibition, and when he thought there were enough, he came to the back of the upper seats and cried out, "Is Hiram Fisteman here?" This was a cant word between the parties, to know the state of the people without, upon which they concluded the entertainment, and dismissed the audience with a song, and prepared for a second representation.

In a poem called "The New River," written about 1725, by William Garbott, the author thus describes the Wells, with advertising enthusiasm:—

> "There you may sit under the shady trees,
> And drink and smoak fann'd by a gentle breeze;
> Behold the fish, how wantonly they play,
> And catch them also, if you please, you may."

Forcer, a barrister, the proprietor in the early part of the eighteenth century, improved the pantomimes, rope-dancing, and ladder-dancing, tumbling, and musical interludes. Acrobats threw summersaults from the upper gallery, and Black Scaramouch struggled with Harlequin on the stage. The old well was accidentally discovered in Macklin's time, between the New River and the stage-door. It was encircled with stone, and you descended to it by several steps. Cromwell, writing in 1828, says that it was known that springs existed under the orchestra, and under the stage, and that the old fountain of health might hopefully be sought for there. In 1738, in his "Evening," not one of his most successful works, Hogarth introduced a bourgeois holiday-maker and his wife, with Sadler's Wells in the background. In "The Gentlemen's and Ladies' Social Companion," a book of songs published in 1745–6, we find a song on Sadler's Wells, which contained several characteristic verses. Rope-dancing and harlequinade, with scenery, feats of strength, and singing, seem to have been the usual entertainment about this period. In 1744 the place was presented by the grand jury of the county as a scene of great extravagance, luxurious idleness, and ill-fame, but it led to no good results. In 1746 any person was admitted to the Wells, "and the diversions of the place," on taking a ticket for a pint of wine. This same year a ballet on the Battle of Culloden, a most undanceable subject, one would think, was very popular; and Hogarth's terrible "Harlot's Progress" was turned into a drama, with songs, by Lampe.

The Grub Street poets, in the meantime, belauded the Wells, not without reward, and not always inelegantly, as the following verses show:—

> "Ye cheerful souls, who would regale
> On honest home-brewed British ale,
> To Sadler's Wells in troops repair,
> And find the wished-for cordial there;

Strength, colour, elegance of taste,
Combine to bless the rich repast;
And I assure ye, to my knowledge,
'T has been approved by all the Colledge,
More efficacious and prevailing
Than all the recipes of Galen.
Words scarce are able to disclose
The various blessings it bestows.
It helps the younger sort to think,
And wit flows faster as they drink;
It puts the ancient a new fleece on,
Just as Medea did to Eson;
The fair with bloom it does adorn,
Fragrant and fresh as April morn.
Haste hither, then, and take your fill,
Let parsons say whatever they will;
The ale that every ale excels
Is only found at Sadler's Wells."

A writer in the *Connoisseur* of 1756 praises a dexterous performer at the Wells, who, with bells on his feet, head, and hands, jangled out a variety of tunes, by dint of various nods and jerks. The same year a wonderful balancer named Maddox performed on the slack wire, tossing balls, and kicking straws into a wine-glass which he held in his mouth. Maddox, the equilibrist, entertained the public for several seasons by his "balances on the wire," and his fame was celebrated by a song set to music, entitled "Balance a Straw," which for a time was very popular. A similar feat was afterwards performed at the Wells by a Dutchman, with a peacock's feather, which he blew into the air and caught as it fell, on different parts of a wire, at the same time preserving his due equilibrium. The same performer used to balance a wheel upon his shoulder, his forehead, and his chin, and afterwards, to show his skill as an equilibrist, he poised two wheels, with a boy standing on one of them.

The road home from the Wells seems to have been peculiarly dangerous about 1757, as the manager announces in the *Public Advertiser* that on the night of a certain charitable performance a horse-patrol would be sent by Mr. Fielding (the blind magistrate, and kinsman of the novelist) for the protection of nobility and gentry who came from the squares. The road to the City was, as he promised, also to be properly guarded. A year later an armed patrol was advertised as stationed on the New Road, between Sadler's Wells and Grosvenor Square. Foote wrote, about the same time:—

"If at Sadler's Wells the wine should be thick,
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick;
If the fumes of the pipes should prove powerful in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune,
We hope that you'll call at our warehouse at Drury,
We've a good assortment of goods, I assure you."

In 1765 the old wooden theatre at the Wells was pulled down and a new one built, at an expense of £4,225. A three-shilling ticket for the boxes, in 1773, entitled the bearer to a pint of port, mountain, Lisbon, or punch. A second pint cost one shilling.

In 1763 Signor Grimaldi, Joe Grimaldi's father, first appeared as chief dancer and ballet-master. He continued there till the close of 1767. In 1775 James Byrne, the famous harlequin of Drury Lane, and the father of Oscar Byrne, was employed at Sadler's Wells as a dancer, and a Signor Rossignol gave imitations of birds, like Herr Joel, and accompanied the orchestra on a fiddle without strings. About this time, too, Charles Dibdin the elder wrote some clever and fanciful pieces for this theatre, entitled "Intelligence from Sadler's Wells."

In 1772 Rosomon surrendered the management to King, the famous comedian, who held it till 1782, when Sheridan gave him up the sovereignty of Drury Lane. King had been an attorney, but had thrown up his parchments to join theatres and play under Garrick. He excelled in *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Lord Ogleby*, *Puff*, and *Dr. Cantwell*. His *Touchstone* and *Ranger*, says Dr. Doran, were only equalled by Garrick and Elliston. He was arch, easy, and versatile, and the last time he played *Sir Peter*, in 1802, the fascinating Mrs. Jordan was the young wife. King remained an inveterate gambler to the last, in spite of Garrick's urgent entreaties. King sold the Wells, says Mr. Pinks, for £12,000. Joe Grimaldi appeared at Sadler's Wells first in 1781, in the character of a monkey. In 1783 egg-dancers and performing dogs were the rage, the dogs alone clearing for the managers, in one season, £10,000. The saying at the theatre at that time was, that if the dogs had not come to the theatre, the theatre must have gone to the dogs. Horse-patrols still paraded the roads to the City at night.

In 1786 Miss Romanzini (afterwards the celebrated ballad vocalist, Mrs. Bland) appeared at the Wells, and also Pietro Bologna, father of the celebrated clown, Jack Bologna. In 1788 Braham, then a boy, who had first appeared in 1787, at the Royalty Theatre, Wells Street, near Goodman's Fields, made his first appearance at the Wells. "Two Frenchmen," says Mr. Pinks, "named Duranie and Bois-Maison, as pantomimists, eclipsed all their predecessors on that stage. Boyce, a distinguished engraver, was the harlequin, and, from all accounts, was the most finished actor of the motley hero, either in his own day or since. On the benefit-night of Joseph Dortor, clown to the rope, and Richer, the rope-dancer, Miss Richer made her first appearance on two slack wires, passing through a hoop, with a pyramid of glasses on

her head, and Master Richer performed on the tight rope, with a skipping-rope. Joseph Dortor, among other almost incredible feats, drank a glass of wine backwards from the stage floor, beating a drum at the same time. Lawrence threw a somersault over twelve men's heads, and Paul Redigé, the 'Little Devil,' on October 1st, threw a somersault over two men on horseback, the riders having each a lighted candle on his head. Dubois, as clown, had no superior in his time, and the troop of voltigeurs were pre-eminent for their agility, skill, and daring."

After Wroughton's time, Mr. Siddons (husband of the great actress) became one of the proprietors of the Wells, where, in 1801, a young tragedian, Master Carey, the "Pupil of Nature," otherwise known as Edmund Kean, recited Rollo's speech from *Pizarro*. His great-grandfather, Henry Carey, the illegitimate son of the Marquis of Halifax, and the author of the delightful ballad, "Sally in our Alley," had written and composed many of the ballad operas and ballad farces which were very successful at Sadler's Wells.

In 1802, Charles Dibdin, jun., and Thomas Dibdin, his brother, were busy at the Wells.

In 1803 appeared Signor Belzoni, afterwards the great Egyptian traveller, as the "Patagonian Samson," in which character, says Mr. Pinks, "he performed prodigious feats of strength, one of which was to adjust an iron frame to his body, weighing 127 lbs., on which he carried eleven persons. The frame had steps or branches projecting from its sides, on which he placed eleven men in a pyramidical form, the uppermost of whom reached to the border of the proscenium. With this immense weight he walked round the stage, to the astonishment and delight of his audience. On one occasion a serio-comic accident occurred, which might have proved fatal not only to the mighty Hercules, but also to his pyramidical group. As he was walking round the stage with the vast load attached to his body, the floor gave way, and plunged him and his companions into the water beneath. A group of assistants soon came to the rescue, and the whole party marched to the front of the stage, made their bows, and retired. On Belzoni's benefit-night he attempted to carry thirteen men, but as that number could not hold on, it was abandoned. His stature, as registered in the books of the Alien Office, was six feet six inches. He was of good figure, gentlemanly manners, and great mind. He was an Italian by birth, but early in life he quitted his native land to seek his fortune."

In 1804 Sadler's Wells first began to assume the character of an aquatic theatre. An immense tank was constructed under the stage, and a communication opened with the New River. The first aquatic piece was a *Siege of Gibraltar*, in which real vessels bombarded the fortress. A variety of pieces were subsequently produced, concluding with a grand scene for the *finale*, on "real water." Thomas Greenwood, a scene-painter at the Wells, thus records the water successes in his "Rhyming Reminiscences:"—

> "Attraction was needed the town to engage,
> So Dick emptied the river that year on the stage;
> The house overflowed, and became quite the *ton*,
> And the Wells for some seasons went swimmingly on."

"Among the apparently perilous and appalling incidents exhibited," says a writer to whom we have already been much indebted, "were those of a female falling from the rocks into the water, and being rescued by her hero-lover; a naval battle, with sailors escaping by plunging into the sea from a vessel on fire; and a child thrown into the water by a nurse, who was bribed to drown it, being rescued by a Newfoundland dog."

In 1819 Grimaldi sang for the first time his immortal song of "Hot Codlins," the very night a boy was crushed to death in the rush at entering. "Sadler's Wells was let at Easter, 1821, for the ensuing three seasons, to Mr. Egerton, of Covent Garden Theatre; in which year it was honoured by the presence of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., and her Majesty's box and its appointments were exhibited daily to the public for a week afterwards. In 1822, in a piece called *Tom and Jerry*, pony races were introduced, a course having been formed by laying a platform on the stage and pit. Upon the expiration of Egerton's term the Wells were let to Mr. Williams, of the Surrey Theatre, the son of the proprietor of the once-famous boiled beef house in the Old Bailey. He employed one half of his company, in the earlier part of the evening, at Sadler's Wells, and thence transferred them to the Surrey, to finish there; and at that theatre he adopted the same course, the performers being conveyed between the two houses by special carriages. Williams's speculation, however, turned out a complete failure."

In 1823 the use of water for scenic purposes was discontinued for a time at Sadler's Wells, and in 1825 the old manager's house, next the New River Head, was turned into wine-rooms and a saloon; the season, in consequence of the immense growth of the neighbourhood, was extended from six to twelve months, and Tom Dibdin was engaged as acting manager. The year 1826 being very hot, the manager got up some pony-races in the grounds, which drew large audiences. On

March 17, 1828, Grimaldi took his farewell benefit at Sadler's Wells.

Subsequently Mr. T. Dibdin became manager at the Wells, and produced a variety of ballets, pantomimes, burlettas, and melodramas. In 1832 that best of all stage sailors, Mr. T. P. Cooke, made his first appearance at this theatre as William, in *Black-Eyed Susan*, a piece which ran one hundred nights. In 1833, during a serio-romantic lyric drama called *The Island*, and founded on the mutiny of the *Bounty*, the stage and its scenery was drawn up bodily to the roof of the house, to avoid the tediousness of a "wait." The *Russian Mountains* were also a great success.

But a great epoch was now about to commence. In 1844 Mr. Samuel Phelps appeared, aided by Mrs. Warner. In 1846 Mr. Phelps resolved to produce all Shakespeare's plays, and actually did represent thirty of them. These thirty, under Mr. Phelps's management, occupied about 4,000 nights, *Hamlet* alone running for 400. After honourable toil of eighteen years, Mr. Phelps, a true enthusiast for the "legitimate," retired from Sadler's Wells in 1862. He paid a rent of £1,000 a year.

At the west end of a paved avenue on the south side of Sadler's Wells Theatre, on the opposite side of the now buried New River, just where a row of lofty poplars once fringed the left bank, stands the "Sir Hugh Myddelton" Tavern, erected in 1831, on the site of the "Myddelton's Head," which was built as early as 1614. This was the favourite house for the actors and authors of the Wells, and



THE EXTERIOR OF BAGNIGGE WELLS IN 1750.

here sturdy Macklin, the best of Shylocks, Rosoman, the manager, Dibdin, and Grimaldi used to fill their churchwarden's pipes, and merrily stir their glasses. In Hogarth's "Evening," published in 1738, we have a glimpse of the old signboard, and of a gable end and primitive weather-boarding, against which a vine spreads itself, and displays its clustering fruit. At an open window honest citizens are carousing, while the fat and sour City dame, of by no means unimpeachable virtue, as the painter implies, is pettishly fanning herself, attended by her obsequious Jerry Sneak of a husband, who toils along, carrying the ugly baby. Malcolm, in 1803, describes the tavern as facing the river, which was "adorned with tall poplars, graceful willows, and sloping banks and flowers." In the

bar of the "Sir Hugh Myddelton" is a curious old picture of Manager Rosoman, surrounded by his select friends and members of his company; and of this picture Mr. Mark Lonsdale, a once manager of the theatre, drew up the following account:—

"The portrait of Mr. Rosoman, the then manager of Sadler's Wells, forms the centre. Then proceeding to the gentleman on his left hand, and so round the table as they sit. The seven gentlemen who are standing up are taken the last, beginning with Mr. Maddox, the wire-dancer, and so on, with the remaining six in the order they stand. The gentleman with one hand upon the pug-dog is Mr. Rosoman, manager of Sadler's Wells. On his left hand is Mr. Justice Keeling, a brewer. Mr. Romaine, a pipe-maker, is distinguished by his having a handful of pipes, and is in the act of delivering one to Mr. Justice Keeling. Mr. Copeland, the tobacconist, is also distinguished by his having a paper of tobacco in his hand, on which is written 'Copeland's best Virginia.' The gentleman with his hand upon the greyhound is Mr. Angier, a carver in Long Acre; on his left is Mr. Cowland, a butcher in Fleet Street. At Mr. Cowland's right hand is Mr. Seabrook, a glazier in Cow Cross. The name of the next gentleman, who is pointing his finger to his nose, is forgotten; he was a dancer at Sadler's Wells, and went by an unpleasant nickname, from the circumstance of his nose being much troubled with warts. The gentleman at his right hand, having his hand upon the neck of a bottle, is Mr. Smith, a well-known carcase butcher in Cow Cross. The next, who has his fingers upon a glass of wine, is Mr. Ripley, of Red Lion Street. Mr. Cracraft, a barber in the same street, sits at his right hand, and is filling his pipe out of a paper of tobacco. At his right hand is Mr. Holtham, scene-painter at Sadler's Wells. The gentleman who sits higher than the rest of the company, and who is in the attitude of singing, having a bottle under his arm, is Mr. Ranson, a tailor at Sadler's Wells, known by the name of Tailor Dick. Mr. Bass, a plasterer in Cow Cross, sits at his right hand, and is in the attitude of putting a punch ladle into the bowl. At his right hand Mr. Chalkill, a poulterer in Whitecross Street. At Mr. Chalkill's right hand is Mr. Norris, a salesman in the sheep-skin market. When he died he left £2,000 in hard cash in his chest. At his right hand is Mr. Davis, a walksman at the New River



COLDBATH HOUSE. (*From a View published in* 1811.)

Head. The name of the gentleman at Mr. Davis's right hand is forgotten. Mr. George, a tallow-chandler in Islington, sits at the right hand of the unknown gentleman. He married the late Alderman Hart's mother. The gentleman next to him is Mr. Davenport, ballet master at Sadler's Wells, and was master to Charles Matthews. Next to him is Mr. Greenwood, painter, father of the scene-painter. The gentleman at Mr. Rosoman's right hand is Mr. Hough, his partner. The gentleman in a blue and gold theatrical dress, with one hand upon Mr. Davis's shoulder, is Mr. Maddox, the wire-dancer, who was drowned. The one standing by in a cocked hat is Mr. Thomas Banks, a carver and arts' master in Bridewall; also harlequin and clown at Sadler's Wells. Billy Williams, a tumbler, is standing between Tailor Dick and Mr. Bass. Peter Garman, a rope-dancer and tumbler at Sadler's Wells, is between Mr. Holtman and Tailor Dick, and is in the attitude of blowing the smoke from his pipe into Tailor Dick's face. The next standing figure is Mr. John Collier, a watch finisher in Red Lion Street. A cheesemonger (name forgot) is at the left hand. Mr. Talmash, vestry clerk of St. James's, Clerkenwell (a mighty great man in Red Lion Street), is at the back of the chair of the gentleman before-mentioned with the vulgar nickname."

In the days when clover grew round Islington, and the cows of that region waded knee-deep in golden buttercups—when the skylark could be heard in Pentonville, the Cockney pedestrian, after his early summer walk, expected to fall upon a good honest breakfast at some such suburban tavern as the "Sir Hugh Myddelton." About 1745, Spencer's Breakfasting House, a mere hut with benches outside, at the end of Myddelton Place, supplied this want—tea at threepence per head, and coffee at three halfpence per dish, fine Hyson tea at sixpence per head, "a cat with two legs, to be seen gratis." On Sunday mornings Spencer's hut was filled with 'prentices and their sweethearts. The house had a cow-lair and a wooden fence that almost surrounded it. Here, in July, 1765, the celebrated mimic and adventurer, George Alexander Stevens, delivered his "Lectures on Heads," which the celebrated comedians of the day attempted in vain to rival. In the *Public Advertiser*, July 24th, 1765, is the following advertisement:—

"This evening, and every evening during the summer season, at the Long Room opposite to Sadler's Wells, will be delivered the celebrated 'Lectures on Heads,' by Mr. Geo. Alex. Stevens.

"Part I. Introduction:—Alexander the Great—Cherokee Chief—Quack Doctor—Cuckold—Lawyer, humourous Oration in Praise of the Law, Daniel against Dishclout—Horse Jockeys—Nobody's, Somebody's, Anybody's, and Everybody's Coats of Arms—Family of Nobody—Architecture—Painting—Poetry—Astronomy—Music—Statues of Honesty and Flattery.

"Part II. Ladies' Heads—Riding Hood—Ranelagh Hood—Billingsgate—Laughing and Crying Philosophers—Venus's Girdle—Cleopatra—French Nightcap—Face Painting—Old Maid—Young Married Lady—Old Batchelor—Lass of the Spirit—Quaker—Two Hats Contrasted—Spitalfields Weaver.

"Part III. Physical Wig—Dissertation on Sneezing and Snuff-taking—Life of a Blood—Woman of the Town—Tea-table Critic—Learned Critic—City Politician, humourously described—Gambler's Three Faces—Gambler's Funeral and Monument—Life and Death of a Wit—Head of a well-known Methodist Parson, with Tabernacle Harangue.

"The doors to be opened at five, begin exactly at six. Front seats, 1s. 6d.; Back seats 1s."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BAGNIGGE WELLS.

Nell Gwynne at Bagnigge Wells—Bagnigge House—"Black Mary's Hole"—The Royal Bagnigge Wells—"The 'Prentice to his Mistress"—"A Bagnigge Well's Scene."—Mr. Deputy Dumpling—Curious Print of Bagnigge Wells.

Bagnigge Wells House was originally the summer residence of Nell Gwynne. Here, near the Fleet and amid fields, she entertained Charles and his saturnine brother with concerts and merry breakfasts, in the careless Bohemian way in which the noble specimen of divine right delighted. The ground where the house stood was then called Bagnigge Vale.

Bagnigge House, "near the 'Pindar of Wakefield,'" became a place of entertainment for rusticating Londoners as early as 1680. It stood on the site of the present Phœnix Brewery. The garden entrance was a little south-west of the Clerkenwell Police Court. The gate and an inscription remained in Coppice Row, on the left, going from Clerkenwell towards the New Road, as late as 1847. In the memory of man the garden still possessed fruit-trees; and at the north side stood a picturesque gable-ended house, the front luxuriously covered with vines. At the back

stood a small brewery. The "Pinder of Wakefield" was an old public-house in the Gray's Inn Road, near Chad's Well, formerly much frequented by the wagoners of the great north road. The Pinder of Wakefield was a jolly Yorkshireman, it will be remembered, who once thrashed Robin Hood himself.

About 1760 Bagnigge House became famous, from the discovery in the garden of two mineral springs. Dr. Bevis, who wrote a pamphlet on Bagnigge Wells, describes them as near Coppice Row and Spa Fields, and about a quarter of a mile from Battle Bridge Turnpike, and the great new road from Paddington to Islington, and near a footpath which led from Southampton Row and Russell Square to Pentonville. The doctor also mentions that over one of the chimney-pieces was the garter of St. George, the Royal arms, and a bust of "Eleanor Gwynne, a favourite of Charles II.'s." Cromwell says that a black woman named Woolaston lived near one of the fountains, and sold the water, and that, therefore, it was called "Black Mary's Hole." The spring was situated, says Mr. Pinks, in the garden of No. 3, Spring Place. Close by there used to be a low public-house called "The Fox at Bay," a resort, about 1730, of footpads and highwaymen.

In the "Shrubs of Parnassus," poems on several occasions, by W. Woty, otherwise "John Copywell," published in 1760, there are some lines entitled "Bagnigge Wells," wherein the following allusion is made to these springs:—

> . . . . . "And stil'd the place
> Black Mary's Hole—there stands a dome superb,
> Hight Bagnigge; where from our forefathers hid,
> Long have two springs in dull stagnation slept;
> But taught at length by subtle art to flow,
> They rise, forth from oblivion's bed they rise,
> And manifest their virtues to mankind."

In the *Daily Advertisement* for July, 1775, we find the following:—

"The Royal Bagnigge Wells, between the Foundling Hospital and Islington.—Mr. Davis, the proprietor, takes this method to inform the publick, that both the chalybeate and purging waters are in the greatest perfection ever known, and may be drank at 3d. each person, or delivered at the pump-room at 8d. per gallon. They are recommended by the most eminent physicians for various disorders, as specified in the handbills. Likewise in a treatise written on those waters by the late Dr. Bevis, dedicated to the Royal Society, and may be had at the bar, price 1s., where ladies and gentlemen may depend upon having the best tea, coffee, hot loaves, &c."

The prologue to Colman's *Bon Ton*, published in 1775, notices Bagnigge Wells as a place of low fashion:—

> "Ah, I loves life and all the joy it yields,
> Says Madam Fupock, warm from Spittlefields,
> Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
> And riding in a one-horse chair on Sunday,
> 'Tis drinking tea on summer's afternoons
> At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons."

In the opening lines of a satirical poem, attributed to Churchill, entitled "Bagnigge Wells," published in 1779, the kind of persons then resorting to the gardens are described:—

> "Thy arbours, Bagnigge, and the gay alcove
> Where the frail nymphs in amourous dalliance rove;
> Where 'prenticed youths enjoy the Sunday feast,
> And City matrons boast their Sabbath rest;
> Where unfledged Templars first as fops parade,
> And new-made ensigns sport their first cockade."

"In later days," says Mr. Pinks, "Miss Edgeworth, in one of her tales, alludes to this place as one of vulgar resort:—

> "The City to Bagnigge Wells repair,
> To swallow dust, and call it air."

We have seen an old engraving of Bagnigge Wells Gardens, bearing the following inscription:—

"Frontispiece—A view taken from the centre bridge in the gardens of Bagnigge Wells. Published as the Act directs."

We do not know whether the engraving appeared in a magazine or in a book giving an account of the gardens. The "centre bridge" was, we think, the one crossing the Fleet. The engraving represents on the left a round, railed pond, in the middle of which is the figure of a boy clasping a swan, from the mouth of which issue six jets of water. Round the garden are plain-looking wooden drinking bowers or boxes; and on the right are trees with tall stems and closely-cut formal foliage at the top; and also two large figures representing a pastoral-looking man with a scythe, and a pastoral-looking woman with a hay-rake in one hand and a bird's nest in the other.

In the old song of "The 'Prentice to his Mistress" are the following lines:—

> "Come, prithee make it up, miss, and be as lovers be,
> We'll go to Bagnigge Wells, miss, and there we'll have some tea;
> It's there you'll see the ladybirds perch'd on the stinging nettles,
> The chrystal water fountain, and the copper shining kettles,
> It's there you'll see the fishes, more curious they than whales,
> And they're made of gold and silver, miss, and wags their little tails,
> O! they wags their little tails, they wags their little tails,
> O! they're made of gold and silver, miss, and they wags their little tails.
> O dear! O la! O dear! O la! O dear! O la! how funny!"

Another engraving, published by the famous print-seller, Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard, represents "A Bagnigge Wells Scene; or, No Resisting Temptation." The scene is laid in the gardens, close by the boy and swan fountain; and

a young lady, in an elaborate old-fashioned head-dress, and a gaily-trimmed petticoat and long skirt, is plucking a rose from one of the flower-beds, while another damsel of corresponding elegance looks on.

A mezzotint, also published by Bowles, in 1772, shows "The Bread and Butter Manufactory; or, the Humours of Bagnigge Wells." This plate, which is in size fourteen inches by ten, and represents several parties of anciently-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and a boy-waiter with a tray of cups and saucers, was hung up, framed and glazed, in the bar of Old Bagnigge Wells House.

Another engraving, issued by the same publisher, shows "Mr. Deputy Dumpling and Family, enjoying a Summer Afternoon." One of the lower projecting windows of "Bagnigge Wells" Tavern, with the western side-entrance to the gardens, is represented. Over the gate, on a board, are the words "Bagnigge Wells." Mr. Deputy Dumpling is a very short, fat man, wearing a wig, perspiring freely, and carrying a child. His wife, who is also short and fat, is walking behind him, with an open fan and his walking-stick. Beside them is a boy, dragging a perambulator of the period, in which is a girl with a doll.

In 1772, a curious aquatinta print of Bagnigge Wells, from a painting by Saunders, was published by J. R. Smith. It represents the interior of the long room, filled with a gay and numerous company, attired in the fashion of the period. Some are promenading, others are seated at tables partaking of tea. The room is lighted by brazen sconces of wax lights, hanging from the ceiling, and the organ is visible at the distant end. The artist has, after the manner of Hogarth, well depicted the humours of the motley company who are quizzing one another, and being ogled in turn. The prominent feature of the sketch is a richly-bedizened madam on the arm of a gallant, who is receiving a polite salute from an officer, by whom she is recognised, at which her companion seems to be somewhat chagrined.

In 1813, Bagnigge Wells boasted a central temple, a grotto stuck with sea-shells and broken glass, alcoves, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COLDBATH FIELDS AND SPA FIELDS.

Coldbath Field's Prison—Thistlewood and his Co-conspirators there—John Hunt there—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Account of Coldbath Fields Prison—The Cold Bath—Budgell, the Author—An Eccentric Centenarian's Street Dress—Spa Fields—Rude Sports—Gooseberry Fair—An Ox Roasted whole—Ducking-pond Fields—Clerkenwell Fields—Spa Fields—Pipe Fields—Spa Fields Chapel—The Countess of Huntingdon—Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields—Topham, the Strong Man—Swedenborg—Spa Fields Burial-ground—Crawford's Passage, or Pickled Egg Walk.

THE original House of Correction here was built in the reign of James I., the City Bridewell being then no longer large enough to hold the teeming vagabonds of London.

The oldest portion of the Coldbath Fields Prison now standing was built on a swamp, in 1794, at an expense of £65,650, and large additions have from time to time been made. For a long time after it was rebuilt, Coldbath Fields had a reputation for severity. In 1799 Gilbert Wakefield, the classic, expressed a morbid horror of it; and Coleridge and Southey, many years later, in "The Devil's Walk," published their opinion that it exceeded hell itself, as a place of punishment:—

> "As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in hell."

In 1820 Thistlewood and the other Cato Street conspirators were lodged here, before being sent to the Tower. At present the prison has proper accommodation for about 1,250 prisoners, though many more are sometimes thrust into it, causing great confusion.

The prison, built on a plan of the benevolent Howard's, soon became a scene of great abuses. Men, women, and boys were herded together in this chief county prison, and smoking and drinking were permitted. The governor of the day strove vigorously to reform the hydra abuses, and especially the tyranny and greediness of the turnkeys. Five years later he introduced stern silence into his domain. "On the 29th of December, 1834, a population of 914 prisoners were suddenly apprised that all intercommunication, by word, gesture, or sign, was prohibited." "This is what is called the Silent Associated System. The treadmill had been introduced at Coldbath Fields several years before. This apparatus, the invention of Mr. Cubitt, an engineer at Lowestoft, was

first set up," says Mr. Pinks, "at Brixton Prison, in 1817. At first, the allowance was 12,000 feet of ascent, but was soon reduced to 1,200."

This desolate prison has made a solitude of the immediate neighbourhood, but not far off brass-founders, grocers' canister makers, and such like abound.

The dismal Bastille has frequently been enlarged. In 1830 a vagrants' ward for 150 prisoners was added, and shortly afterwards a female ward for 300 inmates. Coldbath Fields is now devoted to male prisoners alone, the females having been removed from it to Westminster Prison in 1850. The treadmill finds labour for 160 prisoners at a time, and grinds flour. The ordinary annual charge for each prisoner is estimated at £21 19s. 4d. The Report of the Inspector of Prisons for 1861 speaks of the Coldbath Fields cells as too crowded and badly ventilated, the prisoners being sometimes 700 or 800 in excess of the number of cells, and sleeping either in hammocks slung too close together in dormitories, or, still worse, on the floors of workshops, only a short time before emptied of the working inmates.

John Hunt, Leigh Hunt's brother, was imprisoned here for a libel, in the *Examiner*, on the Prince Regent, the "fat Adonis," afterwards George IV. Mr. Cyrus Redding, Campbell's friend, used to come and chat and play chess with him. He had a lofty and comfortable, though small apartment at the top of the prison. Townsend, the old Bow Street runner, the terror of highwaymen, was the governor at the time. Hunt had the privilege from the kind, shrewd old officer, of walking for a couple of hours daily in the governor's gardens.

"Leaving the oakum room," says Mr. Dixon, writing about this prison in 1850, "we enter the body of the original building. It consists of four long galleries, forming a parallelogram by their junction on the sides of which are ranged the cells. If the system on which the prison is ostensibly conducted were rigorously carried out, all the prisoners would be separated at night; but the number of separate cells is only 550, while the inmates often amount to upwards of 1,300. The surplus is, therefore, to be provided for in general dormitories, in which officers are obliged to remain all night to prevent intercourse or disorder. . . . . .

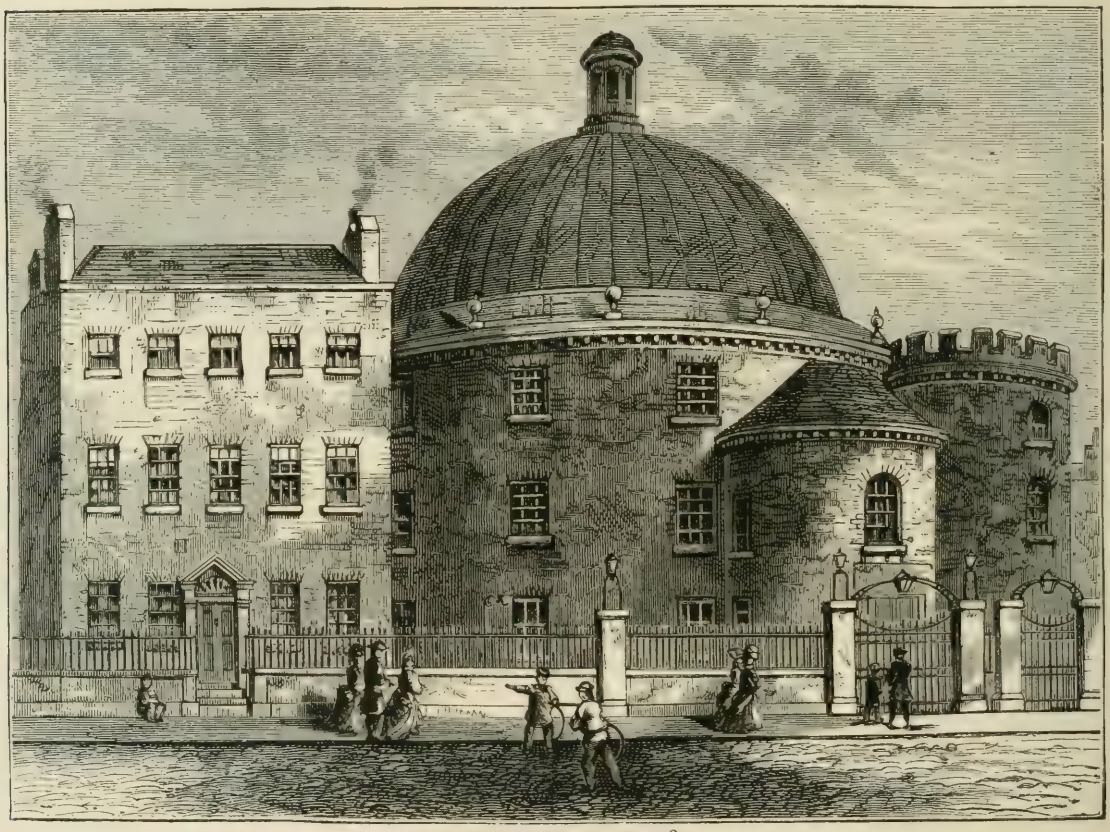
"It is in the midst of passions like these, seething in the hearts of 1,200 criminals, not separately confined as at Pentonville, that the administration of this vast prison has to be conducted. The official staff consists of the governor, 2 chaplains, 1 surgeon, 3 trade instructors, and 134 assistant officers; in all 141 persons: a corps rather too small than too large, considering the nature of the duties devolving upon it. Without system, or without a system rigorously administered, it would be impossible to maintain order in such a place, unless each individual was kept under lock and key, as in the neighbouring House of Detention. . . . . .

"Passing through an inner gate to the left, we come upon a yard in which we find a number of prisoners taking walking exercise, marching in regular order and perfect *silence*. All of these are habited in the prison uniform, a good warm dress of coarse woollen cloth; the misdemeanants in blue, the felons in dark grey. Each prisoner wears a large number on his back, which number constitutes his prison name and designation, proper names not being used in this gaol. Every kind of personality that can possibly be sunk is sunk. The subordinate officers of the prison seldom know anything of the real name, station, crime, connections, or antecedents of the person who is placed under their charge; and this kind of knowledge, except in rare cases indeed, never comes to the ears of fellow-culprits while within the walls of the prison. Some of the men, it will also be noticed, bear stars upon their arms; these are marks of good conduct, of great value to the wearer when in the gaol, and entitling him to a certain allowance on discharge, varying according to circumstances from five shillings to a pound. These allowances are often the salvation of offenders."

Coldbath Square derives its chief name, says Mr. Pinks, from a celebrated cold bath, the best known in London, fed by a spring which was discovered by a Mr. Baynes, in 1697. The active discoverer declared the water had great power in nervous diseases, and equalled those of St. Magnus and St. Winnifred. In Mr. Baynes's advertisement in the *Post Bag* he asserts that his cold bath "prevents and cures cold, creates appetite, helps digestion, and makes hardy the tenderest constitution. The coach-way is by Hockley-in-the-Hole." The bath is described as "in Sir John Oldcastle's field, near the north end of Gray's Inn Lane." The bathing-hours were from five a.m. to one, the charge two shillings, unless the visitor was so infirm as to need to be let down into this Cockney Pool of Bethesda in a chair. Mr. Baynes died in 1745, and was buried in the old church of St. James's. He was originally a student of the Middle Temple, and was for fifteen years treasurer of St. James's Charity School. The old bath-house was a building with three gables, and had a large garden with four turret summer-houses. In 1811 the trustees of the London Fever Hospital bought

the property for £3,830, but, being driven away by the frightened inhabitants, the ground was sold for building, the bath remaining as late as 1865.

In Coldbath Square, near the Cold Bath, Eustace Budgell, a relation of Addison, resided in 1733. Budgell, who wrote many articles in the *Spectator*, was pushed into good Government work by his kinsman, Addison, but eventually ruined himself by the South Sea Bubble and litigation. Budgell having helped Dr. Tindal in the publication of



SPA FIELDS CHAPEL IN 1781.

one of his infidel works, was in consequence left by the doctor £2,000. There arose, however, a suspicion of fraud, and the will was set aside. Pope did not forget the scandal, in attacking his enemies—

> "Let Budgell charge even Grub Street on my bill,
> And write whate'er he please, except my will."

This disgrace seems to have turned Budgell's brain. He took a boat, one May-day, at Somerset Stairs, having first filled his pockets with stones, and vainly tried to decoy his little daughter with him. While the boat was shooting London Bridge Budgell leaped out, and was drowned. Budgell's best epigram was on some persons who danced detestably to good music—

> "But ill the motion with the music suits;
> So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

In this same square, for ninety monotonous years, also lived Mrs. Lewson, or Lady Lewson, as she was generally called, who died in 1816, aged, as was asserted, one hundred and sixteen years. She seldom went out, and still more seldom saw visitors. In one changeless stagnant stream her wretched life flowed on. "She always," says Mr. Pinks, "wore powder, with a large *tache*, made of horsehair, upon her head, over which the hair was turned up, and a cap was placed, which was tied under her chin, and three or four curls hung down her neck. She generally wore silk gowns, with the train long, a deep flounce all round, and a very long waist. Her gown was very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff, or frill. The sleeves came down below the elbows, and to each of them four or five large cuffs were attached. A large bonnet, quite flat, high-heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her everyday costume for the last eighty years, in which dress she walked round the square. She never washed herself, because she thought those people who did so were

always taking cold, or laying the foundation of some dreadful disorder. Her method was to besmear her face and neck all over with hog's-lard, because that was soft and lubricating; and then, because she wanted a little colour on her cheeks, she bedaubed them with rose-pink. Her manner of living was so methodical, that she would not drink tea out of any other than a favourite cup. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea-table, and dinner the same. She observed a general rule, and always sat in her favourite chair. She enjoyed good health, and entertained the greatest aversion to medicine. At the age of eighty-seven she cut two new teeth, and she was never troubled with the toothache. She lived in five reigns, and was supposed to have been the most faithful living historian of her time, events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection. The sudden death of an old lady who was a near neighbour made a deep impression on Mrs. Lewson. Believing her own time had come she became weak, took to her bed, refused medical aid, and on Tuesday, the 28th May, 1816, died at her house in Coldbath Square, at the advanced age of one hundred and sixteen. She was buried in Bunhill Fields Burying Ground."



RAY STREET, CLERKENWELL, ABOUT 1820.

"In former times," says Mr. Pinks, "the district around the chapel known as Spa Fields, or the Ducking-pond Fields, now intersected by streets of well-built houses, was the summer's evening resort

of the townspeople, who came hither to witness the rude sports that were in vogue a century ago, such as duck-hunting, prize-fighting, bull-baiting, and others of an equally demoralising character. We are informed by an old newspaper that in 1768 'Two women fought for a new shift, valued at half-a-crown, in the Spaw Fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called "Bruising Peg," who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner.' In the summer of the same year 'an extraordinary battle was fought in the Spa Fields by two women against two taylors, for a guinea a head, which was won by the ladies, who beat the taylors in a severe manner.' On Saturday, the 28th August, 1779, 'a scene of fun and business intermixed took place in Spa Fields, to which no language can do justice. Bills had been stuck up and otherwise circulated, that an ox would be roasted whole, and beer given to the friends of their king and country, who were invited to enlist; that two gold-laced hats should be the reward of the two best cudgel-players; that a gown, a shift, and a pair of shoes and stockings should be run for by four old women; and that three pounds of tobacco, three bottles of gin, and a silver-laced hat, should be grinned for by three old men, the frightfullest grinner to be the winner.'

"About the middle of the last century it was dangerous to cross these fields in the dusk of evening, robberies being frequent, and the persons filched were often grievously maltreated by the villains who waylaid them."

About 1733—1748 Spa Fields seems to have been much infected by sneaking footpads, who knocked down pedestrians passing to and from London, and despoiled them of hats, wigs, silver buckles, and money. It was about this dangerous time that link-boys were in constant attendance at the door of Sadler's Wells, to light persons home returning by the lonely fields to the streets of Islington, Clerkenwell, or Holborn. The lessees of the theatre constantly put at the foot of their bills, "There will be moonlight," as a special inducement to timid people. "I have seen two or three link-men," Mr. Britton says, in his autobiography, "thus traverse the fields from the Wells towards Queen's Square."

At Whitsuntide there was annually held in these fields a fair generally known in London as "the Welsh" or "Gooseberry Fair." A field on which the south side of Myddelton Street is built was from this reason distinguished in old maps as "the Welsh Field." The grand course for horse and donkey racing was where Exmouth Street and Cobham Row are now built. The fair is mentioned as early as 1744, about which time it was removed to Barnet.

In 1779 appeared in the *Clerkenwell Chronicle* the following notice of sports which took place in Spa Fields:—"On Friday, some bricklayers enclosed a piece of ground ten feet by six, for roasting the ox; and so substantial was the brickwork that several persons sat up all night to watch that it did not fall to pieces before the morning. An hour before sunrising the fire was lighted for roasting the ox, which was brought in a cart from St. James's Market. At seven o'clock the ox was laid over the fire in remembrance of the cruelty of the Spaniards in their conquest of Mexico. By nine o'clock one of the legs was ready to drop off, but no satire on the American colonies was intended; for if it had fallen there were numbers ready to have swallowed it. At seven o'clock came a sergeant and a number of deputy Sons of the Sword. The sergeant made an elegant speech, at which every one gaped in astonishment, because no one could understand it. At half-past two the beef was taken up, slices cut up and thrown among the crowd, and many and many a one catched his hat full to fill his belly.

"Instead of four old women to run for the gown, &c., there were only three girls, and the race was won without running; for two of the adventurers gave out before half the contest was over, and even the winner was a loser, for she tore off the sleeve of her gown in attempting to get it on. Only one man grinned for the tobacco, gin, &c. But it was enough. Ugliness is no word to express the diabolicality of his phiz. If the king had ten such subjects he might fear they would grin for the crown. Addison tells us of a famous grinner who threw his face into the shape of the head of a base viol, of a hat, of the mouth of a coffee-pot, and the nozzle of a pair of bellows; but Addison's grinner was nothing to the present, who must have been born grinning. His mother must have studied geometry, have longed for curves and angles, and stamped them all on the face of the boy. The mob was so immense that, though the tide was constantly ebbing and flowing, it was supposed the average number was 4,000 from nine in the morning till eight at night; and as this account is not exaggerated, 44,000 people must have been present. All the ale-houses for half a mile round were crowded, the windows were lined, and the tops and gutters of the houses filled. The place was at once a market and a fair; curds and whey were turned sour, ripe filberts were hardened, and extempore oysters baked in the sun. The bread intended for the loyal was thrown about the fields

by the malcontents. The beer was drunk out of pots without measure and without number; but one man who could not get liquor swore he would eat if he could not drink His Majesty's health; and observing an officer with a piece of beef on the point of his sword, he made prize of it, and ate it in the true cannibal taste.

"The feast, on the whole, was conducted with great regularity; for if one got meat another got bread only, and the whole was consumed; but to add to the farce a person threw a basket of onions among the bread-eaters. Some men were enlisted as soldiers, but more were impressed, for the blood-hounds were on the scent, and ran breast-high. If not spring-guns, it might fairly be said that man-traps had been fixed in the Spa Fields. The beef was good of its kind, but like the constitution of Old England, more than half spoiled by bad cooks."

The Ducking-pond Fields, Clerkenwell Fields, Spa Fields, and Pipe Fields, were one and the same place, under different names. The oldest of these names was the first, which applied especially to the district surrounding Spa Fields Chapel, and extending to the northward. The Pipe Fields were so called from the wooden pipes (merely elm-trees perforated) of the New River Company mentioned by Britton about the close of last century.

The building, afterwards Spa Fields Chapel, on the south side of Exmouth Street, was originally opened in 1770, as a place of public amusement. The "Pantheon," as it was called, soon became disreputable. It is described by a contemporary as a large round building crowned by a statue of Fame. In the inside were two galleries. There was a garden with fancy walks, classical statues, and boxes for tea-parties, wine-drinkers, and negus-sippers. The company, as might be supposed, consisted chiefly of small tradesmen, apprentices, dressmakers, servant-girls, and disreputable women. This building had been preceded by a small country inn, with swinging sign, and a long railed-in pond, where citizens used to come and send in their water-dogs to chase ducks. In this ducking-pond six children were drowned in 1683, while playing on the ice. The Spa Fields Pantheon proprietor became bankrupt in 1774, and the house and gardens, which had cost the speculator £6,000, were sold.

In 1776 Selina, the zealous Countess of Huntingdon, consulted Toplady as to purchasing the Pantheon for a chapel, but was dissuaded from the attempt. It was then taken by a company, and opened as a Church of England chapel, in 1777, but the Rev. William Sellon, incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell, being refused the pew-rents, compelled the proprietors to close it. Eventually the Countess of Huntingdon purchased it, but Mr. Sellon again obtained a verdict in a law-court, and stopped all further services. The countess then turned it into a Dissenting chapel, and two of her curates seceded from the Established Church, and took the oath of allegiance as Dissenting ministers. The Gordon rioters of 1780 threatened to destroy it, but did not, when they heard it belonged to the good countess. Shrubsole, the organist in the Spa Fields Chapel, was the composer of that beautiful hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The Rev. T. E. Thoresby accepted the pastorate in 1846. The fine building will hold more than 2,000 persons, and was for many years one of the wealthiest and most influential Dissenting chapels in London.

The Spa Fields Charity School was established in 1782 by the good countess before mentioned, and new school-rooms were built in 1855 on the site of the countess's garden.

The Countess of Huntingdon herself lived in a large house covered with jasmine, once a part of the old Pantheon tea-gardens, and standing on the east side of the chapel. This lady, who did so much to benefit a godless age, was born in 1707 (Queen Anne), and died in 1791 (George III.) She married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728. Both by birth and marriage she was connected, says her chaplain, Dr. Haweis, with English kings. Her profound impressions of religion seem to have commenced in early infancy, at the funeral of a child of her own age. A severe illness in later life, and conversation with her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, a convert to Methodism, still more affected her. She went to court, but soon married a serious nobleman, and devoted herself to her true profession—not the mere encouragement of milliners, but the study of doing good.

"Bishop Benson," says Mr. Pinks, "was sent for by her husband to reason with her ladyship on her changed religious views, but she pressed upon him so hard with articles and homilies, and so urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed the change. She called him back, saying, 'My lord, when you come to your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence.' The Prince of Wales one day at court asked a lady of fashion where my Lady Huntingdon was, that she seldom

visited the city. Lady Charlotte E—— replied, with a sneer, 'I suppose praying with her beggars.' The Prince shook his head, and said, 'When I am dying I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up with her to heaven.' We cannot help remarking the prejudice of Lady Mary Montagu, who says, in one of her letters, in 1755, 'I have seen very little of Lady Huntingdon, so I am not able to judge of her merit; if I wanted to paint a fanatic, I should desire her to sit for the picture. I hope she means well, but she makes herself ridiculous to the profane, and dangerous to the good.'"

The countess having opened her house in Park Street for religious services, Whitefield and Romaine preached in her drawing-room to the great and fashionable. She began to build chapels at Brighton, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and elsewhere, and also established a training-college in South Wales. Altogether, she either built or helped to build sixty-four chapels, and is supposed to have expended £100,000 in charity, though for many years she lived on a small jointure of £1,200 a year. The countess seems to have been a truly excellent and sensible woman, but with a warm-tempered prejudice, and with a true aristocratic dislike to opposition. "I believe," says her chaplain, "that during the many years I was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed no more than the gown she wore. I have often said she was one of the poor who lived on her own bounty."

Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, where Topham, the Strong Man of Islington, exhibited his feats of strength in 1741, was built about 1725. On the sale of the Jervoise estate, in 1811, this property was sold for £8,560. At No. 26 in this street that extraordinary man of science and dreamer, Emanuel Swedenborg, resided towards the end of his life, and died there in 1772. A short sketch of this philosopher will not be uninteresting, as his works are still read but by few.

This great "seer" was the son of a Swedish bishop, and was born in 1688. As a child his thoughts turned chiefly on religion. At the University of Upsala the lad steadily studied the classical languages, mathematics and natural philosophy, and at the age of twenty-two took his degree as a doctor of philosophy, and published his first essay. In 1710 the young student came to London, when the plague prevailed in Sweden, and narrowly escaped being hung for breaking the quarantine laws. He spent some time at Oxford, and then went abroad for three years, living chiefly in Utrecht, Paris, and Griefswalde. He returned to Sweden in 1714 through Stralsund, which that valiant madman, Charles XII., was just then besieging. Introduced to the chivalrous king in 1716, he was made Assessor to the Board of Mines. During the siege of Frederickshall Swedenborg "rendered important service by transporting over mountains and valleys, on rolling machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop, from Strömstadt to Iderfjol, a distance of fourteen miles. Under cover of these vessels the king brought his artillery (which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land) under the very walls of Frederickshall." He now devoted years to the production of works on mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy. He retired from his office of assessor in 1747, and probably then returned to his theological contemplations, and became again a spiritualistic dreamer. He came from Amsterdam to London in 1771, and resided at Shearsmith's, a peruke-maker's, No. 26, Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, where he finished his "True Christian Religion." Towards the end of the year Dr. Hartley and Mr. Cookworthy visited him in Clerkenwell. "The details of the the interview," says Mr. Pinks, "are not given, but we gather enough to show his innocence and simplicity, for on their inviting him to dine with them he politely excused himself, adding that his dinner was already prepared, which dinner proved to be a meal of bread and milk. On Christmas Eve, 1771, a stroke of apoplexy deprived him for a time of speech. Towards the end of February, 1772, the Rev. John Wesley was in conclave with some of his preachers, when a Latin note was put into his hand. It caused him evident astonishment, for the substance of it was as follows:

'Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields, 1772.

'SIR,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'E. SWEDENBORG.'

"Wesley frankly acknowledged that he had been strongly impressed with a desire to see him, but that he had not mentioned that desire to any one. He wrote an answer that he was then preparing for a six-months' journey, but he would wait upon Swedenborg on his return to London. Swedenborg wrote in reply that he should go into the world of spirits on the 29th of the then next month, never more to return. The consequence was that these two remarkable persons never met."

Swedenborg professed to the last the entire truth of all his strange revelations of heaven and hell, and died on the day he had predicted to Wesley.

After lying in state for several days at the undertaker's, he was buried in the Lutheran Chapel, Princes' Square, Ratcliff Highway, and his coffin lies by the side of that of Captain Cook's friend, Dr. Solander, the naturalist.

"In person," says Mr. Pinks, "Swedenborg was about five feet nine inches in height, rather thin, and of brown complexion; his eyes were of a brownish-grey, nearly hazel, and rather small; he had always a cheerful smile upon his countenance. His suit, according to Shearsmith, was made after an old fashion; he wore a full-bottomed wig, a pair of long ruffles, and a curious-hilted sword and he carried a gold-headed cane. In diet he was a vegetarian, and he abstained from alcoholic liquors. He paid little attention to times and seasons for sleep, and he often laboured through the night, and sometimes continued in bed several days together, while enjoying his spiritual trances. He desired Shearsmith never to disturb him at such times, an injunction which was necessary, for the look of his face was so peculiar on those occasions, that Shearsmith thought he was dead."

Soon after Spa Fields Chapel was opened, in 1777, some speculators leased of the Marquis of Northampton the two acres of ground in the rear of the building, and converted it into a general burying-ground. The new cemetery, embedded among houses, was intended to bring in a pretty penny, as it was calculated to have room for 2,722 adults, but it soon began to fill at the rate of 1,500 bodies annually, there being sometimes thirty-six burials a day. In fifty years it was carefully computed that 80,000 interments had taken place in this pestilential graveyard! in 1842 some terrible disclosures began to ooze out, proving the shameless greediness of the human ghouls who farmed the Spa Fields burial-ground. It was found that it was now the nightly custom to exhume bodies and burn the coffins, to make room for fresh arrivals. To make the new grave seven or eight bodies were actually chopped up, and corpses recently interred were frequently dragged up by ropes, so that the coffin might be removed and split up for struts to prop up the new-made graves. Bodies were sometimes destroyed after only two days' burial. A grave-digger who, being discharged, insisted on removing the body of his child, which had been recently interred, declared that he and his mates had buried as many as forty-five bodies in one day, besides still-borns. In one year they had had 2,017 funerals, and the stones of families who had purchased graves in perpetuity were frequently displaced and destroyed. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood then petitioned Parliament, complaining of the infectious smells from the burial-ground, and of the shameful scandal generally.

"The lessees of the ground," says the historian of Clerkenwell, "sought to allay the general excitement by repudiating the charges brought against their underlings, but there was no mitigation of the evil complained of; nightly burnings still took place. On the night of the 14th December, 1843, an alarm was raised that the bone-house of Spa Fields ground was on fire, and the engine-keeper stated he saw in the grate a rib-bone and other bones, partly burnt, and a quantity of coffin-wood in different stages of decay. By the exertions of Mr. G. A. Walker, M.D., of the Society for the Abolition of Burials in Towns, seconded by several of the principal inhabitants, this disgraceful state of things was brought again under the attention of the magistrates, and the lessees, managers, and others were summoned to appear at the Clerkenwell Police Court, when other revolting statements were made and confirmed. At length these disgusting and loathsome practices were suppressed by law."

Dorrington Street was erected, says Mr. Pinks, in 1720, and was famous for its old public-house, the "Apple Tree," at the south-east corner. It was a favourite resort of prisoners discharged from the neighbouring House of Correction, Topham, the Strong Man, already mentioned by us in our chapter on Islington, once kept the "Apple Tree." The favourite tap-room joke was, that the bell-pulls were handcuffs; and when a guest wished a friend to ring the bell for the barman, he shouted, "Agitate the conductors!"

Crawford's Passage, or Pickled Egg Walk, is a small lane, leading from Baker's Row into Ray Street, rejoicing in certainly a very eccentric name. Half-way up stands a small public-house known as the "Pickled Egg," from a Dorsetshire or Hampshire man, who here introduced to his customers a local delicacy. It is said that Charles I., during one of his suburban journeys, once stopped here to taste a pickled egg, which is said to be a good companion to cold meat. There was a well-known cockpit here in 1775. There were two kinds of this ancient but cruel amusement, which is now only carried on by thieves and low sporting men in sly nooks of London; one was called the "battle royal," and the other the "Welsh main." In the former a certain number of cocks were let loose to fight, the survivor of the contest being accounted the victor, and obtaining the prize; in the latter, which was more cruel, the conquerors fought again and again, till there was only one survivor, and he became "the shakebag" or pet of the pit.



THE OLD HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE.

Ray Street—Bear Garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole - Amusements at Hockley—Bear-baiting—Christopher Preston Killed—Indian Kings at Hockley—Bill of the Bear Garden—Dick Turpin.

THIS place was formerly one of those infamous localities only equalled by Tothill Fields, at Westminster, and Saffron Hill, in the valley of the Fleet. It was the resort of thieves, highwaymen, and bull-baiters. Its site was marked by Ray Street, itself almost demolished by the Clerkenwell improvements of 1856-7. The ill-omened name of Hockley-in-the-Hole seems to have been derived from the frequent overflows of the Fleet. Hockley, in Saxon, says Camden, means a "muddy field:" there is a Hockley-in-the-Hole in Bedfordshire; and Fielding makes that terrible thief-taker, Jonathan Wild, son of a lady who lived in Scragg Hollow, Hockley-in-the-Hole. In 1756 this wretched locality was narrow, and surrounded by ruinous houses, but the road was soon after widened, raised, and drained. In 1855 the navvies came upon an old pavement near Ray Street, and oak piles, black and slimy, the site of a City mill.

The upper portion of the thoroughfare in con-







THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, CLERKENWELL

THE GATE FROM THE WEST — GENERAL VIEW FROM THE NORTH-EAST. — THE CHAPEL FROM THE SOUTH.

tinuation of Coppice Row was, says Mr. Pinks, formerly called Rag Street, in allusion, it may be, to the number of marine-store shops. In 1774 the notorious and polluted name of Hockley-in-the-Hole was formally changed to that of Ray Street.

On the site of the "Coach and Horses," in Ray Street, once stood the Bear Garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole, which, in Queen Anne's time, rivalled the Southwark Bear Garden of Elizabethan days. Here, in 1700, the masters of the noble science of self-defence held their combats.

The earliest advertisement of the amusements at Hockley occurs in the *Daily Post* of the 10th July, 1700. In the spring of the following year it was announced that four men were "to fight at sword for a bet of half-a-guinea, and six to wrestle for three pairs of gloves, at half-a-crown each pair. The entertainment to begin exactly at three o'clock." The same year a presentment of the grand jury for the county of Middlesex, dated the 4th June, 1701, complained of this place as a public nuisance, and prayed for its suppression. "We having observed the late boldness of a sort of men that stile themselves masters of the noble science of defence, passing through this city with beat of drums, colours displayed, swords drawn, with a numerous company of people following them, dispersing their printed bills, thereby inviting persons to be spectators of those inhuman sights which are directly contrary to the practice and profession of the Christian religion, whereby barbarous principles are instilled in the minds of men; we think ourselves obliged to represent this matter, that some method may be speedily taken to prevent their passage through the city in such a tumultuous manner, on so unwarrantable a design."

"You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole and Marybone, child, to learn valour," says Mrs. Peachum to Filch, in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. On Mondays and Thursdays, the days of the bull and bear baitings at this delectable locality, the animals were paraded solemnly through the streets.

"In 1709 a most tragical occurrence took place at Hockley-in-the-Hole. Christopher Preston, the proprietor of the Bear Garden, was attacked by one of his own bears, and almost devoured, before his friends were aware of his danger. A sermon upon this sad event was preached in the church of St. James's by the Rev. Dr. Pead, the then incumbent of Clerkenwell."

When the bull and bears were paraded in the street, or swordsmen were to fight, bills such as the following were distributed among the crowd:—

"A trial of skill to be performed between two profound masters of the noble science of self-defence, on Wednesday next, the 13th of July, 1709, at two o'clock precisely. I, George Gray, born in the city of Norwich, who has fought in most parts of the West Indies—viz., Jamaica, Barbadoes, and several other parts of the world, in all twenty-five times upon the stage, and was never yet worsted, and am now lately come to London, do invite James Harris to meet and exercise at the following weapons: back-sword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, and case of falchions. I, James Harris, master of the said noble science of defence, who formerly *rid* in the Horse Guards, and hath fought 110 prizes, and never left a stage to any man, will not fail (God willing) to meet this brave and bold inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. No person to be upon the stage but the seconds.

"VIVAT REGINA."

"At his Majesty's Bear Garden, in Hockley-in-the-Hole, a trial of skill is to be performed to-morrow, being the 9th instant (without beat of drum), between these following masters:—I, John Terrewest, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire, master of the noble science of defence, do invite you, William King, who lately fought Mr. Joseph Thomas, once more to meet me and exercise at the usual weapons.—I, William King, will not fail to meet this fair inviter, desiring a clear stage, and, from him, no favour. Note. There is lately built a pleasant cool gallery for gentlemen." (Advertisement in the *Postboy* for July 8th, 1701.)

"At the Bear Garden, Hockley-in-the-Hole, 1710.—This is to give notice to all gentlemen gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate Market against one from Hony Lane Market, at a bull, for a guinea, to be spent. Five let-goes out of hand; which goes fairest and farthest in wins all. Likewise a *green bull* to be baited, which was never baited before, and a bull to be turned loose, with fireworks all over him; also a mad ass to be baited. With a variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and a dog to be drawn up with fireworks. To begin exactly at three of the clock."

In 1710 the four Indian kings mentioned by Addison came to Hockley-in-the-Hole, to see the rough playing at backsword, dagger, single falchion, and quarter-staff. In 1712 Steele described a combat here, in the *Spectator*. The result of these fights was, it appears, often arranged beforehand, and the losing man often undertook to receive the cuts, provided they were not too many or too deep. About this time the proprietor of the Bear Garden left Hockley, and started a new garden at Marylebone, and for a time Hockley-in-the-Hole fell into disrepute with "the fancy." In 1715, however, there was a great backsword player here, who boasted he had cut down all the swordsmen of the West, and was ready to fight the best in London. In 1716 a wild bull was baited with fireworks, and bears were baited to death; and, in 1721, people came to Hockley to see sparring and eat furmenty and hasty-pudding.

In 1735 we find swordsmen having nine bouts with single sword, their left hands being tied down. When a favourite dog was tossed by a Hockley-in-

the-Hole bull, his master and his friends used to run and try to catch him on their shoulders, for fear he should be hurt in the fall. Good sensitive creatures! It was also the custom to stick ribbon crosses on the foreheads of favourite bull-dogs, and when these were removed and stuck on the bull's forehead, the dog was cheered on till he had recovered his treasured decoration. Cowardly dogs stole under the bull's legs, and often got trampled to death. The really "plucky" dog pinned the bull by the nose, and held on till his teeth broke out or he was gored to death. There was cock-fighting here too, and, in 1744, says Mr. Pinks, the prize was a large sow and ten pigs. No game-cock was to exceed four pounds and an ounce in weight.

The old dwelling-house that adjoined the Bear Garden was, in later years, the "Coach and Horses" public-house. The place is so old that the present large room over the bar was originally on the second storey, and the beer-cellars were habitable apartments. Many years ago a small valise, with wooden ends, and marked on the lid "R. Turpin" (perhaps the famous Dick Turpin, the highwayman) was found here, and also several old blank keys, such as thieves wax over to get impressions of locks they wish to open. For the use of such "minions of the moon," there used to be a vaulted passage, now closed, that communicated with the banks of the Fleet.

CHAPTER XL.

CLERKENWELL.

House of Detention—Explosion and Attempted Rescue of Fenian Prisoners—St. John's Gate—Knights Hospitallers and Knights Templars—Rules and Privileges of the Knights of St. John—Revival of the Order—Change of Dress—The Prioress of Clerkenwell and the Priory Church—Its Destruction—Henry II.'s Council—Royal Visitors at the Priory—The Present Church—The Cock Lane Ghost—St. John's Gate—The Jerusalem Tavern—Cave and the *Gentleman's Magazine*—Relics of Johnson—The Urban Club—Hicks's Hall—Red Lion Street and its Associations—St. John's Square and its Noble Inhabitants—Wilkes's Birthplace—Modern Industries in Clerkenwell—Burnet House and its Inmates—Bishop Burnet—Clarke the Commentator—An Unjust Judge—Poole of the *Synopsis*—Jesuits' College Discovered.

THE House of Detention, Clerkenwell, a place of imprisonment as old as 1775, was rebuilt in 1818, and also in 1845. This prison was the scene, in December, 1867, of that daring attempt to rescue the Fenian prisoners, Burke and Casey, which for a day or two scared London.

"In the course of the day," says a writer in the *Annual Register*, "a policeman on duty outside the prison had his suspicions so strongly aroused, by seeing a woman named Justice and a man frequently conversing together, that he communicated with one of the prison authorities, who, in consequence, made arrangements for giving an alarm, if it should become necessary. During the day, a warder on duty inside had his attention directed to a man at a window in the upper part of a house in Woodbridge Street, overlooking the prison-yard. He went to bring another warder, and on their return the man had vanished, but was shortly afterwards seen talking to the woman Justice near the entrance to the prison, and to the man who had been seen loitering with her. Later in the day, the warder had his attention called to the same window in the opposite house in Woodbridge Street, overlooking the prison-yard; and there he saw a woman leaning out, and several men inside the room. He distinctly counted five men; but there seemed to him to be more, and they were all looking anxiously in the direction of the place where the explosion occurred almost immediately afterwards.

"The explosion, which sounded like a discharge of artillery, occurred at exactly a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon, when there was still some daylight, and was heard for miles round. In the immediate neighbourhood it produced the greatest consternation; for it blew down houses, and shattered the windows of others in all directions. A considerable length of the outer wall of the prison was levelled with the ground. The windows of the prison, of coarse glass more than a quarter of an inch thick, were, to a large extent, broken, and the side of the building immediately facing the outer wall in which the breach was made, and about 150 feet from it, showed the marks of the bricks which were hurled against it by the explosion. The wall surrounding the prison was about twenty-five feet high, two feet three inches thick at the bottom, and about fourteen inches thick at the top.

"The result of the explosion upon the unfortunate inmates of the houses in Corporation Lane and other adjoining buildings was most disastrous. Upwards of forty innocent people—men, women, and children of all ages, some of whom happened to be passing at the time—were injured more or less severely; one was killed on the spot, and three more died shortly afterwards."

Several persons were arrested as having been

implicated in the crime, and tried at the Central Criminal Court. At their trial a boy, who was the only eye-witness of the attempt, deposed that about a quarter to four o'clock he was standing at Mr. Young's door, No. 5, when he saw a large barrel close to the wall of the prison, and a man leave the barrel and cross the road. Shortly afterwards the man returned with a long squib in each hand. One of these he gave to some boys who were playing in the street, and the other he thrust into the barrel. One of the boys was smoking, and he handed the man a light, which the man applied to the squib. The man stayed a short time, until he saw the squib begin to burn, and then he ran away. A policeman ran after him; and when he arrived opposite No. 5 "the thing went off." The boy saw no more after that, as he himself was covered with bricks and mortar. There was a white cloth over the barrel, which was black; and when the man returned with the squib he partly uncovered the barrel, but did not wholly remove the cloth. There were several men and women in the street at the time, and children playing. Three little boys were standing near the barrel all the time. Some of the people ran after the man who lighted the squib.

The legends and traditions of this most ancient and interesting district of London all cluster round St. John's Gate (the old south gate of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem), and the old crypt of St. John's Church, relics of old religion and of ancient glory.

For upwards of four hundred years the Knights Hospitallers flourished in Clerkenwell, and a brief note of their origin here becomes indispensable. The order seems to have had its rise in the middle of the eleventh century, when some pious merchants of Amalfi obtained leave of the Mohammedans to build a refuge for sick and needy Christian pilgrims, near the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The hospital was dedicated to St. John the Cypriote, Patriarch of Alexandria, a good man, who, in the seventh century, when the Saracens first took Jerusalem, had generously sent money and food to the afflicted Christians of Syria. Subsequently the order renounced John the Patriarch, and took up with the more agreeable patronage of St. John the Baptist.

In the first crusade, when the overwhelming forces of Christian Europe forced their way into the Holy City, and the streets which Christ had trodden, scattering blessings, floated in infidel blood, the hospital of St. John was filled with wounded Crusaders, many of whom, on their recovery, doffed their mail and put on the robes of the holy and charitable brotherhood. The real founder of the order was Gerard, who, when Godfrey de Bouillon was chosen King of Jerusalem, in 1099, proposed to the brethren a regular costume, and became the first rector or master of the order. The dress formally adopted, in 1104, was a black robe and white cross. Raymond de Pay, who succeeded Gerard, took a bolder step. Tired of merely feeding and nursing sick and hungry pilgrims, he proposed to his brethren to make the order a military one. By 1130 this section of the church militant had whipped off hundreds of shaven heads, and covered themselves with glory.

In 1187, when Saladin retook Jerusalem, he was gracious to the Hospitallers, who had been kind to the wounded and the prisoners, and he allowed ten of the order to remain and complete their cures. Still indefatigable against the unbelievers, the men of the black robe and white cross fought bravely at the taking of Ptolemais, in 1191, and from them this strong seaport town, which they held for nearly two centuries, derived its new name of St. Jean d'Acre.

Siege and battle, desert march and hill fights, had, however, now thinned the black mantles, and more men had to be sent out to recruit the little army of muscular Christians. The departure of the reinforcement from Clerkenwell Priory is thus picturesquely described by the old monkish chronicler, Matthew Paris:—"In 1237 the Hospitallers sent their prior, Theodoric, a German by birth, and a most clever knight, with a body of other knights and stipendiary attendants, and a large sum of money, to the assistance of the Holy Land. They having made all arrangements, set out from their house at Clerkenwell, and proceeded in good order, with about thirty shields uncovered, with spears raised, and preceded by their banner, through the midst of the City, towards the bridge, that they might obtain the blessings of the spectators, and, bowing their heads with their cowls lowered, commended themselves to the prayers of all."

"It is said," says one writer, "that on the return of the English Crusaders to their native country, the Knights Hospitallers and Knights Templars, on the 3rd of October, 1247, presented King Henry III. with a beautiful crystalline vase, containing a portion of the blood of our Saviour that he had shed on the cross for the salvation of mankind, the genuineness of the relic being attested by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and other prelates of the Holy Land."

In 1292, at the desperate siege of Acre, the fighting of straight sword against sabre was so hot,

and such were the falls from roof and battlement, that only seven of the Syrian detachment escaped to Cyprus. In 1310 the Hospitallers conquered Rhodes and seven other islands from the Infidel, and commenced privateering against all Mohammedan vessels. In 1344 these stalwart Christians took Smyrna, which post they held for fifty-six years, till they were forced out of the stronghold by Tamerlane. Rhodes becoming an unbearable thorn in the flesh to turbaned mariners, in 1444, an army of 18,000 Turks besieged the island for forty days, but in vain. In 1492 Mahomet II. was repulsed, after a siege of eighty-nine days, leaving 9,000 shaven Infidels dead around the ramparts. In 1502 cautious Henry VII. of England was chosen Protector of the order, and promised men and money against the scorners of Christianity, but supplied neither. But the end came at last; in 1522 Solyman the Magnificent besieged Rhodes with 300,000 men, and eventually, after a stubborn four months' siege, and the loss of 80,000 men by violence, and as many by disease, the brave grand master, L'Isle Adam, after his honourable capitulation, came to England to appeal to Henry VIII., whose fat, greedy hand was already stretched out towards the Clerkenwell Priory. The order had done its duty, and Henry was touched by the venerable old warrior's appeal: he confirmed the privileges of the knights, and gave L'Isle Adam a golden basin and ewer, set with jewels, and artillery to the value of 20,000 crowns. The recovery of Rhodes was not, however, attempted by the Hospitallers, as the Emperor Charles V. ceded Malta to them on the annual payment of a falcon to the reigning King of Spain.

The generous concessions of Henry VIII. lasted only as long as the tyrant's purse was full. Having little to say against the Clerkenwell knights, he suppressed the order because it "maliciously and traitorously upheld the 'Bishop of Rome' to be Supreme Head of Christ's Church," intending thereby to subvert "the good and godly laws and statues of this realm." William Weston, the last prior, and other officers of the order, were bought off by small annuities. Fuller particularly mentions that the Knights Hospitallers, "being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits," would not present the king with puling petitions, but stood bravely on their rights. They judged it best, however, to submit. Some of the knights retired to Malta. Two who remained were beheaded as traitors to King Henry, and a third was hanged and quartered. Queen Mary restored the order to their possessions, but Elizabeth again drove off the knights to Malta.

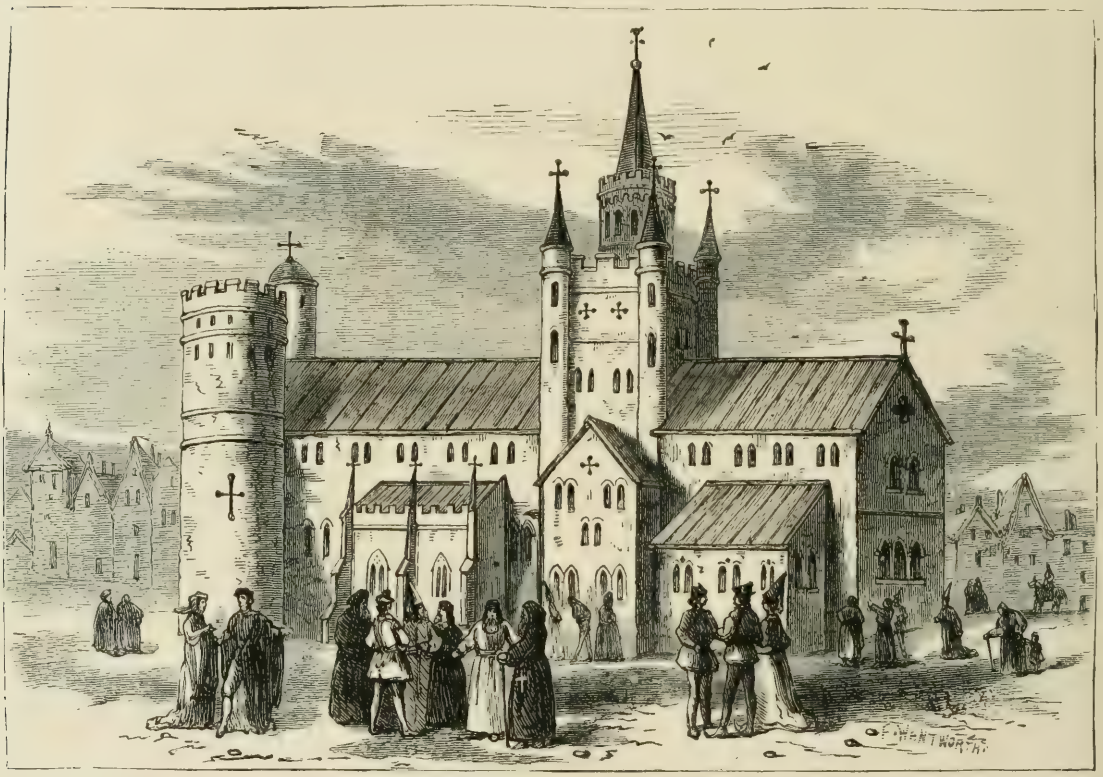
"The rules and privileges of the order of the Knights of St. John," says Mr. Pinks, "were as follows. Raymond de Pay made the following rules which were confirmed by Pope Boniface, in the sixth year of his pontificate:—Poverty, chastity, and obedience; to expect but bread and water and a coarse garment. The clerks to serve in white surplices at the altar. The priests in their surplices to convey the Host to the sick, with a deacon or clerk preceding them bearing a lantern, and a sponge filled with holy water. The brethren to go abroad by the appointment of the master, but never singly; and, to avoid giving offence, no females to be employed for or about their persons. When soliciting alms, to visit churches, or people of reputation, and ask their food for charity; if they received none, to buy enough for subsistence. To account for all their receipts to the master, and he to give them to the poor, retaining only one-third part for provisions, the overplus to the poor. The brethren to go soliciting only by permission, to carry candles with them, to wear no skins of wild beasts, or clothes degrading to the order. To eat but twice a day on Wednesday and Saturday, and no flesh from Septuagesima until Easter, except when aged or indisposed. To sleep covered. If incontinent in private, to repent in privacy, and do penance. If the brother was discovered, he was to be deprived of his robe in the church of the town after mass, severely whipped, and expelled from the order, but if truly penitent, he might be again received, but not without penance, and a year's expulsion. If two of the brethren quarrelled, they were to eat only bread and water on Wednesday and Friday, and off the bare ground for seven days. If blows passed, and to those who went abroad without permission, this discipline was extended to forty days. No conversation when eating, or after retiring to the dormitory, and nothing to be drunk after the ringing of the compline. If a brother offended, and did not amend after the third admonition, he was compelled to walk to the master for correction. No brother was to strike a servant. The twenty-second rule of this monastic code was both revolting and disgraceful to any community. It ordered that if a brother died without revealing what he possessed, his money should be tied about the body's neck, and it was to be severely whipped in the presence of the members of the house. Masses were sung thirty days for deceased brethren and alms given in the house. In all decisions they were to give just judgment. They sung the epistle and gospel on Sundays, made a procession, and sprinkled holy water. If a brother embezzled money appropriated to the poor, or excited opposition

to the master, he was expelled. When a brother's conduct was found to be too bad, another was to reprove him, but not to publish his faults. If amendment did not follow, the reprover was to call the assistance of others, and ultimately report his crimes to the master in writing; but those accusations were to be supported by proof. The brothers were universally to wear the cross on their breasts.

"The order was that of St. Augustine. He who wished for admission came before the Chapter on Sunday, and humbly expressed his hope that he might be received. If no objection was made, a brother informed him that numbers of men of consequence had preceded him, but that he would be entirely deceived in supposing that he should live luxuriously; for that instead of sleeping he would be required to wake, and fast when desirous to eat, to visit places he would rather have avoided, and, in short, have no will of his own. The exordium concluded with a demand whether he was willing to do these things. Upon answering in the affirmative, an oath was administered, by which he bound himself never to enter any other order, declared himself a bachelor without having promised marriage, that he was free from debt, and a freeman, that he would live and die under the superior whom God should place over him, to be chaste and poor, and a servant to the sick. He who received the new brother then promised him bread and water, and coarse garments, and a participation in all the good works of the order.

"Whoever wished to be received into the brotherhood was required to prove his nobility for four descents, on his mother's as well as his father's side; to be of legitimate birth (an exception being made only in favour of the natural sons of kings and princes); to be not less than twenty years of age, and of blameless life and character.

"The following ceremonies were performed at the creation of a knight:—'1. A sword was given to the novice, in order to show that he must be valiant. 2. A cross hilt, as his valour must defend religion. 3. He was struck three times over the shoulder with the sword, to teach him patiently to suffer for Christ. 4. He had to wipe the sword, as his life must be undefiled. 5. Gilt spurs were put on, because he was to spurn wealth at his heels. 6. He took a taper in his hand, as it was his duty to enlighten others by his exemplary conduct. 7. He had to go and hear mass, where we will leave him.'



THE ORIGINAL PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, CLERKENWELL.

"In the season of its prosperity this renowned order included in its fraternity men of eight different nations, of which the English were the sixth in rank. The languages were those of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, and Germany. The Anglo-Bavarian was afterwards substituted for that of England, and that of Castile was added to the number. Cowardice on the battle-field involved the severest of all penalties—degradation and expulsion from the order. We

"the Langue of England," as an independent corporation existing under the royal letters patent of Philip and Mary, but it proved hard to galvanise the corpse of chivalry. In 1831 Sir Robert Peat was installed into the office of grand prior; and in 1834, by proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, the corporation of the sixth Langue was formally revived. Sir Robert Peat was succeeded in 1837 by Sir Henry Dymoke, seventeenth hereditary champion of the Crown, and in 1847 the Hon.



COFFEE-ROOM AT ST JOHN'S GATE. (*See page* 318.)

place this cross on your breast, my brother, says the ritual of admission, 'that you may love it with all your heart; and may your right hand ever fight in its defence and for its preservation. Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat and desert the standard of the cross, and take flight, you will be stripped of the truly holy sign, according to the customs and statutes of the order, and you will be cut off from our body as an unsound and corrupt member. A knight, when degraded, had his habit torn from off him, and the spurs which he received at his investiture were hacked off."

Between the years 1826 and 1831, says Mr Pinks, there was an attempt in London to revive

Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, Bart., accepted the office. The object of the order is the promotion of charity, and the knights are chiefly Protestants. The heads of the order at Rome still refuse to recognise the English Langue as an integral branch of the ancient order of St. John.

About 1278 the knights adopted a red cassock, and a white cross as their military dress, reserving the black mantle worn in imitation of the Baptist's garment in the wilderness for hospital use. Their standard was red, with a white cross. The Hospitallers' churches were all sanctuaries, and lights were kept perpetually burning in them. The knights had the right of burying even felons who had given them alms during life.

The Hospitallers had also the privilege of administering the sacrament to interdicted persons, and even in interdicted towns; and they were also allowed to bury the interdicted in the churchyards of any of their commanderies.

The order began, like the Templars, in poverty, and ended in luxury and corruption. The governor was entitled, at first, "The Servant to the Poor Serviteurs of the Hospital of Jerusalem." The knights ended by growing so rich, that about the year of our Lord 1240, says Weever, they held in Christendom 19,000 lordships and manors. They are known to have lent Edward III. money. In 1211 Lady Joan Grey of Hampton, left her manor and manor-house of Hampton (several thousand acres) to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, an estate of which Cardinal Wolsey procured a lease for ninety-nine years from Sir Thomas Docwra, the last prior, who lost the election for the grand mastership by only three votes, when contesting it with his kinsman, L'Isle Adam.

Brave as the Hospitallers of Clerkenwell always remained, they soon, we fear, grew proud, avaricious, and selfish. Edward III. had to reprove the brotherhood for its proud insolence. When Henry III. threatened to take away their charter, the prior told him that a king who was unjust did not deserve the name of monarch. In 1338 the English prior, Thomas l'Archer, raised £1,000 by cutting down woods round all the commanderies; he also sold leases and pensions for any terms of ready money, and by bribes to the judges, he procured for the order forfeited lands of the Templars.

Every preceptory of the Hospitallers paid its own expenses, except that of Clerkenwell, where the grand prior resided, and had many pensioners to support, and many courtly and noble guests to entertain. In the year 1337 this priory spent more than its entire revenue, which was at least £8,000.

"The consumption," says Mr. Pinks, "of the good things of the earth in the preceptory of Clerkenwell by the brotherhood, the pensioners, guests, and servitors was enormous. In one year, besides fish and fowl from its demesnes, it expended 430 quarters of wheat, 413 quarters of barley, 60 quarters of mixed corn (draget), 225 quarters of oats for brewing, 300 quarters of oats for horse-feed. They used eight quarters of oats and four quarters of peas for pottage, and laid out *in expensis coquinæ* (in the expenses of the kitchen) £121 6s. 8d. The next item shows that in the midst of all their excesses they had not forgotten to be hospitable. 'For twenty quarters of beans distributed among the poor on St. John the Baptist's Day, according to custom, at 3s. per quarter, 60s.'"

The prior of St. John of Jerusalem ranked as the first baron of England, "a kind of otter," says Selden, "a knight half-spiritual, half-temporal." His proud motto was "Sane Baro"—a baron indeed.

Sir William Weston, the last prior but one of St. John, distinguished himself during the siege of Rhodes. His father's two brothers were also knights of the order, and one of them had been Lord Prior of England and General of the Galleys. At the dissolution King Henry awarded Sir William a pension of £1,000 a year; but the suppression of the order in England broke his brave heart soon after. Sir Thomas Tresham, the last prior, died a year or two after his investiture. A Sir William Tresham was residing at Clerkenwell Green in 1619. He was of the same family as Sir Francis Tresham, whose mysterious letter to his friend Lord Monteagle led to the fortunate discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. It will not be forgotten by our readers that a Protestant band of the Knights Hospitallers still exists in Prussia, rich and numerous.

The Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, was founded by Lord Jordan Briset, in the reign of Henry I. He founded also the Nuns' house at Clerkenwell. In 1185 the church was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the reign of Edward I. further additions were made to the priory; the preceptory was burned by Wat Tyler's rabble, and it was not till 1504 that the hospital was restored to its full grandeur, and the grand south gate erected by Sir Thomas Docwra. Camden says of the second building, admiringly, that it resembled a palace, and had in it a very fair church, and a tower-steeple raised to a great height, with so fine workmanship that it was a singular beauty and ornament to the city.

At the dissolution Henry VIII. gave the priory church to John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, Lord High Admiral of England for £1,000; and the church and priory were used by that bloated Ahab, Henry, as a storehouse for his toils and hunting-tents. Edward VI., as careless of confiscating sacred things as his tyrannical father, gave away the remaining land.

"But in the third year of Edward VI.," says Stow, "the church for the most part, to wit, the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and inameled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder; the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord

Protector's house in the Strand (old Somerset House)."

The curse of sacrilege, in Spelman's opinion, fell on the Protector. He never finished his Strand house, nor did his son inherit it, and he himself perished on the scaffold. The stones of St. John's Priory went to build the porch of the church of Allhallows, in Gracechurch Street. The choir, in Fuller's time, was in "a pitiful plight," the walls having been shattered by the Protector's gunpowder.

On Mary's succession, Cardinal Pole, on the revival of the order, built a west front to the priory church, and repaired the side chapels. We find on the day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist, that the Merchant Taylors came to celebrate mass at the priory church, when the choir was hung with arras, and every one made offerings at the altar.

Many remarkable historical scenes took place at the priory of Clerkenwell. One of the most remarkable of these was the aulic council held by Henry II. and his barons, when the patriarch Heraclius and the grand master of the Hospitallers, came to England to urge Henry to a new crusade. Heraclius brought with him the keys of David's Tower and the Holy Sepulchre, and an offer of the crown of Jerusalem. When the barons agreed that the king should not lead the crusaders in person, the patriarch flew into an inappeasable rage. "Here is my head," he cried; "here is my head; treat me, if you like, as you did my brother Thomas (meaning A'Becket). It is a matter of indifference to me whether I die by your orders or in Syria by the hands of the infidels; for you are worse than a Saracen." The master of the Hospitallers was extremely hurt at the behaviour of the patriarch Heraclius, but the king took no notice of his insolence.

In 1212 King John, that dark and malign usurper, spent a whole month at the Priory of St. John, feasted by the prior, and on Easter Sunday, at table, he knighted Alexander, the son of the King of Scotland, a ceremony which cost young Sandy £14 4s. 8d. In 1265 Prince Edward and his loving wife, Eleanor of Castile, were entertained here. The prince had married his wife when she was only ten years of age, and on claiming her, at twenty, came to St. John's Priory for their honeymoon. In 1399 we find Henry IV., not yet crowned, coming down Chepe to St. Paul's, and, after lodging with the bishop for five or six days, staying a fortnight at the priory. In 1413 King Henry V., that chivalrous king, says the Grey Friars' chronicler, was "lyvinge at Sent Jones."

In the year 1485 a royal council was held at St. John's. Public indignation was aroused by a well-founded rumour of the intended espousal by Richard III. of Elizabeth of York, his niece, his queen, Anne, being then lately dead. "Richard, perceiving the public disgust, gave up the idea of marrying Elizabeth, and immediately after the funeral of his wife was over, called a meeting of the civic authorities in the great hall of St. John's, Clerkenwell, just before Easter, and in their presence distinctly disavowed any intention of espousing his niece, and forbade the circulation of the report, as false and scandalous in a high degree." The chronicler relates that a convocation of twelve doctors of divinity had sat on a case of marriage of uncle and niece, and declared that the kindred was too near for the Pope's bull to sanction.

The Princess Mary lived at the priory in much pomp, sometimes visiting her brother, Edward VI., in great state. Machyn, in his curious diary, describes her riding from St. John's to Westminster, attended by Catholic lords, knights, and gentlemen, in coats of velvet and chains of gold, and on another day returning to St. John's, followed by fourscore Catholic gentlemen and ladies, each with an ostentatious pair of black beads, "to make a profession of their devotion to the mass." In 1540 ten newly-made serjeants-at-law gave a great banquet at St. John's, to all the Lords and Commons, and the mayor and aldermen. Rings were given to the guests, and, according to Stow, at one of these feasts, in 1531, thirty-four great beeves were consumed, besides thirty-seven dozen pigeons and fourteen dozen swans.

In Elizabeth's reign, when sacred things were roughly handled, Tylney, the queen's Master of the Revels, resided at St. John's, with all his tailors, embroiderers, painters, and carpenters, and all artificers required to arrange court plays and masques. In this reign Master Tylney licensed all plays, regulated the stage for thirty-one years, and passed no less than thirty of Shakespeare's dramas, commencing with *Henry IV.* and ending with *Anthony and Cleopatra;* he might have told us one or two things about the "great unknown," but he died in 1610, and left no diary or autobiography. The court revels were all rehearsed in the great hall at St. John's. In 1612 James I. gave the priory to Lord Aubigny, and the Revels Office was removed to St. Peter's Hill. The house afterwards came into the possession of Sir William Cecil, grandson of the famous Lord Treasurer Burleigh. The repaired choir was reopened in 1623, by Dr. Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of

Exeter and Norwich. In the reign of Charles I. the church served as private chapel to the Earl of Elgin, who occupied the house, and it was called Aylesbury Chapel. It became a Presbyterian meeting-house till 1710.

During the absurd Sacheverell riots, when a High Church mob turned out to destroy Dissenting chapels, St. John's Chapel happening to be near the house of the obnoxious Bishop Burnet, the fanatics gutted the building, and burnt the pews, &c., before Burnet's door. Sacheverell was a High Church clergyman, who, in a public sermon at St. Paul's, had proclaimed the doctrine of passive obedience, and was, in consequence, sent for trial to Westminster Hall, where the Tories triumphantly acquitted him. The chapel was enlarged in 1721, and in 1723 was bought for £3,000 by the commissioners for building fifty new churches.

In the present church, which was restored and improved by Mr. Griffith, in 1845, one of the large painted windows at the east end remains in its old state. In the south and east walls are remains of Prior Docwra's perpendicular work, and the pews stand upon capitals and rib mouldings of the former church. There are some few traces of early English architecture. An old gabled wooden building near the south side of the church, as seen in Hollar's view of the priory (1661), is still standing, says Mr. Pinks, and is occupied by St. John's Sunday Schools. Stones of the old church were discovered in 1862, forming sides of the main sewer through St. John's Square. The arms of Prior Botyler (1439–1469), a chevron between three combs, are still to be seen in the central east window. The head of the beadle's staff, a Knight Hospitaller in silver, was in use in the time of James II., and belonged to the old church of St. James. The portable baptismal bowl is antique, and once supplied the place of a font. Langhorne, the poet, was curate and lecturer at St. John's, Clerkenwell, in 1764. He defended the Scotch against Churchill's satire, and helped his brother to translate Plutarch's "Lives." A poem of Langhorne's moved Burns to tears, the only night Sir Walter Scott, then a child, ever saw him.

In the vaults of this church the celebrated "Cock Lane Ghost" promised to manifest itself to credulous Dr. Johnson and others. The great bibliopole and his friends were thus ridiculed by Churchill for their visit to St. John's:—

> "Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,
> In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
> Adventured forth; Caution before,
> With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
> Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
> Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.
> * * * * *
> At length they reach the place of death.
> A vault it was, long time apply'd
> To hold the last remains of pride.
> * * * * *
> Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
> And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
> 'Till, taught by Prudence to unite,
> And straining with collected might,
> The stubborn wards resist no more,
> But open flies the growling door.
> Three paces back they fell, amazed,
> Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.
> * * * * *
> How would the wicked ones rejoice,
> And infidels exalt their voice,
> If M——e and Plausible were found,
> By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?
> How would fools laugh should it appear
> Pomposo was the slave of fear?
> * * * * *
> Silent all three went in; about
> All three turn'd silent, and came out."

The church is, in fact, chiefly remarkable for its crypt, the descent to which is at the north-east angle, under the vestry. It seems originally, by Hollar's view of the east end of the church, in 1661, to have been then above ground. Though 700 years old, the crypt of St. John's is in good preservation. The chief portion consists of four bays, two semi-Norman and two early English, the ribs of the latter bays springing from triple clustered columns, with moulded capitals and bases. From each keystone hangs an iron ring. On each side of the two western bays are pointed window openings, now blocked up. The central avenue of the crypt is sixteen feet wide, and twelve feet high, and there are corresponding side-aisles. At the entrance of the vault is a place where the gardener used to keep his tools, and where, for many years, stood a coffin said to have been arrested for debt. The coffins used to stand in rows, four or five deep, covered with dust, and shreds of black cloth. The ends of some had fallen out, and the bony feet had protruded. In 1800 a committee of gentlemen reporting on repairs found a sheet of cobweb hanging from the upper coffins ten to fifteen feet long, and in parts nearly as broad. In 1862 the coffins were piled up in the aisles, that of "Scratching Fanny," the Cock Lane Ghost, among them, and all the side passages bricked up.

Many years ago workmen making a sewer beneath the square, nearly in a line with Jerusalem Passage, came on a chalk and flint wall seven feet thick, and Mr. Cromwell decided that this was part of the foundation of the stately tower described by Stow. It is supposed that the church was 300

feet long, and that its transepts stood in a direct line with St. John's Gate. The enclosure walls can still partially be traced, and the modern buildings in St. John's Square, says Mr. Griffiths, are mostly built on the old rubble walls of the hospital. The foundations of the cellars under No. 19, and the basements of Nos. 21 and 22 on the north side of St. John's Square, formed the foundations of the old priory walls. Between No. 19 and No. 20 a wall was found seven feet thick: some of the stones had been used for windows, and showed the action of fire. The north postern of the priory was taken down in 1780: here were then sixty-seven feet of old wall westward of St. John's Gate. There were also remains of the priory in Ledbury Place, which formed the west garden-wall of Bishop Burnet's house, and also in the west garden-wall of Dr. Adam Clarke's house, which adjoined Burnet's house.

That fine specimen of Sir Thomas Docwra's perpendicular, St. John's Gate, is built of brick and freestone. The walls are about three feet thick, and are built of brick, faced with Rye-gate stone, the same as used for Henry VII.'s Chapel. The famous gate and its flanking towers, formerly much higher than they are now since the soil has risen around them, are pierced with numerous windows, the principal one being a wide Tudor arch, with three mullions and many coats of arms. Beneath this window are several shields, set in Gothic niches. In the centre are the arms of France and England, surmounted by a crown; on each side are the arms of the priory. Outside these are two shields, one bearing the founders' arms impaling the arms of England, the other emblazoning the insignia of Sir Thomas Docwra. Underneath these last shields were formerly the initials "T. D.," separated by a Maltese cross and the word "Prior." On the north side of the gate, facing the square, are three other shields, and, in low relief, the words "Ano.-Dni., 1504."

The entrance to the west tower, says Mr. Pinks, from the north side of the gate, now no longer used, once led to a staircase, the entrance to Cave's printing-office. The carvings on the spandrils of the doorcase, now decayed, are described in 1788 as representing a hawk and a cock, a hen and a lion, supporting the shield of the priory, and that of Sir Thomas Docwra. The old stone floor is three feet below the present surface. The round tower internally contains remains of the old well staircase (half stone, half oak) which led to the top of the gateway. The upper part was made of blocks of oak six inches thick. The east tower had probably a similar staircase. The stone staircase in the north-west tower was removed in 1814. The entrance to the east tower, on the north side the gate, has been long ago blocked up.

In 1661 Hollar draws the gate as blocked up with a wooden structure, beneath which were two distinct passages. This was removed in 1771. The roof of the now dwarfed archway is, says an able historian of Clerkenwell, "a beautiful example of the groining of the fifteenth century, adorned with shields, bosses, and moulded ribs, springing from angular columns with moulded capitals." On the keystone is carved the paschal lamb, kneeling on a clasped copy of the Gospels, and supporting a flag. In a line with the lamb are coloured shields of the priory, and of Docwra.

On the east side of the archway Mr. Foster, the keeper of the "Jerusalem" Tavern, and a great lover of ancient architecture, placed a large oil-painting, by Mr. John Wright, representing the Knights of St. John starting for a joust. For the "Jerusalem" Tavern, on the east basement, a south side-entrance was ruthlessly cut through the angle of the projecting gate-tower.

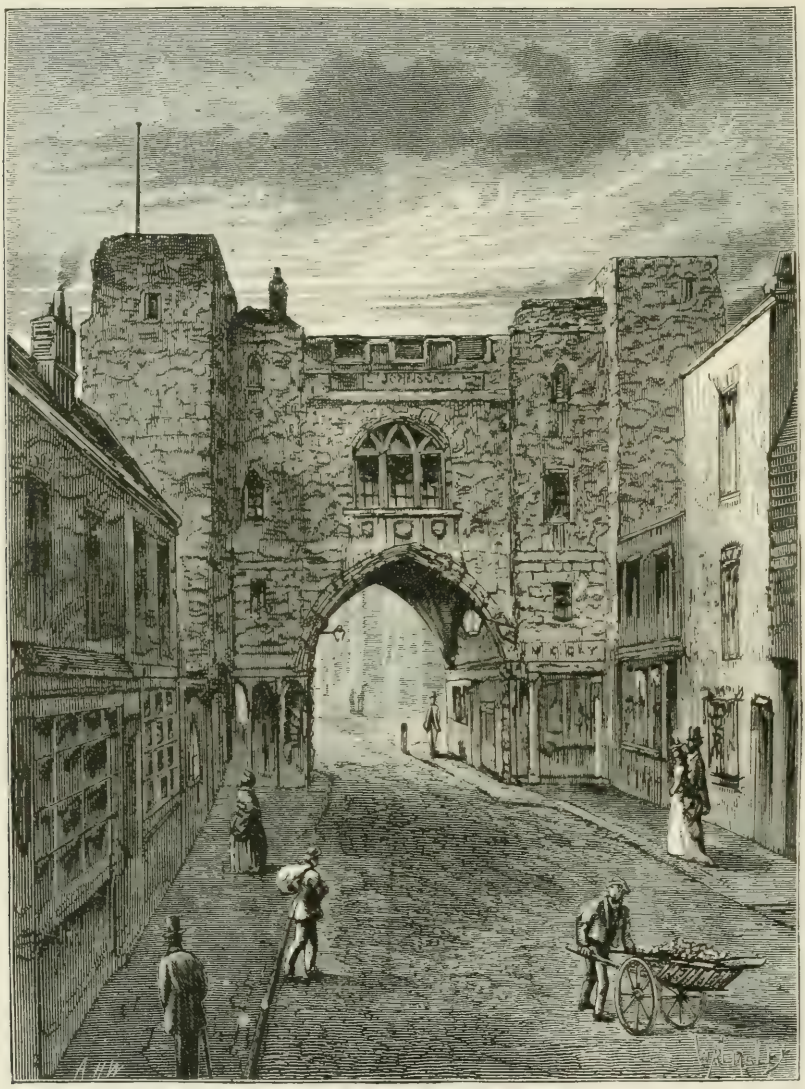
The basement on the west side was, in 1813, converted into a watch-house, and was afterwards turned into a dispensary hospital by the modern Knights of St. John, which in its first year benefited 2,062 persons. It then became a coal-shed, and after that a book-store. In many of the gate-house rooms there are still oak-panelled ceilings. The "grand hall," the memorable room over the arch, is approached by an Elizabethan staircase, and in the hall are two dull figures in armour, supposed, by courtesy, to represent Prior Weston and Prior Docwra; and a handsome bust of Mr. Till, the numismatist, adorns the mantel-piece. It was this Mr. Till who cast from old Greek and Roman coins the bronze armorial bearings of the priory and of Docwra, which adorn the parlour and hall.

It was here Dr. Johnson toiled for Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and here Garrick made his first theatrical *debût* in London.

Between 1737—1741, says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his "Life of Garrick," Garrick's friend Johnson —"now working out a miserable 'per-sheetage' from the very humblest hack-work, and almost depending for his crust on some little article that he could now and again get into the *Gentleman's Magazine*—was by this time intimate with Mr. Cave, of St. John's Gate, the publisher of that journal. Johnson mentioned his companion, and speaking of his gay dramatic talents, inspired this plain and practical bookseller with some curiosity, and it was agreed that an amateur performance should take

place in a room over the archway, with Mr. Garrick in a leading comic character. It was duly arranged; the piece fixed on was Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. Several of the printers were called in, parts were given to them to read, and there is an epilogue to the *Mock Doctor*, by Garrick, which, as it was inserted shortly afterwards in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, would seem to have been spoken on this occasion. This shows how absorbing was his taste for the stage, sure to break out when there was the slightest promise of an opening. The performance gave great amusement, and satisfied the sober Cave; and presently, perhaps as a mark of the publisher's satisfaction, some of Mr. Garrick's short love verses were admitted into the poetical department of the magazine."

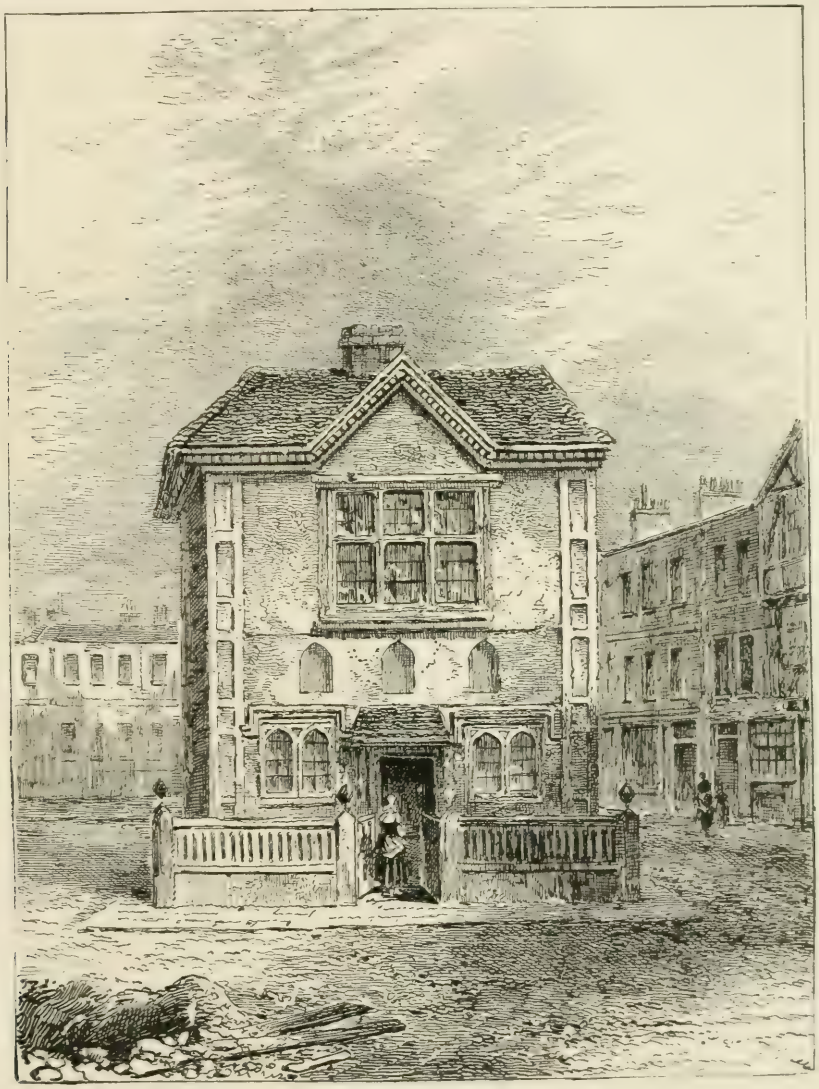
The delightful traditions that encrust, as with many-coloured lichens, the old gate, cluster thickest around the old room over the arch, for there Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith spent many pleasant hours, and it is good to sit there among the club, and muse over the great men's memories.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

In the coffee-room on the basement floor is an old-fashioned wide wooden chair, which, tradition asserts, was the favourite chair of Dr. Johnson. On the top rail is boldly painted the date of the doctor's birth and death. The chair was, however, it is hinted, merely an old chair found in an upper room by Mr. Benjamin Foster, when he took the tavern, and labelled "Dr. Johnson's," as an attraction to the gullible public. The stone Tudor mantelpiece in the coffee-room is an old one dis-

covered on the pulling down of a modern fireplace. In the wall (three feet four inches thick) in the side of this fireplace was found the entrance to a secret passage opening at the archway of the gate. It is doubtful whether this tavern was opened before or after Cave's death, but it is supposed that it was first called the "Jerusalem" Tavern; this name being assumed from the "Jerusalem" Tavern in Red Lion Street. In 1845 the terms of the Metropolitan Building Act compelled the parish to see to the gate, when the Freemasons of the Church, a useful architectural society, at once generously undertook its restoration, and saved it from being daubed up with cement. The upper portions of the towers were then re-cased with rough stone, the windows new mullioned, at a cost of £108, the Society of Antiquaries refusing to assist. The original gate was no doubt burned by Wat Tyler's men, but Mr. Griffith, F.S.A., during these restorations, discovered a fragment of the first gate, carved with scallop-shells and foliage, in a ceiling in Berkeley Street, Clerkenwell, on the site of the residence of Sir Maurice Berkeley, standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. He also, in 1855, discovered near the gate a stone boss, sculptured with foliage, and a carved stone window-head, from the old priory, with the priory arms in the spandril of the arch. Both interesting fragments are preserved at the South Kensington Museum. In the reign of James I. this great south gate was given to Sir Roger Wilbraham, who resided here.



HICKS'S HALL. (*About* 1750.)

In 1731 the gate became dignified by its connection with literature. Cave, the printer, careful, shrewd, and industrious, set up his presses in the hall over the gateway, and started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1731, displaying the gate in a rude woodcut on the exterior of the periodical, and very soon drew public attention to his magazine.

With St. John's Gate is connected Dr. Johnson's first struggles towards the daylight. Here, after hungry walks with Savage round St. James's Square, and long controversies in Grub Street cookshops, he came to toil for Cave, who employed him to edit the contributions, and to translate from Latin, French, and Italian. About the year 1738 he produced his "London," a grand imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. In 1740, like a loyal vassal of his editor, Johnson gratified an insatiable public curiosity, by giving himself a monthly sketch of the debates in both Houses of Parliament, a scheme projected by a man named Guthrie. "These productions were characterised by remarkable vigour, for they were written at those seasons, says Hawkins, when Johnson was able to raise his imagination to such a pitch of fervour as bordered upon enthusiasm. We can almost picture the doctor in his lone room in the gate, declaiming aloud on some public grievance. For the session of 1740–41 he undertook to write the debates entirely himself, and did so for the whole of three sessions. He began with a debate in the House of Commons on the bill for prohibiting exportation of corn, on the 19th November, 1740, and ended with one in the Lords, on the bill for restraining the sale of spirituous liquors, on the 23rd February, 1742-3. Such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that a few days before his death he solemnly declared to Mr. Nichols, whom he had requested to visit him, "that the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction was his account of the debates in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing on the world. The mode of preparing them which he adopted, he said, was to fix upon a speaker's name, then to make an argument for him, and to conjure up an answer." He wrote these debates with more velocity than any of his other productions; he sometimes produced three columns of the magazine within an hour. He once wrote ten pages in one day, and that not a long one, beginning, perhaps, at noon, and ending early in the evening. Of the "Life of Savage" he wrote forty-eight octavo pages in one day, but that day included the night, for he sat up all night to do it.

"The memoranda for the debates," continues Mr. Pinks, "which were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* were obtained sometimes by stealth, and at others from members of the House who were favourable to their publication, and who furnished Cave with notes of what they had themselves said or heard, through the medium of the post, and frequently by *vivâ voce* communication. Cave, when examined at the bar of the House of Lords on the charge of printing an account of the trial of Lord Lovat, in 1747, being asked, says Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes,' how he came by the speeches which he printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, replied that he got into the House and heard them, and made use of black-lead pencil, and took notes of only some remarkable passages, and from his memory he put them together himself. He also observed that sometimes he had speeches sent him by very eminent persons, as well as from the members themselves."

When working for Cave, at St. John's Gate, Johnson was still dependent. "We are told," remarks Mr. Pinks, "by Boswell that soon after his 'Life of Richard Savage' was anonymously published, Walter Harte, author of the 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' dined with Cave at the gate, and in the course of conversation highly commended Johnson's book. Soon after this Cave met him, and told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his (Cave's) house. 'How could that be?' said Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave answered by reminding him that a plate of victuals had been sent behind a screen at the dinner-time, and informed him that Johnson, who was dressed so shabbily that he did not choose to appear, had emptied that plate, and had heard with great delight Harte's encomiums on his book.

"From that spoilt child of genius, Richard Savage, Cave had many communications before he knew Johnson. The misfortunes and misconduct of this darling of the Muses reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a writer for bread; and his occasional visits to St. John's Gate brought him and Johnson together, poverty and genius making them akin.

"The amiable and accomplished authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, whom Johnson, from an appreciation of her talents, highly esteemed, and who was a frequent contributor to the *Magazine*, under the name of Eliza, during the interval of her occasional visits to London, lodged at St. John's Gate. Hither also came Richard Lauder, Milton's detractor; Dr. Hawkesworth, the author of 'Belisarius;' and a shoal of the small-fry of literature, who shared the patronage of Cave,

"Jedediah Buxton, a mental calculator of extraordinary powers, resided for several weeks in 1754 at St. John's Gate. This man, although he was the son of a schoolmaster (William Buxton), and the grandson of a vicar of his native parish (John Buxton), Elmeton, in Derbyshire, had never learned to write, but he could conduct the most intricate calculations by his memory alone; and such was his power of abstraction, that no noise could disturb him. One who had heard of his astonishing ability as a calculator, proposed to him for solution the following question:—In a body whose three sides measure 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch are there? This obtuse reckoning he made in a comparatively short time, although pursuing the while, with many others, his labours in the fields."

In 1746 some small cannon were mounted on the battlements of St. John's Gate, but for what purpose is not known. About 1750 one of the lightning-conductors recommended by Dr. Franklin was erected on one of the eastern towers of St. John's Gate, for electrical experiments, which were the rage of the day.

After Cave's death, in 1754, the *Magazine* was printed and published at the gate by Cave's brother-in-law and nephew. On the nephew's death Mr. David Bond became the publisher for the family, and continued so till the end of 1778. Mr. Nichols then purchased a considerable share of the *Magazine*, and in 1781, just fifty years from its commencement, the property was transferred to Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, and after forty years there, it was transferred to Parliament Street, where it remained for thirty-six years.

A short biographical notice of the worthy Cave, Johnson's earliest patron, is indispensable to a full history of that interesting relic of old London, St. John's Gate. The enterprising printer and publisher, born in 1691, was the son of a man reduced in fortune, who had turned shoemaker, and was educated at Rugby. In youth he was alternately clerk to an excise collector, and a Southwark timber-merchant. After being bound apprentice to a London printer, he was sent to manage an office and publish a weekly newspaper at Norwich. He was subsequently employed at the printing-office of Alderman Barber (a friend of Swift), and wrote Tory articles in *Mist's Journal*. Obtaining a small place in the Post Office, he began to supply the London papers with provincial intelligence, and the country printers with surreptitious reports of Parliamentary debates, for which, in 1728, he was imprisoned for several days. From the Post Office he was moved to the Frank Office, where he was dismissed for stopping a letter—as he considered legally—being a frank given to the terrible old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer. Putting by, at last, a sum of money (in spite of endless unsuccessful projects), Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for the last twenty years of his industrious life was an affluent, thrifty man. His prizes for poems and epigrams brought forward but few poets, and his chief prize-takers, after all, turned out to be Moses Browne, a Clerkenwell pen-cutter, and Mr. John Duick, another pen-cutter, in St. John's Lane, with whom Cave used to play at shuttlecock in the old gate-house.

In 1751 the death of his wife hastened Cave's end. One of his last acts was to fondly press the hand of his great contributor, and the main prop and stay of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Cave died at the old gate-house in 1754, and was buried (probably without memorial) in the old church of St. James, Clerkenwell. An epitaph was, however, written by Dr. Hawkesworth for Rugby Church, where all Cave's relations were buried.

An old three-quarter length portrait of Cave was found by Mr. Foster in a room on the south side of the great chamber over St. John's gateway, and, in his usual imaginative yet business-like way, Mr. Foster labelled it "Hogarth." This gentleman, it is said, originally kept the "Old Milestone" house, in the City Road, near the "Angel," and in 1848 removed to St. John's Gate, where, by energy and urbanity, he soon hunted up traditions of the place, and, indeed, where they were thin, invented them. He was chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and was active in the cause of benevolence. He died in 1863, of apoplexy, after speaking at a Clerkenwell vestry-meeting.

The Urban Club, a pleasant literary society, well supported, was started at St. John's Gate during Mr. Foster's reign, under the name of "The Friday Knights," but soon changed its name, in compliment to that abstract yet famous personage, Sylvanus Urban. It annually celebrated the birth of Shakespeare in an intellectual and yet convivial way.

The once famous "Hicks's Hall," from whence one of the milestone distances from London was computed, stood, says the indefatigable Mr. Pinks, about 200 yards from Smithfield, in the widest part of St. John Street, near the entrance to St. John's Lane. Hicks's Hall was a stately house, built in 1612, as a sessions house for Clerkenwell, by that great citizen, Sir Baptist Hicks, silk mercer,

in Soper Lane, in the reign of James I. During the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth the Middlesex magistrates had generally met in a scrambling and indecorous fashion, at some chance inn, frequently the "Windmill" or the "Castle," in St. John Street, by Smithfield Bars. The noise of the carriers' wagons vexing the grave Justice Shallows of those days, James I. granted, in 1610, to Sir Thomas Lake and fourteen other knights and esquires of Middlesex, a piece of ground, 128 feet long and 32 feet broad, with 20 feet of carriage-way on each side. Sir Baptist, having built the new sessions hall at his own proper charge, feasted, on the day of opening, twenty-six justices of the county, who then, standing up with raised goblets, with one consent christened the new building Hicks's Hall. Sir Baptist seems to have been a most wealthy and influential citizen, and to have lent King James, who was careless and extravagant enough, vast sums of money, besides supplying the court with stuffs and cloths, of tissue and gold, and silks, satins, and velvets, the courtiers getting very much entangled with the rich mercer's bills and bonds. In 1614 the Earl of Somerset borrowed Sir Baptist's house at Kensington, and it is certain that he lived with all the splendour of a nobleman. In 1628 Sir Baptist Hicks was advanced to the peerage as Viscount Campden. He died in the year 1629, and was buried at Campden, in his native county of Gloucestershire. Of his daughters, one married Lord Noel, the other Sir Charles Morison, of Cashiobury, and it is said he gave each of them £100,000 for a marriage portion. He left £200 to the poor of Kensington, founded almshouses at Campden, and left large sums to the Mercers' Company. That celebrated preacher, Baptist Noel, son of the Earl of Gainsborough, Viscount Campden, derived his singular Christian name from the rich mercer of Soper Lane. Sir Baptist's great house at Kensington (with sixty rooms), burnt in 1816, was, it is said, won by him from Sir Walter Cope, in a game of chance. The Viscountess of Campden, the widow of Sir Baptist, left vast sums in charity, some of which bequests, being illegal, were seized by the Parliament.

The sessions hall built by Sir Baptist was a mean square brick house, with a stone portico, and annexed to the hall was a round-house, and close by was a pillory. At Hicks's Hall criminals were dissected. This court has been the scene of some great historical trials. The twenty-nine regicides were tried there, and so were many of the conspirators in the so-called Popish Plot; and here also Count Königsmarck was tried for murdering his rival, Mr. Thynne, and was acquitted. Hicks's Hall is referred to in "Hudibras:"—

> "An old dull sot, who told the clock
> For many years at Bridewell dock,
> At Westminster and Hicks's Hall,
> And *hiccius doccius* played in all."

When Sir John Hawkins, a builder, the father of Dr. Johnson's spiteful biographer, used to go to Hicks's Hall, as chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, he used to drive pompously from his house at Highgate, in a coach and four horses.

In 1777 Hicks's Hall became so ruinous that it was proposed to rebuild it, at an expense of £12,000. This was opposed in Parliament, the traffic of Smithfield rendering the place too noisy and inconvenient. A new sessions house was therefore built on the west side of Clerkenwell Green, in 1782, and the old hall was pulled down, but for a long time afterwards the new hall went by the old name. To the new house a portrait of Sir Baptist Hicks and a fine Jacobean mantelpiece were removed by Rogers the architect.

St. John Street, Clerkenwell, is one of the most ancient of the northern London streets, and is mentioned in a charter of confirmation as early as the year 1170. It seems originally to have been only a way for pack-horses. It was first paved in the reign of Richard II. In the reign of Henry VIII. it had become "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noyous," and very necessary to be kept clean for the avoiding of pestilence. In Stow's time this road was used by persons coming from Highgate, Muswell Hill, &c., but grand persons often took to the fields, in preference, as we find Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. doing; and no doubt St. John Street was a deep-rutted, dirty country road, something like a neglected plank road in Kentucky, or a suburban street in a Russian country town.

There was, in early times, a raised and paved causeway leading from St. John Street to Islington Church, which was called the "Long Causeway." About 1742 numerous footpads prowled about here. On the fortification of London during the civil wars, in 1642-3, a battery and breastworks were erected at the south end of St. John Street; Captain John Eyre, of Cromwell's Regiment, superintended them. There were also fortifications at Mountmill (the plague-pit spot before mentioned), in Goswell Street Road; a large fort, with four half bulwarks, at the New River upper pond, and a small redoubt near Islington Pound.

What is now Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, was formerly an open piece of ground belonging to St. John's Priory, subsequently called Bocher or Butt

Close, and afterwards Garden Alleys. The houses were chiefly built about 1719, by Mr. Michell, a magistrate, who lived on the east side of Clerkenwell Green. His house was afterwards occupied by Mr. Wildman, the owner of that unparalleled race-horse, Eclipse, who sold him to lucky Colonel O'Kelly for 1,700 guineas. This horse, which was never beaten, and said to be a "roarer," could run four miles in six minutes and four seconds.

The house No. 1, at the north-west corner of Red Lion Street, was once the "Jerusalem" Tavern, a great house for sales and parochial meetings. It was here that industrious compiler, Mr. John Britton, was bound apprentice to Mr. Mendham, a wine-merchant, an occupation which nearly killed the young student. In snatches of time stolen from the fuming cellar, Britton used to visit Mr. Essex, a literary dial-painter, who kindly lent him useful books, and introduced him to his future partner in letters, Mr. Edward Brayley, and to Dr. Trusler and Dr. Towers, the literary celebrities of Clerkenwell.

This Dr. Trusler was a literary preacher, who, in 1787, resided at No. 14, Red Lion Street, and supported himself by selling MS. sermons to the idle clergy. His father had been proprietor of the fashionable "Marybone Gardens," and his sister made the seed and plum-cake for that establishment. Trusler, a clever, pushing man, was at first an apothecary and then a curate. Cowper, in "The Task," laughed at Trusler as "a grand caterer and dry nurse of the church." He seems to have been an impudent projector, for when told by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, that he offered his clergy inducements to idleness, Trusler replied that he made £150 a year by his manuscript sermons, and that, for a benefice of the same value he would willingly discontinue their sale. He afterwards started as printer, at 62, Wardour Street, and published endless ephemeral books on carving, law, declamation, farming, &c.—twenty-five separate works in all. He died in 1820. In 1725 a Jew rag-merchant of this street died, worth £40,000. Early in the century an Arminian Jew named Simons lived here. He made some £200,000, but, ruined by his own and his son's extravagance, died at last in the parish workhouse. In 1857 an old lady named Austin died in this street (No. 22), aged 105.

It was to a printer named Sleep, in St. John Street, that Guy Fawkes, *alias* Johnson, used to come stealthily, in 1605, to meet fellow-Romanists, Jesuits, and other disaffected persons. St. John Street was a great place for carriers, especially those of Warwickshire and Nottingham, and the "Cross Keys," one of their houses of call, was one of Savage's favourite resorts, and there probably his sworn friend, Johnson, also repaired. The "Pewter Platter," the "Windmill," and the "Golden Lion" were well enough, but some of these St. John Street hostelries, in 1775, seem to have been much frequented by thieves and other bad characters.

St. John's Square occupied, says Mr. Pinks, the exact area of the court of the ancient priory. In the reign of James II., a Father Corker built a convent here, which was pulled down by Protestant rioters, in 1688, and several 'prentice boys were shot by the Horse Guards during the riots. The Little Square, as the north-western side is called, was formerly known as North's Court, from the builder, a relation of Lord Keeper North, in Charles II.'s time. Sir John North resided here in 1677 and 1680. Dr. William Goddard, one of the Society of Chemical Physicians, who lived in St. John's Close, as it was then called, was one of those who had Government permission to sell remedies for the Great Plague. At the south-west corner of Jerusalem Passage stood the printing-office of Mr. Dove, whose neat "English Classics" are still so often seen at old bookstalls. On the south side of the square is the Free-Thinking Christians' Meeting House. This body seceded from the Baptists, and built this chapel, about the year 1830. They were at first in Old Change, then in Cateaton Street (now Gresham Street), but were persecuted by Bishop Porteus. They have discussions on passages of the Bible, but no public prayers or ceremonies whatever.

In 1661 Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, resided in the precincts of St. John's Square. This useful partisan of Charles II., ennobled at the Restoration, was our ambassador in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and was subsequently Governor of Jamaica. At the same period Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, resided here, until 1670. He was afterwards Viceroy of Ireland, and First Lord of the Treasury. Persecuted for his doubtful share in the Rye House Plot, he killed himself in the Tower. Here also lived the first Lord Townshend, one of the five Commoners deputed by Parliament to go over to Holland and beg Charles II. to return. Another eminent resident was a staunch Commonwealth man, Sir William Fenwicke, who died in 1676. To these noble names we have to add that of Sir William Cordell, Master of the Rolls in the times of Mary and Elizabeth. He was Solicitor-General at the trial of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Queen Elizabeth visited him at his estate in Suffolk, when the Duke of Alencon sent to sue for her hand.

The following epitaph on Sir William Cordell is thus translated by Fuller from the tomb in Long Melford Church, Suffolk :—

> "Here William Cordal doth in rest remain,
> Great by his birth, but greater by his brain ;
> Plying his studies hard his youth throughout,
> Of causes he became a pleader stout.
> His learning deep such eloquence did vent,
> He was chose Speaker of the Parliament ;
> Afterwards Queen Mary did him make (knight),
> And counsellor, State work to undertake ;
> And Master of the Rolls, well worn with age,
> Dying in Christ, heaven was his upmost stage ;
> Diet and clothes to poor he gave at large,
> And a fair almshouse founded on his charge."

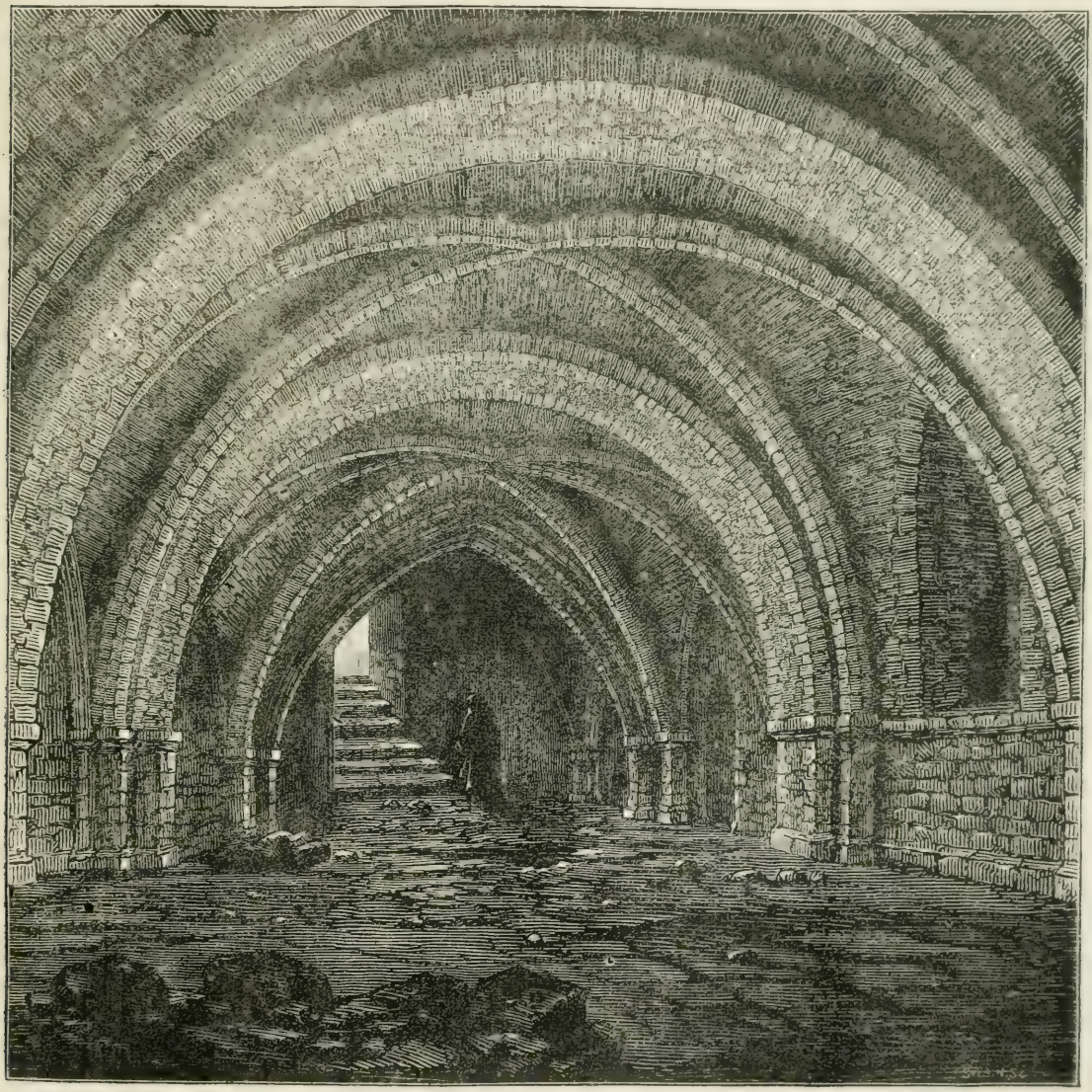


EDWARD CAVE. (*From the Portrait by Hogarth.*)

The site of the birthplace of that clever but unprincipled demagogue, John Wilkes, is now a clock manufactory. His father, Israel Wilkes, a rich distiller, lived in a handsome old brick house, approached by a paved court with wide iron gates, north of the church. There had been a distillery here as early as 1747. The old distiller who lived here, like a generous and intelligent country squire, drove a coach and six horses, and cultivated the society of philosophers, men of letters, noblemen, and merchants. The house, which was pulled down about 1812, was at one time occupied by Colonel Magniac, who rendered himself famous by the automaton clocks he made for the Emperor of China.

Clerkenwell is noted for its clock-makers, and here armies of busy and intelligent men spend their lives in brass-casting, silvering dials, wheel-cutting,

pinion-cutting, and glass-bending; and at No. 35, Northampton Square, Clerkenwell, is the British Horological Institute, for the cultivation of the science of horology, and its kindred arts and manufactures. At No. 28, St. John's Square is the office of the Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' Annuity Association, for relieving the decayed members of the two trades.



THE CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL.

A special feature of this part of Clerkenwell is Burnet House (No. 44, formerly No. 36), on the west side of St. John's Square. It was originally a noble mansion of two storeys, says Mr. Pinks, and lighted in front by fourteen square-headed windows. The forecourt, upon which shops were built in 1859, was a garden. The grand entrance, now a poor bricked passage leading to Ledbury Place, which stands on the site of the bishop's old garden, was approached by several steps, and boasted a portico consisting of two Tuscan columns supporting a moulded entablature. In course of time the house lost caste, till, in 1817, it was shared between an undertaker and a hearth-rug maker, and in 1865 it harboured numerous families. The old staircases are gone, but in the windowless basement are the original kitchens and cellars. "In several of the rooms," says Mr. Pinks, "are very handsome mantelpieces, different in design, the ornaments in relief upon them consisting of flowers and leaves in festoonings, medallions, interlacing lines, and groups of female figures. The chimney

jambs are of white marble, as are also the hearths. The old stoves have been all removed, and replaced by smaller ones of more recent date. There was formerly a very curious back to one of the grates in this mansion; it was a bas-relief in iron of Charles I., with the date of 1644 upon it, and represented that monarch triumphantly riding over a prostrate female figure, the Spirit of Faction. On each side were pillars, encircled with bay-leaves and a scroll of palm-branches. On the top were the royal crown, and the initials, 'C. R.,' and below the effigies of two women, seated on low stools, having baskets of fruit before them. Nothing is known of this device by the subsequent inmates, and it was probably either burnt out or removed. In the north-east corner of the yard of the right wing of the house, raised about eighteen inches from the ground on two piers of brickwork, was an old leaden cistern, the dimensions of which are four feet two inches in length, twenty and a half inches in width, and two feet six and a half inches in depth, with a mean thickness of half an inch. The cistern, which was a massive piece of cast work, was ornamented with several devices in low relief. On the front, and at either end, was a figure of the Goddess of Plenty, recumbent, by the side of a cornucopia overflowing with flowers and fruits, and behind her was a sheaf of full-eared wheat. Within a panel there was also a shield, quite plain, and over this, as a crest, was a lion passant, the dexter paw resting on a blazing star. Near the upper edge of the cistern was the date of its casting, 1682, and the initials, 'A. B. M.,' doubtless those of an occupier antecedent to Burnet's tenancy of the premises.

"There was until recently another cistern on the premises, similar to the above, bearing the date of 1721, and the initial 'G.,' for Gilbert, surmounted by a mitre. This may have been re-cast by one of Burnet's successors, as a memorial of him. Recently, having fallen from its position, it was removed altogether off the premises, and sold for old metal, and it is said to have weighed four hundredweight."

Bishop Burnet, the son of an Edinburgh lawyer, was born in 1643. He was educated in Aberdeen; in 1669 he became professor of divinity at Glasgow, and when only twenty-six years old was offered a Scottish bishopric, which he modestly declined. In 1674, when he had already married a daughter of the Earl of Cassilis, he came to London, and was appointed preacher at the Rolls' Chapel by Sir Harbottle Grimstone, and soon after was chosen lecturer at St. Clement Danes. In 1679 appeared the first folio volume of the chief work of his life, the "History of the Reformation." Charles II. offered him the bishopric of Chichester, if he would only turn Tory, but Burnet, though vain, and fond of money, conscientiously refused, and even wrote a strong letter to the king, animadverting on his flagrant vices. At the execution of the good Lord William Russell, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Burnet bravely attended him on the scaffold, and in consequence instantly lost the preachership at the Rolls and the lectureship of St. Clement's.

On the accession of James II. Burnet retired to the Continent, and travelled; but on the accession of the Prince of Orange was rewarded by the bishopric of Salisbury. According to some writers, Burnet was the very paragon of bishops. Two months every year he spent in traversing his diocese. He entertained his clergy, instead of taxing them with dinners, and helped the holders of poor benefices. He selected promising young men to study in Salisbury Close, under his own eye; and was active in obtaining Queen Anne's Bounty, for the increasing small livings.

Burnet died at his Clerkenwell house in 1715, and was buried near the communion-table of St. James's, Clerkenwell, the base Tory rabble flinging stones and dirt at the bishop's hearse.

In conversation Burnet is described as disagreeable, through a thick-skinned want of consideration. One day, during Marlborough's disgrace and voluntary exile, Burnet, dining with the duchess, who was a reputed termagant, compared the duke to Belisarius. "How do you account for so great a man having been so miserable and deserted?" asked the duchess. "Oh, madam," replied the bishop, "he had, as you know, such a brimstone of a wife." Burnet was opposed to the clergy enjoying a plurality of livings. A clergyman of his diocese once asked him if, on the authority of St. Bernard, he might hold two livings. "How will you be able to serve them both?" inquired Burnet. "I intend to officiate by deputy in one," was the reply. "Will your deputy," said Burnet, "be damned for you too? Believe me, sir, you may serve your cure by proxy, but you must be damned in person."

Burnet was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing, and to enjoy both at the same time, he perforated the brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again.

How far Burnet's historical writings can be relied on is still uncertain. He was a wholesale Whig, and seems to have been a vain, credulous man, who, according to Lord Bathurst, listened too much to flying gossip. Swift, in his violent and ribald way, denounced Burnet as a common liar, but, on

the whole, we are inclined to think that he was only a violent party man, who, however, had a conscience, and tried his best to be honest. There is no doubt, however, from a letter discovered in the Napier charter chest, that on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, Burnet made many timid advances to the cruel and corrupt court.

In Burnet's house afterwards lived that remarkable man, Dr. Joseph Towers, the son of a poor bookseller in Southwark, who was born in the year 1737. Failing as a bookseller himself, Towers turned dissenting minister. He compiled the first seven volumes of "British Biography," and wrote fifty articles for Kippis's "Biographia Britannica." In 1794 Towers was arrested for his connection with the Society for Constitutional Information, of which Sheridan, Erskine, and the Duke of Norfolk were members. He died at this house, in St. John's Square, in 1799. Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned and pious author of the well-known Bible commentary, frequently lodged at No. 45, St. John's Square, where his sons carried on a printing business. He was fifteen years passing his eight quarto volumes through the press. He died in 1832, and was buried in the rear of the City Road Chapel, near Wesley. The Wesleyan chapel next this house was erected in 1849, at a cost of £3,800, by the transplanted congregation of Wilderness Row Chapel. The old-established printing-offices of Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington were started in St. John's Square about 1757, and Mr. William Rivington became a partner in 1830.

St. John's Lane was, in the Middle Ages, the chief approach to the Hospital of St. John from the City. About 1619 this quarter was fashionable, numbering Lord Berkeley, Lady Cheteley, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Anthony Barker, and Lord Chief Justice Keeling among its noble and influential inhabitants. This last disgrace to the Bench was the base judge who sent John Bunyan to prison for three months, for being an upholder of conventicles. Some persons were once indicted before him for attending a conventicle; and, "although it was proved that they had assembled on the Lord's Day, with Bibles in their hands, without prayer-books, they were acquitted. He therefore fined the jury 100 marks a-piece, and imprisoned them till the fines were paid. Again, on the trial of a man for murder, who was suspected of being a Dissenter, and whom he had a great desire to hang, he fined and imprisoned all the jury, because, contrary to his directions, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter." Retribution came at last to this unjust judge. He was cited to the bar of the House of Commons in 1667, for constantly vilifying Magna Charta, and only obtained mercy by the most abject submission. He retired to his house in Clerkenwell, disgraced, drew up a volume of divers cases in pleas of the Crown, and died in 1671.

In this same memorable lane resided, in 1677, that hard theological student, Matthew Poole, the compiler of the great Biblical synopsis, in five volumes folio. During the sham disclosures of Titus Oates, Poole's name was said to be down for immediate assassination. He fled to Holland in dismay, and died there the same year.

The "Old Baptist's Head," in St. John's Lane, a very historical house, was part of an old Elizabethan mansion, and the residence of Sir Thomas Forster, one of the judges in the Court of Common Pleas, who died here in 1612 (James I.) The quaint sign of the house was "John the Baptist's Head on a Charger." The inn formerly boasted bay windows of stained glass, and in the tap-room a carved stone mantelpiece, with what was supposed to be the Forster arms in the centre. In 1813 the rooms still had panelled wainscoats, and in the tap-room hung a picture of a Dutch revel, by Heemskerke, an imitator of Brauwer. In later years the "Old Baptist's Head" became a halting-place for prisoners, on their way from Newgate to the New Prison, Clerkenwell. In 1716 one of the celebrated Whig mug-houses was in St. John's Lane; and at the south-west corner of St. John's Lane, just beyond the boundary-mark of the parish, stood the "Queen's Head." It bore the date 1595, and in a niche of the gable-ended front was a bust of Queen Elizabeth, carved in stone.

In 1627-28 (Charles I.) a secret Jesuits' College was discovered near Clerkenwell Church, in a house where the Earl of Marlborough had formerly lived. Sir John Coke, then Secretary of State, drew up a report of the discovery, which has been edited by Mr. Nichols, and re-published in the "Camden Miscellany." Sir John's narrative commences thus: "About Christmas last Humphrey Cross, one of the messengers in ordinarie, gave mee notice that the neighbours in St. John's saw provisions carried into the corner house uppon the broadway above Clerkenwel, but knewe none that dwelt there. In March following, about the beginning of the Parliament, Crosse brought word that divers lights were observed in the howse, and that some companie were gathered thither. The time considered, I thought fitt to make noe further delay, and therefore gave warrant to the sayd Crosse and Mr. Longe, and the constables next adjoyning to enter the house, and to search what persons resorted thither, and to what end they concealed their being there. At their entrie they found one that called

himselfe Thomas Latham, who pretended to be keeper of the howse for the Earle of Shrewsburie. They found another, named George Kemp, said to be the gardener; and a woman, called Margaret Isham. But when they desired to go further, into the upper roomes, which (whilst they had made way into the hall) were all shutt upp and made fast, Latham tould them plainly that if they offred to goe further they would find resistance, and should doe it at their perils. They thereuppon repared to my house and desired more help, and a more ample warrant for their proceedings. And then both a warrant was granted from the councell boorde, and the Sheriffes of London were sent for theire assistance. But by this protraction they within the upper roomes gott advantage to retire themselves by secret passages into theire vaults or lurkinge-places, which themselves called their securities; so as when the officers came up they found no man above staires save only a sick man in his bed, with one servant attending him. The sick man called himselfe by the name of Weeden, who is since discovered to be truely called Plowden; and the servant named himselfe John Penington. More they found not, til, going downe againe into the cellars, Crosse espied a brick wall, newly made, which he caused to be perced and there within the vault they found Daniel Stanhop, whom I take to be Father Bankes, the Rector of their college, George Holland, alias Guy Holt, Joseph Underhill, alias Thomas Poulton, Robert Beaumond, and Edward Moore, the priest; and the next day, in the like lurkinge-place, they found Edward Parre."

CHAPTER XLI.

CLERKENWELL—(*continued*).

The Early Days of Croquet—Clerkenwell Close—Thomas Weaver—Sir Thomas Challoner—The Fourth Earl of Clanricarde—A Right Mad Doctor—Newcastle Place and its Inhabitants—Clerkenwell Green—Izaac Walton—Jack Adams, the Clerkenwell Simpleton—The Lamb and Flag Ragged School—The Northampton Family—Miss Ray—The Bewicks—Aylesbury House and its Associations—The Musical Small-coal Man—Berkeley Street—"Sally in our Alley"—Red Bull Theatre—Ward's Public-house—The Old and New Church of St. James.

Bowling-greens were once numerous in Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell. In 1675, says Mr. Pinks, there were two at the north-east corner. The bowling-alleys were both open and covered, and were laid with turf or gravel. The bowls were flat or round, and the simple object was to lay your bowl so many times nearest the jack, or mark. The pleasant game is repeatedly mentioned by Shakespeare, and furnished his quick fancy with innumerable metaphors. There was also a game of ground balls, which were driven through an arch. This game expanded became Charles II.'s favourite diversion, "Pall Mall," and, contracted and complicated, it changed into our modern "Croquet." In 1617 (James I.) the Groom Porters' Office issued licences for thirty-one bowling-alleys, fourteen tennis-courts, and forty gambling-houses in London, Westminster, and their suburbs, all to be closed on Sundays. In 1675 there were only six houses in this lane, and at the south-west corner was the churchyard of St. James's. The "Cherry Tree" public-house was well known in 1775, and there were cherry-trees still there in 1825. At the south-west corner of Bowling Green Lane, in 1675, stood one of those mountain heaps of cinders and rubbish which disgraced old London. At one end of the lane there once stood a whipping-post for petty offenders. An old name for this lane was Feather Bed Lane, but why we do not know, unless boys like Defoe's Colonel Jack lolled, burrowed, and gambolled on the huge dust-heap.

Clerkenwell Close teems with old legends and traditions; and well it may, for was it not part of the old nunnery cloisters, and afterwards a portion of the glebe of the church of St. James? The house now No. 22, says Mr. Pinks, the Stow of Clerkenwell, was originally the parsonage house. The "Crown Tavern," at the south-west corner of the Close, was rebuilt in the early part of this century. The mummy of a poor cat, which some mason of John or Richard's reign had cruelly buried alive in one of the walls of St. James's Church, used to be solemnly shown there. Formerly the southern entrance to the Close was small, and squeezed in between a butcher's shop and the "Crown Tavern."

That good plodding "old mortality," John Weever, lived in Clerkenwell Close in 1631 (Charles I.), and to that place brought home many a pocket-load of old epitaphs, to adorn his good old book, "Ancient Funeral Monuments." His house was the next one northward of No. 8. It is large, and double-fronted, and has fine old staircases, and foliated ceilings. Weever was a friend of Cotton and Selden, and therefore not lightly to be despised, but Anthony à Wood pronounces him credulous, and he is said to

be careless in his dates. The following is Weever's epitaph, in St. James's, Clerkenwell:—

"Lancashire gave me breath,
And Cambridge education;
Middlesex gave me death,
And this church my humation;
And Christ to me hath given
A place with Him in heaven."

In the Close, opposite the nunnery, according to Weever, resided Sir Thomas Challoner, in a house which either Thurlow or Cromwell himself afterwards occupied. On the front of the mansion, which stood in a large garden, were written four Latin lines, which have been thus Englished:—

"Chaste faith still stays behind, though thence be flown
Those veiled nuns who here before did nest,
For reverend marriage wedlock vows doth own,
And sacred flames keep here in loyal breasts."

This Sir Thomas Challoner, of Clerkenwell Close, was a gallant gentleman, who fought beside the Emperor Charles V., in Algiers; on his return he was made by Henry VIII. first clerk of the Council, and in the reign of Edward VI. he won the favour of the proud Protector Somerset. By Elizabeth he was sent as a trusty ambassador to Ferdinand, Emperor of Germany, and afterwards to the court of Philip of Spain, where he was vexed by every possible indignity. He returned home in 1564, and spent the rest of his life quietly in the Close, completing his great work, "The Right Ordering of the English Republic," which he dedicated to his friend Burleigh. Sir Thomas, son of this wise courtier, married a daughter of Sir William Fleetwood, the well-known Recorder of London. His study of science in Italy enabled him to enrich himself by the discovery of alum on his own estate, near Gisborough, in Yorkshire. He became a friend of James I., who placed Prince Henry under his tuition, for which he received £4,000, "as a free gift." Two of this learned man's sons sat as judges at the trial of Charles I., and one was bold enough to sign the king's death-warrant. This latter Challoner Cromwell openly denounced as a drunkard when he dissolved the obstructive Parliament.

Near the Challoners, in the Close, in the year 1619, resided the fourth Earl of Clanricarde. This nobleman married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. At the Restoration there were thirty-one good houses in Clerkenwell Close, Sir John Cropley and Dr. Theophilus Garenciers being the most distinguished residents. The latter gentleman was a Protestant refugee from Normandy, and kindly taught the "musical small-coal man" chemistry. He wrote some books on tapeworms and tincture of coral, and translated the nonsensical prophecies of Nostradamus. In 1668 Dr. Everard Maynwaring resided in the Close. He was a kinsman of the wife of Ashmole, the antiquary, and wrote a book to show that tobacco produced scurvy.

"An old writer, Aubrey," says Mr. Pinks, "who compiled an amusing volume on the superstitions of his countrymen, when treating of a fatality believed to attach to certain houses, says:—'A handsome brick house, on the south side of Clerkenwell Churchyard, has been so unlucky for at least forty years, that it was seldom tenanted, and at last nobody would adventure to take it.' This was written in 1696. Here also was once a private madhouse, of which the public was apprised by advertisement, as follows:—'In Clerkenwell Close, where the figures of mad people are over the gate, liveth one who, by the blessing of God, cures all lunatick, distracted, or mad people. He seldom exceeds three months in the cure of the maddest person that comes in his house; several have been cured in a fortnight, and some in less time. He has cured several from Bedlam, and other madhouses in and about this city, and has conveniency for people of what quality soever. No cure, no money.' Such equitable dealing as this, there can be little doubt, secured for the proprietor of this asylum a fair share of patronage from the friends of the insane."

Newcastle Place was the site of old Newcastle House, built upon the ruins of the nunnery, which had, at the dissolution, become the property of the Cavendish family. One likes to believe that a curse fell on those greedy nobles who stole what good and charitable men had left in trust for the poor, but that the trust had been sometimes abused, who is hardy enough to deny? But the abuses of the priests could surely have been corrected better than by confiscation. The duke's garden extended as far as the present St. James's Walk, and contained six arches of the southern cloister of the old nunnery. One cloister is described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1785 as having at its west end an arched door communicating with the church. The roof resembled that of Exeter Cathedral, and the keystones were carved into the form of flowers. Over the cloister was a wareroom, and on the east side of the garden was the site of the ancient cemetery of the nuns. In 1773, according to Noorthouck, the nuns' hall, which still stood at the north-east end of the cloisters, had been turned into a double range of workshops. Two bricked-up arched windows, and the hood moulding of a Gothic doorway are visible in the sketch of the hall in Crowle's "Pennant."

The Duke of Newcastle, William Cavendish, and

his blue-stocking and eccentric wife, Margaret, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, who was shot by the Parliamentarians at the surrender of Colchester, were the most memorable residents in this great Clerkenwell mansion. The duke was a gallant and chivalrous cavalier, whose white regiment of cavalry, generally known to the Cromwellians as the "Newcastle Lambs," did good service for wilful King Charles during the Civil War. In disgust at the loss of the battle of Marston Moor, by the mad rashness of Prince Rupert, the duke retired to the Continent, and there, with his faithful wife, during eighteen years' exile, endured many hardships while lodging at Antwerp, in a house which belonged to the widow of Rubens.



BURNET HOUSE.

In the duchess's memoir of her brave husband, on whom she doated, and whom she seems to have pretty considerably bored, she states that at one time of their exile they were both forced to pawn their clothes for a dinner. While abroad the duke produced a luxurious folio on horsemanship. During his absence the Parliament levied, it is computed, £733,579 on his estate. At the Restoration this faithful loyalist was made a chief justice in Eyre, and Duke of Newcastle. He died at his house at Clerkenwell in 1676, aged eighty-four. The duchess, a female *savante* of the deepest dye, wrote ten folio volumes of learned trifles and fantastic verses. A footman always slept on a truckle bed in a closet of her bedroom, and whenever a thought struck her in the night, she used to call out, "John!" and poor John had to scramble out in the cold, light a candle, and bind the fugitive fancy fast on paper. "The whole story," writes Pepys, "of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. "April 26, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet, herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is nowadays of her extravagance, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps*.

"May 1, 1667.—She was in a black coach, adorned with silver, instead of gold, and snow-white curtains, and everything black and white. Staid at home, reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an

asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

"On the 10th April, 1667," says Mr. Pinks, Charles and his queen came to Clerkenwell, on a visit to the duchess. On the 18th, John Evelyn went to make court to the noble pair, who received him with great kindness; and another time he dined at Newcastle House, and was privileged to sit discoursing with her grace in her bedchamber, after dinner. Referring to her literary employments, when writing to a friend, she says, 'You will find my works, like infinite Nature, that hath neither beginning nor end; and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness.'" It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott, in his "Peveril of the Peak," has cleverly sketched the old-fashioned high-flown duchess, and contrasted her with the gay and wanton beauties of England's corruptest court. The wise and foolish woman died in 1676, and was buried by her husband in Westminster Abbey.

Henry Cavendish, Master of the Robes to Charles II., left the bulk of his estates, realising about £9,000, to his son-in-law, the Earl of Clare, which set the whole family by the ears. The Earl of Thanet, another son-in-law, fought a duel with the Earl of Clare, in consequence, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which both combatants were wounded. The Earl of Clare, for his loyal service to William III., was, in 1694, created Duke of Newcastle, and enjoyed the favour of Queen Anne.

Newcastle House, at one period, was the residence of the eldest daughter of the old duke, the Duchess of Albemarle, a woman crazed with pride, who married General Monk's son, and drove him by her folly to a liquid remedy, which killed him in his youth. At his death the duchess was so immensely wealthy, that pride crazed her, and she vowed never to marry any one but a sovereign prince. In 1692 the Earl of Montague, disguising himself as the Emperor of China, won the mad woman, whom he then kept in constant confinement at Montague House (the site of the British Museum). She survived her second husband thirty years, and at last died at Newcastle House, in 1734, aged ninety-six years. Her body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, and at midnight was privately interred near her father-in-law, General Monk, in Henry VII.'s



NEWCASTLE HOUSE.

Chapel. It is said that up to the time of this mad woman's decease she was always served on the knee, as if she had really been the empress she believed herself.

Newcastle House, in Pennant's time, was a cabinet-maker's, and the garden was strewn with the defaced monuments of Prior Weston, and other worthies. About 1793 Mr. Carr, who built the present church of St. James, erected on the site of the duke's mansion the row of houses called Newcastle Place. Every trace of the convent then disappeared, except a small portion of a wall, the jamb of a Gothic window of the nuns' hall (now the side wall of a house at the north end of Newcastle Street). The old house was a sombre, monotonous brick structure, having its upper storey adorned with stone pilasters. The east and west wings stood forward, and there was a large courtyard in front.

Clerkenwell Green, long gay enough, was, in the seventeenth century, according to that admirable chronicler of the parish, Mr. Pinks, environed by mansions of the noble and rich. In Roques's huge Map of London in 1747 there were lofty trees on either side of the Green, and two at the north-east corner of Aylesbury Street. The last tree on the north side of the Green, says Mr. Pinks, was blown down in July, 1796. The old pillory, where Mr. John Britton had seen a man fastened and pelted, used to stand on the western slope of the Green, near the bottom, and in 1787 a woman who had committed perjury was nearly killed at this place of punishment. A turnstile stood at the entrance of the close, prior to the houses being taken down to form a better approach to the church. A raised circle of stone with lamp-posts, near the middle of the green, and close to the drinking-fountain, marks, says the best of the local historians, the spot where the old watch-house once stood.

On the north side of the Green, a low brick house, now divided into three shops, was formerly the Welsh Charity School, founded in 1718. The house was built in 1737, and the charity removed to the Gray's Inn Road in 1772, and after that to Ashford, near Windsor. There used to be a painted figure of a Welsh boy in a niche in the front of the school. Pennant, a warm-hearted Welshman, intended to have devoted the profits of his great work on "British Zoology" to this school, but its expenses were so great that he was unable to do so, and he gave instead the sum of £100.

Of the chief residents of Clerkenwell Green we can only select the most eminent. Amongst these we may mention Sir Richard Cheverton, the Lord Mayor in 1657, who proclaimed Richard Cromwell Protector. He lived long, and was styled the Father of the City. Sir William Bolton, an alderman, knighted by Charles II., also resided on the Green, and in 1670 we find, in the list of rich residents, Sir William Bowles, Bart., Sir Edward Smith, and Lady Windham.

Above all these aldermen and custos rotulorums, rejoice, Clerkenwell, because that good and gentle spirit, Izaac Walton, once lived in thy midst, and often paced his guileless path, pondering on mighty barbel in the muddy depths of the pleasant river Lea. On his retirement from the snug little linendrapers' shops, first at the Exchange and then in Fleet Street, Walton, before the year 1650, says Sir Harris Nicholas, took a house at Clerkenwell. That delightful book, "The Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation," sold by Richard Marriot, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, appeared in 1653. The good, pious old fisherman lived at Clerkenwell, it is supposed, till 1661. He went to Worcester after that, and died at Winchester, at the house of a son-in-law of his, a prebendary, in 1683. In his will the worthy old man left forty-two mourning-rings to his friends, and (could human forgiveness go further?) £10 to his publisher, Richard Marriot.

George Sawbridge, an eminent bookseller of 1670, who published a book by Culpeper, the herbalist, also dwelt on Clerkenwell Green. He left £40,000 to be divided among his four daughters. Elias Ashmole records that he was a friend of Lilly, the sham astrologer.

Jack Adams, a Clerkenwell simpleton, who lived on the Green, became a notorious street character in the reign of Charles II. This half fool, half knave (like many of Shakespeare's jesters) is constantly mentioned in pamphlets of Charles II.'s reign. In an old work, called "The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport" (published in 1682), the writer describes the excellent comedians at the Red Bull Theatre, in Red Bull Yard, now Woodbridge Street. On one occasion, when Robert Cox, a celebrated low comedian, played "Simpleton the Smith," he used to come in munching a huge slice of bread-and-butter; Jack Adams, seeing it, cried out, "Cuz, cuz, give me some! give me some!" to the great amusement of all the spectators. This Adams seems to have turned astrologer and fortune-teller. You got a better fortune from him for five guineas than for five shillings, and he appears to have been as willing to cheat as his dupes were to be cheated. The conjuror of Clerkenwell seems, after this, to have generally adopted this popular name. There is an old print of Jack Adams, in which he is repre-

sented with a tobacco-pipe in his girdle, standing by a table, on which lies a horn-book and "Poor Robin's Almanac."

In 1644, during the Civil Wars, Lady Bullock's house, on Clerkenwell Green, was attacked by soldiers, who stole fifty pieces of gold, and tore five rich rings from her ladyship's fingers. Dr. Sibbald, the incumbent of Clerkenwell, who resided near, remonstrated with the Parliamentary soldiers from his window, but the only reply was three musket-bullets at his head, which they narrowly missed. A servant of Lady Bullock's was wounded by the soldiers.

In 1844 the Lamb and Flag Ragged School was established on Clerkenwell Green. Since that time day-schools, night-schools, and Sunday-schools have been added to it.

At the corner of Ashby Street, which leads from St. John's Street Road to Northampton Square, stands the old manor house of Clerkenwell, the residence of the Northampton family till nearly the end of the seventeenth century. The first baron was Sir Henry Compton, of Warwickshire, summoned to Parliament among the nobles in 1572 (Elizabeth). The second Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton in 1618 (James I.), and also K.G. and Lord President of the Marches and Dominions of Wales.

How that nobleman carried off the daughter of rich Lord Mayor Spencer, in a baker's basket, from Canonbury, we have before related. The wife of the second earl had the courage to attend her lord to the battle of Edgehill, where she witnessed the daring and danger of her three Cavalier sons. Spencer Compton fell at the battle of Hopton Heath, in 1643. The third earl resided at Clerkenwell in 1677; his estates, which had been confiscated, were returned to him at the Restoration. He is said to have had a troop of 200 retainers, who wore his livery of blue and grey, and he was one of the king's Privy Council and Constable of the Tower. This earl's youngest brother, after being a cornet of horse, was made Bishop of London, and was entrusted with the education of the Princesses Mary and Ann. After being suspended by James II., he performed the coronation service for William of Orange, and was appointed one of the commissioners for revising the Liturgy. His toleration of Dissenters rendered him unpopular with the Tories. He died in 1713. Joshua Alwyne Spencer, the tenth earl, was the President of the Royal Society.

At the end of the seventeenth century the old manor-house of the Spencers was converted into a private lunatic asylum, by Dr. Newton. Thoresby, the Leeds historian, speaks doubtfully of this doctor's honesty. He published a herbal, which Cave printed, and seems to have had a botanic garden behind the madhouse. It was here that strange fanatic and false prophet, Richard Brothers, was confined. This man had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but left the service in 1789, and refusing, from conscientious scruples, to take the necessary oath, he lost his half-pay. He then became poor, and had to take refuge in a workhouse. In 1790 he became insane, believed himself a prophet sent from God, and warned all who called him mad, an impostor, or a devil, that they were guilty of blasphemy. In 1792 he sent letters to the king, the ministers, and the speaker, saying he was ordered by God to go to the House of Commons, and inform the members, for their safety, that the time was come for the fulfilment of the seventh chapter of Daniel. He went accordingly, and met with the rough reception that might have been expected. Soon after Brothers prophesied the death of King George, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the delivery of the crown into his own hands, which, being treasonable, he was sent to Newgate. On his release, he persuaded many weak people to sell their goods and prepare to accompany him, in 1795, to the New Jerusalem, which was to be built on both sides of the river Jordan, and to become the capital of the world. In 1798 the Jews were to be restored, and he was to be revealed as their prince and ruler, and the governor of all nations, a post for which Brothers had even refused the divine offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Brothers at last got too troublesome, even for English toleration, and was confined as a lunatic in Clerkenwell; he was released in 1806, by the zealous intercession of his great disciple, John Finlayson, with whom he afterwards resided for nine years. Brothers died suddenly, of cholera, in 1824. His last words were addressed to Finlayson, asking if his sword and hammer were ready, referring to the building of the New Jerusalem. In 1817 the old manor-house was turned into a ladies' boarding-school.

Albemarle Street was so called from General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, during whose popularity the street was built. Albion Place was erected in 1822. In this street, in 1721, lived Christopher Pinchbeck, an inventor of "astronomico-musical clocks," and the peculiar compound metal to which he gave the name. We have already briefly mentioned this ingenious man in our chapter on Fleet Street. Pinchbeck made musical automata that played tunes and imitated birds, like the curious Black Forest clocks now so familiar to us. He

also sold self-playing organs, to save the expense of organists in country churches, and he also condescended to mend clocks and watches.

Miss Ray, that unfortunate mistress of Lord Sandwich, who was shot by her lover, Hackman, the clergyman, served her time with a mantua-maker in St. George's Court, Albion Place. A pleasant memory of those delightful old engravers, the Bewicks, is also associated with St. George's Court, for here, about 1780, lived a bookseller named Hodgson, for whom they worked. In the same obscure yet honoured locality also lived that sturdy old antiquary, Dr. Thomas Birch, the son of a Quaker coffee-mill maker, of Clerkenwell. Birch eventually, after being usher to Mr. Besse, a Quaker in St. George's Court, took orders in the Church of England, and married the daughter of a clergyman. Lord Hardwick patronised him, and in 1734 he became domestic chaplain to the unfortunate Jacobite Earl of Kilmarnock, who, joining in the luckless rebellion of '45, was beheaded on Tower Hill. In 1743 he was presented to the united rectories of St. Michael, Wood Street, and St. Mary Staining. He worked much for Cave, and was killed by a fall from his horse, near Hampstead, in 1760. He bequeathed his valuable library and manuscripts to the British Museum, and the residue of his small property to increase the salaries of the three assistant librarians.

Aylesbury Street, says Mr. Pinks, is so called because in old times the garden-wall of the house of the Earls of Aylesbury skirted the south side of the thoroughfare. Aylesbury House was probably a name given to part of the old Priory of St. John, where the Earls of Elgin and Aylesbury resided about 1641. Robert Bruce, second Earl of Elgin, who lived here in 1671, was a devoted Cavalier, and an ardent struggler for the Restoration, and was made Earl of Aylesbury in 1663 by that not usually very grateful king, Charles II., to whom he was privy councillor and gentleman of the bedchamber. At the coronation of that untoward monarch, James II., the Earl of Aylesbury bore in procession St. Edward's staff, eight pounds nine ounces in weight, and supposed by credulous persons to contain a piece of the true cross. The earl died in 1685, the year he had been appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household. Anthony à Wood sums up the earl as a good historian and antiquary, a friend to the clergy, and a "curious collector of manuscripts."

But a far more interesting resident in Aylesbury Street was Thomas Britton, the "musical small-coal man," who, though a mere itinerant vendor of small coal, cultivated the highest branches of music, and drew round him for years all the great musicians of the day, including even the giant Handel. This singular and most meritorious person, born in Northamptonshire, brought up to the coal trade, and coming to London, took a small stable at the south-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, on the site now occupied by the "Bull's Head" public-house, and commenced his humble business. His coal he kept below, and he lived in a single room above, which was ascended by an external ladder. From Dr. Garenciers, his neighbour, this active-minded man obtained a thorough knowledge of practical chemistry, and in his spare time he acquired an extensive practical and theoretical knowledge of music. This simple-minded man founded a musical club, which met at his house for nearly forty years, and at first gave gratuitous concerts, afterwards paid for by an annual subscription of ten shillings, coffee being sold to his distinguished visitors at a penny a cup. The idea of the club is said to have been first suggested by Sir Roger l'Estrange. Dr. Pepusch, or the great Handel, played the harpsichord; Bannister, or Medler, the first violin. Hughes, a poet, and Woolaston, a painter, were also members, while Britton himself played excellently on the viol di gamba. The musical invitation to these concerts ran thus:—

> "Upon Thursdays repair to my palace, and there
> Hobble up stair by stair, but I pray you take care
> That you break not your shins by a stumble;
> And without e'er a souse, paid to me or my spouse,
> Sit still as a mouse at the top of the house,
> And there you shall hear how we fumble."

Britton's friend, Ned Ward, describes these pleasant Thursday evening concerts, which, he says, were as popular as the evenings of the Kit-Cat Club, and that Britton, in his blue frock, with a measure twisted into the mouth of his sack, was as much respected as if he had been a nobleman in disguise.

"Britton," says our Clerkenwell historian, "besides being a musician, was a bibliomaniac, and collector of rare old books and manuscripts, from which fact we may infer that he had cultivated some acquaintance with literature. It often happened that, on Saturdays, when some of these *literati* were accustomed to meet at the shop of one Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, Britton, who had usually completed his morning round by twelve o'clock at noon, would, despite his smutty appearance and blue smock, after pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Bateman's shop, join the literary conclave, and take part in

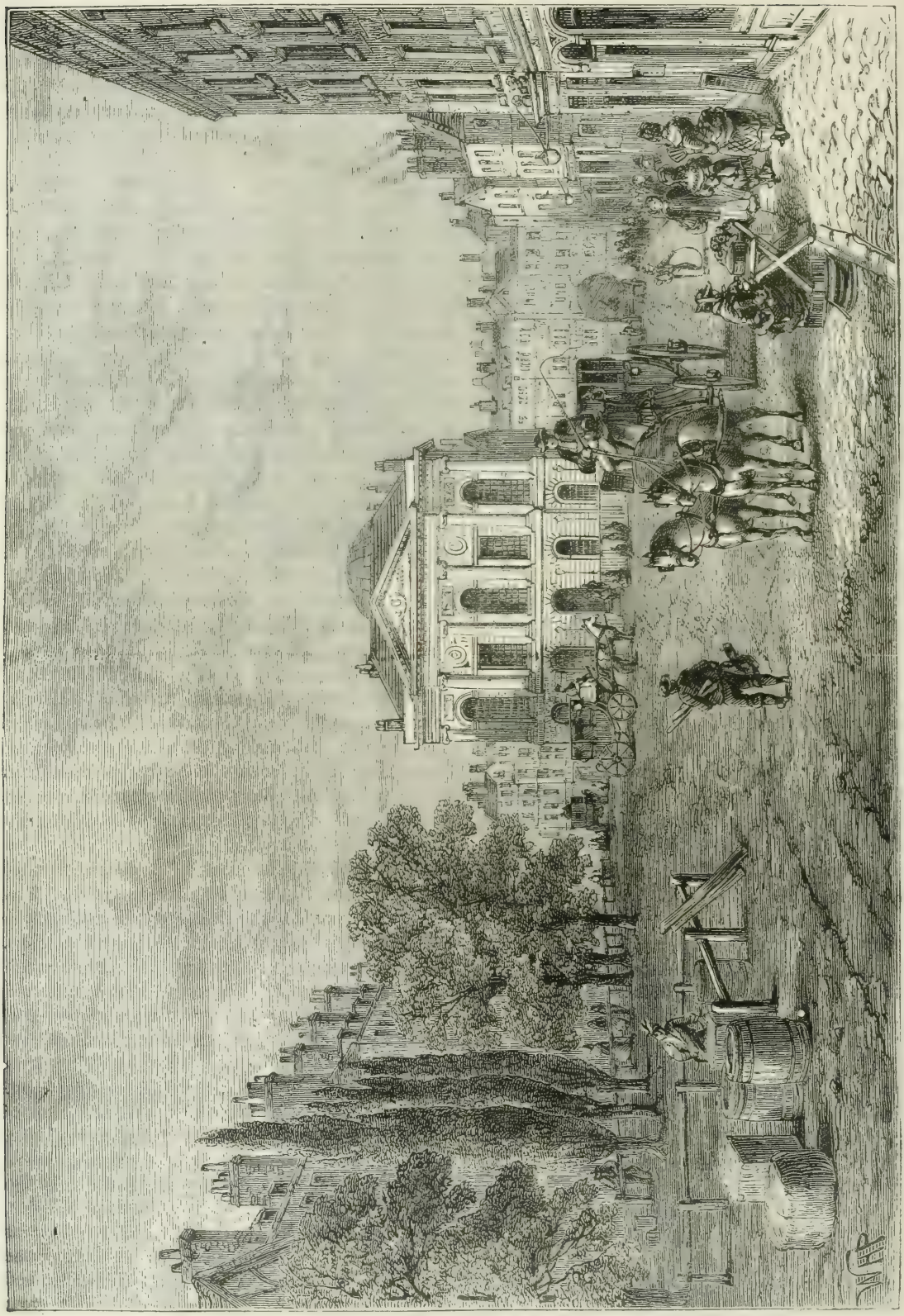
the conversation, which generally lasted an hour. Often as he walked the streets some one who knew him would point him out, and exclaim, 'There goes the small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen.' The circumstances of Britton's death are as remarkable as those of his life; he was literally frightened out of his life by a practical joke which was played on him by one Robe, a justice of the peace, and a frequenter of his concerts, who one day introduced as his friend a man who had the sobriquet of the 'Talking Smith,' but whose real name was Honeyman. This man possessed the power of ventriloquism, and when he saw Britton he, by a preconcerted arrangement, announced in a solemn voice, which seemed to come from a long distance, the death of Britton in a few hours, unless he immediately fell upon his knees and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Britton, in the terror of his soul, instinctively obeyed; but the chord of his life was unstrung by this sudden shock. A brief illness supervened, and in a few days he died. His death occurred in September, 1714, when he was upwards of sixty years of age. On the 1st of October his remains were followed to the grave by a great concourse of people, and interred in St. James's churchyard." Though Britton was honest and upright, ill-natured people, says Walpole, called him a Jesuit and an atheist, and said that the people attended his meetings to talk sedition and practise magic. At his death the worthy small-coal man left 1,400 books, twenty-seven fine musical instruments, and some valuable music.

Berkeley Street, formerly called Bartlett Street, was so named from its chief pride, Berkeley House, which stood at the corner facing St. John's Lane. The advanced wings of the mansion enclosed a spacious forecourt, and at the rear was a large garden. Sir Maurice Berkeley, who lived here, was standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth. He it was who, when Sir Thomas Wyatt was beaten back from Ludgate to Temple Bar, yet would not surrender, induced Wyatt to mount behind him on his horse, and ride to Whitehall. In this house lived and died that pious Earl Berkeley, who, in Charles II.'s time was called "George the Traveller," and "George the Linguist." The first Earl of Berkeley obtained the title of Viscount Dursley and Earl of Berkeley as a reward for his loyalty to Charles II. When the English prisoners were to be released from Algiers he offered to advance the money for their redemption. He bestowed on Sion College a valuable library, and he wrote some religious meditations, which obtained for him a eulogy from Waller. He died in 1698. His second daughter, Lady Theophila, married the pious and learned Robert Nelson, author of "Fasts and Festivals." At what period Berkeley House was pulled down is unknown, but in the year 1856 a moulded brick, stamped with a lyre, supposed to be a relic of the old mansion, was found in Berkeley Street.

At the south-east end of Ray Street, a broken iron pump, let into the front wall of a dilapidated tenement, says Mr. Pinks, marks, as nearly as possible, the site of the old Clerks' Well, used by the brothers of St. John and the Benedictine nuns, and the place where, as the old chronicler says, the London parish clerks performed their miracle plays. In Stow's time this fine spring was cared for and sheltered with stone. In Aggas's map (about 1560) there is a conduit-house at the south-west corner of the boundary wall of St. Mary's nunnery, and the water falls into an oblong trough, which is enclosed by a low wall. In 1673 the Earl of Northampton gave this spring for the use of the poor of the parish of St. James, but it was at once let to a brewer. Strype, writing about 1720, describes the well as at the right-hand side of a lane which led from Clerkenwell to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and it was then enclosed by a high wall, which had been built to bound Clerkenwell Close. Hone, in 1823, writing of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, points out that as the priory stood about half way down the slope from Clerkenwell Green to the Fleet, people stationed on the rising ground near could have easily seen the quaint performances at the well. Near the pump, erected in 1800, to mark the old well, stood one of the parish watch-houses, erected in 1794.

Vineyard Walk, Clerkenwell, is supposed to mark the site of one of the old priory vineyards. The ground was called the Mount, and against the western slopes grew vines, row above row, there being a small cottage at the top. It existed in this form as late as 1752. There was also a vineyard in East Smithfield as late as the reign of Stephen. It is said that the soil of this Mount Pleasant was sold, in 1765, for £10,000.

That remarkable man, Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," one of the very prettiest of old London love songs, lived and died at his house in Great Warner Street. Carey, by profession a music-master and song-writer for Sadler's Wells, was an illegitimate son of the Marquis of Halifax, who presented the crown to William III. He was for long supposed to have written "God Save the King," but the composition has now been traced much further back. The origin of Carey's great



CLERKENWELL GREEN IN 1789.

hit, "Sally in our Alley," was a 'prentice day's holiday, witnessed by Carey himself. A shoemaker's 'apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs (ups and downs), and all the elegancies of Moorfields, and from thence proceeding to the Farthing Pye House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all of which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he wrote his charming song of "Sally in our Alley," which has been well described as one of the most perfect little pictures of humble life in the language. Reduced to poverty or despair by some unknown cause, Carey hung himself in 1743. Only a halfpenny was found in his pocket.



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, CLERKENWELL.

The Red Bull Theatre, a house as well known, in Elizabeth's time, as the Globe or the Fortune, stood at the south-west corner of what was afterwards a distillery, in Woodbridge Street. At the commencement of the reign of James I. the queen's servants, who had been the Earl of Worcester's players, performed at this house. In 1613, George Wither, the poet, speaks disparagingly of the place. Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, played here in 1617. In 1627 we find the king's company obtaining an injunction from the Master of the Revels, forbidding the use of Shakespeare's plays by the Red Bull company. Some of the earliest female performers upon record in this country appeared at the Red Bull. The theatre was rebuilt and enlarged in 1633, when it was, probably for the first time, roofed in, and decorated somewhat elaborately, the management particularly priding itself on a stage curtain of "pure Naples silk." We find Carew, in some commendatory lines on a play of Davenant's, denouncing the Red Bull performances as bombast and nonsense.

During the Commonwealth, when the victorious zealots prohibited stage plays, the Red Bull company were permitted to produce drolls and farces. From a print dated 1622 we see that the stage was at that time lighted by chandeliers, and that there were boxes for spectators behind the actors. At the Restoration the king's players acted for a few days at the Red Bull, and then went to a new playhouse built for them in Vere Street, Clare Market. Pepys speaks of the Red Bull as a low

theatre, and the performance as bad. The house closed in 1663, and was then turned into a fencing-school.

In the same street as the Red Bull Theatre, in Queen Anne's reign, Ned Ward, a coarse but clever writer we have often quoted, kept a public-house. In his poetical address to the public he says, with indistinct reference to the Red Bull Theatre—

"There, on that ancient, venerable ground,
Where Shakespeare in heroic buskins trod,
Within a good old fabrick may be found
Celestial liquors, fit to charm a god;
Rich nectar, royal punch, and home-brewed ale,
Such as our fathers drank in time of yore.
* * * * * *
Commodious room, with Hampstead air supplied.
* * * * * *
No bacchanalian ensigns at the door,
To give the public notice, are displayed,
Yet friends are welcome. We shall say no more,
But hope their friendship will promote a trade."

Ward, who retorted an attack of Pope's in the "Dunciad," was, as we have mentioned, a friend of the musical coal-man, and at his public-house Britton's books and musical instruments were sold after his death.

The old church of St. James, Clerkenwell, was only a fragment in Stow's time. No. 22 in the Close was the original rectory house. The church was sold in 1656 to trustees for the parish. The steeple fell down in 1623, after having stood for five centuries, and, being badly rebuilt, fell again, when nearly repaired, the bells breaking in the roof and gallery, and all the pews. There was no organ in the church till within sixty years of its demolition. The old building was pulled down in 1788, and a fine monument of Sir William Weston, the last prior of St. John's, was sold to Sir George Booth, and removed to Burleigh. The prior's effigy represented a skeleton. There was also a fine brass over the monument of Dr. John Bell, Bishop of Worcester in the time of Henry VIII., to whom it is said he acted as secretary. He was engaged by the king in the matter of his divorce from Catherine of Arragon and Anne of Cleves. He was buried, says Green, the historian of Worcestershire, "like a bishop, with mitre and odours, things that belong to a bishop, with two white branches, two dozen staves, torches, and four great tapers, near the altar," in the old church of St. James, Clerkenwell. On the north side of the church stood a costly stone altar-tomb, with Corinthian pillars, to the memory of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, whose effigy lay in state, with the head of a negro at her feet. This lady was a gentlewoman to the Princess Elizabeth, in the Tower, and refusing to go to mass, was so threatened that she was compelled to fly to Geneva, where she remained till the death of the persecuting Mary. There was also the monument of Thomas Bedingfield, one of Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners, the son of that worthy Governor of the Tower who treated Elizabeth with such kindness and forbearance when, in her earlier years, she was a prisoner in his care.

The old church also contained a marble tablet, affixed to a chancel pillar, to the memory of that patient old antiquary, John Weever, who collected a great volume of epitaphs and inscriptions. A tomb to the memory of Elizabeth, Countess of Exeter, who married the grandson of the famous Burleigh, and died in 1653, is now in the vaults of the new church. On a painted board near this tomb it was stated that the venerable countess was grandmother to thirty-two children, and great-grandmother to thirty-three. In the old chapter-house, which had been turned into a vestry, was buried Sir Thomas Holt, father of the famous Lord Chief Justice Holt. Near the south-east corner of the church was a black and white marble monument, which had been erected in memory of George Strode, an old Cavalier officer, and a great benefactor to the poor of Clerkenwell.

The new church of St. James, which cost nearly £12,000, was consecrated by Bishop Porteus, in 1792. The church contains several interesting monuments, including one erected to the memory of Bishop Burnet, in 1715, who, as we have already stated, was buried beneath the altar in the old church. The plain blue slab, carved with his arms, surrounded by the garter, is now preserved in the vault. Against the wall, on the gallery staircase, is a memorial stone to the famous Clerkenwell archer, Sir William Wood, captain of the Finsbury archers, who died in 1691. He was the wearer of many a prize-badge, and the author of "The Bowman's Glory," a curious little book in praise of archery. He lived to the age of eighty-two, and three flights of whistling arrows were discharged over his grave.

CHAPTER XLII.

SMITHFIELD.

Bartholomew Fair—A Seven Days' Tournament—Duels and Trial by Ordeal in Smithfield—Terrible Instances of the *Odium Theologicum*—The Maid of Kent—Foxe's Account of the Smithfield Martyrs—The Smithfield Gallows—William Wallace in Smithfield—Bartholomew Priory—The Origin of Bartholomew Fair—St. Bartholomew becomes popular with Sailors—Miscellaneous Occupiers of Smithfield—Generosity of English Kings to St. Bartholomew's—A Religious Brawl—The London Parish Clerks in Smithfield—The Court of Pie-poudre.

SMITHFIELD, or "Smoothfield," to follow the true derivation, was from the earliest times a memorable spot in old London. Bartholomew Fair, established in the reign of Henry II., in the neighbourhood of the priory and hospital founded by Rayer, the king's worthy jester, brought annually great crowds of revellers to the same place where, in Mary's cruel reign, so many of her 277 victims perished. Smithfield, in the reign of the early Edwards, was a chosen place for tournaments, and here many a spear was splintered on breastplate and shield, and many a stout blow given, till armour yielded or sword shattered.

In 1374 Edward III., then sixty-two, enamoured of Alice Pierce, held a seven days' tournament in Smithfield, for her amusement. She sat beside the old man, in a magnificent car, as the Lady of the Sun, and was followed by a long train of plumed knights, careless of the disgrace, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfrey, on which was mounted a gay damsel.

In 1390 that young prodigal, Richard II., wishing to rival the splendid feasts and jousts given by Charles of France, on the entry of his consort, Isabella of Bavaria, into Paris, invited sixty knights to a tilt in Smithfield, commencing on the Sunday after Michaelmas Day. This tournament was proclaimed by heralds, in England, Scotland, Hainault, Germany, Flanders, and France. The Sunday was the feast of the challengers. About three p.m. came the procession from the Tower—sixty barbed coursers, in full trappings, each attended by a squire of honour, and after them sixty ladies of rank, mounted on palfreys, "most elegantly and richly dressed," and each leading by a silver chain a knight, completely armed for tilting, minstrels and trumpeters attending the procession to Smithfield. Every night there was a magnificent supper for the tilters at the bishop's palace, where the king and queen were lodged, and the dancing lasted till daybreak. On Tuesday King Edward entertained the foreign knights and squires, and the queen the ladies. On Friday they were entertained by the Duke of Lancaster, and on Saturday the king invited all the foreign knights to Windsor.

That great historical event, the death of Wat Tyler, we have elsewhere described, but it is necessary here to touch upon it again. Wrongs, no doubt, his followers had, but they were savage and cruel, and intoxicated with murder and plunder. They had beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, and held London in terror for seven days. Wat Tyler's insolent behaviour at the meeting in Smithfield (June 15, 1381) greatly alarmed the king's friends. He came towards Richard, throwing his dagger in the air, and he even ventured to hold the king's bridle. Walworth, in the alarm of the moment, ran his sword into the rough rebel's throat, and at the same instant a squire stabbed Wat in the side. It was then that Richard II. courageously, and with great presence of mind, led off the rebels to Islington Fields, where the mayor and a thousand men soon scattered them to the winds.

Smithfield was frequently chosen as the scene of mediæval duels, and of the ordeal by battle. The combat, in the reign of Henry VI., between the master and the 'prentice, who had accused him of treason, will be remembered by all readers of Shakespeare. The ordeal was, perhaps, hardly fairly tried in this case, as the poor armourer had been plied with liquor by his over-zealous friends; but there is one comfort, according to the poet, he confessed his treason in his dying moments.

Smithfield was, at one time, a place of torture peculiarly in favour with theologians. Here that swollen Ahab, Henry VIII., burnt poor wretches who denied his ecclesiastical supremacy; here Mary burnt Protestants, and here Elizabeth burnt Anabaptists. In 1539 (Henry VIII.) Forest, an Observant friar, was cruelly burnt in Smithfield, for denying the king's supremacy, the flames being lit with "David Darvel Gatheren," an idolatrous image from Wales. Latimer preached patience to the friar, while he hung by the waist and struggled for life. And here, too, was burnt Joan Boucher, the Maid of Kent, for some theological refinement as to the incarnation of Christ, Cranmer almost forcing Edward VI. to sign the poor creature's death-warrant. "What, my lord!" said Edward,

will ye have me send her quick to the devil, in her error? I shall lay the charge therefore upon you, my Lord Cranmer, before God."

Of the last moments of the Smithfield martyrs, Foxe, their historian, has left a narrative, so simply told, so pious in tone, and so natural in every detail, as to guarantee its truth to all but partisans. A few passages from Foxe will convey a perfect impression of these touching scenes, and of the faith wherewith these good and brave men embraced death. Speaking of Roger Holland, a Protestant martyr, Foxe says, with a certain exultation:—"The day they suffered a proclamation was made that none should be so bold to speak or talk any word unto them, or receive anything of them, or to touch them upon pain of imprisonment, without either bail or mainprize; with divers other cruel threatening words, contained in the same proclamation. Notwithstanding the people cried out, desiring God to strengthen them; and they, likewise, still prayed for the people, and the restoring of His word. At length Roger, embracing the stake and the reeds, said these words:—'Lord, I most humbly thank Thy Majesty that Thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of Thy heavenly word, and now unto the fellowship of Thy saints, that I may sing and say, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts! And Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these Thy people, and save them from idolatry.' And so he ended his life, looking up into heaven, praying and praising God, with the rest of his fellow-saints: for whose joyful constancy the Lord be praised."

The end of three more of the holy army Foxe thus gives:—"And so these three godly men, John Hallingdale, William Sparrow, and Master Gibson, being thus appointed to the slaughter, were, the twelfth day after their condemnation (which was the 18th day of the said month of November, 1557), burnt in Smithfield in London. And being brought thither to the stake, after their prayer made, they were bound thereunto with chains, and wood set unto them; and after wood, fire, in the which being compassed about, and the fiery flames consuming their flesh, at the last they yielded gloriously and joyfully their souls and lives into the holy hands of the Lord, to whose tuition and government I commend thee, good reader. Amen."

Of the heroic death of John Rogers, the protomartyr in the Marian persecution, Foxe gives the following account:—

"After that John Rogers," he says, "had been long and straitly imprisoned, lodged in Newgate amongst thieves, often examined and very uncharitably treated, and at length unjustly and most cruelly, by wicked Winchester, condemned. The 4th of February, A.D. 1555, being Monday in the morning, he was warned suddenly by the keeper's wife of Newgate, to prepare himself to the fire; who, being then sound asleep, scarce with much shogging could be awaked. At length, being raised and waked, and bid to make haste, 'Then,' said he, 'if it be so I need not tie my points;' and so was had down first to Bonner to be degraded. That done, he craved of Bonner but one petition. And Bonner asking what that should be: 'Nothing,' said he, 'but that I might talk a few words with my wife before my burning.' But that could not be obtained of him. 'Then,' said he, 'you declare your charity, what it is.' And so he was brought into Smithfield by Master Chester and Master Woodroofe, then sheriffs of London, there to be burnt; where he showed most constant patience, not using many words, for he could not be permitted; but only exhorting the people constantly to remain in that faith and true doctrine which he before had taught and they had learned, and for the confirmation whereof he was not only content patiently to suffer and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been showed him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and to give his flesh to the consuming fire, for the testimony of the same. . . . The Sunday before he suffered he drank to Master Hooper, being then underneath him, and bade them commend him unto him, and tell him, 'There was never little fellow better would stick to a man than he would stick to him,' presupposing they should both be burned together, although it happened otherwise, for Master Rogers was burnt alone. . . Now, when the time came that he, being delivered to the sheriffs, should be brought out of Newgate to Smithfield, the place of his execution, first came to him Master Woodroofe, one of the aforesaid sheriffs, and calling Master Rogers unto him, asked him if he would revoke his abominable doctrine and his evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar. Master Rogers answered and said, 'That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.' 'Then,' quoth Master Woodroofe, 'thou art a heretic.' 'That shall be known,' quoth Rogers, 'at the day of judgment.' 'Well' quoth Master Woodroofe, 'I will never pray for thee.' 'But I will pray for *you*,' quoth Master Rogers; and so was brought the same day, which was Monday, the 4th of February, by the sheriffs towards Smithfield, saying the psalm 'Miserere' by the way, all the people wonderfully rejoicing at his constancy, with great praises and thanks to God for

the same. And there, in the presence of Master Rochester, Comptroller of the Queen's Household, Sir Richard Southwell, both the sheriffs, and a wonderful number of people, the fire was put unto him; and when it had taken hold both upon his legs and shoulders, he, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. And, after lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing the same until such time as the devouring fire had consumed them, most mildly this happy martyr yielded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father. A little before his burning at the stake his pardon was brought if he would have recanted, but he utterly refused. He was the first martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire. His wife and children, being eleven in number, and ten able to go, and one sucking on her breast, met him by the way as he went towards Smithfield. This sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood could nothing move him; but that he constantly and cheerfully took his death, with wonderful patience, in the defence and quarrel of Christ's Gospel."

The chosen place for executions before Tyburn was the Elms, Smithfield, between "the horse-pond and Turnmill brook," which, according to Stow, began to be built on in the reign of Henry V. The gallows seems to have been removed to Tyburn about the reign of Henry IV. In Stow's time none of the ancient elms remained. Here that brave Scotch patriot and guerilla chief Sir William Wallace, was executed, on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305. After many cruel reprisals on the soldiers of Edward I., and many victories, this true patriot was betrayed by a friend, and surrendered to the conquerors. He was dragged from the Tower by horses, and then hung, and, while still conscious, quartered. Here also perished ignominiously Mortimer, the cruel favourite of the queen, the murderess of her husband, Edward II. Edward III., then aged eighteen, seized the regicide, Mortimer, at Nottingham Castle, and he was hung at the Elms, the body remaining on the gibbet, says Stow, "two days and nights, to be seen of the people."

The history of Bartholomew Priory and of Bartholomew Fair, so admirably narrated by Mr. Henry Morley, is an interesting chapter in the history of Smithfield. The priory was founded by Rayer, a monk, who had been jester and revel-master to Henry I., a specially superstitious monarch. Rayer was converted by a vision he saw during a pilgrimage to Rome, where he had fallen grievously sick. In his vision Rayer was borne up to a high place by a beast with four feet and two wings, from whence he saw the mouth of the bottomless pit. As he stood there, crying out and trembling, a man of majestic beauty, who proclaimed himself St. Bartholomew the Apostle, came to his succour. The saint said that, by common favour and command of the celestial council, he had chosen a place in the suburbs of London where Rayer should found a church in his name. Of the cost he was to doubt nothing; it would be his (St. Bartholomew's) part to provide necessaries.

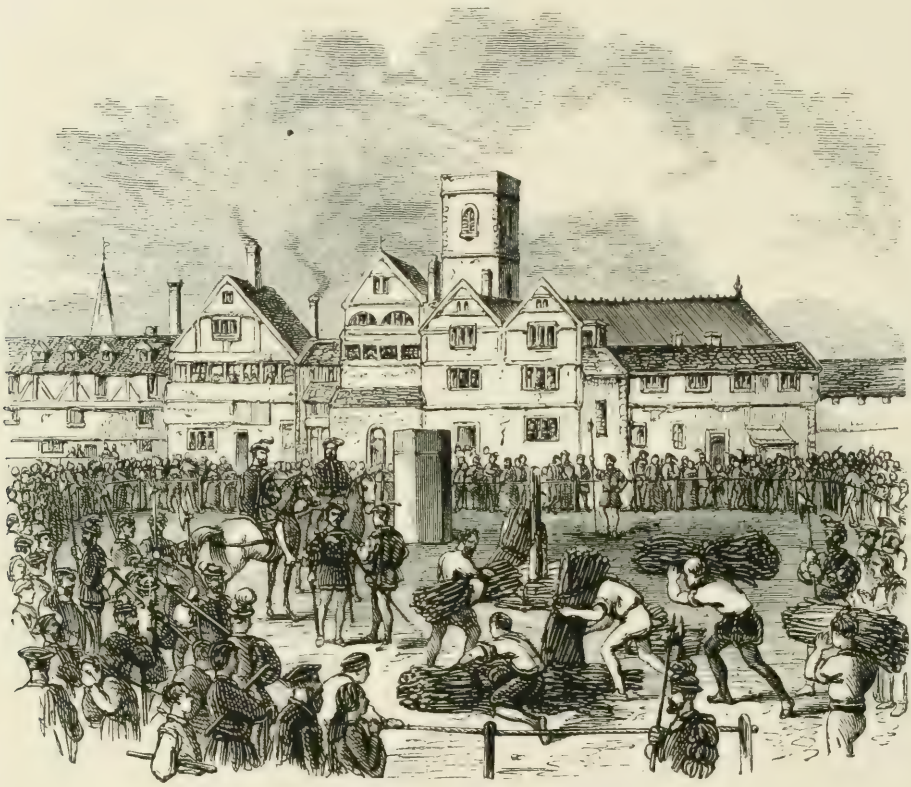
On Rayer's return to London he told his friends and the barons of London, and by their advice made his request to the king, who at once granted it, and the church was founded early in the twelfth century. It was an unpromising place, though called the King's Market, almost all marsh and dirty fens, and on the only dry part stood the Elms gibbet. Rayer, wise in his generation, now feigned to be half-witted, drawing children and idlers together, to fill the marsh with stones and rubbish. In spite of his numerous enemies, many miracles attended the building of the new priory. At evensong a light appeared on the new roof; a cripple recovered the use of his limbs at the altar; by a vision Rayer discovered a choral book which a Jew had stolen; a blind boy recovered his sight. In the twelfth year of his prelacy Rayer obtained from King Henry a most ample charter, and leave to institute a three days' fair on the Feast of St. Bartholomew, forbidding any but the prior levying dues on the frequenters of the fair during those three days. Fairs, as Mr. Morley has most learnedly shown, generally originated in the assembling of pilgrims to church festivals, and St. Bartholomew's Fair was no exception to the rule.

Rayer, after witnessing endless miracles, and showing a most creditable invention, and a true knowledge of his old juggler's art, died in 1143, leaving a little flock of thirteen monks, living very well on the oblations of the rich Londoners. The miracles continued very well. The saint became a favourite with seamen, and the sailors of a Flemish ship, saved by prayers to the saint of Smithfield, presented a silver ship at his altar. The saint appeared to a sailor on a wreck, and led a wrecked Flemish merchant to land in safety. He cured madmen, and was famous in cases of fires and possession by devils.

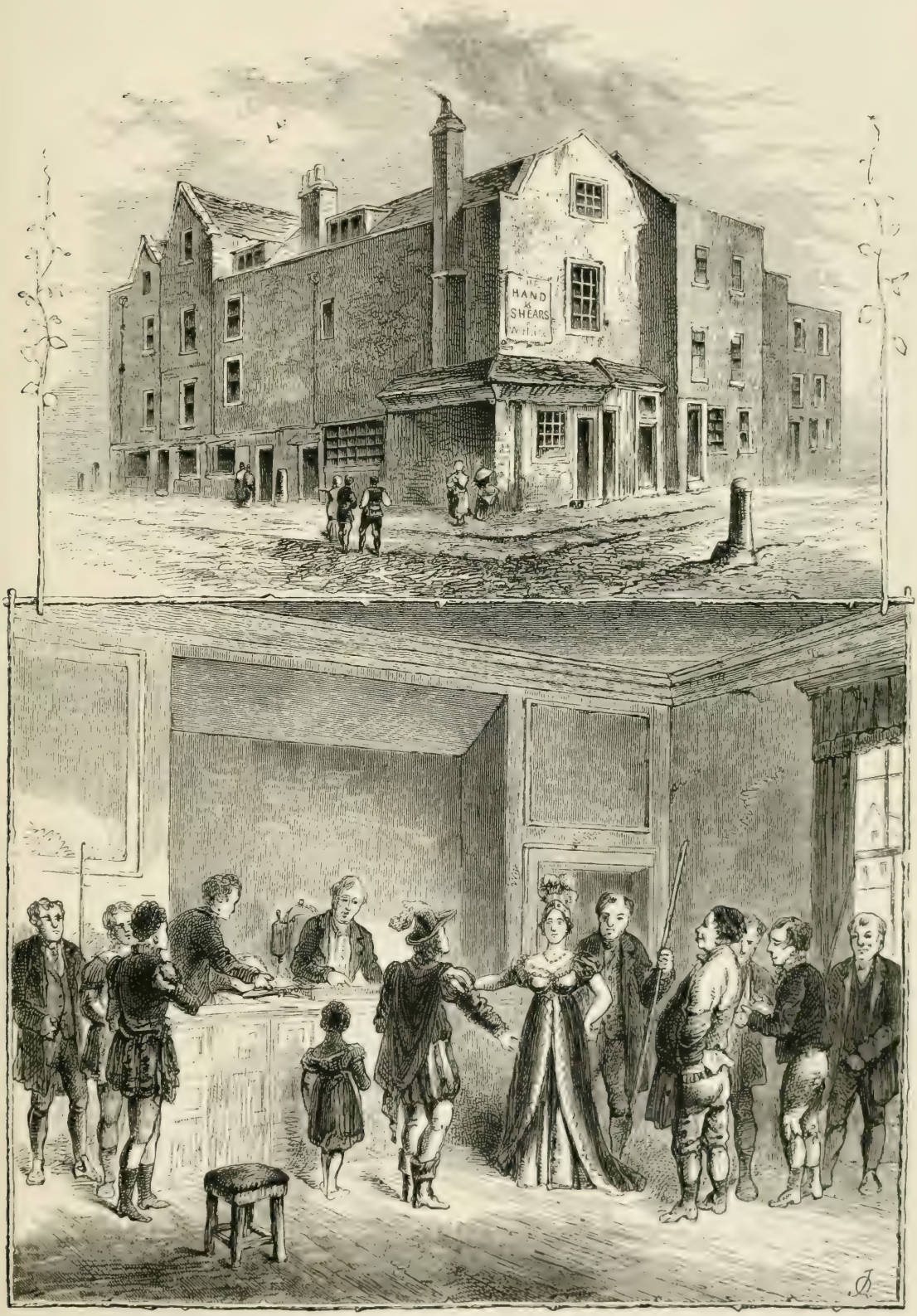
Fragments of the old Norman priory of Rayer still exist in Bartholomew Close, and the dim passage called Middlesex Passage. This latter place is a fragment of the old priory, overhung by the wreck of the great priory hall, now broken up, divided into floors, and turned into a tobacco-factory. On each side of this passage there is

access to separated portions of the crypt. In one pickle-store there are pointed Norman arches under a high vaulted ceiling. The entrance to the crypt used to be by a descent of twenty-five feet, until the floor was raised for business convenience. There is a tradition that at the end of this long subterranean hall there used to be a door opening into the church; now the visitor to the shrine will only find, through an alley a door and bit of church wall hemmed in between factories. The present church is the choir of the old priory, and the nave is entirely gone; the last line of the square of cloisters had been turned into a stable, and fell down some thirty years ago. The apse is shorn off, and a base brick wall closes that forlorn space. "Half-way," says Mr. Morley, "between capital and base of the pillars of that oratory of the Virgin which a miracle commended once to reverence, now stands the floor of the vestry of the parish church." The walls and aisles on either side of the church are still nearly as when Rayer's sham miracles and pious trickeries were all over, and he took a last glance at the great work of his singular life, and the house raised to God and the builder's own vanity. The high aspiring columns and solid arches, the zig-zag ornaments of the early Normans, are still as when Rayer eyed them with crafty triumph.

The site of the priory was chosen with a true monkish wisdom. The saint had included in his wishes a piece of the king's Friday Market, and horses, oxen, sheep, and pigs would all bring grist, in one way or another, to the omnivorous monastic mill. Already Smithfield was the great horse-market of London, as it continued to be for many long centuries. On Shrove Tuesday every school-boy came here to play football; and it was also the Rotten Row of the horsemen of the Middle Ages. It was the great Campus Martius for sham-fights and tilts. It was a ground for bowls and archery; the favourite haunt of jugglers, acrobats, and posture-makers. There were probably, in early times, says Mr. Morley, two Bartholomew Fairs, one held in Smithfield, and one within the priory bounds. The real fair was held within the priory gates, and in the priory churchyard; where, too, on certain festivals, schoolmasters used to bring their boys, to hold in public logical controversies. The churchyard fair seems from the first to have been chiefly a draper's and clothiers'



PLACE OF EXECUTION IN OLD SMITHFIELD.



THE "HAND AND SHEARS."
A CASE BEFORE THE COURT OF PIE-POUDRE. (*From a Drawing dated* 1811.)

fair; and the gates were locked every night, and guarded, to protect the booths and stands.

The English kings did not forget the hospital. In 1223 we find that King Henry III. gave an old oak from Windsor Forest as fuel for the infirm in the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, the generous grant to be renewed every year. In 1244 (Henry III.) a disgraceful religious brawl occurred at the very gate of the West Smithfield Priory. Boniface, the Provençal Archbishop of Canterbury, came to visit Rayer's friars, and was received with solemn procession. The bishop was rather angry at the state, and told the canons that he passed not for honour, but to visit them as part of the duties of his office. The canons, irritated at his pride, replied that having a learned bishop of their own, they desired no other visitation. The archbishop, furious at this, smote the sub-prior on the face, crying, "Indeed! indeed! doth it become you English traitors so to answer me?" Then, bursting with oaths, this worthy ecclesiastic fell on the unfortunate sub-prior, tore his rich cope to shreds, trampled them under foot, and then thrust the wearer back with such force against a chancel pillar as nearly to kill him. The canons, alarmed at this furious onslaught, pulled the archbishop on his back, and in so doing discovered that he was armed. The archbishop's Provençal attendants, seeing their master down, fell in their turn on the Smithfield canons, beat them, rent their frocks, and trod them under foot. The canons then ran, covered with blood and mire, to the king, at Westminster, but he refused to interfere. The citizens, by this time roused, would have rung the common bell, and torn the foreign archbishop to pieces, had he not fled over the water to Lambeth. They called him a ruffian and a cruel brute, and said he was greedy for money, unlearned and strange, and, moreover, had a wife.

The early miracle plays seem to have been often performed at Smithfield. In 1390 the London parish clerks played interludes in the fields at Skinner's Well, for three consecutive days to Richard II., his queen, and court. In 1409 (Henry IV.) the parish clerks played *Matter from the Creation of the World* for eight consecutive days; after which followed jousts. In those early times delegates of the merchant tailors, with their silver measure, attended Bartholomew Fair, to try the measures of the drapers and clothiers.

From the earliest times of which there is record, says Mr. Morley, whose wide nets few odd facts escape, the Court of Pie-poudre, which has jurisdiction over offences committed in the fair, was held within the priory gates, the prior being lord of the fair. It was held, indeed, to the last, close by, in Cloth Fair. After 1445 the City claimed to be joint lord of the fair with the prior, and four aldermen were always appointed as keepers of the fair and of the Court of Pie-poudre.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SMITHFIELD AND BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

The Mulberry-garden at St. Bartholomew's—Prior Bolton—The Growth of Bartholomew Fair—Smithfield reduced to order—"Ruffians' Hall"—Ben Jonson at Bartholomew Fair—A Frenchman's Adventures there—Ned Ward's Account—The *Beggars' Opera*—"John Audley"—Garrick meets a brother Actor—A Dangerous Neighbourhood—Old Smithfield Market—Remains of the Smithfield Burnings—Discovery of Human Remains.

A GREAT part of the priory was rebuilt in the reign of Henry IV., and it became famous for its mulberry-garden, one of the first planted in England. That garden stood to the east of the present Middlesex Passage, and it was under its great leafy trees that scholars at fair-time held their logical disputations. Within the gates the northern part of the priory ground was occupied by a large cemetery with a spacious court, now Bartholomew Close. After the time of Henry IV. the City established a firm right to all fair-tolls outside the priory enclosure. The last prior of St. Bartholomew who was acknowledged by the English kings died in office, and was the last prior but one of the Black Canons of West Smithfield. This was that same Prior Bolton who built the oriel in the church for the sacristan to watch the altar-lights; and he built largely, as we have already shown, at Canonbury. He had two parishes, Great St. Bartholomew and Little St. Bartholomew, within his jurisdiction. At the dissolution the priory and the hospital were torn apart by greedy hands for ever.

In 1537 Sir Thomas Gresham, then Lord Mayor, prayed that the City might govern St. Mary, St. Thomas, and St. Bartholomew Hospitals, "for the relief, comfort, and aid of the helpless poor and indigent." In 1544 the king established a new Hospital of St. Bartholomew, under a priest, as master, and four chaplains; but the place was mis-

managed, and King Henry VIII. founded it anew, "for the continual relief and help of a hundred sore and diseased."

At the dissolution the privileges of the fair were shared by the corporation and Lord Rich (died 1568), ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland. The Cloth Fair dwindled away in the reign of Elizabeth, when the London drapers found wider markets for their woollens, and the clothiers, as roads grew better, started to wider fields. The three days' fair soon grew into a fourteen days' carnival, to which all ranks resorted. We find the amiable and contemplative Evelyn writing of his having seen "the celebrating follies" of Bartholomew; and that accumulative man, Sir Hans Sloane, sending a draughtsman to record every *lusus naturæ* or special oddity. In 1708 (Queen Anne), the nuisance of such licence becoming intolerable to the neighbourhood, the fair was again restricted to three days. The saturnalia was always formally opened by the Lord Mayor, and the proclamation for the purpose was read at the entrance to Cloth Fair. On his way to Smithfield it was the custom for the mayor to call on the keeper of Newgate, and on horseback partake of "a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar;" the flap of the tankard lid, it will be remembered, caused the death of the mayor, Sir John Shorter, in 1688, his horse starting, and throwing him violently. The custom ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood.

"In 1615,"* says Howes, "the City of London reduced the rude, vast place of Smithfield into a faire and comely order, which formerly was never held possible to be done, and paved it all over, and made divers sewers to convey the water from the new channels which were made by reason of the new pavement; they also made strong rayles round about Smithfield, and sequestered the middle part of the said Smithfield into a very faire and civill walk, and rayled it round about with strong rayles, to defend the place from annoyance and danger, as well from carts as all manner of cattell, because it was intended hereafter that in time it might prove a faire and peaceable market-place, by reason that Newgate Market, Moorgate, Cheapside, Leadenhall, and Gracechurche Street were unmeasurably pestred with the unimaginable increase and multiplicity of market folks. And this field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called 'Ruffians' Hall,' by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. But the ensuing deadly fight of rapier and dagger suddenly suppressed the fighting with sword and buckler."

Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the horse-fair in Smithfield, and of these the following is the most marked:—

Falstaff. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Falstaff. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.—*Second Part of Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 2.*

That fine, vigorous old satirist, Ben Jonson, the dear friend and protégé of Shakespeare, named one of his best comedies after this great London fair, and has employed his Hogarthian genius to depict the pickpockets, eating-house-keepers, protesting Puritans, silly citizens, and puppet-show proprietors of the reign of James I. Some extracts from his amusing play, *Bartholomew Fair*, 1613 (written in the very climax of the author's power), are indispensable in any history, however brief, of this outburst of national merriment. The following extract from Mr. Morley's "History of Bartholomew Fair" contains some of the most characteristic passages:—

"Nay," says Littlewit, "we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground." "Aye," adds Dame Purecroft, "and I'll go with you myself. Win-the-Fight and my brother, Zeal-of-the-Land, shall go with us, too, for our better consolation." Then says the Rabbi, "In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophecy. There may be a good use made of it, too, now I think on't, by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly." So these also set off for the fair.

In the fair, as I have said, is Justice Overdue, solemnly establishing himself as a fool, for the benefit of public morals. There are the booths and stalls. There is prosperous Lanthorn Leatherhead, the hobby-horse man, who cries, "What do you lack? What is't you buy? What do you lack? Rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest!" He is a too good seller, owner also of a famous puppet-show, the manager, indeed, for whom Proctor Littlewit has sacrificed to the Bartholomew muses. Joan Trash, the gingerbread-woman, keeps her stall near him, and the rival sellers [illegible] their differences. "Do you hear, Sister Trash, lady of the basket! sit farther with your gingerbread progeny, there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the fair what staff they

* The work began, Anthony Munday informs us, on the 4th of February, 1614-15. "The citizens' charge thereof (as I have been credibly told by Master Arthur Strangewaies) amounting well near to sixteen hundred pounds."

* This, it may be added, is in allusion to a proverb (first recorded by old writers—"Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a friend, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a quean, a knave, and a jade."

are made on." "Why, what stuff are they made on, Brother Leatherhead? Nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you." "Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know." "I defy thee, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread! Will your worship buy any gingerbread? Very good bread, comfortable bread!"

The cries of the fair multiply. "Buy any ballads? new ballads! Hey!"

"Now the fair's a filling!
Oh, for a tune to startle
The birds o' the booths here billing
Yearly with old Saint Bartle!"

"Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!" "What do you lack, gentlemen? Maid, see a fine hoppy-horse for your young master. Cost you but a token* a week his provender."

"Have you any corns on your feet and toes?"

"Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?"

"Buy some gingerbread?"

"What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' smiths, to wake you in the morning, or a fine whistling bird?"

"Ballads! ballads! fine new ballads!"

"Hear for your love, and buy for your money,
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney;
A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters,
The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three quarters."

"What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress? A fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? A drum, to make him a soldier? A fiddle, to make him a reveller? What is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters, or babies, male or female?"

"Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care of your fine velvet caps; the fair is dusty. Take a sweet, delicate booth with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade, you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook. There you may read—'Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did'"—(there is a picture of a pig's head over the inscription, and)—"the pig's head speaks it."

"A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! Tou shalt ha' the clean side o' the table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame Annesh Cleare."†

In "Wit and Drollery: Jovial Poems," 1682, the writer has hit off several of the chief rarities of the fair:—

"Here's that will challenge all the fair.
Come, buy my nuts and damsons, and Burgamy pears!
Here's the *Woman of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope,*
And here's the little girl, just going on the rope!
Here's *Dives and Lazarus,* and the *World's Creation;*
Here's the Tall Dutchwoman, the like's not in the nation.
Here is the booths, where the high Dutch maid is;
Here are the bears that dance like any ladies;
Tat, tat, tat, tat, says little penny trumpet;
Here's Jacob Hall, that does so jump it, jump it;
Sound, trumpet, sound, for silver spoon and fork,
Come, here's your dainty pig and pork."

In the year 1698, a Frenchman, Monsieur Sorbière, visiting London, says, "I was at Bartholomew Fair. It consists mostly of toy-shops, also finery and pictures, ribbon-shops—no books; many shops of confectioners, where any woman may commodiously be treated. Knavery is here in perfection, dextrous cutpurses and pickpockets. I went to see the dancing on the ropes, which was admirable. Coming out, I met a man that would have took off my hat, but I secured it, and was going to draw my sword, crying, 'Begar! You rogue! Morbleu!' &c., when on a sudden I had a hundred people about me crying, 'Here, monsieur, see *Jephthah's Rash Vow.*' 'Here, monsieur, see the Tall Dutchwoman.' 'See The Tiger,' says another. 'See the Horse and no Horse,' whose tail stands where his head should do.' 'See the German Artist, monsieur.' 'See *The Siege of Namur.*' So that betwixt rudeness and civility I was forced to get into a *fiacre,* and with an air of haste and a full trot, got home to my lodgings."

In 1702, the following advertisement appeared relative to the fair:—

"At the Great Booth over against the Hospital Gate, in Bartholomew Fair, will be seen the famous company of rope-dancers, they being the greatest performers of men, women, and children that can be found beyond the seas, so that the world cannot parallel them for dancing on the low rope, vaulting on the high rope, and for walking on the slack and sloaping ropes, outdoing all others to that degree, that it has highly recommended them, both in Bartholomew Fair and May Fair last, to all the best persons of quality in England. And by all are owned to be the only amazing wonders of the world in everything they do. It is there you will see the Italian Scaramouch dancing on the rope, with a wheelbarrow before him with two children and a dog in it, and with a duck on his head, who sings to the company, and causes much laughter. The whole entertainment will be so extremely fine and diverting, as never was done by any but this company alone."

Ned Ward, as the "London Spy," went, of course, to the fair, but in a coach, to escape the dirt and the crowd, and at the entrance he says he was "saluted with Belphegor's concert, the rumbling of drums, mixed with the intolerable squeaking of catcalls and penny trumpets, made still more terrible with the shrill belches of lottery pickpockets through instruments of the same metal with their faces." The spy having been set down with his friend at the hospital gate, went into a convenient house, to smoke a pipe and drink small beer bittered with colocynth. From one of its windows he looked down on a crowd rushing, ankle-deep in filth, through an air tainted by fumes of tobacco and of singeing, over-roasted pork, to

* Tokens were farthings coined by tradesmen for the convenience of change, before farthings were issued as king's money by Charles II. in 1672.

† A favourite well near Hoxton, that of Agnes le Clare.

see the Merry Andrew. On their galleries strutted, in their buffoonery of stateliness, the quality of the fair, dressed in tinsel robes and golden leather buskins. "When they had taken a turn the length of their gallery, to show the gaping crowd how majestically they could tread, each ascended to a seat agreeable to the dignity of their dress, to show the multitude how imperiously they could sit."

A few years before this the fair is sketched by Sir Robert Southwell, in a letter to his son (26th August, 1685). "Here," he says, "you see the rope-dancers gett their living meerly by hazarding of their lives; and why men will pay money and take pleasure to see such dangers, is of separate and philosophical consideration. You have others who are acting fools, drunkards, and madmen, but for the same wages which they might get by honest labour, and live with credit besides. Others, if born in any monstrous shape, or have children that are such, here they celebrate their misery, and, by getting of money, forget how odious they are made. When you see the toy-shops, and the strange variety of things much more impertinent than hobby-horses of ginger-bread, you must know there are customers for all these matters; and it would be a pleasing sight could you see painted a true figure of all these impertinent minds and their fantastic passions, who come trudging hither only for such things. 'Tis out of this credulous crowd that the ballad-singers attrackt an assembly, who listen and admire, while their confederate pickpockets are diving and fishing for their prey.

"'Tis from those of this number who are more refined that the mountebank obtains audience and credit; and it were a good bargain if such customers had nothing for their money but words, but they are best content to pay for druggs and medicines, which commonly doe them hurt. There is one corner of this Elizium field devoted to the eating of pig and the turfeits that attend it. The fruits of the season are everywhere scattered about, and those who eat imprudently do but hasten to the physitian or the churchyard."

"In the year 1727-28," says Mr. Morley, "Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was produced, and took the foremost place among the pleasures of the town. It took a foremost place also among the pleasures of the next Bartholomew Fair, being acted during the time of the fair by the company of comedians from the new theatre in the Haymarket, at the 'George' Inn in Smithfield. William Penkethman, one of the actors who had become famous as a booth-manager, was then recently dead, and the Haymarket comedians carried the *Beggar's Opera* out of Bartholomew into Southwark Fair, where 'the late Mr. Penkethman's great theatrical booth' afforded them a stage. One of the managers of this speculation was Henry Fielding, then only just of age, a young man who, with good birth, fine wit, and a liberal education, both at Eton and at Leyden University, was left to find his own way in the world. His father agreed to allow him two hundred a year in the clouds, and, as he afterwards said, his choice lay between being a hackney writer and a hackney coachman. He lived to place himself, in respect to literature, at the head of the prose writers of England, I dare even venture to think, of the world."

"A writer in the *St. James's Chronicle* (March 24, 1791) wished to place upon record the fact that it was Shuter, a comedian, who, in the year 1759, when master of a droll in Smithfield, invented a way, since become general at fairs, of informing players in the booth when they may drop the curtain and dismiss the company, because there are enough people waiting outside to form another audience. The man at the door pops in his head, and makes a loud inquiry for 'John Audley.'" The ingenious contriver of this device is the Shuter who finds a place in "The Rosciad" of Churchill:

> "Shuter, who never cared a single pin
> Whether he left out nonsense, or put in."

"There lived," says Mr. Morley, "about this time a popular Merry Andrew, who sold ginger-bread nuts in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and because he received a guinea a day for his fun during the fair, he was at pains never to cheapen himself by laughing, or by noticing a joke, during the other 362 days of the year."

"Garrick's name," says the same writer, "is connected with the fair only by stories that regard him as a visitor out of another world. He offers his money at the entrance of a theatrical booth, and it is thought a jest worth transmitting to posterity that he is told by the checktaker, 'We never takes money of one another.' He sees one of his own sturdy Drury Lane porters installed at a booth-door, where he is pressed sorely in the crowd, and calls for help. 'It's no use,' he is told, 'I can't help you. There's very few people in Smithfield as knows Mr. Garrick off the stage.'"

In "Oliver Twist" Dickens sketches with his peculiar power the dangerous neighbourhood of Smithfield, which lay between Islington and Saffron Hill, the lurking-place of the Sykeses and Fagins of thirty years ago:—

"As John Dawkins," says Dickens, "objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock before they reached the turn-

pike at Islington. They crossed from the 'Angel' into St. John's Road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre, through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row, down the little court by the side of the workhouse, across the classic ground which once bore the name of



THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT, 1737.

Hockley-in-the-Hole, thence into Little Saffron Hill, and so into Saffron Hill the Great, along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close at his heels.

"Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not help bestowing a few hasty glances on either side of the way, as he passed along. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops, but the only stock-in-trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place were the public-houses, and in them the lowest orders of Irish were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in the filth, and from several of the doorways great, ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all

appearance, upon no very well-disposed or harmless errands."

The enormous sale of roast pork at Bartholomew Fair ceased, says Mr. Morley, with all the gravity of a historian, about the middle of the last century, and beef sausages then became the fashion. Thomas Rowlandson's droll but gross pictures of the shows, in 1799, show those sickening boat-swings and crowds of rough and boisterous sight-seers. He writes on one of the show-boards the name of Miss Biffin, that clever woman who, through the Earl of Morton's patronage, succeeded in earning a name as a miniature painter, though born without either hands or arms. In 1808 George III. paid for her more complete artistic education, and William IV. gave her a small pension, after which she married, and, at the Earl of Morton's request, left the fair caravans for good.



OLD SMITHFIELD MARKET.

This great carnival, a dangerous sink for all the vices of London, was gradually growing unbearable. In 1801 a mob of thieves surrounded any respectable woman, and tore her clothes from her back. In 1802 "Lady Holland's Mob," as it used to be called, robbed visitors, beat inoffensive passers-by with bludgeons, and pelted harmless persons who came to their windows with lights, alarmed at the disturbance. In 1807 the place grew even more lawless, and a virago of an actress, who was performing Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*, knocked down the august king's deputy-trumpeter, who applied for his fees. Richardson's shows were triumphant still, as in 1817 was Toby, "the real learned pig," who, with twenty handkerchiefs over his eyes, could tell the hour to a minute, and pick out a card from a pack. In one morning of September, 1815, there were heard at Guildhall forty-five cases of felony, misdemeanour, and assault, committed at Bartholomew Fair. Its doom was fixed. Hone, in 1825, went to sketch the dying sinner, and describes Clarke from Astley's, Wombwell's Menagerie, and the Living Skeleton. The special boast of Wombwell, who had been a cobbler in Monmouth Street, was his Elephant of Siam, who used to uncork bottles, and decide for the rightful heir, in a very brief Oriental melodrama. The shows, which were now forced to close at ten, had removed to the New North Road, Islington. Lord Kensington, in 1827, had offered to remove the fair, and in 1830 the Corporation bought of him the old priory rights. In 1839 Mr. Charles

Pearson recommended more restriction, and the exclusion of theatrical shows followed. The rents were raised, and in 1840 only wild beast shows were allowed. The great fair at last sank down to a few gilt gingerbread booths. In 1849 the fair had so withered away that there were only a dozen gingerbread stalls. The ceremony of opening since 1840 had been very simple, and in 1850 Lord Mayor Musgrove, going to read the parchment proclamation at the appointed gateway, found that the fair had vanished. Five years later the ceremony entirely ceased, but the old fee of 3s. 6d. was still paid by the City to the rector of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, for a proclamation in his parish. The fair had outlived its original purpose.

Smithfield Market was condemned in 1852 by law to be moved to Islington, the noise, filth, and dangers of the place having at last become intolerable, and half a century having been spent in discussing the annoyance.

"The original extent of Smithfield," says Mr. Timbs, "was about three acres; the market-place was paved, drained, and railed in, 1685; subsequently enlarged to four and a half acres, and since 1834 to six and a quarter acres. Yet this enlargement proved disproportionate to the requirements. In 1731 there were only 8,304 head of cattle sold in Smithfield; in 1846, 210,757 head of cattle, and 1,518,510 sheep. The old City laws for its regulation were called the "Statutes of Smithfield." Here might be shown 4,000 beasts and about 30,000 sheep, the latter in 1,509 pens; and there were fifty pens for pigs. Altogether, Smithfield was the largest live market in the world."

The old market-days were, Monday for fat cattle and sheep; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, for hay and straw; Friday, cattle and sheep, and milch cows; and at two o'clock for scrub-horses and asses. All sales took place by commission. The customary commission for the sale of an ox of any value was 4s., and of a sheep, 8d. The City received a toll upon every beast exposed for sale of 1d. per head, and of sheep at the rate of 1s. per score. Smithfield salesmen estimated the weight of cattle by the eye, and from constant practice they approached so near exactness that they were seldom out more than a few pounds. The sales were always for cash. No paper was passed, but when the bargain was struck the buyer and seller shook hands, and closed the sale. £7,000,000, it was said, were annually paid away in this manner in the narrow area of Smithfield Market. "The average weekly sale of beasts," said Cunningham in 1849, "is said to be about 3,000, and of sheep about 30,000, increased in the Christmas week to about 5,000 beasts, and 47,000 sheep. The following return shows the number of cattle and sheep annually sold in Smithfield during the following periods:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.
1841	194,298	1,435,000
1842	210,723	1,655,370
1843	207,195	1,817,360
1844	216,848	1,804,850
1845	222,822	1,539,660
1846	210,757	1,518,510

In addition to this, a quarter of a million pigs were annually sold."

The miseries of old Smithfield are described by Mr. Dickens, in "Oliver Twist," in his most powerful manner. "It was market morning," he says; "the ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire, and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and tied up to posts by the gutter-side were long lines of oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass. The whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells, and the roar of voices that issued from every public-house, the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling, the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market, and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confused the senses."

Smithfield Market, on a foggy, rainy morning in November, some twenty-five years ago (says Aleph), was a sight to be remembered by any who had ventured through it. It might be called a feat of clever agility to get across Smithfield, on such a greasy, muddy day, without slipping down, or without being knocked over by one of the poor frightened and half-mad cattle toiling through it. The noise was deafening. The bellowing and lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, squeaking of pigs, the shouts of the drovers, and often, the shrieks of some unfortunate female who had got amongst the unruly, frightened cattle, could not be forgotten. The long,

narrow lanes of pavement that crossed the wider part of the market, opposite the hospital, were always lined with cattle, as close together as they could stand, their heads tied to the rails on either side of the scanty pathway, when the long horns of the Spanish breeds, sticking across towards the other side, made it far from a pleasant experience for a nervous man to venture along one of these narrow lanes, albeit it was the nearest and most direct way across the open market. If the day was foggy (and there were more foggy days then than now), then the glaring lights of the drover-boys' torches added to the wild confusion, whilst it did not dispel much of the gloom. It was indeed a very great change for the better when at last the City authorities removed the market into the suburbs.

In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, the workmen laid open a mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes and human bones, charred and partially consumed. This was believed to have been the spot generally used for the Smithfield burnings, the face of the victim being turned to the east and to the great gate of St. Bartholomew, the prior of which was generally present on such occasions. Many bones were carried away as relics. Some strong oak posts were also dug up; they had evidently been charred by fire, and in one of them was a staple with a ring attached to it. The place and its former history were too significant for any doubt to exist as to how they had been once used. Gazing upon them thoughtfully, one was forcibly reminded of the last words of Bishop Latimer to his friend Ridley, as they stood bound to the stake at Oxford: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And the good Latimer's words have come true.

Some years ago, on removing the foundations of some old houses, on the south side of Long Lane, a considerable quantity of human remains were discovered—skulls and other portions of the skeletons. This spot was understood to be the north-west corner of the burying-ground of the ancient priory of St. Bartholomew. The skulls were thick and grim-looking, with heavy, massive jaws, just as one would expect to find in those sturdy old monks, who were the schoolmen, artists, and sages of their time.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CHURCHES OF BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT AND BARTHOLOMEW-THE-LESS.

The Old Bartholomew Priory—Its Old Privileges—Its Revenues and Early Seals—The Present Church—The Refectory of the Priory—The Crypt and Chapel—Various Interesting Remains of the Old Priory—The Monuments of Rayer, the Founder, Robert Chamberlain, and Sir Walter Mildmay—The Smallpage Family—The Old and New Vestry-rooms—The Monument to Abigail Coult—The Story of Roger Walden, Bishop of London—Dr. Francis Anthony, the Physician—His *Aurum Potabile*—The Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great as an Historical Centre—Visions of the Past—Cloth Fair—The Dimensions of St. Bartholomew-the-Great—Old Monuments in St. Bartholomew-the-Less—Injudicious Alterations—The Tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less—The Tomb of Freke, the Eminent Surgeon.

In 1410, when the priory was rebuilt, it was entirely enclosed with walls, the boundaries of which have been carefully traced out by many diligent antiquaries. The north wall ran from Smithfield along the south side of Long Lane, to its junction with the east wall, about thirty yards west from Aldersgate Street. This wall is mentioned by Stow, and delineated by Aggas, who has marked a small postern gate in it, which stood opposite Charterhouse Square, where there is now (says a writer in 1846) the entrance to King Street, Cloth Fair. The west wall commenced at the south-west corner of Long Lane, and continued along Smithfield and the middle of Duc Lane (now Duke Street) to the south gate, or Great Gate House, now the principal entrance to Bartholomew Close. The south wall, starting from this spot, ran eastward in a direct line to Aldersgate Street, where it formed an angle, and passed southwards about forty yards, then resumed again its eastern course, and joined the corner of the east wall, which ran parallel with Aldersgate Street, at the distance of about twenty-six yards. The priory wall was fronted by the houses of Aldersgate Street, London House among others, between which and the wall ran a ditch. At the demolition of this wall various encroachments took place, which led to great disputes (especially in 1671) about the boundaries between the privileged parish of St. Bartholomew and the City. The old privileges of Rayer's Priory and precinct were, that the parishioners were not to serve on juries, and could

appoint their own constables; paid few City rates, taxed themselves, and were not required to become free of the City on starting in business.

When, in 1539, Sir Richard Rich purchased the church and priory for £1,064 11s. 3d., the thirteen frozen-out canons received annuities of £6 13s. 4d. each. Queen Mary granted the church to the Black Friars, but they had but a short reign, and the Riches, Earls of Warwick and Holland, came again into unrighteous possession. The priory, at the dissolution, was valued at £653 15s. a year. The revenues were principally derived from small houses in the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. Sepulchre, and also from country property, such as land at Stanmore, and in Canonbury, as before mentioned. The chantries were very rich, and the alms and oblations were abundant. The old seals of the priory, necessary to render legal any alienation of rents or possessions, were kept by the prior under three keys, which were in charge of the prior and two brethren specially chosen. The earliest seals of the priory which are preserved are attached to a life grant of the church of St. Sepulchre, from Rayer to Haymon, priest, and is dated 1137. The seal of the reign of Edward III. represents St. Bartholomew standing on a lion, holding a knife (symbol of martyrdom) in his left hand, and a book in his right. On either side of him is a shield, on on which are three lions, guardant, passant. This was the common seal of the hospital. On the seal of 1341, St. Bartholomew is seated on a throne, holding a knife (so appropriate to the locality) in his left hand; around him are the heavens, with moon in crescent, and twelve stars; on the reverse is a boat, with a church in it. In what was probably the last seal, the saint stands under a canopy, which is supported by two pillars.

The ruins of the old priory were less hidden and obliterated when the writer on the Priory and Church of St. Bartholomew in Knight's "London" searched for them than they are now. The present church is merely the choir of the old priory church. Its front was probably originally in a line with the small gateway yet remaining, and which formerly led to the southern aisle of the nave, now entirely destroyed. The gateway was a finely-fronted arch of four ribs, each with receding mouldings, alternating with Norman zigzag ornaments, springing from a cluster of sculptured heads. In Knight's time the south wall, once the wall of the south aisle, belonged to a public-house which had rooms with arched ceilings, a cornice with a shield extending through three of them, and a chalk cellar. These had belonged to the priory. Among costermongers' houses and sheds, and near a smith's workshop, were the arches of the east cloister. The roof and part of the wall fell in many years ago, but five arches of the east and one of the west side still remained. A fine Norman arch leading into the aisle was walled up. In several parts of the ruins of the cloister the groins and key-stones and elaborately carved devices were still visible. It was calculated by the writer in Knight's "London" that the cloisters of St. Bartholomew's were nearly fifteen feet broad, and have extended round the four sides of a square of nearly 100 feet.

The same writer describes the refectory of the priory, then a tobacco-manufactory, divided into two or three stories, as originally a room some forty feet high, thirty feet broad, and 120 feet long, finely roofed with oak. The ceilings and floors of the three stories were evidently temporary, and formed of huge timbers plucked from the original roof. The crypt, which ran below the refectory, still exists. It is of immense length, with a double row of beautiful aisles, and in perfect preservation. A door in this vault is traditionally supposed to lead to Canonbury. Perhaps, says one writer, it was really used as a mode of escape by the Nonconformist ministers who occupied the adjoining chapel during part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "It opened till lately," says Mr. Delamotte, in 1846, "into a cellar that extended beneath the chapel, and where the fire broke out, in 1830, that destroyed the latter, and some other interesting parts of the old priory." The chapel formed part of the monastic buildings, but what part, is unknown. It had an ancient timber roof, and a beam projecting across near the centre, and in a corner there is said to have been an antique piece of sculpture, representing a priest with a child in his arms (probably some saint and the infant Jesus). In several parts of the walls were marks of private doors. This chapel had been occupied by Presbyterian ministers till 1753, when Wesley obtained possession of it, and opened it for his followers. It is supposed that Lord Rich's house occupied the site of the prior's stables and wood-yard, and that an old house with a vaulted ceiling and a fine carved mantelpiece marks the spot, near Middlesex Passage, where the mulberry-garden stood, the last tree in which was cut down about 1846.

At the back of the present church, and between it and Red Lion Passage, stood the prior's house. It may still be traced by its massive walls, square flat pillars, and fluted capitals, and the old dormitory, which some years ago was occupied by gimp-spinners. There are also remains of the south transept, and the ruins still heaped there comprise

also the chapter-house, which stood between the old vestry and the transept. There were traces formerly of the once beautiful arch, that led into the chapter-house, and there is also a fragment of the wall of the transept. The picturesque-looking low porch, with its deep pent-house, says one writer on the subject, now the entrance into the church from the transept, was formerly an entrance into St. Bartholomew's Chapel. In Cloth Fair a narrow passage points to the position of the north transept. Extending from the sides of the choir north and south, and partly over the aisles, were buildings used as schools; that on the south was burnt in the fire of 1830; the other still exists, and it contains two of the fine circular arches that form the second tier of the choir.

Within the porch of St. Bartholomew's are the remains of a very elegant pointed arch, that probably led into the cloisters. The aisles are separated from the choir by solid pillars and square piers indifferently, from which spring five semicircular arches on either side. The arches next the choir are adorned with billet moulding, which does not cease with the arch, but, in some places, is continued horizontally over the cap of the column, until it meets the next arch. The triforium has similar arches, each opening being divided into four compartments by small Norman columns and arches, formerly bricked up, but now re-opened. The prior's state pew is a bay, or oriel, probably added by Prior Bolton, on the south side. His rebus is upon it. This oriel communicated with the priory, and was where the prior assisted at the service, in all the pride of feigned humility, and from this point of vantage he could watch his thirteen canons. There are similar oriels, says Mr. Godwin, in Malmesbury Abbey, and in Exeter Cathedral.

There is a clerestory above the triforium, with pointed windows, and a passage the whole length of the building. The roof is of timber, divided into compartments by a tie-beam and king-post, the corbels resting on angels' heads. There also remains a portion of the transepts.

"One of the most interesting features of the choir," says Mr. Delamotte, "is the long-continued aisle, or series of aisles, which entirely encircle it, opening into the former by the spaces between the flat and circular arch-piers of the body of the structure. It is about twelve feet wide, with a pure arched and vaulted ceiling, in the simplest and truest Norman style, and with windows of different sizes, slightly pointed. The pillars against the wall, opposite the entrance into the choir, are flat, apparently made so for the convenience of the sitters. One of the most beautiful little architectural effects, of a simple kind that we can conceive is to be found at the north-eastern corner of the aisle. Between two of the grand Norman pillars, projecting from the wall, is a low postern doorway, and above, rising on each side from the capitals, a peculiarly elegant arch, something like an elongated horse-shoe. The connection between two styles so strikingly different in most respects, as the Moorish, with its fantastic delicacy (?), variety, and richness, and the Norman, with its simple (occasionally uncouth) grandeur, was never more apparent. That little picture is alone worth a visit to St. Bartholomew's." The postern leads into a curious place, enclosed by the end of the choir (or altar end) on one side, and the circular wall of the eastern aisle on the other. It is supposed by Mr. Godwin to have been the chancel of the original building, and no doubt it was, if we are to suppose that the altar wall has undergone great changes. At present the space is so narrow, and so dark, that it need not surprise us to hear that it is called the Purgatory. We have no doubt that this part has been visible, in some way, from the choir, and not, as it is now, entirely excluded from it; for a pair of exactly similar pillars, with a beautiful arch above, standing at the south-east corner of the aisle, are, in a great measure, shut in here.

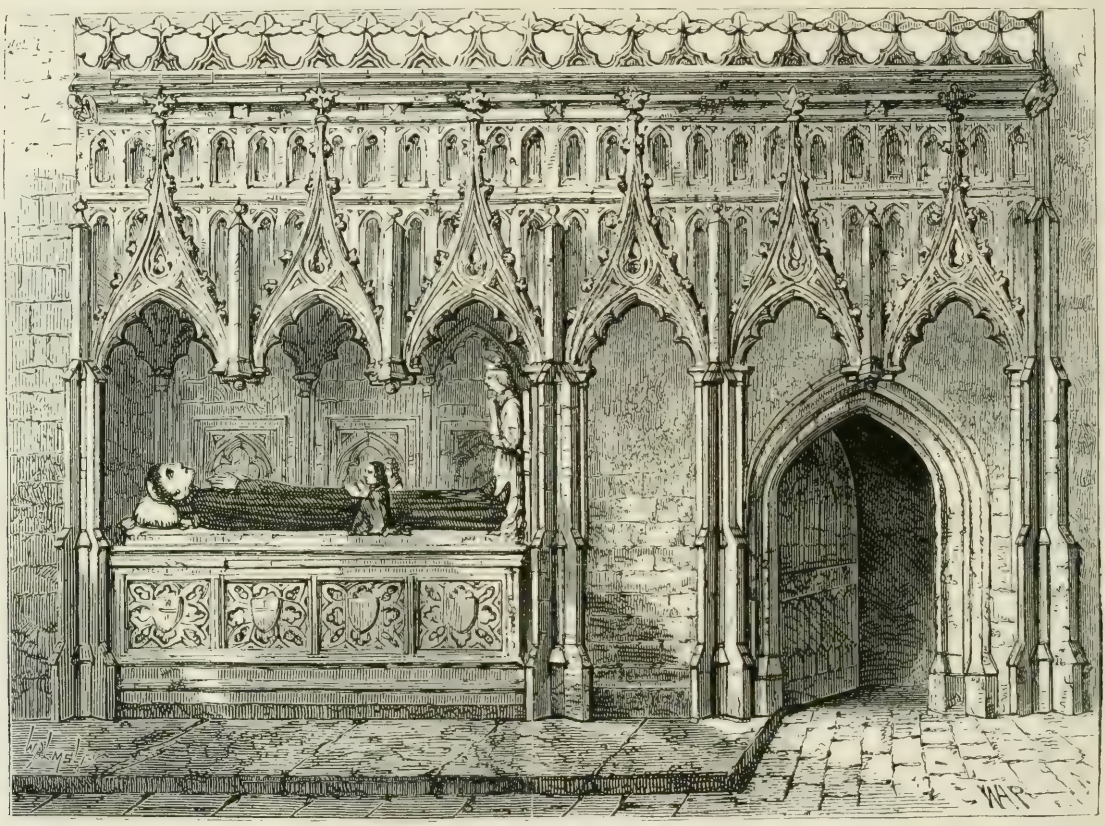
The monument of Rayer (or Rahere), the founder of the priory, the pious jester of Henry I., is in the north-east corner of the church, next the altar, and almost exactly opposite Prior Bolton's beautiful oriel window. Bolton restored this tomb with pious care, and may have placed his window so as to command a perpetual view of that *memento mori*. This monument is of a much later date than the period of Rayer's death. It consists of a highly-wrought stone screen, of pointed Gothic, enclosing a tomb, on which, under a canopy, rests the prior's effigy. The roof of the tomb is exquisitely groined. Except a few of the pinnacles, the monument is still uninjured, and Time has watched kindly over the good man's grave. A crowned angel kneels at Rayer's feet, and monks of his order pray by his side. Each of the monks has a Bible before him, open at Isa. li., which contains the following verse, so applicable to the church built on the marsh:—"The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

"Besides the choir of the old church," says Mr. Godwin, "there remains a portion of the transepts,

and of the nave, at their junction with it, over which rose a tower. At the commencement of each transept, a large arch, spanning its whole width, springs from the capitals of slender clustered columns, and, at the end of the nave and commencement of the choir, other arches (the width of the church) spring from corbels, sculptured to represent the capitals of similar columns. The four arches are surrounded by zigzag ornaments. Of these arches, those at the intersection of the transepts are pointed, and have been referred to as among the various instances of the *incidental* use made of the pointed arch in early buildings, before it became a component part of a system, at least in England." "The cause for this," says Mr. Britton, the famous antiquary, "was evident; for those sides of the tower being much narrower than the east and west divisions, which are formed of semi-circular arches, it became necessary to carry the arches of the former to a point, in order to suit the oblong plan of the intersection, and, at the same time, make the upper mouldings and lines range with the corresponding members of the circular arches."

One of the finest monuments in the choir is that of Robert Chamberlain. It is of very dark brown marble, and consists of a figure of a man in complete armour, kneeling in state under an alcove, while two angels are drawing aside the curtains. The monument of James Rivers bears the date 1641 (eve of the Civil War), and bears this inscription—

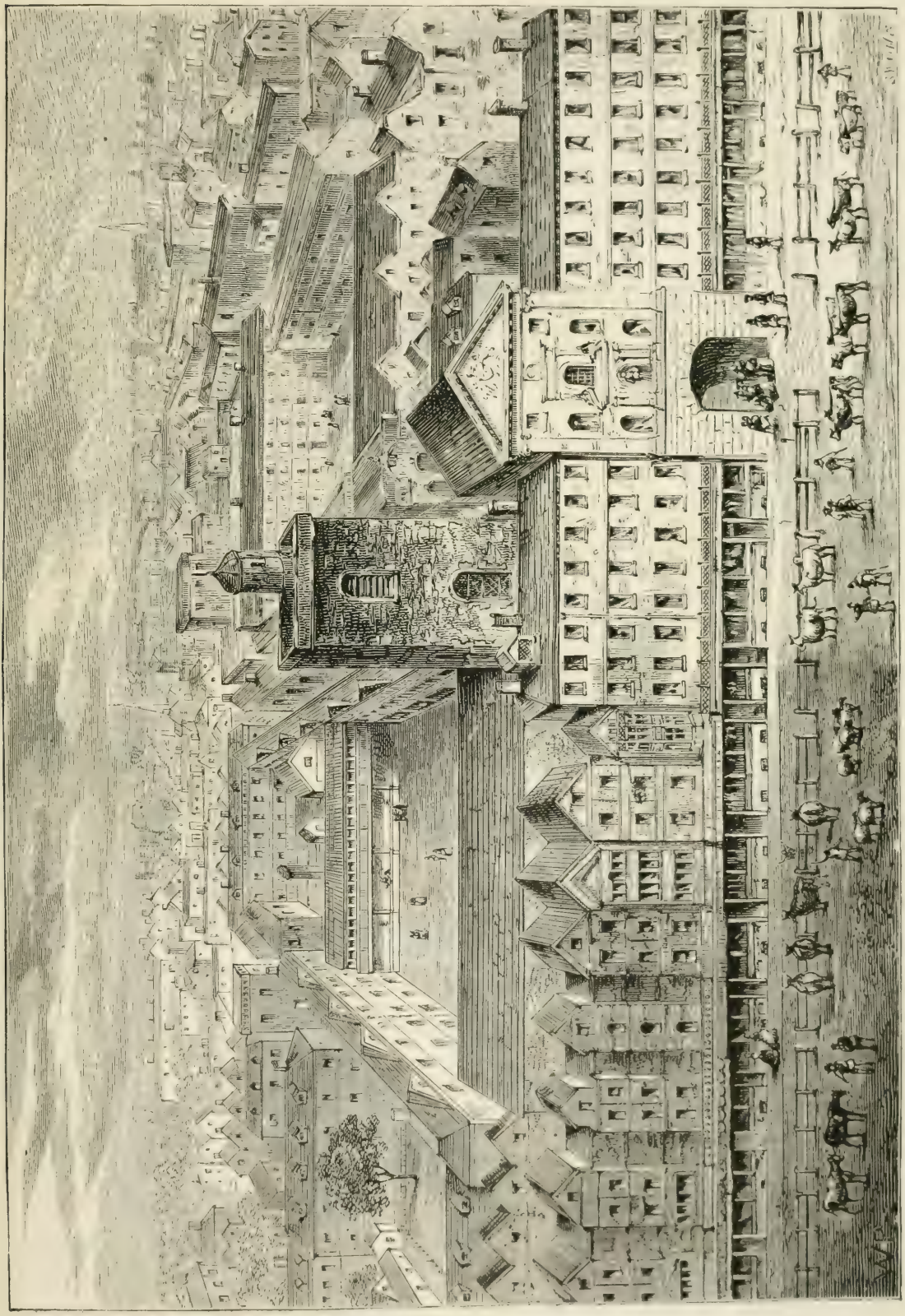
> "Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
> Of the high soul which once informed the same;
> Torn from the service of the State in 's prime
> By a disease malignant as the time;
> Whose life and death designed no other end
> Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
> Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
> Conquered the age, conquered himself, and died."



RAYER'S TOMB.

Beyond is a sumptuous and curious transitional monument, half-classic, half-Gothic, in memory of Sir Walter Mildmay, 1689. This gentleman, the generous founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, held offices under Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; and, though not compliant enough, was made by Elizabeth Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the corner next to Sir Walter's monument is that to the memory of the Smallpage family (1558), which is of very dark marble. It contains two busts, one of a male, the other of a female. The



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL IN 1750.

former has a fine face and a double-peaked beard; the latter, in a full ruff, looks rather a Tartar.

In the spandrils of some of the arches of this church there are ornaments which resemble the Grecian honeysuckle, and which are unusual in Gothic work. A small bit of the old nave is now used as the organ-loft; and over what was once part of the aisle of the nave rises the poor brick tower, built in 1628. The vestry-room is part of the south transept, and a magnificent chapel once stood on the east side of this transept. When the ill-judged classic altar-piece was taken down, some years ago, the stone wall was found painted bright red, and spotted with black stars. The chamber between the choir and the east aisle, early in this century, contained several thousand bones.

Near the junction of the south and east aisles is the old vestry-room, a solemn, ancient place, probably once an oratory. The present vestry, a mere place for registers and surplices, is built over the southern aisle. Here is a beautiful Norman semicircular arch, forming one of a range of arches by which the second storey of the choir was probably continued at a right angle along the sides of the transept. "Among the monuments of the aisles is one in the form of a rose, with an inscription to Abigail Coult, 1629, who died "in the sixteenth year of her virginity." Her father, Maximilian Coult, or Colte, was a famous sculptor of the time, and was employed by James I. in various public buildings. In the office-book of the Board of Works appears the line, "Max. Colte, Master Sculptor, at £8 a year, 1633." Filling up the beautiful horse-shoe arch, which it thus conceals, at the south-eastern corner, is the monument of Edward Cooke. There appears to have been attached to the northern aisle—probably corresponding in position with the old vestry—another chapel.

In Walden Chapel, on the north side of the altar, Roger Walden, Bishop of London, was buried (instead of in St. Paul's—but why, no one can guess). "Never had any man," says Weever, "better experience of the uncertainty of worldly felicity." "Raised," says Mr. Delamotte, "from the condition of a poor man by his industry and ability, he became successively Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel fell under the displeasure of Richard II., and was banished, Walden was made Primate of England. On the return of Arundel, in company with Bolingbroke, and the ascent of the latter to the throne, Arundel of course resumed his archiepiscopal rank and functions, and Roger Walden became again a private individual. Arundel, however, behaved very nobly to the man whom he must have looked on as a usurper of his place, for he conferred on him the bishopric of London. Walden did not live long to be grateful for this very honourable and kindly act, for he died within the ensuing year. 'He may be compared to one so jaw-fallen,' says Fuller, in his usual quaint, homely style, 'with over-long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill-fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness.'"

In St. Bartholomew-the-Great was buried, in 1623, Dr. Francis Anthony, a learned physician and chemist of the reign of James I., who was frequently fined and imprisoned by the London College of Physicians for practising physic without a licence. Dr. Anthony, who seems to have been a generous and honest man, prided himself on the discovery of a universal medicine, which he called *aurum potabile*, or potable gold, which he mixed with mercury.

"Dr. Anthony," says Mr. Delamotte, "published a very learned and modest defence of himself and his *aurum potabile*, in Latin, written with great decency, much skill in chemistry, and with an apparent knowledge in the theory and practice of physic. In the preface he says 'that after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries.' In the second chapter of his work he affirms that his medicine is a kind of extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquor whatsoever, and referring to the common objection of the affinity between the *aurum potabile* and the philosopher's stone, does not deny the transmutation of metals, but still shows that there is a great difference between the two, and that the finding or not finding of the one does not at all render it inevitable that the other shall also be discovered, or remain hidden. The price of the medicine was five shillings an ounce. Wonderful cures, of course, are displayed in the doctor's pages. His publication produced quite a controversy on the merits of *aurum potabile*. We need not wonder to find that Dr. Anthony had implicit believers in the value of his nostrum, when we see the great chemist and philosopher, Boyle, thus commenting on such preparations: 'Though I have long been prejudiced against the pretended *aurum potabile*, and other boasted preparations of gold, for most of which I have still no great esteem, yet I saw such extraordinary and surprising effects from the tincture of gold I spake of (prepared by two foreign physicians) upon persons of great note with whom I was particularly acquainted, both before they fell

desperately sick and after their strange recovery, that I could not but change my opinion for a very favourable one as to some preparations of gold.'"

A local antiquary, who is as learned as he is imaginative, has furnished us with some notes on the priory and its neighbourhood, of which we gladly avail ourselves :—

"Excepting the tower and its immediate neighbourhood," says the writer, "there is no part of London, old or new, around which are clustered so many events interesting in history, as that of the Priory of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, and its vicinity. There are narrow, tortuous streets, and still narrower courts, about Cloth Fair, where are hidden away scores of old houses, whose projecting eaves and overhanging floors, heavy cumbrous beams, and wattle and plaster walls, must have seen the days of the Plantagenets and the earlier Tudors. There are remains of groined arches, and windows with ancient tracery, strong buttresses, and beautiful portals, with toothed and ornate archways, belonging to times long anterior to Wycliffe and John of Gaunt, yet to be found lurking behind dark, uncanny-looking tenements. To the real lover of the past history of our great City; to the earnest inquirer into the rise and progress of our present civilisation; to the pious student of the earlier times of our English Church, and her struggles after freedom, there is no part of modern London that will better reward a careful survey than that now under our consideration.

"Note that dark archway yonder. Fully seven centuries have passed since the hand of some good lay brother traced its bold outline, and worked with cunning mallet and chisel the beautiful beading and its toothed ornaments. And in the old times, when Chaucer was young, and his Canterbury Pilgrims were men and women of the period, processions of cowled monks and chanting boys, with censers and crucifix, wended their way from the old priory to that of the Black Friars, by the Thames; and not unfrequently, when Edward III. and his favourite Alice Pierce had spent the morning in witnessing the tournay of mailed knights in Smithfield, have they and their attendants, with all the pomp and pageantry of chivalry, passed beneath this old gateway to the grand entertainments provided by the good prior for their delectation, in the great refectory beyond the south cloisters. Rhenish and Cyprus wines, with sack and strong waters, were there in plenty, and geese, swans, bustards, and lordly peacocks, graced the well-filled board, with venison pasties and the boar's head ready at hand; whilst all such fruits as were then naturalised amongst us were reared by the careful fathers in their garden at Canonbury, for the use of the good prior's table.

"In later years the solemn, weather-worn stones of this old archway have had sad scenes to frown upon, and yet, nearer our own day, merry parties have gambolled and frisked beneath the ancient portal, as they wended their way to the pandemonium of mirth and folly in Bartholomew Fair.

"In the Great Close, where is now a row of dilapidated houses, was once the west cloister of the priory, and here, as we turn, was the south cloister, just beyond which was, until quite lately, the remains of the great refectory. Beneath it was much of the ancient crypt, with its deep groined arches, more than half buried under the débris of ages. Some portion of this is still left us, beneath the modern buildings erected on the spot.

"As we go round the Great Close, towards the other end of the church, we pass by some very old houses, that occupy the place where was once the east cloisters. Behind these houses used to be a great mulberry-tree, only removed in our own time. This was formerly the centre of the cloister court. You fancy you see a tall, bareheaded man, in monkish garb of grey, his rosary dangling by his side, as he stands near a pillar of the cloister, deeply immersed in the breviary he holds in his hand. See his sandled feet, and his long grey beard; he is the personal friend of the good Prior Rayer. Now he moves, and silently steps across the grass towards the big mulberry-tree, where he sits down upon a stone seat beneath its umbrageous branches, and laying down his book, he takes from the folds of his habit a scroll. Slowly he unrolls it, and carefully studies the curious lines, curves, and ornaments drawn thereon. That old monk is the good Alfune, the builder of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

"See here, is the prior's house, its big stones hidden under a casing of bricks and stucco, whilst here and there, like big rocks, a buttress crops out, an enormity quite unsuited to the gingerbread buildings of modern times. But these good monkish architects built more for the future than for themselves. Look above: there, where is now a row of windows to a fringe factory was once the dormitory, or 'dormite,' of the monks. They needed looking-after sometimes, so the prior wisely kept them near himself at night.

"Let us go along this dark and narrow passage. Now we are in Cloth Fair. This is where the ancient cloth fair was held, to which came merchants from Flanders and Italy, with their precious wares for the sons and daughters of old London. How aged some of these houses are! floor leaning over floor, until you may fancy they are toppling

upon you. Now come with me under this low gateway, and take my hand, for it is quite dark here, and we must walk in Indian file, the space is so narrow. Between the houses and the low wall, as your eyes become used to the deep gloom, you will notice that the first floor entirely covers the narrow court behind, and is supported on posts, and the next leaning over the one beneath it. These houses have seen many generations of tenants, and in some of them the old cloth business is still carried on. Now peep over the wall on your left. You will find the level much lower there, for they have lately been clearing away some of the accumulated rubbish, and 'dust and ashes' of past ages, and have exposed to view some beautiful windows, that formed part of the prior's house, perhaps the infirmary, or 'firmary,' as that was under the same roof, or a portion of the crypt, used for such a purpose mayhap. Past these very windows the old priors of the monastery must have gone to the service in the church. Let us follow, and note, as we step into the ancient Norman aisle, the finely-curved semicircular arches, and the curious nooks and crannies, only to be found in such places. See, we have to go through that small door near the purgatory into the choir.

"What a blaze of light! There are scores of tapers on the altar, the crucifix, emblazoned banners, and the rich vestments of the officiating priests; and as they cross and recross the tessellated floor of the chancel, note that they make each time low genuflexions towards the altar. Mark the incense-bearers, swinging the spicy odours to and fro, which is wafted towards us, and mingles, as it were, with the loud pealing of the organ and the sweet chanting of the boy choristers, and the low responses of the cowled brethren of the priory.

"Now they pass in procession round the church, along the choir, and down the lofty nave, towards the beautiful entrance-gate. Anon they return, and on reaching the altar-tomb of their founder, Rayer, they stop, a priest swings a censer to and fro before it, whilst all kneel and cross themselves; then again they move towards the altar, and as the choir ceases chanting, the last notes of the organ are heard reverberating along the lofty roof. The brethren follow each other slowly towards the door, the tapers are extinguished one by one, and thus the pageant fades from our imagination; and once more we find ourselves in Smithfield, outside the Cloth Fair gate of the ancient Priory of St. Bartholomew."

The dimensions of this most interesting church, half Norman, half early English, are generally given thus: The height about 40 feet, the breadth 60 feet, the length 138 feet; add to this 87 feet for the length of the destroyed nave, and we have 225 feet as the entire length of the church of Rayer's priory. The church was much injured in the fire of 1830, when a portion of the middle roof of the south aisle fell.

When Rayer, on his return from doing penance at Rome, built a hospital in Smithfield, in performance of a vow made in sickness, he added to it that chapel which is now called St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which, after the dissolution, became a parish church for those living within the hospital precinct. In Stow's time the church seems to have been full of old monuments and brasses of the fifteenth and later centuries, a few of which only have been preserved.

Among those which no longer remain were two brass effigies, "in the habit of pilgrims," with an inscription, commencing—

> "Behold how ended is
> The poor pilgrimage
> Of John Shirley, Esquire,
> With Margaret, his wife,"

and ending with the date 1456. "This Shirley," says Mr. Godwin, "appears to have been a traveller in various countries. He collected the works of Chaucer, John Lydgate, and other learned writers, 'which works he wrote in sundry volumes, to remain for posterity.' 'I have seen them,' says Stow, 'and partly do possess them.' Such of the epitaphs as Stow omitted to mention were recorded by Weever, in his 'Funeral Monuments.' The earliest of them was as follows:—

> 'The xiiii.c. yere of our Lord and eight,
> Passyd Sir Robart Greuil to God Almight,
> The xii. day of April; Broder of this place,
> Jesu for his mercy rejoice him with his grace.'

"The length of the church, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was 99 feet, and the breadth was 42 feet, except in the chancel, the narrowness of which latter, however, was more than counterbalanced by a chapel on the north side."

In 1789, Mr. George Dance, the architect and surveyor to the hospital, repaired the church, by first destroying the whole interior, leaving only the old walls, the vestibule, and the square tower. Dry rot very soon setting in, in an aggravated form, Mr. Hardwick, in 1823, commenced the rebuilding, turning out Mr. Dance's timber octagon, and replacing it with stone and iron. It was then found that Mr. Dance, in his contempt for Gothic architecture, had ruthlessly cut away altar-tombs and such mediæval trifles. The result of all this incompetent tinkering is a compo tower and an iron

roof. In the east window are several saints, the arms of Henry VIII. and the hospital, and those of various hospital treasurers. North of the communion-table is a tablet in memory of the wife of Thomas Bodley, Elizabeth's ambassador in France and Germany, and the generous founder of the great library at Oxford. In this church there is also a monument to Henry Earle, surgeon, of St. Bartholomew's, which was erected to this amiable man in 1838. In the lobby that leads to the western porch, where a sexton hung himself in 1838, there is a canopied altar-tomb and several relics of old Gothic sculpture. Among others, a niche containing the figure of an angel bearing a shield, and beneath it the arms of Edward the Confessor, impaled with those of England.

Near Mr. Earle's tablet is a large monument, presenting a kneeling figure beneath an entablature, supported on two columns, and inscribed to Robert Balthrope :—

"Who Sergeant of the Surgeons sworn
Near thirty years had been.
He dyed at sixty-nine of years,
December's ninth the day ;
The year of grace eight hundred twice,
Deducting nine away."

The tower of St. Bartholomew-the-Less contains some fine Norman and early English arches and pillars. The piscina from the ancient church is used as a font. A beautiful chancel has been built, in the style of the Lady chapels in Normandy. The pulpit and reredos are marble and alabaster, with bas-relief of the Sermon on the Mount, and the stained glass windows are by Powell. The parish register records the baptism of the celebrated Inigo Jones, son of a Welsh clothworker, residing at or near Cloth Fair ; and the burial, in 1664, of James Heath, a Cavalier chronicler of the Civil Wars, who slandered Cromwell, and has been branded by Carlisle, in consequence, as "Carrion Heath." He was buried near the screen door, says Aubrey.

Upon entering the chapel there is, immediately upon your left hand, a remarkably curious tomb of the fireplace kind, most elaborately wrought. It is the tomb of Freke, the senior surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who wrote many works upon surgery, still to be found in its library. His bust is to be seen in the museum of the hospital, and he is represented by Hogarth, in the last plate of "The Stages of Cruelty," presiding aloft over the dissecting-table, and pointing with a long wand to the dead "subject," upon whom he is lecturing to the assembled students. There is likewise in the office of St. Bartholomew's a curious large wooden chandelier, which Freke carved with his own hand.

CHAPTER XLV.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

Its Early History—The Presidency of the Royal Hospitals—Thomas Vicary—Harvey, the Famous Physician—The Great Quadrangle of the Hospital Rebuilt—The Museums, Theatres, and Library of St. Bartholomew's—The Great Abernethy—Dr. Percival Pott—A Lucky Fracture—Great Surgeons at St. Bartholomew's—Hogarth's Pictures—Samaritan Fund—View Day—Cloth Fair—Duck Lane.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL was founded by Rayer, the jester or minstrel of Henry I. At the dissolution the fat, greedy hands of Henry VIII., that spared no gold that would melt, whether it was God's or man's, soon had a grip of it, but, for very shame, at the petition of Sir Richard Gresham, Lord Mayor and father of the builder of the Royal Exchange, he turned it over to the City. The king then, in 1546, says Mr. Timbs, "vested the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London, and their successors, for ever, in consideration of a payment by them of 500 marks a year towards its maintenance, and with it the nomination and appointment of all the officers. In September, 1557, at a general court of the governors of all the hospitals, it was ordered that St. Bartholomew's should henceforth be united to the rest of the hospitals, and be made one body with them, and on the following day ordinances were made by the corporation for the general government of all the hospitals. The 500 marks a year have been paid by the corporation since 1546, besides the profit of many valuable leases."

From a search made in the official records of the City, it appears that for more than 300 years—namely, since 1549—an alderman of London had always been elected president of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Until 1854, whenever a vacancy occurred in the presidency of the royal hospitals (St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, Bridewell, St. Thomas's, or Christ's Hospitals), it was customary to elect the Lord Mayor for the time being, or an alderman who had passed the chair. This rule was first

broken when the Duke of Cambridge was chosen president of Christ's Hospital, over the head of Alderman Sidney, the then Lord Mayor; and again, when Mr. Cubitt, then no longer an alderman, was elected president of St. Bartholomew's in preference to the then Lord Mayor. The question is, however, contested by the foundation-governors, or the corporation, and the donation-governors."

The first superintendent of the hospital was Thomas Vicary, serjeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and one of the earliest English writers on anatomy. The great Harvey, the physician of Charles I., and the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was physician to the hospital for thirty-four years, and here, in 1619 (James I.), he first lectured upon his great discovery.

The executors of Whittington had repaired the hospital, in 1423 (Henry VI.), but it had to be taken down in 1730, when the great quadrangle was rebuilt by Gibbs, the ambitious architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the first stone laid June 9th, 1730. The gate towards Smithfield, a mean structure (with the statue of Henry VIII. and the inscription, "St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere, A.D. 1102; re-founded by Henry VIII., 1546."), was built in 1702. On the pediment of the hospital are two figures—Lameness and



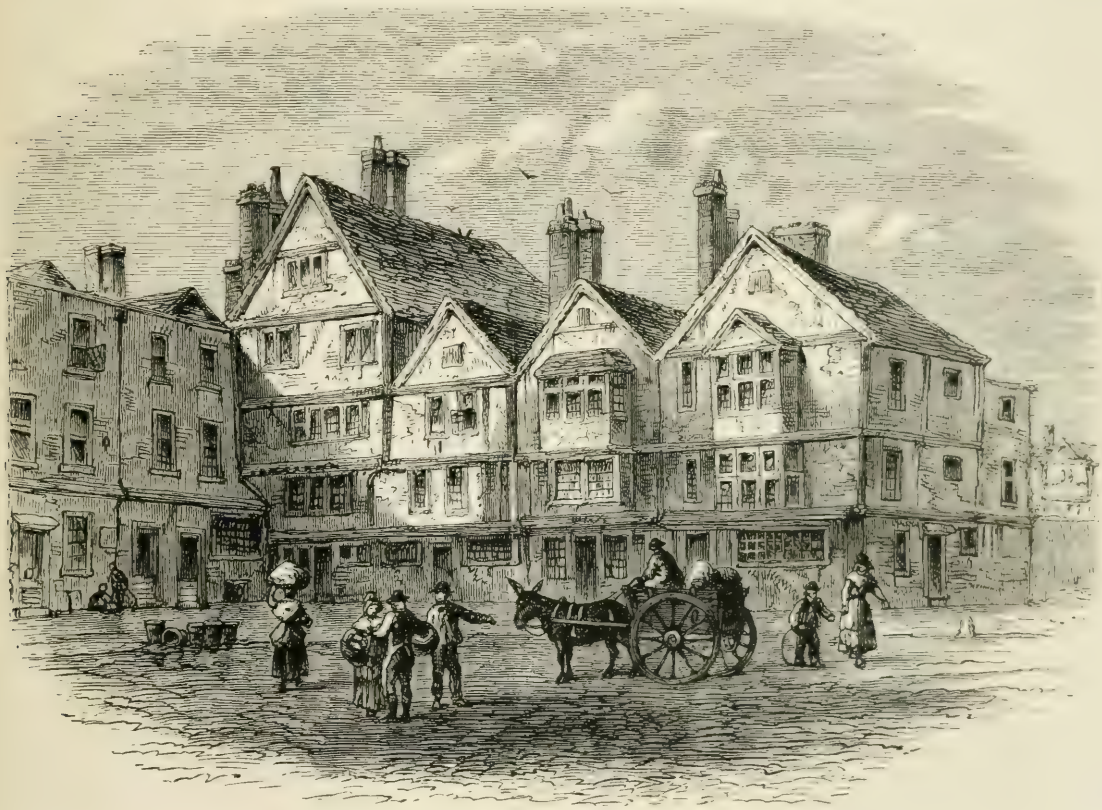
INTERIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT.

Sickness. The cost of the work in 1730 was defrayed by public subscription, Dr. Radcliffe being generously prominent among the donors, and leaving £500 a year for the improvement of the general diet, and £100 a year to buy linen.

The museums, theatres, and library of this noble charity are very large. A new surgery was added in 1842. The lectures of the present day were established by the great Abernethy, who was elected assistant-surgeon in 1787.

with the patient's wishes, but complimented him on the resolute manner he adopted.

Abernethy made but little distinction between a poor and a rich patient, but was rather more attentive to the former; and, on one occasion, gave great offence to a certain peer, by refusing to see him out of his turn. On entering his apartment, the nobleman, having indignantly asked Abernethy if he knew who he was, stated his rank, name, &c., when Abernethy, it is said, replied, with



PIE CORNER IN 1789. (*From a Drawing in Mr. Gardner's Collection.*)

Sir Astley Cooper used to say, "Abernethy's *manner* was worth a thousand a year to him." Some of his patients he would cut short with, "Sir, I have heard enough! You have heard of my book?" "Yes." "Then go home and read it." To a lady, complaining of low spirits, he would say, "Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope;" and to another, who said she felt a pain in holding her arm over her head, he replied, "Then what a fool you must be to hold it up!" He sometimes, however, met with his match, and cutting a gentleman short one day, the patient suddenly locked the door, slipped the key into his pocket, and protested he would be heard, which so pleased Abernethy that he not only complied with the most provoking *sang froid*, "And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon, lecturer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.; and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say in your turn." The Duke of Wellington having insisted on seeing him out of his usual hours, and abruptly entering his parlour one day, was asked by the doctor how he got into the room. "By the door," was the reply. "Then," said Abernethy, "I recommend you to make your exit by the same way." He is said to have given another proof of his independence, by refusing to attend George IV. until he had delivered his lecture at the hospital; in consequence of which he lost a Royal appointment.

That eminent surgeon, Percival Pott, was also one of the shining lights of St. Bartholomew's. The following is the story told of the celebrated fracture, which he afterwards learned to alleviate, and to which he gave his name:—In 1756, while on a visit to a patient in Kent Street, Southwark, he was thrown from his horse, and received a compound fracture of the leg. This event produced, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary instances of coolness and prudence on record. Aware of the danger of rough and injudicious treatment, he would not suffer himself to be raised from the pavement, but sent a messenger for two chairmen. When they arrived, he directed them to nail their poles to a door, which he had purchased in the interim, on which he was then carefully placed, and borne to his residence in Watling Street, near St. Paul's. A consultation was immediately called, and amputation of the limb was resolved on; but, upon the suggestion of a humane friend, who soon after entered the room, a successful attempt to save the limb was made. This accident confined Mr. Pott to his house for several weeks, during which he conceived, and partly executed, his "Treatise on Ruptures."

In 1843 the authorities founded a collegiate establishment for the resident pupils within the college walls: a spacious casualty room has also been added. In 1736 the grand staircase was painted gratuitously by Hogarth, whose heart always warmed to works of charity. The subjects are "The Good Samaritan" and "The Pool of Bethesda." There is also a picture of Rayer laying the first stone of the hospital, and a sick man being carried on a bier by monks, which is the work of some other hand. Hogarth's two pictures for which he was made life governor, was, as he tells us himself in his autobiographical sketch, his first efforts in the grand style.

"Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk (*i.e.*, the painting and engraving of modern moral subjects)," says the sturdy painter, "I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call 'the great style of history painting;' so without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, 'the Pool of Bethesda' and 'the Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high."

"This hospital receives," says Mr. Timbs, in 1868, "upon petition, cases of all kinds, free of fees; and accidents, or cases of urgent disease, without letter, at the surgery, at any hour of the day or night. There is also a 'Samaritan Fund,' for relieving distressed patients. The present buildings contain twenty-five wards, consisting of 650 beds, 400 being for surgical cases, and 250 for medical cases and the diseases of women. Each ward is presided over by a 'sister' and nurse, to the number of nearly 180 persons. In addition to a very extensive medical staff, there are four resident surgeons and two resident apothecaries, who are always on duty, day and night, throughout the year, to attend to whatever may be brought in at any hour of the twenty-four. It further possesses a college within itself, a priceless museum, and a first-class medical school, conducted by thirty-six professors and assistants. The 'View-day,' for this and the other royal hospitals of the City, is a day specially set apart by the authorities to examine, in their official collective capacity, every portion of the establishment, when the public are admitted."

"In January, 1846," says the same writer, "the election of Prince Albert to a governorship of the hospital was commemorated by the president and treasurer presenting to the foundation three costly silver-gilt dishes, each nearly twenty-four inches in diameter, and richly chased with a bold relief of—1. The election of the Prince; 2, the Good Samaritan; 3, the Plague of London. The charity is ably managed by the corporation. The qualification of a governor is a donation of one hundred guineas."

In the court-room is one of the many supposed original portraits of Henry VIII. by the copiers of Holbein, who is venerated here—and in Mr. Froude's study—if nowhere else.

St. Bartholomew's contained in 1872 676 beds. About 6,000 in-patients are admitted every year, besides 101,000 out-patients. The average income of the hospital is £40,000, derived chiefly from rents and funded property. The number of governors exceeds 300.

Dr. Anthony Askew, one of the past celebrities of St. Bartholomew's, a contemporary of Freke, was scarcely more famous in medicine than in letters. The friend of Dr. Mead, Hogarth, and other celebrities, he was a very notable personage in Georgian London, and, like Pitcairne and Freke, was a Fellow of the Royal Society. He employed Roubillac to produce the bust of Mead, which he presented to the College of Physicians, the price arranged being £50. In his delight at the goodness of the work, Askew sent the artist £100 instead of £50, whereupon Roubillac grumbled that he was not paid enough, and sent in a bill to his employer for £108 2s. Askew contemptuously

paid the bill, even to the odd shillings, and sent the receipt to Hogarth. Dr. Pate, a physician of St. Bartholomew's of the same period, lived in Hatton Garden, which, like Ely Place, was long a great place for doctors. Dr. Pitcairne, his colleague, lived in Warwick Court, till he moved into the treasurer's house, in St. Bartholomew's. He was buried in the hospital church. The posthumous sale of Dr. Askew's printed library, in 1775, by Baker and Leigh, and which lasted twenty days, was *the* great literary auction of the time. There was a subsequent sale of the MSS. in 1789, which also produced a great sum.

Among the modern physicians of St. Bartholomew's we must notice Dr. Baly (Queen's physician, killed in a fearful railway accident) and Dr. Jeaffreson, notable chiefly for his pleasant manners, his skill in whist, billiards, and shooting, and his extraordinary popularity. Wonderfully successful in practice, he was everybody's favourite; but, though a most enlightened man, he did nothing for science, either through literature or investigation.

Among the modern surgeons to be noticed are Sir William Lawrence, Bart.; Mr. Skey, C.B., who was famous for recommending stimulants and denouncing boat-racing, and other too violent sports; and Thomas Wormald, who died lately. Skey and Wormald were favourite pupils of Abernethy, and imitators of their great master's jocular manner and pungent speech. Tommy Wormald, or "Old Tommy," as the students called him, was Abernethy over again in voice, style, appearance, humour. "Done for," was one of his pithy written reports on a "bad life" to an insurance company, whose directors insisted that he should write his reports instead of giving them verbally. He once astounded an apothecary, who was about to put him and certain physicians off with a single guinea fee, at a consultation on a rich man's case, by saying, "A guinea is a lean fee, and the patient is a fat patient. I always have fat fees from fat patients. Pay me two guineas, sir, instantly. Pay Dr. Jeaffreson two guineas, instantly, sir. Sir, pay both the physicians and me two guineas each, instantly. Our patient is a fat patient." Some years since, rich people of a mean sort would drive down to St. Bartholomew's, and get gratuitous advice, as out-patients. Tommy was determined to stop this abuse, and he did it by a series of outrageous assaults on the self-love of the offenders. Noticing a lady, dressed in silk, who had driven up to the hospital in a brougham, Tommy raised his rich, thunderous, sarcastic voice, and, to the inexpressible glee of a roomful of young students, addressed the lady thus:—"Madam, this charity is for the poor, destitute, miserable invalids of London. So you are a miserable invalid in a silk dress—a destitute invalid, in a rich silk dress—a poor invalid, in a dress that a duchess might wear. Madam, I refuse to pay attention to miserable, destitute invalids, who wear rich silk dresses. You had better order your carriage, madam." The lady did not come again.

A few remaining spots round Smithfield still remain for us to notice, and foremost among these is Cloth Fair, the great resort in the Middle Ages of country clothiers and London drapers. Strype describes the street as even in his day chiefly inhabited by drapers and mercers; and Hatton mentions it as in the form of a T, the right arm running to Bartholomew Close, the left to Long Lane.

This latter lane, originally on the north side of the old priory, reaches from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street, and in Strype's time was known for its brokers, its second-hand linen, its upholstery, and its pawnbrokers. Congreve, always witty, makes Lady Wishfort, in his *Way of the World*, hope that one of her admirers will one day hang in tatters, like a Long Lane pent-house or a gibbeted thief; and good-natured Tom Brown declares that when the impudent rag-sellers in Barbican and Long Lane suddenly caught him by the arm and cried, "What do you lack?" he who feared the sight of a bailiff worse than the devil and all his works, was mortally scared.

In Duck Lane we part good friends with Smithfield. R. B., in Strype, describes it as coming out of Little Britain and falling into Smithfield, and much inhabited by second-hand booksellers. Howell, in his "Letters," mentions finding the Poet-Laureate Skelton, "pitifully tattered and torn," skulking in Duck Lane; and Garth, in his pleasant and graphic poem, says—

> "Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
> Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane."

And Swift, in one of the best of his short poems (that on his own death), writes—

> "Some country squire to Lintot goes,
> Inquires for Swift, in verse and prose.
> Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
> He died a year ago.' 'The same!'
> He searches all the shop in vain:
> 'Sir, you may find him in Duck Lane:
> I sent them with a load of books,
> Last Monday, to the pastrycook's.'"

At the Giltspur Street end of the market stands Pie Corner, worthy of note as the spot where the Great Fire, which began in Pudding Lane, reached its limits: the figure of a fat boy still marks the spot.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

The Grey Friars in Newgate Street—The Origin of Christ's Hospital—A Fashionable Burying-Place—The Mean Conduct of Sir Martin Bowes—Early Private Benefactors of Christ's Hospital—Foundation of the Mathematical School—Rebuilding of the South Front of Christ's Hospital—The Plan of Christ's Hospital—Famous Pictures in the Hall—Celebrated Blues—Leigh Hunt's Account of Christ's Hospital—The "Fazzer"—Charles Lamb—Boyer, the Celebrated Master of Christ's Hospital—Coleridge's Experiences—Erasmus—Singular Legacies—Numbers in the School—The Education at Christ's Hospital—Eminent Blues—The Public Suppers—Spital Sermons—Ceremony on St. Matthew's Day—University Exhibitions—The Diet—"Gag-eaters"—The Rebuilding in 1803.

LIVES there a Londoner who has not, at some stray hour or other, leant against the tall iron gates in Newgate Street, and felt his golden youth return, as he watched the gambols of the little bareheaded men in blue petticoats and yellow stockings? Can any man of thought, however hurried Citywards, but stop a moment to watch and see the "scrouge," the mad rush after the football, the dashing race to rescue prisoners at the bases? Summer or winter, the yellow-legged boys form a pleasant picture of perpetual youth; nor can one ever pass a strapping young Grecian in the streets without feeling some veneration for the successor of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

Where the fine old school now stands was the site of a convent of Grey (or Mendicant) Friars, who, coming to London in the thirteenth century, after a short stay in Holborn and Cornhill, were, in 1225, housed on the north side of Newgate Street, on a good plot of ground next St. Nicholas Shambles, by John Ewin, a pious and generous mercer, who eventually became a lay brother. The friars of St. Francis, aided by men like Ewin, throve well on the scraps of Holborn and Cheapside, and their chapel soon grew into a small church, which was rebuilt in 1327 with great splendour. The Grey Friars' church, says Pennant, was reckoned "one of the most superb of the conventual establishments of London," and alms poured fast into its treasury. It received royal offerings and sheltered royal dead. In 1429 the immortal Whittington built the studious friars of Newgate Street a library, 129 feet long and 31 broad, with twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles. In three years it was filled with books, costing £556 10s., whereof Richard Whittington gave £400, and Dr. Thomas Winchilsey, one of the friars, the rest, adding an especial 100 marks for the writing out the works of D. Nicholas de Lyra, in two volumes, to be chained there. Among the royal contributors to the Grey Friars we may mention Queen Margaret, second wife of Edward I., who gave in her lifetime 2,000 marks, and by will 100 marks, towards building a choir; John Britaine, Earl of Richmond, gave £300 towards the church building, besides jewels and ornaments; Mary, Countess of Pembroke, sent £70, and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, twenty great oak beams from his forest at Tunbridge and £20; the good Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., £62; and Isabel, queen-mother of Edward III., £70.

The founder of the school is by most people supposed to have been Edward VI., but it was really his father, Henry VIII., and it was one of the few works of mercy which originated in that cruel tyrant. At the dissolution, when sacramental cups and crucifixes were being melted down by the thousand, to maintain a bad king in his sumptuous splendour, the English Sultan, in one of his few good moments, near the end of his reign, gave the Grey Friars' church to the City, to be devoted to the relief of the poor. The building had previously been used as a storehouse for plunder taken from the French. The gift, confirmed by the pious young king, Edward VI., was announced by Dr. Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, at a public sermon at Paul's Cross. The parishes of St. Ewin, St. Nicholas, and part of St. Sepulchre's were at this time compressed into one large parish, and called Christ Church.

The good work remained in abeyance, till, in 1552, the worthy Ridley, preaching before the young king, his subject being "mercy and charity," made, says Stow, "a fruitful and godly exhortation" to the rich to be merciful to the poor, and also to move those who were in authority to strive, by charitable ways and means, to comfort and relieve them. The young king, always eager to do good, hearing that London swarmed with impoverished and neglected people, at once sent for the bishop to come to him after sermon. The memorable interview between Ridley and Edward took place in a great gallery at Westminster, where the king and bishop were alone. A chair had been already provided for the bishop, and the king insisted on the worthy prelate remaining covered. Edward first gave the bishop hearty thanks for his good sermon and exhortation, and mentioned the special points which he had noted. "'Truely, truely,' remarks Ridley (for that commonly was his oath), 'I could never have thought that excellency to have been in his Grace, but that I beheld and heard it in him.' At the last the king's majestie much com-

mended him for his exhortation for the reliefe of the poore. 'For, my lord,' quoth he, 'you willed such as are in authority to bee careful thereof, and to devise some good order for theire reliefe, wherein I think you mean mee; for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to bee the expresse commandment of Almighty God to have compassion of his poore and needy members, for whom we must make an account unto him. And truely, my lord, I am (before all things else) most willing to travaile that way, and doubting nothing of your long and approved wisdome and learning, who have such good zeale as wisheth health unto them; but also that you have had some conference with others what waies are best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand; I pray you therefore to say your minde.'"

The bishop, amazed to hear the wisdom and earnest zeal of the child-king, confessed that he was so astonished that he hardly knew what to reply; but after a pause, he urged the special claims of the poor of London, where the citizens were wise, and, he doubted not, pitiful and merciful, and would carry out the work. The king, not releasing Ridley till his letter to the mayor was written, signed, and sealed, sent his express commandment to the mayor that he should inform him how far he had proceeded. Ridley, overjoyed at such youthful zeal, went that night to Sir Richard Dobbes, the Lord Mayor, and delivered the king's letter and message. The mayor, honoured and pleased, invited the bishop to dine the next day with two aldermen and six commoners, to discuss the charitable enterprise. On the mayor's report to the king, Edward expressed his willingness to grant a charter to the new governors, and to be proclaimed as founder and patron of the new hospital. He also confirmed his father's grant of the old Grey Friars' monastery, and endowed it (to bring the charity at once into working order) with lands and tenements that had belonged to the Savoy, of the yearly value of about £450. He also consented to the City's petition that they might take, in mortmain or otherwise, without licence, lands to the yearly value of ———. Edward filled up the blank with the words "4,000 marks," and then, before his whole council, exclaimed, with his usual pious fervour, "Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name."

Edward, says the Rev. W. Trollope, the historian of Christ's Hospital, lived about a month after signing the Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals. The citizens, roused by the king's fervour, and touched by his untimely death, set to work with gold and steel, and in six months the old Grey Friars' monastery was patched up sufficiently to accommodate 340 boys, a number increased to 380 by the end of the year.

As the Grey Friars' churchyard was thought, in the Middle Ages, to be peculiarly free from incubi and flying demons of all sorts, it soon became a fashionable burying-place, and almost as popular as the great abbey even with royalty. Four queens lie there, among countless lords and ladies, brave knights, and godly monks—Margaret, second wife of Edward I., and Isabella, the infamous wife and part murderess of Edward II., both, as we have before mentioned, benefactors to the hospital; Joan, daughter of Edward II. and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; and, lastly, Isabella, wife of William, Baron Fitzwarren, titular Queen of Man. The English Queen Isabella, as if to propagate an eternal lie, was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast. Her ghost, according to all true "Blues," still haunts the cloisters.

Here, also, rest other knights and ladies, almost equally illustrious by birth; among others, Isabella, daughter of Edward III. and wife of Ingelram de Courcy, Earl of Bedford; John Hastings, the young Earl of Pembroke, slain by accident at a Christmas tournament in Woodstock Park, 1389; John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the noble French prisoners taken at Agincourt, who had been a prisoner in the Tower eighteen years; Walter Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer to Edward IV., and the "gentle Mortimer," the wretched paramour of Queen Isabella, who was hung at Tyburn, and left two days withering on the gallows. Lastly, those two rapacious favourites of Richard II., Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London, both hung at Tyburn. Tradition goes that they could not hang Tresilian till they had removed from his person certain magic images and the head of a devil.

The friars' churchyard seems also to have been fashionable with state criminals of the Middle Ages, for here also lies Sir John Mortimer, an unhappy Yorkist, hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn by the Lancastrian party in 1423 (the second year of the reign of the child-king, Henry VI.) To the same bourne also came a victim of Yorkist cruelty, Thomas Burdet, for speaking a few angry words about a favourite white buck which Edward IV. had carelessly killed. A murderess, too, lies here, a lady named Alice Hungerford, who,

for murdering her husband in 1523, was carted to Tyburn, and there hung. All these ancient monuments and tombs were basely and stupidly sold, in 1545, by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor, for a poor fifty pounds. The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed the Grey Friars' church, which Wren shortly afterwards rebuilt, a little further to the east; and in the old church perished the tomb of the beautiful Lady Venetia Digby, whom Ben Jonson celebrated, and who, it was absurdly supposed, perished from viper-broth, administered by her husband to heighten her beauty.



THE WESTERN QUADRANGLE OF OLD CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ABOUT 1780.

One of the earliest private benefactors of this hospital was Sir William Chester, Lord Mayor in 1554, who built the walls adjoining to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and the next was John Calthrop, draper, who, at his own expense, arched and vaulted the noisome town ditch, from Aldersgate to Newgate. Nor must we forget that worthy though humble benefactor, Castell, the shoemaker, from his early habits generally known as "the Cock of Westminster," who left to the hospital £44 a year from his hard-earned store. The greater part of the school (except the venerable cloisters) so often echoing with the merry shouts of boyish happiness, was rebuilt by Sir Christopher. In 1673, Charles II., at the suggestion of our old friend Pepys, Sir Robert Clayton, and Lord Treasurer Clifford, founded a mathematical school for the instruction of forty boys in navigation, and appointed Pepys one of the governors. King Charles endowed the school with £1,000 for seven years, and added an annuity of £370 out of the Exchequer, for the educating and sending to sea ten boys annually, five of whom pass an examination before the Elder Trinity Brothers every six months. These boys used to be annually presented by the president to the king, upon New Year's Day, when that festival was observed at court, and afterwards, upon the queen's birthday. They wear, says Mr. Trollope, a badge upon the left shoulder, the figures upon which represent Arithmetic, with a scroll in one hand, and the other placed upon a boy's head; Geometry, with a triangle in her hand; and Astronomy, with a quadrant in one hand and a sphere in the other. Round the plate is inscribed, "Auspicio Caroli secundi Regis, 1673." The dye is kept in the Tower.

Mr. Stone, a governor, to supplement the king's grant, left a legacy for the maintenance of a pre-

liminary class of twelve boys, who were to be taught navigation. The "Twelves" wear a badge on the right shoulder, the king's boys wearing theirs on the left. Sir Robert Clayton, after a severe illness, in 1675, built the south front of the hospital, which had been in ruins since the Great Fire, and, on the death of his partner, Mr. Morrice, who had offered to halve the expense, Sir Robert secretly paid the whole £5,000, which was not known till the Tories had deprived him of the mayoralty and of the governorship of the hospital.



THE MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. (*From a View published by N. Smith*, 1793.)

In 1680 Sir John Frederick, the president, rebuilt the great hall, which the Fire had injured, at a cost of more than £5,000; and, three years after, the governors erected a branch building at Hertford (where all the younger children are educated), to which a large hall was added in 1800. In 1694 Sir John Moore, alderman, built a writing-school. The good work went on, for, in 1724, Samuel Travers gave the hospital an estate for the maintenance of forty or fifty sons of lieutenants, to be educated for the navy. Later, John Stock, Esq., left £3,000 to the school, for the maintenance of four boys, children of naval lieutenants, to be educated, two as sailors and two as tradesmen. In 1783 John Smith, Esq., left money to build a new grammar-school, and several masters' houses were afterwards pulled down, and a good entrance made from Little Britain.

This re-disposition of the ground made room

for three playgrounds—the ditch, the garden, and the new playground. The site of the grammar-school was taken from the south side of the ditch. The following used to be a sufficiently accurate account of the school premises:—On the south side of the entrance from Little Britain is the treasurer's house, and the other houses in this playground are occupied by the matron, masters, and beadles. Proceeding in an easterly direction leads to the south-east entrance from Butcher Hall Lane, Newgate Street, and in this space (which is called the counting-house yard) stands the counting-house, and several other houses, which are inhabited by the clerks and some of the masters. The treasurer has also a back entrance to his house, at the end of the counting-house, and his garden runs at the back of all the houses on the east side of this yard. The opposite building is occupied by the boys, and in a niche in the centre, fronting the door of the counting-house, is a statue of King Edward (considered the most perfect one), which represents his majesty, who stands on a black marble slab, in the act of delivering the charter.

The mathematical school is over the old west entrance, now closed up, and was built by Wren, with a ward for the foundation boys over it. A robed statue of Charles II., dated 1672, stands over the gateway. The entrance leads to the north-west corner of the cloisters, which form the four shady sides of the garden playground, and have porticoes, with Gothic arches all round. The walls are supported by abutments of the old priory. Wren repaired the cloisters, which are useful to the young blue monks for play and promenade in wet weather.

The great dining-hall is every way worthy of the grand old City school. It was erected from designs of John Shaw, architect, and stands partly on the foundations of the ancient refectory, and partly on the site of the old City wall. The style is pure Gothic, and the southern or principal front is built of Portland stone with cloisters of Heytor granite, running beneath a portion of the dining-hall. Nine large and handsome windows occupy the entire front. On the ground storey are the governors' room, the wardrobe, the buttery, and other offices; and the basement storey contains, besides cellars, &c., a spacious kitchen, 69 feet long by 33 feet wide, supported by massive granite pillars. The hall itself, with its lobby and organ-gallery, occupies the entire upper storey, which is 187 feet long, 51½ feet wide, and 46½ feet high. It was at one time (and perhaps still is) famous for its rats, who, attracted by the crumbs and fragments of food, foraged about after dark in hundreds. It used to be the peculiar pride of an old "Blue" to catch these rats with his hands only, traps being considered cowardly aids to humanity and unworthy of the hospital. The old dusty picture-frames are favourite terraces for these vermin.

The two famous pictures in the hall—neither of them of much real merit, but valuable for their portraits—are those of Edward VI. renewing his father's gift of the hospital, and of St. Thomas and Bridewell, to the City, falsely ascribed to Holbein, who died seven or eight years before it took place; and "sprawling" Verrio's picture of James II. receiving an audience of Christ's Hospital boys and girls. The pseudo-Holbein and the painting by Verrio are both well described by Malcolm. The so-called Holbein "adorns the west wall, and is placed near the entrance, at the north end of the hall. The king is seated on a throne, elevated on two steps, with two very clumsy brackets for arms, on which are fanciful pilasters, adorned with carving, and an arch; on the left pilaster, a crowned lion holding a shield, with the letter 'E'; a dragon on the other has another inscribed 'R.' Two angels, reclining on the arch, support the arms of England. The hall of audience is represented as paved with black and white marble; the windows are angular, with niches between each. As there are statues in only two of those, it seems to confirm the idea that it is an exact resemblance of the royal apartment.

"The artist has bestowed his whole attention on the young monarch, whose attitude is easy, natural, and dignified. He presents the deed of gift with his right hand, and holds the sceptre in his left. The scarlet robe is embroidered, and lined with ermine, and the folds are correctly and minutely finished. An unavoidable circumstance injures the effect of this picture, which is the diminutive stature of the infant-king, who shrinks into a dwarf, compared with his full-grown courtiers; unfortunately, reversing the necessary rule of giving most dignity and consequence to the principal person in the piece.

"The chancellor holds the seals over his crossed arms at the king's right hand. This officer and three others are the only standing figures. Ridley kneels at the foot of the throne, and shows his face in profile with uplifted hands. On the right are the mayor and aldermen, in scarlet robes, kneeling. Much cannot be said in praise of those worthies. The members of the Common Council, &c., on the other side, are grouped with more skill, and the action is more varied. The heads of the spectators are generally full of anxious attention.

"But five of twenty-eight children who are introduced in the foreground turn towards the king; the

remainder look out of the picture. The matron on the girls' side (if a portrait) was chosen for her mental and not her personal qualifications. Such are the merits and defects of this celebrated painting, which, though infinitely inferior to many of Holbein's Dutch and Italian contemporaries, is a valuable, and in many respects an excellent, historic composition.

"Verrio's enormous picture" of James II. and the Bluecoat children "must originally have been in three parts: the centre on the end wall, and the two others on the adjoining sides. Placed thus, the perspective of the depths of the arches would have been right; as it is at present, extended on one plane, they are exactly the reverse. The audience-chamber is of the Ionic order, with twenty pilasters, and their entablatures and arches. The passage, seen through those, has an intersected arched ceiling. The king sits in the centre of the painting, on a throne of crimson damask, with the royal arms embroidered on the drapery of the canopy, the front of which is of fringed white cloth of gold. The footstool is of purple cloth of gold, and the steps of the throne are covered by a rich Turkey carpet, not remarkably well painted. The king holds a scroll in his left hand, extends the right, and seems to address a person immediately before him. The position of his body and the fore-shortened arm are excellent, and the lace and drapery are finely drawn and coloured. On the sides of the throne are two circular portraits.

"The painter has committed a strange error in turning the king's face from the Lord Mayor, who points in vain to an extended map, a globe, and all the kneeling figures, exulting in the progress of their forty boys in the mathematics, who are busily employed in producing their cases and definitions. Neither in such an attitude could the king observe fourteen kneeling girls, though their faces and persons are handsome and graceful, and the matron and her assistant seem eager to place them in the monarch's view. Verrio has stationed himself at the extreme end of the picture, and his expression appears to inquire the spectators' opinion of his performance. On the opposite side a yeoman of the guard clears the way for some person, and a female seems alarmed at his violence, but a full-dressed youth before him looks out of the picture with the utmost indifference. There is one excellent head which speaks earnestly to a boy. Another figure, probably the master or steward, pulls a youth's hair with marks of anger. Several lords-in-waiting are correct and good figures.

"At the upper end of the room, and on the same west wall, is a large whole-length of Charles II. descending from his throne, a curtain from which is turned round a pillar. The king holds his robe with his right hand, and points with the left to a globe and mathematical instruments.

"Some years past"—the date of Malcolm's writing is 1803—"an addition was made to the hall, by taking part of the ward over the south cloister into it. In this are several portraits. Queen Anne, sitting, habited in a gown of cloth of gold with a blue mantle laced with gold and lined with ermine. Her black hair is curled, and without ornament; the arms are too small, but the neck and drapery are good. She holds the orb in her left hand, rested on the knee; the right crosses her waist."

"Although Christ's Hospital is, and has been from its foundation, in the main a commercial seminary," says Mr. Howard Staunton, "the list of 'Blues' who have acquired celebrity in what are called the 'liberal professions' would confer honour upon a school of much loftier pretensions. Notably among the earliest scholars are the memorable Jesuit, Edmund Campion, a man whose unquestionable piety and marvellous ability might well have saved him from a horrible and shameful death; the great antiquary, William Camden, though the fact of his admission is not satisfactorily authenticated; Bishop Stillingfleet (according to the testimony of Pepys); David Baker, the ecclesiastical historian; John Vicars, a religious controversialist of considerable learning and indefatigable energy, but whose fanaticism and intolerance have obtained him an unenviable notoriety from the pen of the author of 'Hudibras;' Joshua Barnes, the Greek scholar; John Jurin, another scholar of great eminence, and who was elected President of the College of Physicians; Jeremiah Markland, a man of distinction, both as scholar and critic; Richardson, the celebrated novelist; Bishop Middleton, of Calcutta; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Allen.

"In the present century Christ's Hospital can boast of Thomas Mitchell, the well-known translator of Aristophanes; William Henry Neale, Master of Beverley School; Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, George Dyer, James White, James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge; the Rev. George Townsend; and Thomas Barnes, a late editor of the *Times*, 'than whom,' Leigh Hunt tells us, 'no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of distinction.'

"In the cloisters," says Leigh Hunt, "a number of persons lie buried, besides the officers of the house. Among them is Isabella, wife of Edward II., the 'she-wolf of France.' I was not aware of this

circumstance then; but many a time, with a recollection of some lines in Blair's 'Grave' upon me, have I run as hard as I could, at night-time, from my ward to another, in order to borrow the next volume of some ghostly romance. In one of the cloisters was an impression resembling a gigantic foot, which was attributed by some to the angry stamping of the ghost of a beadle's wife!"

"Our dress," says the same pleasant author, "was of the coarsest and quaintest kind, but was respected out of doors, and is so. It consisted of a blue drugget gown, or body, with ample skirts to it; a yellow vest underneath, in winter-time; smallclothes of Russia duck; worsted yellow stockings; a leathern girdle; and a little black worsted cap, usually carried in the hand. I believe it was the ordinary dress of children in humble life, during the reign of the Tudors. We used to flatter ourselves that it was taken from the monks; and there went a monstrous tradition that at one period it consisted of blue velvet with silver buttons. It was said, also, that during the blissful era of the blue velvet we had roast mutton for supper, but that the smallclothes not being then in existence, and the mutton suppers too luxurious, the eatables were given up for the ineffables. . . .

"Our routine of life was this: We rose to the call of a bell at six in summer and seven in winter; and after combing ourselves and washing our hands and faces, went at the call of another bell to breakfast. All this took up about an hour. From breakfast we proceeded to school, where we remained till eleven, winter and summer, and then had an hour's play. Dinner took place at twelve. Afterwards was a little play till one, when we again went to school, and remained till five in summer and four in winter. At six was the supper. We used to play after it in summer till eight: in winter we proceeded from supper to bed. On Sundays, the school-time of the other days was occupied in church, both morning and evening; and as the Bible was read to us every day before every meal and on going to bed, besides prayers and graces, we rivalled the monks in the religious part of our duties. . . .

"When I entered the school," says Leigh Hunt, speaking of the Grecians, "I was shown three gigantic boys—young men, rather (for the eldest was between seventeen and eighteen)—who, I was told, were going to the university. These were the Grecians. They were the three head boys of the grammar-school, and were understood to have their destiny fixed for the Church. The next class to these—like a college of cardinals to those three popes (for every Grecian was in our eyes infallible)—were the deputy-Grecians. The former were supposed to have completed their Greek studies, and were deep in Sophocles and Euripides. The latter were thought equally competent to tell you anything respecting Homer and Demosthenes."

The "fazzer," in Leigh Hunt's time, was the mumbo-jumbo of the hospital. "The fazzer," says author, "was known to be nothing more than one of the boys themselves. In fact, he consisted of one of the most impudent of the bigger ones; but as it was his custom to disguise his face, and as this aggravated the terror which made the little boys hide their own faces, his participation of our common human nature only increased the supernatural fearfulness of his pretensions. His office as fazzer consisted in being audacious, unknown and frightening the boys at night, sometimes by pulling them out of their beds, sometimes by simply *fazzing* their hair ('fazzing' meant pulling or vexing, like a goblin); sometimes (which was horriblest of all) by quietly giving us to understand, in some way or other, that the 'fazzer was out,' that is to say, out of his own bed, and then being seen (by those who dared to look) sitting, or otherwise making his appearance, in his white shirt, motionless and dumb."

Charles Lamb talks of the earlier school in a different vein, and with more poetry and depth of feeling. "I must," he says, "crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leapfrog and basting the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits, at other times, to the Tower, where, by ancient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately suppings in public, when the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up among those who had done honour to our school, by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and

Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden, while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem, chanted in the solemn cloisters upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some schoolfellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy-day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless and he that could contribute nothing partook in all the mirth and some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear, from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

"Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town girdles, with buckles of silver or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings, of the monitors; the medals of the markers (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening), which bore on their obverse, in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried, in meaner metal, the countenance of our founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropt, as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley, fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction:—

'But, ah! what means the silent tear?
Why, e'en mid joy, my bosom heave?
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.

'Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man.'"

Of the hospital good Lamb says:—"I remember L—— at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy subtreasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our 'crug'—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pease-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate by a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly), or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail, to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays, and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride), squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L—— at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it, and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the strong fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling overconsciousness. . . . .

"Under the stewardship of Perry, can L—— have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? . . . .

"I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender

years, barely turned of seven, and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice, I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little square Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter, who brought him his bread and water, *who might not speak to him*, or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement."



THE CLOISTERS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. (*From a View published in* 1804.)

"The culprit who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire, and all trace of his late 'watchet weeds' being carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it must have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (L——'s *favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was henceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner-beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors, two of whom, by choice or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *ultima supplicia*—not to mitigate (so, at least, we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal

suffering inflicted. After scourging he was made over, in his *san benito*, to his friends, if he had any, or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate."

Of Boyer, the celebrated master of Christ's Hospital, Leigh Hunt says:—"The other master, the upper one, Boyer—famous for the mention of him by Coleridge and Lamb—was a short, stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with a powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wristbands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore grey worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and undoubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry, and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.



SUPPER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

"Jeremy Boyer had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen—the one, serene, smiling, fresh-powdered, betokening a mild day; the other, an old, discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance

in his *passy*, or *passionate* wig. No comet expounded surer. Jeremy Boyer had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips), with a 'Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?' Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Od's my life, sirrah!'—his favourite adjuration,—'I have a great mind to whip you;' then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair, and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sentence, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, '*and I* WILL, *too!*'"

Of Coleridge at school Charles Lamb says:—"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedest not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!* Many were the 'wit-combats' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le Grice, 'which, too, I behold, like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'"

"The discipline at Christ's Hospital, in my time," says Coleridge, in his "Table-Talk," in 1832, "was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. 'Boy!' I remember Boyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, 'boy! the school is your father; boy! the school is your mother; boy! the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying!' No tongue can express good Mrs. Boyer. Val Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Boyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, 'Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!' This saved us. Boyer was so nettled at the interruption, that he growled out, 'Away! woman, away!' and we were let off."

"The upper grammar-school was divided into four classes, or forms. The two under ones were called Little and Great Erasmus; the two upper were occupied by the Grecians and Deputy-Grecians. We used to think the title of Erasmus taken from the great scholar of that name; but the sudden appearance of a portrait among us, claiming to be the likeness of a certain Erasmus Smith, Esq., shook us terribly in this opinion, and was a hard trial of our gratitude. We scarcely relished this perpetual company of our benefactor, watching us, as he seemed to do, with his omnipresent eyes. I believe he was a rich merchant, and that the forms of Little and Great Erasmus were really named after him. It was a poor consolation to think that he himself, or his great uncle, might have been named after Erasmus. Little Erasmus learned Ovid; Great Erasmus, Virgil, Terence, and the Greek Testament. The Deputy-Grecians were in Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes; the Grecians in the Greek plays and the mathematics."

"I have spoken," says Leigh Hunt, speaking of Charles Lamb, "of the distinguished individuals bred at Christ's Hospital, including Coleridge and Lamb, who left the school not long before I entered it. Coleridge I never saw till he was old. Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease. His brown complexion may have been owing to a visit in the country; his air of uneasiness, to a great burden of sorrow. He dressed with a quaker-like plainness. I did not know him as Lamb; I took him for a Mr. 'Guy,' having heard somebody address him by that appellative, I suppose in jest."

Soon after the foundation of the schools, says the latest writer on the subject, we find lands and legacies pouring in for the benefit of the charity; many, however, of the gifts being for the blind and aged, for exhibitions, for apprenticing, and for many other objects not strictly attached to the hospital, considered merely as a school. In the same manner many persons left estates and moneys to the governors, on condition that a certain number of scholars should be taken from the ranks of certain City companies, or from certain particular parishes, or should be nominated by some public body, fixed by the donor. From these causes the

present property of the trust is encumbered with many charges for purposes which, in the present day, are unnecessary, and often impracticable. Thus, one person left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive pairs of gloves, on which should be printed, "Christ is risen," and these were to be worn in the various processions in which the school took part in Easter week. The gloves are still given, but instead of being printed on the glove, a little badge is worn, with the words required by the founder. A certain Mary Hunt gave £100, that £3 yearly should be expended for a dinner of boiled legs of pork, while several other persons left moneys to be expended on roast beef and mutton, one of them expressly stating that his gift was to be in addition to the ordinary meat provided for the scholars. If Charles Lamb is to be believed—and he himself was a "Blue"—the gifts of extra meat were, at that date, very much needed; and we are also told that in addition to the quantity being small, the quality also was then far from good. No such complaints can be made in the present day. Many of the contributions given for the hospital were very large, that of Lady Mary Ramsey, wife of a Lord Mayor of London, being now worth over £4,000 a year; and within the last ten years Mr. Richard Thornton bequeathed a large sum to the charity. One cannot, therefore, be astonished to find, particularly when we remember that the school is especially connected with the Corporation of London, that the present gross income of Christ's Hospital is now about £70,000 per annum, of which about £42,000 is expended on education.

The Schools' Inquiry Commissioners hesitate to disturb the old dress, which Charles Lamb has declared it would be a kind of sacrilege to change; it is, however, very distasteful to the "Grecians," or senior boys.

The number of boys in the school at present is, as a rule, about 1,200, of whom somewhat less than 800 are at the premises in Newgate Street; the remainder—the younger boys—being kept at Hertford for from one to three years before being sent to the London institution. As a general rule the boys are supposed to leave at fifteen years of age, the Grecians and Deputy-Grecians, with a few of the King's scholars, who require a further time for their studies, remaining longer in the school. The age of admission is seven, the boys, as is well known, being nominated by the various members of the governing body. In addition to the fixed body of governors there are a large number of presentation governors, who have each paid £500 to the funds of the charity. This payment, indeed, is not supposed necessarily to cause the donor to be elected a governor, but as the privilege has rarely been withheld, it is practically the fact that such a gift will, in all reasonable probability, secure an appointment as governor with its corresponding benefits. It has been calculated that a governor so appointed has, in twelve years from his appointment, through his nominees, received a benefit of over £900 from the charity. Whether the charity was founded with this intention, we leave our readers to judge. No doubt, in many cases the *quasi*-purchased presentations relieve distressed parents, but there can be no doubt that many of the children in the school (we might almost say the larger number) belong to a class of persons perfectly able to support them, without any appeal to the funds of the charity.

The education given at the hospital is of a superior class, and many of the past students have taken high honours at both universities. Between twenty and thirty masters are employed as the London staff, of whom we remark that the head master receives what appears a very small sum for such a position.

The eminent "Blues" of former times, whom we have before epitomised, deserve a word or two to themselves. Edmund Campian, the celebrated Jesuit, after a quiet life as a professor of rhetoric in a Catholic college at Prague, came to England proselytising, but being seized by Walsingham, Elizabeth's zealous Secretary of State, was tried, found guilty, and hung at Tyburn, in 1581. William Camden, that patriarch of English antiquaries, whose indefatigable researches and study of Saxon rendered his work of special value, was finally appointed by Sir Fulke Greville, his friend, to a post in the Heralds' College. Camden, as a herald, was consulted by Bacon as to the ceremonies for creating him viscount. In his old age Camden founded a history lecture at Oxford, and died at his house at Chiselhurst, in Kent (afterwards occupied by the French ex-emperor), in 1623. Camden's papers relative to ecclesiastical affairs belonged to Archbishop Laud, and were, it is supposed, destroyed by Prynne and Hugh Peters. Camden seems to have been an easy, unruffled man. He was accused by his enemies of borrowing too freely, and without acknowledgment, from his predecessor, Leland. He wrote some by no means indifferent Latin poetry, and an epitaph on Mary Queen of Scots. Joshua Barnes, Greek professor at Cambridge, was another shining light of the Bluecoats. His editions of Homer and Anacreon were in their time celebrated. He died in 1712, and on the old scholar's monument it is recorded that he had read

his small English Bible through 121 times. Dr. Bentley used to say of Joshua Barnes that "he understood as much of Greek as an Athenian cobbler." In Emmanuel Library great bundles of Barnes's Greek verses fade and gather dust, together with part of a Latin-Greek lexicon never finished. Jeremiah Markland, a learned scholar and critic, was another memorable "Blue." He vindicated Addison's character against Pope's satire, was sneered at by Warburton, and edited many editions of classical works. Latterly, this worthy scholar lived in retirement, near Dorking, and twice refused the Greek professorship. Poor George Dyer, Lamb's friend, a true "Blue" indeed, was originally a reporter and private tutor. He wrote some weak poems, and edited Valpy's unsuccessful Delphin classics. Dr. Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, another "Blue," was early in life vicar of St. Pancras. Val Le Grice, mentioned so lovingly by Charles Lamb, afterwards became a perpetual curate of Penzance, where he helped to found a geological society, and was an opponent of the Methodist revival. James White, another "Blue" of this epoch, for some time filled a post in the hospital country house. His "Letters of Falstaff" were much applauded by the Lamb set. Meyer, nephew of Hoppner, an eminent engraver, was placed in the hospital by Boydell's interest. He was an eminent portrait-painter, and a friend of George Dyer. Another great credit to the Bluecoat School was the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, the admirable translator and commentator upon the plays of Aristophanes. Previous to his dexterous rendering, only two out of the fifty-four comedies of Aristophanes had been translated into English.

Among the pictures in the dining-hall we should not forget a simple-hearted representation of Sir Brook Watson (Lord Mayor) escaping when a boy from the shark that bit his leg off while bathing. This is the work of Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst. A wit of the time had the cruelty, from personal knowledge of this worthy Lord Mayor, to observe that if the shark had got hold of Sir Brook Watson's skull, instead of his leg, the shark would have got the worst of it.

There is a curious history attached to the portrait of a Mr. John St. Arnaud, the grandfather of a benefactor to the hospital, which hangs in the treasury. By the terms of James St. Arnaud's will all the money he left passes to the University of Oxford, if this picture is ever lost or given away; and the same deprivation occurs if this picture is not produced once a year at the general court, and also shown, on requisition, to the Vice-Chancellor or his deputy. As the St. Arnauds had intermarried, in the reign of Henry III., with the luckless Stuarts, there is a tradition in the school that this picture is the portrait of the Pretender, but this is an unfounded notion.

A very old feature of Christ's Hospital is the public suppers on the seven Sunday evenings preceding Easter, for which pleasant sight the treasurer and governors have the right of issuing tickets. It is a pretty, quaint ceremony of the old times, and was witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in 1845. The long tables are laid with cheese in wooden bowls, beer, in wooden piggins, poured out from black leather jacks, and the bread is borne in in huge baskets. The interesting ceremony commences by the steward rapping a table three times with a hammer. The first stroke is for taking places, the second for silence, the third is the signal for a Grecian to read the evening lesson from the pulpit, which lesson is followed by appropriate prayers. The Lord Mayor, as President, is seated in a state chair made of oak from old St. Katherine's Church. A psalm is then sung, which is followed by a short grace. The "amen" at the end of the prayers, pronounced by nearly 800 voices, has an electrical effect. The visitors walk between the tables, and mark the happy, excited faces and the commensurate appetite of youth. After supper, about which there is no "coy, reluctant, amorous delay," an anthem is sung, and the boys then pass before the president's chair in procession, bow, and retire.

The wards are each headed by their special nurses, who formerly, when the public suppers began at Christmas and ended at Easter, were each preceded by a little Bluecoat holding two high candlesticks, the "trade boys" of each ward carrying the piggins and jacks, the bowls, candlesticks, tablecloths, bread-baskets, and knife-baskets. It was a prettier sight with lights than it is now by daylight, and it makes one young again to see it.

The Spital sermons, says Mr. Timbs, are preached in Christchurch, Newgate Street, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, before the Lord Mayor and corporation, and the governors of the five royal hospitals; the bishops in turn preaching on Monday, and usually his lordship's chaplain on Tuesday. On Monday the children, headed by the beadle, proceed to the Mansion House, and return in procession to Christchurch, with the Lord Mayor and the City authorities, to hear the sermon. On Tuesday the children again go to the Mansion House, and pass through the Egyptian Hall before the Lord Mayor, each boy receiving a glass of wine, two buns, and a shilling, the monitors half-a-crown each, and the Grecians a guinea. They then

return to Christchurch, as on Monday. The boys formerly visited the Royal Exchange on Easter Monday, but this has been discontinued since the burning of the last Exchange in 1838.

"At the first drawing-room of the year," says the same writer, "forty 'mathematical boys' are presented to the sovereign, who gives them £8 8s. as a gratuity. To this other members of the Royal Family formerly added smaller sums, and the whole was divided among the ten boys who left the school in the year. During the illness of George III. these presentations were discontinued, but the governors of the hospital continued to pay £1 3s., the amount ordinarily received by each, to every boy on quitting. The practice of receiving the children was revived by William IV."

Each of the "mathematical boys," having passed his Trinity House examination, and received testimonials of his good conduct, is presented with a watch worth from £9 to £13, in addition to an outfit of clothes, books, mathematical instruments, a Gunter's scale, a quadrant, and sea-chest.

On St. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21) the Grecians deliver orations before the Lord Mayor, corporation, governors, and their friends, this being a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters. "Christ's Hospital," says an author we have already quoted, "by ancient custom possesses the privilege of addressing the sovereign, on the occasion of his or her coming into the City, to partake of the hospitality of the corporation of London. On the visit of Queen Victoria in 1837 a booth was erected for the hospital boys in St. Paul's Churchyard, and on the royal carriage reaching the cathedral west gate the senior scholar, with the head master and treasurer, advanced to the coach-door and delivered a congratulatory address to Her Majesty, with a copy of the same on vellum."

The annual amount of salaries in London and Hertford was about £5,000. About 200 boys, says Mr. Timbs in 1868, are admitted annually. By the regulations passed at a court in 1809 it was decreed "that no children of livery servants (except they be freemen of the City of London), and no children who have *any adequate* means of being educated or maintained, and no children who are lamed, crooked, or deformed, or suffering from any infectious or incurable disease, should be admitted. Also, that a certificate from a minister, churchwarden, and three principal inhabitants of the parish be required with every child, certifying its age, and that it has no adequate means of being educated or maintained." How far this rule of the old charity has been carried out, and in what way the rigour of such a binding form has been evaded, it is not for us to say; but one thing is certain, that at least one-half of the boys brought up in Christ's Hospital are the sons of well-to-do gentlemen. It is no use denying the disagreeable but certain fact that Christ's Hospital was originally a charity intended to educate dependent children, and it is now a gratuitous school for the sons of professional men.

Mr. Howard Staunton, writing in 1869, says: "On an average four scholars are annually sent to Cambridge with an Exhibition of £80 a year, tenable for four years, and one to Oxford with £100 a year for the like period. Besides these there are the 'Pitt Club' Scholarship and the 'Times' Scholarship, each of £30 a year for four years, which are awarded by competition to the best scholar in classics and mathematics combined, and held by him in addition to his general Exhibition. Upon proceeding to the university each Grecian receives an allowance of £20 for books, £10 for apparel, and £30 for caution-money and settling-fees."

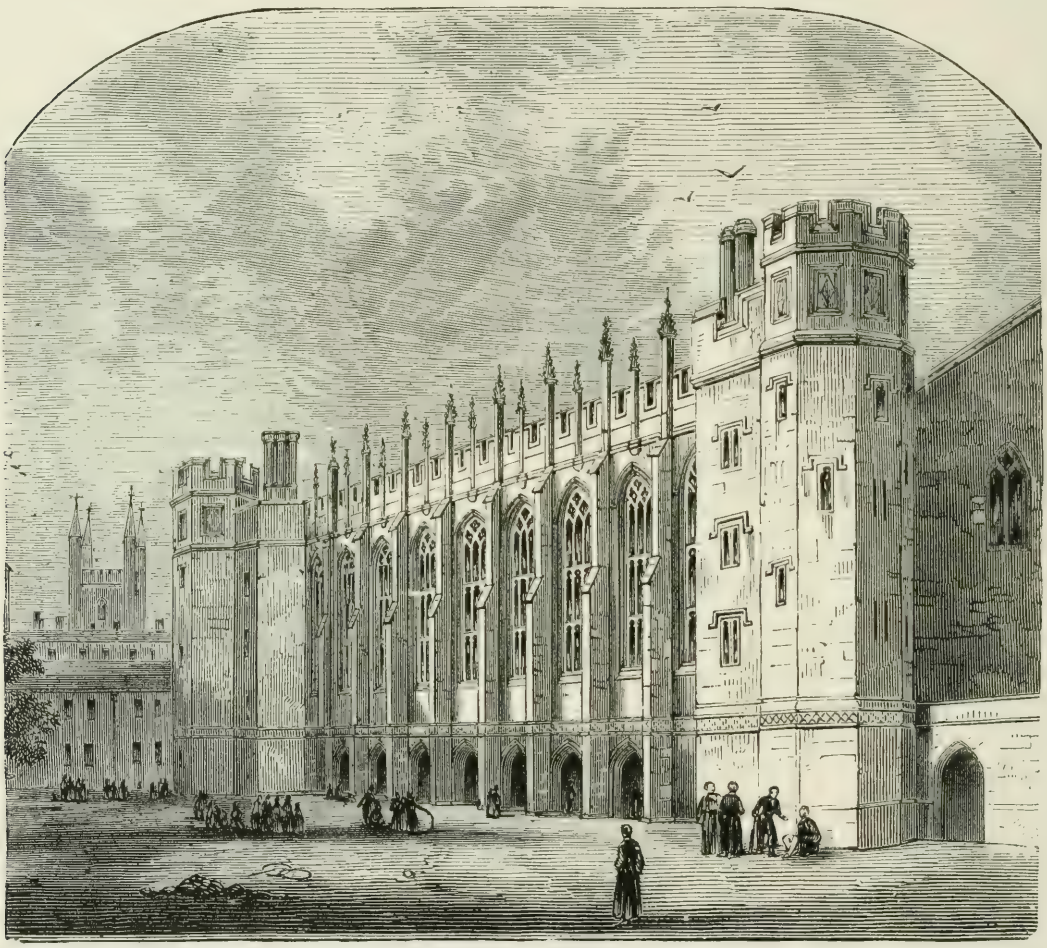
The dietary of the boys is still somewhat monastic. The breakfast, till 1824, was plain bread and beer, and the dinner three times a week consisted only of milk-porridge, rice-milk, and pea-soup. The old school-rhyme, imperishable as the Iliad, runs—

> "Sunday, all saints;
> Monday, all souls;
> Tuesday, all trenchers;
> Wednesday, all bowls;
> Thursday, tough Jack;
> Friday, no better;
> Saturday, pea-soup with bread and butter."

The boys, like the friars in the old refectory, still eat their meat off wooden trenchers, and ladle their soup with wooden spoons from wooden bowls. The beer is brought up in leather jacks, and retailed in small piggins. Charles Lamb, as we have seen before, does not speak highly of the food. The small beer was of the smallest, and tasted of its leather receptacle. The milk-porridge was blue and tasteless; the pea-soup coarse and choking. The mutton was roasted to shreds; the boiled beef was poisoned with marigolds.

There was a curious custom at Christ's Hospital in Lamb's time never to touch "gags" (the fat of the fresh boiled beef), and a "Blue" would have blushed, as at the exposure of some heinous immorality, to have been detected eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same, or even greater refinement, was shown in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet cake. What

gave rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances? The gag-eater was held as equivalent to a ghoul, loathed, shunned, and insulted. Of a certain juvenile monster of this kind Lamb tells us one of his most charming anecdotes, droll and tender as his own exquisite humour. A gag-eater was observed to carefully gather the fat left on the table, and to secretly stow away the disreputable morsels in the settle at his bedside. A dreadful rumour ran that he secretly devoured them at midnight; but he was watched again and again, and it was not so. At last, on a leave-day, he was marked carrying out of bounds a large blue check handkerchief. That, then, was the accursed thing. It was suggested that he sold it to beggars. Henceforward he moped alone. No one spoke to him; no one played with him. Still he persevered. At last two boys traced him to a large worn-out house inhabited by the very poor, such as then stood in Chancery Lane, with open doors and common staircases. The gag-eater stole up four flights of stairs, and the wicket was opened by an old woman meanly clad. Suspicion being now certainty, the spies returned with cruel triumph to tell the steward. He investigated the matter with a kind and patient sagacity, and the result was, that the supposed mendicants turned out to be really the honest parents of the brave gag-eater. "This young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds." "The governors on this occasion," says Lamb, "much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented the boy with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon rash judgment, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember the tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do so well by himself as he had done by the old folks."



THE HALL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

"There were some school-rhymes," says Leigh Hunt, "about 'pork upon a fork,' and the Jews going to prison. At Easter a strip of bordered paper was stuck on the breast of every boy, containing the words, 'He is risen.' It did not give us the slightest thought of what it recorded; it only reminded us of an old rhyme which some of the boys used to go about the school repeating—

'He is risen, he is risen,
All the Jews must go to prison.'

Those who became Grecians always went to the university, though not always into the Church, which was reckoned a departure from the contract. When I first came to school, at seven years old, the names of the Grecians were Allen, Favell, Thomson, and Le Grice, brother of the Le Grice above mentioned, and now a clergyman in Cornwall. Charles Lamb had lately been Deputy-Grecian, and Coleridge had left for the university."

In 1803 it was resolved by degrees to rebuild



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

A beautiful Christian deduction! Thus has charity itself been converted into a spirit of antagonism; and thus it is that the antagonism, in the progress of knowledge, becomes first a pastime and then a jest.

"When a boy," says the same writer, "entered the upper school, he was understood to be in the road to the university, provided he had inclination and talents for it; but, as only one Grecian a year went to college, the drafts out of Great and Little Erasmus into the writing-school were numerous. A few also became Deputy-Grecians without going farther, and entered the world from that form.

Christ's Hospital. Part of the revenues were laid aside for a building-fund, and £1,000 was given by the corporation. The first stone of the great Tudor dining-hall was laid by the Duke of York, April 28, 1825, John Shaw being the architect. The back wall stands in the ditch that surrounded old London, and is built on piles driven twenty feet deep. In excavating, some Roman coins and a pair of Roman sandals were discovered. The southern front, facing Newgate Street, is supported by buttresses, and has an octagonal tower at each extremity, and is embattled and pinnacled in a trivial and unreal kind of way. The great metal

gates of the playground are enriched with the arms of the hospital, argent, a cross gules in the dexter chief, a dagger of the first on a chief azure between two fleurs-de-lis, or, a rose argent. Behind the hall is the large infirmary, built in 1822, and on the east and west sides of the cloisters are the dormitories.

"In the year 1552," says Stow, "began the repairing of the Grey Friars' house, for the poor fatherless children; and in the month of (23) November, the children were taken into the same, to the number of almost four hundred. On Christmas Day, in the afternoon, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen rode to Paules, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence Lane end, in Cheape, towards Paules, all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number; and in Easter next they were in blue at the Spittle, and so have continued ever since."

A dinner given the other day to Mr. Tice, late head beadle of the hospital, to present him with a purse of seventy guineas, strongly marks the brotherhood that prevails among old "Blues." The first toast drank was to the grand old words—"The religious, royal, and ancient foundation of Christ's Hospital. May those prosper who love it, and may God increase their number." One of the speakers said—"Mr. Tice had an immense amount of patronage in his hands, for he promoted him to be 'lavatory-boy' and 'jack-boy,' till at last he rose to the height of his ambition, and was made 'beer-boy.' He remembered there was a tradition amongst all the boys who went to Peerless Pool, that unless they touched a particular brick they would inevitably be drowned. The grandest days of all, though, were the public suppings, at which Mr. Tice had to precede the Lord Mayor in the procession, and people used to be always asking who he was. He was taken for the French Ambassador, for Garibaldi, and indeed for everybody but Mr. Tice."

"The School Inquiry Commissioners," says a London paper of the day, "propose to abolish the Hertford School, on which £11,000 a year is expended, and devote this sum to the establishment of good day-schools in various districts of the metropolis. The present London school they will preserve, making, however, the places in it only to be gained by merit, the time to be spent in the school being shortened. The Endowed School Commissioners have been for some time treating with the governing body, but as yet it is feared without much success, although Mr. Forster stated in the House of Commons last year that it was hoped some agreement would, before long, be successfully carried out. Whether £42,000 a year ought not to do more than it at present does, is a question which many good judges have, for many years, answered in the affirmative."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

The Plague of 1348—The Origin of the Charterhouse—Sir Thomas More there—Cromwell's Commissioners—Prior Houghton—The Departure of the Carthusians from London—A Visit from the Grave—Effect of the Dissolution on the Charterhouse Priory—The Charterhouse and the Howards—Thomas Sutton—Bishop Hall's Letter and its Effect—Sutton's Death—Baxter's Claim defeated—A Letter from Bacon—Settlement of the Charterhouse: its Constitution—Sutton's Will—His Detractors—Funeral Sermon.

In the year 1348 (Edward III.) a terrible pestilence devastated London. The dirt and crowding of the old mediæval cities made them at all times nurseries of infectious disease, and when a great epidemic did come it mowed down thousands. The plague of 1348 was so inappeasable that it is said grave-diggers could hardly be found to bury the dead, and many thousand bodies were carelessly thrown into mere pits dug in the open fields.

Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, shocked at these unsanctified interments, in his zeal to amend the evil consecrated three acres of waste ground, called "No Man's Land," outside the walls, between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and those of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell. He there erected a small chapel, where masses were said for the repose of the dead, and named the place Pardon Churchyard. The plague still raging, Sir Walter de Manny, that brave knight whose deeds are so proudly and prominently blazoned in the pages of Froissart, purchased of the brethren of St. Bartholomew Spital a piece of ground contiguous to Pardon Churchyard, called the Spital Croft, which the good Bishop Stratford also consecrated. The two burial-grounds, afterwards united, were known as New Church Hawe.

Stow, in his "Survey," mentions a stone cross in this cemetery, recording the burial there during the pestilence of 50,000 persons. In 1361, Michael de Northburgh, Bishop Stratford's successor, died, bequeathing the sum of £2,000, for founding and building a Carthusian monastery at Pardon Church-

yard, which he endowed with all his leases, rents, and tenements, in perpetuity. He also bequeathed a silver enamelled vessel for the Host and one for the holy water, a silver bell, and all his books of divinity. Sir Walter de Manny, in the year 1371, founded a Carthusian convent, which he called "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." This he endowed with the thirteen acres and one rod of land which Bishop Stratford had consecrated for burial, and, with the consent of the general of the order, John Lustote was nominated first prior. Sir Walter's charter of foundation was witnessed by the Earls of Pembroke, March, Sarum, and Hereford, by John de Barnes, Lord Mayor, and William de Walworth and Robert de Gayton, sheriffs.

The order of Carthusians, we may here remind our readers, was founded by Bruno, a priest in the church of St. Cunibert, at Cologne, and Canon of Rheims, in Champagne, in 1080 (William the Conqueror). Bruno, grieved at the sins of Cologne, withdrew with six disciples to the Chartreuse, a desert solitude among the mountains of Dauphine. A miracle hastened the retirement of Bruno. One of his friends, supposed to be of unblemished life, rose from his bier, and exclaimed, "I am arraigned at the bar of God's justice. My sentence is just now passed. I am condemned by the just judgment of God." Bruno died in 1101, and miracles soon after were effected by a spring that broke forth near his tomb.

"Not content," says "Carthusian," "with the rigorous rule of St. Benedict, the founder imposed upon the order precepts so severe as to be almost intolerable, and a discipline so harsh, that it was long before the female sex could be induced to subject themselves to such repugnant laws. One of their peculiarities was, that they did not live in cells, but each monk had a separate house, in which were two chambers, a closet, refectory, and garden. None went abroad but the prior and procurator, on the necessary affairs of the house. They were compelled to fast, at least one day in a week, on bread, water, and salt; they never ate flesh, at the peril of their lives, nor even fish, unless it was given them; they slept on a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them; they rose at midnight to sing their matins, and never spoke to one another except on festivals and chapter days. On holy days they ate together at the common refectory, and were strictly charged to keep their eyes on the meat, their hands upon the table, their attention on the reader, and their hearts fixed upon God. Their laws professed to limit the quantity of land they should possess, in order to prevent the luxury and wealth so prevalent among the other orders. Their clothing consisted of two hair-cloths, two cowls, two pair of hose, and a cloak, all of the coarsest manufacture, contrived so as almost to disfigure their persons. Their rigorous laws seem to have prevented the increase of their order, for in the height of their prosperity they could not boast of more than 172 houses, of which five only were of nuns."

The London Charterhouse was the fourth house of the order founded in England, the first being at Witham, in Somersetshire, where Hugh, the holy Bishop of Lincoln, was the first prior. The grants to the new London monastery of the Carthusians were no doubt numerous, as we find, among others enumerated in the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," 260 marks given by Felicia de Thymelby, in the reign of Richard II., for the endowment of a monk "to pray and celebrate the divine offices for the souls of Thomas Aubrey and the aforesaid Felicia, his wife;" also a grant of one acre of land in Conduit-shote Field, near Trillemyle Brook, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, lying between the pasture-land of the Convent of Charterhouse, the pasture of St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the king's highway leading from Holborn towards Kentish Town. The prior of St. John, Clerkenwell, also frequently exchanged lands, and we find the Prior of Charterhouse granting a trental of masses, to the end that "the soul of Brother William Hulles, the Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, might the sooner be conveyed, with God's providence, into Abraham's bosom."

"About the latter part of the fifteenth century," says an historian of the Charterhouse, "we find our convent the home of a future Lord Chancellor of England; for we read that Sir Thomas More 'gave himself to devotion and prayer, in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there without vow about four years.'"

The Charterhouse had flourished for nearly three centuries in prosperity, its brethren retaining a good character for severe discipline and holy life, when the storm of the dissolution broke upon them. Three of Cromwell's cruel commissioners visited the Charterhouse, and their merciless eyes soon found cause of complaint. In 1534 John Houghton, the prior, and Humfry Midylmore, procurator, after being sent to the Tower for a month, were released on signing a certificate of conditional conformity. The majority of the brethren refused to subscribe to Henry's supremacy. The exertions, however, of the Confessor to the Brigettine Convent, at Sion House, gradually led the refractory monks to subscribe to the king's supremacy. In

April, 1535, the prior, Houghton, whose adhesion had been received with distrust, was arraigned on a vague charge of speaking too freely of the king's proceedings, and he and two other Carthusians, one a father of Sion, the other the vicar of Isleworth, were hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. "As they were proceeding from the Tower to execution, Sir Thomas More, who was then confined for a similar offence, chanced to espy them from the window of his dungeon; and, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto his daughter, then standing there beside him, 'Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?' Not long after he followed their steps on his way to the scaffold."

The three heads were exposed on London Bridge, and the fragments of Prior Houghton's body were barbarously spiked over the principal gate of Charterhouse. The prior's fate, however, only roused the fanatical zeal of the brotherhood, and the very next month three more monks were condemned and executed. From the letter of Fylott, one of the king's assistant commissioners, we learn that though the Charterhouse monks claimed to be solitary, there had been found no less than twenty-four keys to the cloister doors, and twenty-two to the buttery. The monks plainly told the commissioners that they would listen to no preacher who denounced images and blasphemed saints; and that they would read their Doctors, and go no further.

The monks had not long to rest. In 1537 the Charterhouse brothers refused to renounce the Pope by oath, or acknowledge Henry as supreme head on earth of the English Church. Some of the order who had previously yielded now refused to obey, and were at once hurried to prison. The monastery was then dissolved, and Prior Trafford at once resigned. The majority of the monks consented to the surrender, the prior receiving an annual pension of £20, and the monks £5 each. Nine out of ten brothers, cruelly handled in Newgate, were literally starved to death. The survivor, after four years' misery, was executed in 1541.

"According to Dugdale," says "Carthusian," "the annual revenues of this house amounted at the dissolution to £642 os. 4d., whilst the united revenues of the nine houses of Carthusians in England were valued at the sum of £2,947 15s. 4¼d.

"Before the final departure of the convent from London, sundry miracles are said to have been wrought, and revelations to have been made, urging the brothers to abide in the faith, and to bear witness of the truth of the Christian religion at the expense of their lives. Unearthly lights were seen shining on their church. At the burial of one of their saints, when all things appeared mournful and solemn, a sudden flash of heavenly flame kindled all the lamps of their church, which were only lighted on great days; and a deceased father of the convent twice visited a living monk who had attended him in his last illness. The narrative of this last pseudo-miracle is given in the following letter, written by the favoured monk:—

"Item. The same day, at five of the clock at afternoon, I being in contemplation in our entry, in our cell, suddenly he appeared unto me in a monk's habit, and said to me, 'Why do ye not follow our father?' and I said, 'Wherefore?' He said, 'For he is entered in heaven, next unto angels;' and I said, 'Where be all our other fathers, which died as well?' He answered and said, 'They be well, but not so well as he?' And then I said to him, 'Father, how do you?' And he answered and said, 'Well enough.' And I said, 'Father, shall I pray for you?' And he said, 'I am well enough, but prayer, both from you and others, doeth good;' and so suddenly vanished away.

"Item. Upon Saturday next after, at five of the clock in the morning, in the same place, in our entry, he appeared to me again, with a large white beard, and a white staff in his hand, lifting it up, whereupon I was afraid; and then, leaning upon his staff, said to me, 'I am sorry that I lived not till I had been a martyr.' And I said, 'I think that he, as well as ye, was a martyr.' And he said, 'Nay, Fox, my lord of Rochester, and our father, was next unto angels in heaven.' And then I said, 'Father, what else?' And then he answered and said, 'The angels of peace did lament and mourn without measure;' and so vanished away."

The remnant of the order sought refuge in Bruges. Returning in 1555, they were reinstated at Shene, near Richmond, by Cardinal Pole, but Elizabeth soon expelled them, and they fled to Nieuport, in Belgium, where they remained till the suppression of religious orders by Joseph II., in 1783. One of their chief treasures, an illuminated Bible, given the Shene monastery by Henry V., was in existence in the Tuileries in 1847.

The dissolution pressed heavily on the Charterhouse Priory, of which almost all that now remains is part of the south wall of the nave, incorporated in the present chapel. When the monasteries became lumber-rooms, stables, and heaps of mere history materials, Charterhouse was tossed (as Henry threw sops to his dogs) to John Brydges, yeoman, and Thomas Hale, groom of the king's "hales" and tents, as a reward for their care of Henry's nets and pavilions deposited in the old monastery. They retained the sacred property for three years, and then surrendered the grant for an annual pension of £10. The king then cast this portion of God's land to Sir Thomas Audley, Speaker of the House of Commons, from whom it passed to Sir Edward North, one of the king's

serjeants-at-law, and a privy-councillor in high favour with the royal tyrant.

"But even he," says one historian, "was not free from Henry's suspicion and distrust, as the following anecdote will show:—One morning, a messenger from the king arrived at Charterhouse, commanding the immediate presence of Sir Edward at court. One of North's servants, a groom of the bedchamber, who delivered the message, observed his master to tremble. Sir Edward made haste to the palace, taking with him this said servant, and was admitted to the king's presence. Henry, who was walking with great earnestness, regarded him with an angry look, which Sir Edward received with a very still and sober carriage. At last the king broke out in these words: 'We are informed you have cheated us of certain lands in Middlesex.' Receiving a humble negative from Sir Edward, he replied, 'How was it then? did we give those lands to you?' To which Sir Edward responded, 'Yes, sire; your Majesty was pleased so to do.' The king, after some little pause, put on a milder countenance, and calling him to a cupboard, conferred privately with him for a long time; whereby the servant saw the king could not spare his master's service yet. From this period Sir Edward advanced still higher in the estimation of the king, and at his death received a legacy of £300, besides being included among the sixteen guardians appointed during the minority of his son, Edward VI. North was compelled to acknowledge Lady Jane Grey's right to the throne, but subsequently changed his opinions, and was one of the first to proclaim the Princess Mary queen. For his flexibility he was soon after re-elected to the Privy Council, and elevated to the peerage, 17th February, 1554, being then summoned to Parliament by the title of Baron North."

Sir Edward North conveyed Charterhouse to the Duke of Northumberland; but on the execution of the duke the house was granted again to Sir Edward North. In 1558, on her journey from Hatfield to London, Queen Elizabeth was met at Highgate by the Lord Mayor and corporation, and conducted to Charterhouse, where she stayed many days. In 1561 Elizabeth made another visit to Lord North, and remained with him four days. This visit is supposed to have crippled this nobleman, who lived in privacy the remainder of his days, but was, in compensation, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely. Lord North died in 1564; and his son Roger sold Charterhouse in 1565 to the Duke of Norfolk (without Pardon Chapel and Whitewell Beach) for £2,500, and for a further £320 eventually surrendered the rest of the estate.

"Here the duke," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "resided till the year 1569, when he was committed to the Tower for being implicated in a conspiracy for the restoration of Mary Queen of Scots, and for engaging in a design of espousal between himself and fallen royalty. From the Tower he was released in the following year, and allowed to return to the Charterhouse; but he resumed his traitorous idea of marriage, and his papers and correspondence being discovered in concealment, some under the roof of his house, and others under the door-mat of his bedchamber, he was attainted of high treason, and again incarcerated in the Tower, on the 7th of September, 1571. This unfortunate nobleman suffered on the scaffold in the year 1572, when the Charterhouse, along with his other estates, escheated to the Crown. His son Philip, Earl of Arundel, was impeached in 1590, for also favouring Mary, and died in prison in the year 1595, most probably escaping by disease a more disgraceful and ignominious death by the hands of the executioner."

On the death of Mary Queen of Scots, that fair siren who had been so fatal to the House of Norfolk, Elizabeth generously returned the forfeited estates to the Norfolk family, Lord Thomas Howard, the duke's second son, receiving Charterhouse. The Howards flourished better under King James, who remembered they had assisted his mother, and he visited Charterhouse for several days, knighted more than eighty gentlemen there, and soon after made Lord Howard Earl of Suffolk. Of this earl, Charterhouse—or Howard House, as it was now called—was purchased by that remarkable man, Thomas Sutton, the founder of one of London's greatest and most permanent charities.

"Of noble and worthy parentage, this gentleman," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "descended from one of the most ancient families of Lincolnshire, was born at Knaith, in that county, in the year 1531. His father was Edward Sutton, steward to the courts of the Corporation of Lincoln, son of Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward IV.; and his mother, Jane, daughter of Robert Stapleton, Esq., a branch of the noble family of the Stapletons of Yorkshire, one of whom was Sir Miles Stapylton, one of the first Knights of the Garter, and Sir Bryan Stapylton, of Carleton, *tempore* Richard II., also a Knight of the Garter: 'ancestors,' as the learned antiquary, Herne, justly observes, 'not so low, that his descent should be a shame to his virtues; nor yet so great, but that his virtue might be an ornament to his birth.' He was brought up for three years at Eton, under the

tuition of Mr. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and two years in St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1553, however, he removed from Cambridge, without having taken a degree, and became a student of Lincoln's Inn. But here he did not remain long; his desire of travel increasing with his knowledge, and his principles (he being a member of the Anglican Church) compelling him to leave London, he determined to visit foreign parts. He accordingly departed for Spain, and had once held; and it appears that Mr. Sutton himself acted as a volunteer, and commanded a battery at the memorable siege of Edinburgh, when that city held out for the unfortunate Mary. After a blockade of five weeks, the castle surrendered on the 28th May, 1573. On his return from Scotland, Mr. Sutton obtained a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle. This was the source of his immense wealth, for having 'several rich veins of coal,' which he worked with



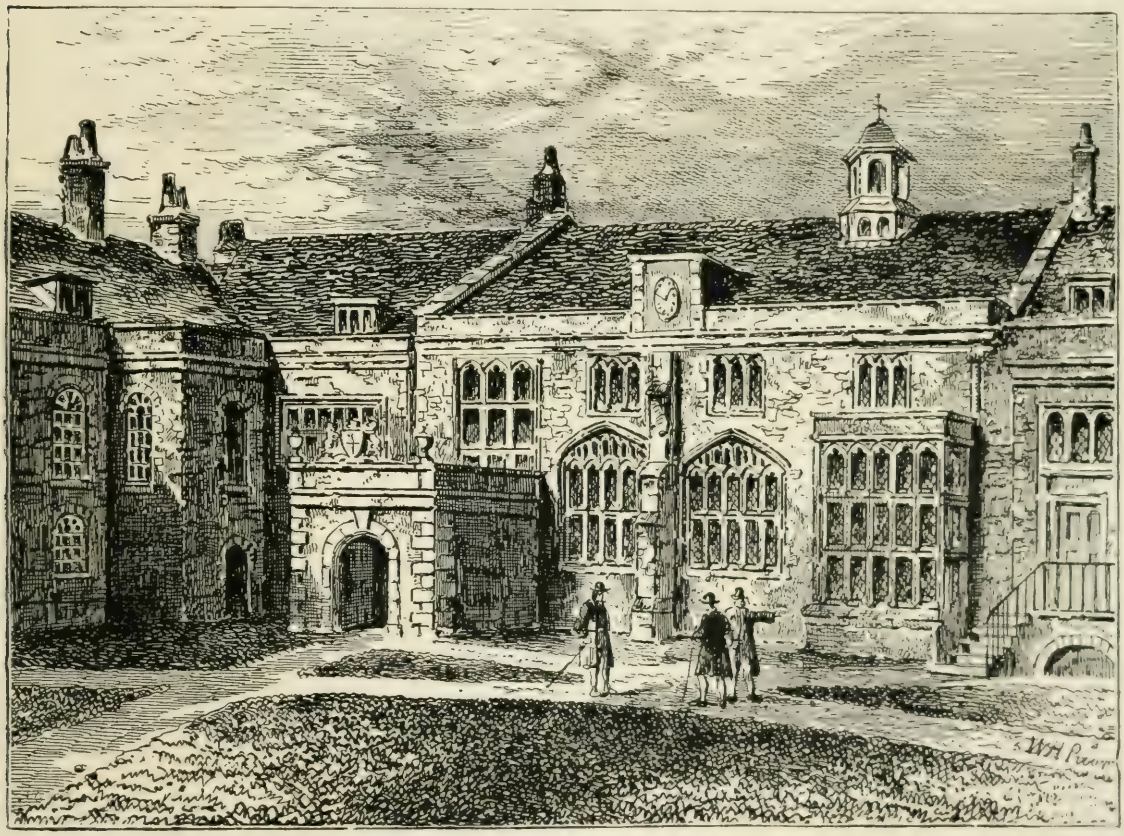
THE CHARTERHOUSE, FROM THE SQUARE. (*From a View by Grey, published in* 1804.)

having stayed there half a year, passed into Italy, France, and the Netherlands. He is said to have taken a part in the Italian wars, and was present at the sacking of Rome, under the Duke of Bourbon. He returned to England in the year 1561, and through a recommendation from the Duke of Norfolk, he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, who, 'in consideration of trewe and faithful service to us done by our well-beloved servant, Thomas Sutton,' appointed him Master of the Ordnance of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and granted him an annuity of £3 6s. 8d. for life. When Lord Westmoreland's rebellion broke out in the North, the Earl of Warwick created Mr. Sutton Master-General of the Ordnance in that quarter, a post which he himself great advantage, he had become, in 1585, worth £50,000. The following year he left Newcastle for London, and assisted against the Spanish Armada, by fitting out a ship, named after himself, *Sutton*, which captured for him a Spanish vessel, worth £20,000.

"He brought with him to London the reputation of being a moneyed man, insomuch that it was reported 'that his purse returned from the North fuller than Queen Elizabeth's Exchequer.' He was resorted to by citizens, so that in process of time he became the banker of London, and was made a freeman, citizen, and girdler of the City.

"Mr. Sutton, being now advanced in years, thought proper to retire from public life. He relinquished

his patent of Master-General of the Ordnance, and on the 20th of June following he executed a will, in which he surrendered all his estates in Essex to the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Popham, and others (with power of revocation), in trust, to found an hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, in Essex, which place, as will be seen, he afterwards changed for London; and, 'as a proof of his trewe and faitheful heart borne to his dread sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, he bequeathed



THE EXTERIOR OF THE HALL, CHARTERHOUSE.

Her Majesty £2,000 in recompense of his oversights, careless dealinge, and fearfulness in her service, most humbly beseeching her to stand a good and gracious lady to his poor wife.'" He also instituted a great many scholarships at Magdalen and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge; his generous will, in fact, being one long schedule of benevolent legacies.

Among other curious bequests in the interminable will of this great philanthropist, are the following:—£100 to the fishermen of Ostend, and £26 13s. 4d. for mending the highways between Islington and Newington, &c.

Sutton, who by many is thought to have been the original of Ben Jonson's Volpone, the Fox, that

insidious legacy-hunter and voluptuary whom the old poet has painted in the darkest colours, lived at this time in a house near Broken Wharf, and between Trig Stairs and Queenhithe, in Thames Street, an old City palace which had once belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk. The death of Sutton's wife seems to have first led the childless millionaire to project some great and lasting work of charity. He was already surrounded by a swarm of carrion-crows, both from town and city, while a jackal pack of advisers followed untiringly at his heels. A Dr. Willet urged him to leave his money to the Controversial College at Chelsea, a ridiculous project encouraged by the king, or to assist James I. in bringing the water of the river Lea to London, by underground pipes.

The following passage in a letter from Mr. Hall, of Waltham, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Exeter, served to fix the old man's determination:

"The very basest element yields gold. The savage Indian gets it, the servile apprentice works it, the very Midianitish camel may wear it; the miserable worldling admires it, the covetous Jew swallows it, the unthrifty ruffian spends it. What are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions. Hearing, therefore, you owe more to God, that He hath given you an heart to do good,

a will to be as rich in good works as great in riches; to be a friend to this Mammon is to be an enemy to God; but to make friends with it is royal and Christian. . . . .

"Whatever, therefore, men either shew or promise, happy is that man that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor. As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice; let the wise man Syrach speak for me:—'Do good before thou die, and according to thine ability stretch out thine hand, and give. Defraud not thyself of thy good day, and let not the portion of thy good desires pass over thee. Shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thy heritage?' Or, let a wiser than he speak, viz., Solomon:—'Say not, To-morrow I will give, if thou now have it; for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth.' It hath been an old rule of liberality, 'He gives twice who gives quickly;' whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts is condemned as unthrifty. He who knoweth both, saith, 'It is better to give than to receive.' If we are of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worst, and slack in the better? Suffer you yourself, therefore, good sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions. And take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate long of fit objects for your beneficence, except it be more for multitude than want; the streets, yea, the world is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the prophets, in their meanly-provided colleges, may say, not '*Mors in ollâ*,' but '*Fames!*' How many churches may justly plead that which our Saviour bad his disciples, 'The Lord hath need!'"

This letter fixed the wandering atoms of the old man's intentions. He at once determined to found a hospital for the maintenance of aged men past work, and for the education of the children of poor parents. He bought Charterhouse of the Howards for £13,000, and petitioned King James and the Parliament for leave and licence to endow the present hospital in 1609. This "triple good," as Bacon calls it—"this masterpiece of Protestant English charity," as it is called by Fuller, was also "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual."

Letters patent for the hospital were issued in June, 1611. Sutton himself was to be first master; but "man proposes, and God disposes." On December 12th of the same year Mr. Sutton died at his house at Hackney. His body was embalmed, and was borne to a vault in the chapel of Christchurch, followed by 6,000 persons. The procession of sable men from Dr. Law's house, in Paternoster Row, to Christchurch, lasted six hours. There was a sumptuous funeral banquet afterwards at Stationers' Hall, which was strewn with nine dozen bundles of rushes, the doors being hung with black cloth. Camden, as Clarencieux King of Arms, was on duty on the august occasion. The sumptuous funeral feast in Stationers' Hall we have already mentioned.

But what greediness, envy, and hatred often lurk under a mourner's cloak! The first act of Mr. Thomas Baxter, the chief mourner, at his cousin's funeral, was, as heir-at-law, to claim the whole of the property, and to attempt to forcibly take possession of Charterhouse. The case was at once tried, Sir Francis Bacon, Mr. Gaulter, and Mr. Yelverton appearing for the plaintiff, and Mr. Hubbard, Attorney-General, Mr. Serjeant Hutton, and Mr. Coventry arguing for the hospital. It was then adjourned to the Exchequer Chamber, where it was solemnly argued by all the judges of the land, except the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was indisposed; and, by Sir Edward Coke's exertions, a verdict was at last given for the defendants, the executors of Sutton. The rascally Baxter (although all impugners of the will were held by Sutton to forfeit their legacies) received the manor of Turback, in Lancashire, valued at £350 a year, a rectory worth £100, and £300 by will.

But the old man's money had still a greedy mouth open for it. Bacon, that wise but timid man, that mean courtier and false friend, was base enough to use all his eloquence and learning to fritter away, for alien purposes that would please and benefit the king, the money so nobly left. Hurt vanity also induced Bacon to make these exertions; his name not having been included in Sutton's list of governors. Bacon's subtle letter opening the question is a sad instance of perverted talent. It begins—

"May it please your Majesty,—I find it a positive precept in the old law that there should be no sacrifice without salt; the moral whereof (besides the ceremony) may be, that God is not pleased with the body of a good intention, except it be seasoned with that spiritual wisdom and judgment as it be not easily subject to be corrupted and perverted; for salt, in the Scripture, is both a figure of wisdom and lasting. This cometh into my mind upon this act of Mr. Sutton, which seemeth to me as a sacrifice without salt; having the materials of a good intention, but not powdered with any such ordinances and institutions as may preserve the same from turning corrupt, or, at least from becoming unsavoury and of little use. For though the choice of the feoffees be of the best, yet neither can they always live; and the very nature of the work itself, in the vast and unfit proportion thereof, is apt to provoke a misemployment."

King James, though eager enough to lay his sprawling hands on the old man's money, which he had left to the poor of London, hardly dared to go as far as such a confiscation as Bacon had proposed; but he dropped a polite hint to the governors that he would accept £10,000, to repair the bridge of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and this they reluctantly gave.

In 1614 the officers of the hospital were appointed, and the Rev. Andrew Perue chosen as master. Sutton's tomb in the Charterhouse Chapel being now completed, the corpse was carried there by torchlight on the shoulders of his pensioners and re-interred, a funeral oration being pronounced over the grave.

Malcolm gives the following summary of the property bequeathed in Mr. Sutton's will :—He left £12,110 17s. 8d. in legacies, and nearly £4,000 was found in his chest. His gold chain weighed fifty-four ounces, and was valued at £162. His damask gown, faced with wrought velvet, and set with buttons, was appraised at £10 ; his jewels at £59; and his plate at £218 6s. 4d. The total expenses of his funeral amounted to £2,228 10s. 3d., and his executors received, from the time of his decease to 1620, £45,163 9s. 9d.

At an assembly of governors in 1627, among other resolutions passed, it was agreed to have an annual commemoration of the founder every 12th of December, with solemn service, a sermon and "increase of commons," as on festival days. It was also decided that, except "the present physician, auditor, and receiver," no member of the foundation or lodger in the house should be a married man.

But the hospital had still another terrible danger to encounter. King James (who had no more notion of real liberty than an African king), at the instigation of his infamous favourite, Buckingham, demanded the revenues of Charterhouse to pay his army ; but Sir Edward Coke, who had saved the charity before, stepped to the front, and boldly repelled the king's aggression. The hospital at last reared its head serene as a harbour for poverty, an asylum for the vanquished in life's struggle. As an old writer beautifully says, "The imitation of things that be evil doth for the most part exceed the example, but the imitation of good things doth most commonly come far short of the precedent ; but this work of charity hath exceeded any foundation that ever was in the Christian world. Nay, the eye of time itself did never see the like. The foundation of this hospital is *opus sine exemplo*." A great school had arisen in London, as rich and catholic in its charity as Christ's Hospital itself.

The governors of Charterhouse are nineteen in number, inclusive of the master. The Queen and the archbishops are always in the list. The master was entitled to fine any poor brother 4s. 4d. or 8s. 8d. for any misdemeanour. He was to accept no preferment in church or commonwealth which would draw him from his care of the hospital. The physician was to receive £20 a year, and not to exceed £20 a year for physic bills. The poor brethren were not to exceed four score in number, and were required to be either poor gentlemen, old soldiers, merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, or household servants of the king or queen.

Herne, in his "Domus Carthusiana," a small 8vo volume published in 1677, shows that the world had not been kind to the founder's memory. Herne, in his preface, says : "Sir Richard Baker, Dr. Heylin, Mr. Heylin, and Mr. Fuller say little of him, and that little very full of mistakes ; for they call him Richard Sutton, and affirm he lived a bachelor, and so by his single life had an opportunity to lay up a heap of money, whereas his dear wife is with much honour and respect mentioned in his will. Others give him bad words, say he was born of obscure and mean parents, and married as inconsiderable a wife, and died without an heir ; but then, to give some reason for his wealth (having no time nor desire to inquire into the means of his growing rich), to cut short the business, they resolve all into a romantic adventure. They say it was all got at a lump by an accidental shipwreck, which the kind waves drove to shore, and laid at his feet, whilst the fortunate Sutton was walking pensively upon the barren sands. They report that in the hulk coals were found, and under them an inestimable treasure, a great heap of fairy wealth. This I fancy may go for the fable, and his farming the coal-mines for the moral."

Percival Burrell, the preacher of Sutton's funeral sermon thus describes the character of the generous man :—"He was," said the divine, "a great and good builder, not so much for his owne private as for the publicke. His treasures were not lavished in raysing a towre to his own name, or erecting stately pallaces for his owne pompe and pleasure, but the sustaining of living temples, the endowing of colledges, the enriching of corporations, the building causewayes, and repairing of high-wayes. Above all, the foundation of King James his Hospitall, at his sole and proper charge, were the happy monuments of his architecture. Surely this was to be a Megarensis in the best sense—that is, to build for ever. He did fulfill the letter of the apostle, in building *gold, silver, and precious stones:* for he commanded plate and jewels to bee sold and converted into money, for the expediting of our hospitall.

"I shall not mention thousands conferred upon friends and servants, but these legacies ensuing merit a lasting memory :—In the renowned University of Camb., to Jesus Colledge, 500 markes ;

to Magdalen, 500 pound; for the redemption of prisoners in London, 200 pound; for the encouragement of merchants, 1,000, to bee lent gratis unto ten beginners. Nor was his charity confined within these seas, but that western Troy, stout Ostend, shall receive 100 pound, for the relief of the poore, from his fountain. In all these his piety was very laudable; for in many of these acts of bounty, his prime repose was in the conscionable integrity of the priest, in those places where he sowed his benefits. Certes, this was to build as high as heaven."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CHARTERHOUSE—(*continued*).

Archdeacon Hale on the Antiquities of the Charterhouse—Course of the Water Supply—The "Aye"—John Houghton's Initials—The Entrances—The Master's Lodge—Portraits—Sheldon—Burnet Mann and his Epitaph—The Chapel—The Founder's Tomb—The Remains of Norfolk House—The Great Hall and Kitchens—Ancient Monogram—The Cloisters—The School—Removal to Godalming—Experiences of Life at Charterhouse—Thackeray's Bed—The Poor Brothers—A Scene from "The Newcomes"—Famous Poor Brothers—The Charterhouse Plays—Famous Carthusians.

In a monograph on the Charterhouse, Archdeacon Hale, so long holding the post of master, entered deeply into its antiquities. "The monastery," said the archdeacon, in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society* for October, 1869, "originally consisted of a number of cells, which, with the chapel, chapter-house, sacristan's cell, and little cloister, formed a quadrangle, to which some other irregular buildings were attached. The laundry was in the principal court; and near to it was the sacristan's washing-place, for washing the sacred utensils and vestments. The water-pipes entered under the cells on the north side of the quadrangle, and the water was received in an octangular building, and which is called the 'Aye,' the use and derivation of which word has not been discovered." The water was supplied by pipes running at the back of the cells, and the "lavoirs" were probably washing-places. The brewhouse is not shown in the old plan; its water-supply is only marked, and "the buttery-cock is shown without any building attached to it, whilst the water is described as passing on in two courses to the flesh-kitchen, one through the cloister, another through the gateway from the cistern at the kitchen-door, with a branch to a place or house called Elmys and the Hartes-Horne. We thus find two kitchens mentioned; the first denoted by the kitchen-door, and the remains of the second kitchen are to be found in the wall next the present gateway of the Charterhouse, formed of squares of flint and stone. The gateway of the old plan appears disconnected with the rest of the buildings, but it still exists." We have also the interesting fact, discovered by the diligence of Mr. Burtt, of the Record Office, that the Abbot of Westminster granted to the Prior and Convent of the Charterhouse three acres of land ("No Man's Land") "probably a small piece by the wayside, the consideration for it being only the rendering of a red rose and the saying a mass annually for the sacred King and Confessor Edward."

The course by which the water was brought from Islington, across the fields, for the supply of the Charterhouse is shown in old vellum rolls, on which the course passes the windmill, of which the "Windmill" Inn, in St. John Street, was a remnant and a remembrance. The neighbouring Hospital of St. John was, in 1381, burnt by the Essex and Kent rebels, when the fire lasted seven days. The hospital does not appear to have been rebuilt before the end of the fifteenth century, and possibly the ruins of St. John's supplied some materials. Amongst other interesting fragments was the head of an Indian or Egyptian idol, which was found imbedded in the mortar amidst the rubble. The connection of the brethren of St. John of Jerusalem with the East suggests the idea that this little figure might have found its way to the Charterhouse from St. John's.

From a rough sketch accompanying Archdeacon Hale's paper, exhibiting the course of the conduit as it existed in 1624, it appears that "the 'Aye' in the centre of the quadrangle occupied by the monks had disappeared, and that, the water was brought to a reservoir still existing but now supplied from the New River instead of from the conduit. No record can be found of the time when this exchange took place. The drawing exhibits in a rude manner traces of buildings which still exist, as well as of those which were taken down for the erection of the new rooms for the pensioners some forty years since. Three sides of a small quadrangle, an early addition to if not coeval with the building of the monastery, still remain; the windows and doorways give evidence

of great variety of structure and of date, and the joints of the brickwork proofs of many alterations. There are letters on the west external wall, 'J. H.,' which we would willingly assume to be the initials of John Houghton, the last prior but one, and the wall itself as of his building. The cells of the monks, which were in the quadrangle, in the centre of which the conduit stood, have been all destroyed, with the exception of some few doorways still remaining. The buildings of the monastery now existing are on the south side of that quadrangle: they include the chapel, the small quadrangle above mentioned, and the courts of Howard House, including the Great Hall and the court called the Master's Court. At what time these buildings were erected between the ancient flesh-kitchen, the small quadrangle to the west, and the prior's lodgings on the north, has not been discovered. They were doubtless for the accommodation of strangers who resorted to and were received at the monastery. It has been said that much information respecting the temper and feelings of the people was obtained by Henry VII. from the knowledge which the Carthusian monks acquired through intercourse thus kept up with various classes."

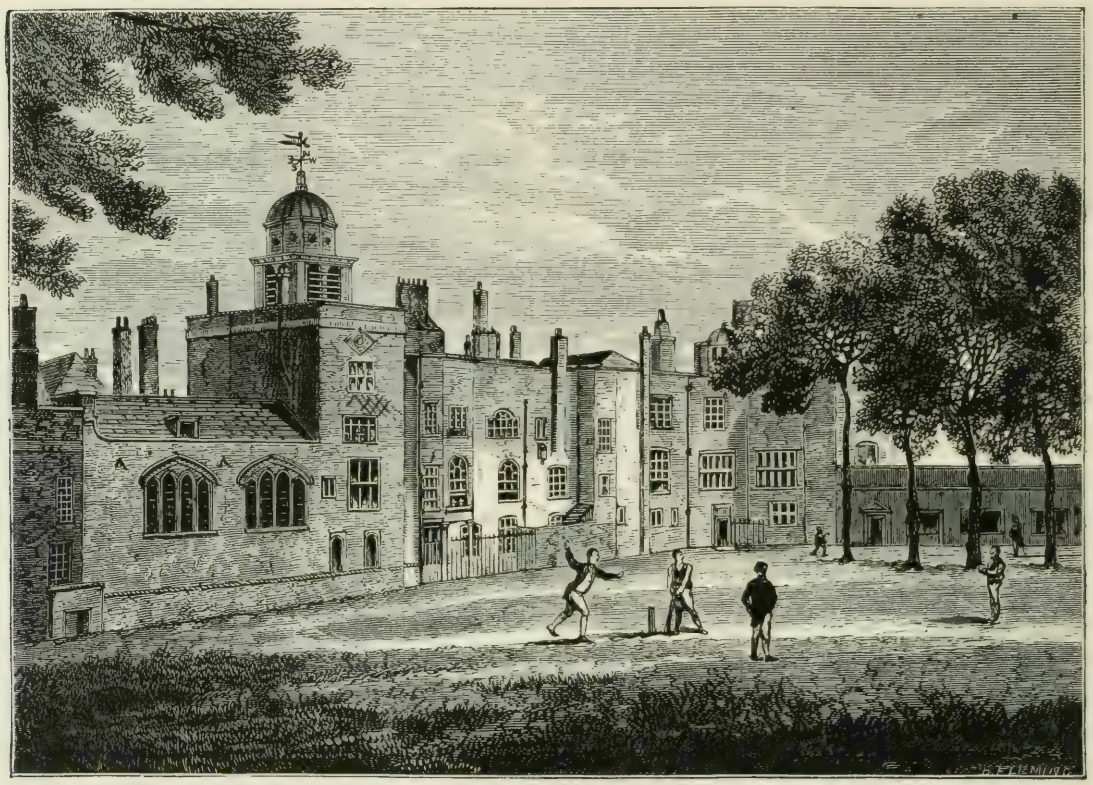
Charterhouse Square has three entrances—Carthusian Street, Charterhouse Lane, and Charterhouse Street. The two first had originally each a gatehouse, and in Charterhouse Lane, where it stood there is a gate of iron surmounted by the arms of the hospital—arms that have never been blazoned with blood, but have been ever irradiated with a halo of beneficence and charity. Charterhouse Square is supposed to have been part of the ground first consecrated by Bishop Stratford, as a place of charitable burial. A town house belonging to the Earls of Rutland once adorned it, and in this mansion Sir William Davenant, wishing to win the gloom-struck Londoners from their Puritan severities, opened a sort of opera-house in 1656. Rutland Place, a court at the north-east corner of the square, still marks the spot, at the sight of which Cavaliers grew gayer, and Puritans sourer and more morose. A pleasant avenue of light-leaved limes traverses the square, for Charterhouse masters to pace under and archæologists to ponder beneath.

As we enter Charterhouse Square from Carthusian Street, the entrance to the old hospital is on the north side. The gateway is the original entrance of the monastery, and has been rubbed by many a monk's gown. This interesting relic is a Tudor arch, with a drip-stone, terminating in plain corbels. Above is a shelf, supported by two lions, grotesquely carved, and probably dating back to the early part of the sixteenth century. On the right stands the porter's lodge, on the left the house of the resident medical officer.

From the entrance court are two exits. The road straight from the entrance leads to the quadrangles, the schoolmaster's house, "the Gown Boys," and the preacher's residences; the left road points to the master's lodge, the hall, and the chapel. In the latter, turning under an archway leading to the head-master's court, is the entrance to the master's lodge. The fine hall of the lodge is adorned by a good portrait of the maligned but beneficent Sutton. In the noble upper rooms are some excellent portraits of illustrious past governors—men of all sects and of various fortunes. Prominent among these we note the following:—Black-browed, saturnine Charles II., and his restless favourite, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham; the Earl of Shaftesbury, their dangerous Whig rival, and Charles Talbot, first Earl and afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury—a florid full-length, in robes of the Garter (the white rod the earl carries was delivered to him in 1714, by Queen Anne, with her dying hand); the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, swarthy, like his father, in a long black wig, and in the robes of the Garter, and the charitable Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who is said to have expended more than £66,000 in public and private almsgiving, in relieving the sufferers by the Great Plague, and in redeeming Christian slaves from the Moors. The theatre Sheldon built at Oxford was a mark of his respect to the university, and a grateful remembrance of his time studiously spent as warden of the college of All Souls. There is also in an upper room a fine three-quarter length of the clever and learned but somewhat Darwinian divine, Dr. Thomas Burnet, who was elected Master of Charterhouse in 1685; he was the author of the "Sacred Theory of the Earth," a daring philosophical romance, which barred the rash writer's further preferment. As master, Burnet boldly resisted the intrusion of Andrew Popham, a Roman Catholic, into the house, by meddling James I. "Soon after Burnet's election," says Mr. Timbs, "James II. addressed a letter to the governors, ordering them to admit one Andrew Popham as pensioner into the hospital, upon the first vacancy, without tendering to him any oath, or requiring of him any subscription or recognition in conformity with Church of England doctrine, the king dispensing with any statute or order of the hospital to the contrary. Burnet, as junior governor, was called upon to vote first, when he maintained that, by express Act of Parliament, 3 Car. I., no officer could be admitted into that hospital without

taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. An attempt was made, but without effect, to overrule this opinion. The Duke of Ormond supported Burnet, and, on the vote being put, Popham was rejected; and, notwithstanding the threats of the king and the Popish party, no member of the communion was ever admitted into the Charterhouse." This eccentric man—no relation of the great Whig friend of William of Orange—died in 1715. He appears here as a well-favoured man, in a black gown, and with short hair.

English means, "Here lies one who formerly dusted boys' jackets, and is now dust himself." In the small square ante-chapel is a modern screen, surmounted by the royal arms and those of the founder, Sutton. This ante-chapel is vaulted and groined; the bosses that bind the ribs being ornamented with roses, foliage, and shields, charged with the instruments of the Passion. The font is modern, and of the most Pagan period, contrasting painfully with the perpendicular of the ante-chapel, which bears the date 1512. The equilateral arch

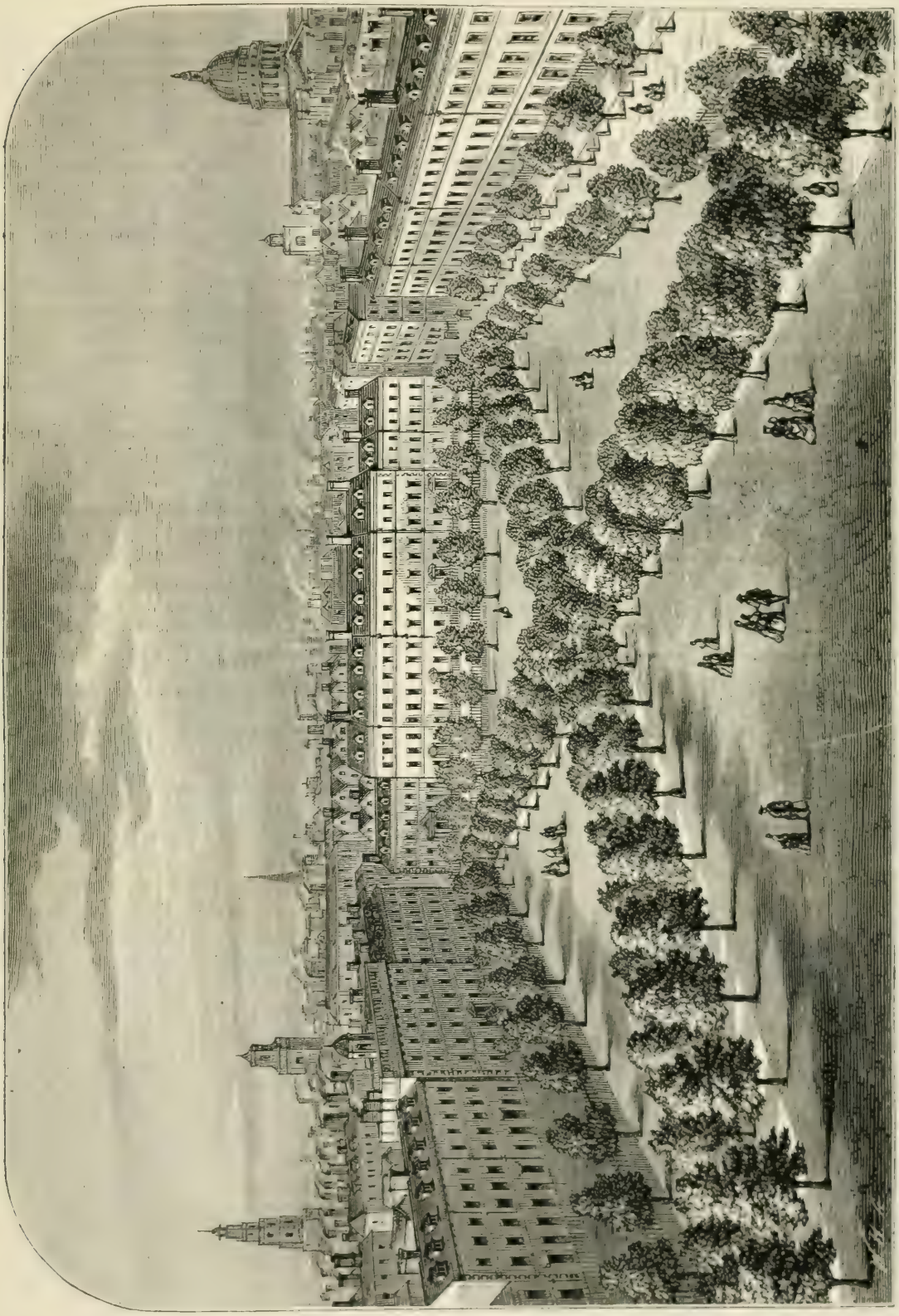


CHARTERHOUSE—THE QUADRANGLE. (*From a View taken in* 1805.)

An arched passage on the left of the master's court leads to Washhouse Court. A porch, surmounted by the royal arms, brings you to the great hall and kitchen, and a passage on the right conducts you to Chapel Court, which is surrounded by buildings to the south and west, by a piazza on the north, and by the chapel on the east. The chapel cloister consists of six Italian semi-classic arches, dull, clumsy, and exactly unsuited to the purpose of the place. Among the gravestones are those of a past organist, Richard John Samuel Stevens (1757), and Samuel Berdmore, master (1802). A door at the east end, leading to the ante-chapel, has over it a small tablet to Nicholas Mann, "Olim magister, nunc remistus pulvere," which in

at the east end, leading to the main chapel, is conjectured by the best authorities to have been the nave-arch of the original monastic church. It is filled up with a carved wooden screen, consisting of a series of pointed cinque-foiled arches.

The chapel is a thorough Jacobean structure, with the founder's tomb conspicuous in a proud position at the north-west corner, the rows of seats where the Charterhouse boys once sat with ill-concealed restlessness, and the pews of the old brotherhood arranged gravely by themselves. The present chancel, say the antiquarians, is part of the original nave. It is square, divided in the centre by two Tuscan pillars. An aisle (or, rather, recess) was added to the north side in 1826, and there is a



CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE. (*From a View taken for Stead's "Survey."*)

tower at the east end parallel with the ante-chapel. "The south wall alone is part of the original church; and it is supposed that the choir extended some way to the east beyond the present chapel." Behind a panel in the east wall the visitor is shown an aumbrye (cupboard), with some crumbling stone-work round it. "The pillars which divide the chapel in the centre support three semicircular arches, the keystones of which are embellished with the Charterhouse arms. The roof is flat, ceiled, and decorated after the style of the time of James I. At the west end, under the tower, is an open screen of wood, carved in a style corresponding with the date of the rest of the chapel. This supports a gallery containing the organ. Its principal ornaments are grotesque, puffy-faced cherubim, helmets and swords, drums, and instruments of music; and in the centre is a shield, tied up with a thick cable charged with the arms of the hospital. The altar is of wood, and on each side in the corner of the chancel is a sort of stall, the one on the right being appropriated to the head-master, and that on the left to the second-master of the school."

The east window of five lights, filled with painted glass (the subject the Divine Passion), is the gift of the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, when master of the house. Another east window, representing the Bearing of the Cross, was the result of a subscription among the boys themselves. In a southern window are some fragments of glass representing the Charterhouse arms. "The pulpit and reading-desk," says the chronicler of the Charterhouse, "are against the south wall, as also are the master's and preacher's pews; the latter have small canopies over the seats allotted to them. The seats for the pensioners are open, and have at the side poppy-heads in the shape of greyhounds' heads, couped, ermine, collared gules, garnished and ringed, or, on the collar three annulets of the last, the crest of the hospital." The scholars formerly sat in the recess to the north.

"The founder's tomb on the north side of the chancel is a most superb specimen of the monumental taste in the reign of James I. It is composed of the most valuable marbles, highly carved and gilt, and contains a great number of quaint figures, of which the founder is the principal. His painted figure, in a gown, lies recumbent on the tomb. On each side is a man in armour, standing upright, supporting a tablet containing the inscription, and above is a preacher addressing a full congregation. The arms of the hospital are to be seen still higher, and above all a statue of Charity. It is also enriched with statues of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, and Plenty and Want, and is surrounded by painted iron railings. The inscription is as follows:—

"Sacred to the glory of God, in grateful memory of Thomas Sutton, Esquire. Here lieth buried the body of Thomas Sutton, late of Castle-Camps, in the county of Cambridge, Esquire, at whose only costs and charges this hospital was founded and endowed with large possessions for the relief of poor men and children. He was a gentleman, born at Knaythe, in the county of Lincoln, of worthie and honest parentage. He lived to the age of seventy-nine years, and deceased the 12th of December, 1611."

This sumptuous tomb, still so perfect, cost £366 15s.

"In the return of the wall, opposite the founder's tomb, is a small monument to the memory of Francis Beaumont, Esq., formerly master of the hospital. He is represented kneeling before a desk, his hand resting on the Holy Scriptures, and habited in the costume of the period.

"The other monuments in the chapel are for the most part tasteless and inelegant; there are, however, a few exceptions. On the south wall is a full-sized figure of Edward, Lord Ellenborough, by Chantrey. He is represented sitting, in his robes as Chief Justice, with the following legend:—

"In the Founder's vault are deposited the remains of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, son of Edmund Law, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench from April, 1802, to November, 1818, and a Governor of the Charterhouse. He died December 13th, 1818, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; and, in grateful remembrance of the advantages he had derived through life from his education upon the Foundation of the Charterhouse, desired to be buried in this church."

The chapel contains monuments to Matthew Raine, one of the most eminent of the Charterhouse masters; John Law, one of the founder's executors; Dr. Patrick, preacher to the house, who died in 1695; Andrew Tooke, master 1731; Thomas Walker, 1728; Dr. H. Levett, physician to the hospital in 1725; John Christopher Pepusch, organist to the house, and friend of Handel. In the Evidence Room behind the organ, in which the hospital records are kept, there are three doors, the three keys being kept by the master, the registrar, and one of the governors. A small door on the right of the cloisters communicates with a spiral staircase leading to the roof of the tower.

"The tower," says Carthusian, "is square, and is surmounted by a heavy Italian parapet, with a thing in the shape of a pinnacle at each angle. The whole is crowned with a wooden dome resting on pillars supporting semicircular arches. The dome carries on its top a vane representing the Charterhouse arms. Under this cupola is a bell, which bears the following legend:—

"T. S. Bartlet for the Charterhouse made this bell, 1631."

In a vault beneath the chapel is the leaden coffin of Sutton, an Egyptian shaped case, with the date, 1611, in large letters on the breast, the face of the dead man being modelled with a square beard-case.

A small paved hall leading from the cloister is the approach to the great oak staircase of old Norfolk House, richly carved with shallow Elizabethan trophies and ornaments, the Sutton crest, a greyhound's head, showing conspicuously on the posts, probably additions to the original staircase, which is six feet wide, and consists of twenty-one steps. A large window midway looks into the master's court. The apartments of the reader are at the top of the staircase, on the right, and on the left an ante-chamber conducts to the terrace—a grand walk, eighty yards long, which commands a view of the green. Beyond this terrace, to the north, rises the great window of the chapel of the new Merchant Taylors' School. The library, near the terrace, is a grave-looking room, containing a selection of divinity and old Jesuit books of travel, &c., given by Daniel Wray, Esq., whose portrait hangs over the fireplace.

The governors' room, part of old Norfolk House, which is next the library, is remarkable for its Elizabethan decorations, which are of the most magnificent description. "The ceiling," says Carthusian, "is flat, and is adorned with the armorial distinctions (three white lions) of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, brilliantly painted and gilt. His motto, 'Sola virtus invicta,' is inscribed on ornamental scrolls, tastefully arranged alternately with the date of the year (1838) in which this remnant of Elizabethan splendour was rescued from ruin. Previous to that time the emblazoned shields, which now glitter so brightly in gold and silver, were well-nigh obliterated with whitewash. The figures in the tapestry then presented a motley mixture of indistinguishable objects; half of the beautifully-carved cornice which now supports the ceiling had vanished. The paintings of the ceiling consist of the following:—In the intercolumniations of the four pillars which form the basement are arabesque shields, containing paintings of Mars and Minerva, and over the space for the stove, representations of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Above this is a shield, charged with Mr. Sutton's arms, with his initials, T. S., one on each side. A large oval, containing the royal arms, supports this, with the emblems of the four evangelists in the spandrils formed by the square panel, of which it is the centre. On each side is an arch, supported by Ionic pillars, upon which are ovals, in which are portraits of the twelve apostles. The colours used are black, red, and gold. In this room there are four square-headed windows, of five, four, and two lights, transomed.

"The tapestry on the walls consist of six pieces—three of large dimensions, the subjects of which are not known, though many conjectures have been hazarded. The largest piece represents a king, sitting enthroned, crowned, and sceptred; behind him is a woman in plain attire, whilst at his feet kneels a queen, who is followed by a retinue, consisting of two black men, carrying a cushion, upon which rests a model of a fortress, another bearing the key of this citadel, and other attendants. This has been taken for the siege of Calais, and also the siege of Troy. The last supposition is, that it is a representation of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. A second piece has been supposed to represent David, armed by Saul, in the act of sallying forth to meet 'the uncircumcised Philistine.' Two armies are seen in the background. Another appears to be a mixture of Scriptural subjects. A scene in the foreground does not much differ from the account of Deborah with Sisera's head, whilst the death of Abimelech is depicted behind. Three other pieces, containing figures of men, some of which are crowned, all which bear a striking resemblance the one to the other, seem intended for the judges and kings of Israel. Similar illustrations are not unfrequently found in ancient Bibles."

Descending the great staircase we enter the great hall, the most ancient of the buildings dating subsequent to the Reformation, the west wall being part of the old convent. This wall, the local antiquaries think, was rebuilt by Sir Edward North. The unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, it is *supposed*, lifted the roof of the hall higher, to make room for a new music-gallery. Its date, 1571, marks the time when he was released from the Tower on a kind of furlough, and employed himself here on such improvements as this. The carving is executed with extreme care and finish. A small side-gallery leads to the great staircase. The room is lighted by three large windows with some stained glass, and there is a lantern in the roof.

"In the windows are some curious fragments of stained glass. One pane contains the arms of the Lord Protector, Duke of Somerset, encircled by the garter; another contains a collection of pieces, the subject of which is rather ambiguous, the chief objects being a woman walking over a bridge, two horsemen galloping through the water underneath, a ship, the crown of Spain, the arms of Castile and Arragon, and the date, 1670. A third pane displays the arms of the founder, Sutton.

"The chimney-piece was an addition by Mr.

Sutton, and is of later date than any other part of the building. It is carved in stone, but is of grotesque design, consisting of imaginary scrolls in the style of the Rénaissance school. The arms of the founder, surmounted by helmet, mantlings, and crest, complete, are well executed; as also are two small pieces of ordnance on each side, which are boldly yet accurately wrought. Beneath these, and in the centre above the space allotted to the stove, is an oval, upon which is carved a dragon, or some fabulous monster. It is now," adds Carthusian (1847), "very much mutilated.

"One thing yet remains to be spoken of, and that is the noble portrait of Mr. Sutton at the upper end of the hall. He is represented dressed in a black gown, sitting in an antique high-backed chair, and holding in his right hand the ground-plan of the Charterhouse. . . . . The room is now used as a dining-hall for the pensioners, and the banquet is held here on the ever-memorable 12th of December."

A door on the right opens into the upper hall, a small, low room, adorned by a carved stone chimney-piece, with the founder's arms sculptured above. The windows are square-headed. It is traditionally supposed to be the former refectory of the lay brothers of the monastery. It was latterly used as a dining-hall for the foundation scholars. A massive door at one corner opens into the cloister.

A door in the Great Hall, under the music-gallery, opens into a stone passage, on the right of which were the apartments of the manciple. On the left there is an opening into the Master's Court, and in the centre are three doorways with depressed square-headed Tudor arches, the spandrils being filled with roses, foliage, and angels bearing shields.

The great kitchen boasts a fireplace, at which fifteen sirloins could be roasted at the same time. In one of the stones of the pavement there are brass rivets remaining, which once fastened down the monumental brass of some Carthusian.

Returning through the Master's Court and the entrance court, on our way to the "Gown Boys" and the green, we pass a gateway, older than the outer one already described. It has a four-centred arch, but no mouldings or drip-stone. The wall built over it for some height terminates in a horizontal parapet, supported by a plain corbel table. The rough unhewn stone of a wall to the right proves it, according to antiquaries, to have been part of the old monastic building. "The letters 'I. H.,' says Carthusian (1847), "with a cross of Calvary, which are worked into the wall, prove the ecclesiastical character of its former inmates. The letters 'I. H.,' worked out in red brick on the wall, have been a matter of some discussion. Some have supposed them to be the two first letters of our Saviour's monogram, but, upon close examination, it will be found that there are no traces of the final S. The arch beneath, over which is the cross of Calvary, must have had its meaning. It has been suggested that it is the entrance to a burial crypt, and that the letters 'I. H.' are the initials of the unfortunate Prior Houghton, interred in the vault beneath. A doorway on the right opens into the Abbot's Court. This was called, at the period when Charterhouse was known as Howard House, by the name of the Kitchen Court. Subsequently it obtained the name of the Washhouse Court, and this was changed, some time since, for Poplar Court, on account of some poplar-trees which formerly grew there, but which so inconvenienced the buildings that they were removed a few years since. The name disappeared with them, and the court is now called by its former incorrect cognomen." This is the most solitary and the most ancient of all the Charterhouse courts. In one corner half an arch can be distinguished, and the square-headed windows are older than they seem.

The Preacher's Court, with its castellated and turreted modern buildings, was built in 1825, after the designs of Edward Blore, Esq. The preacher's residence was on the east side. One of the octangular turrets over the northern gateway of this court holds the bell, which rings regularly a quarter of an hour before the pensioners' meals, to call home the loiterers. Some of the poor brethren lodge on the west side. On the south and east sides runs a paved cloister, and at the south-east angle is the large west window of the governor's room, above which five shields are carved in stone. The northern gateway is a depressed Tudor arch, with spandrils filled with the Charterhouse arms.

The Pensioner's Court, also built in 1825, has three gateways, but no cloister or octangular tower. The one gateway opens into the stable-yard and servants' quarter, the second into the burial-ground, the third into the Scholars' Court. In this last, at the north-east angle, the head-master used to reside, while the matron favoured a house to the north, and the gown boys' butler sheltered himself cozily at the south-east corner lodge. The stones round the semicircular arch, on the east side, are thickly engraved with the names of scholars once on the foundation, and the date of their departure.

The foundation boys' school-rooms were, for some exquisite reason, called "Gown Boys," and consisted of a hall and a writing-school. The hall boasts an Elizabethan stone chimney-piece, and the

ceiling is adorned with arabesque shields and scrolls. The scholars used to have all their meals but dinners here, and it was also a sitting-room for the "Uppers." The writing-school opposite is a square room, and part of the old school. The roof is upheld by four massive wooden pillars, and is ornamented with nine shields, and charged with the armorial bearings of the founder, the former governors, and benefactors.

Part of the cloister of the old monastery, which led to the fives-court of the Duke of Norfolk's palace, runs along the west side of the green, and above it is a terrace of old Norfolk House. This cloister formerly adjoined the monks' cells, as an ancient doorway still proves. The brick wall to the east bears the date 1571, the date of the music-gallery in the Great Hall, and the date of the duke's final imprisonment. The present cloister windows are mere square openings, and there seems to have formerly been a false flat roof. In the centre of the cloisters is an octagonal abutment, which has for generations been called by the boys "Middle Briars." The cloisters used to be the great resort of the football and hockey players, especially in bad weather. The Upper Green is three acres of fine grass-plot, formerly the special property of the "Unders," and bounded on the north by Wilderness Row, on the east by Goswell Street, on the south by the school and Upper Green, and on the west by the master's garden, where there was a fountain, in a stone basin, in the centre of the lawn, which was divided by iron railings from the burial-ground of the poor brethren. Dr. Hulme, physician to Charterhouse, who died from a fall down-stairs, in 1808, was interred here.

The School is a large brick building, on a small hill, which separates the two greens, and is supposed to have been built over the northern side of the old cloisters. It was built from designs by Mr. Pilkington, in 1803. The large door in the centre is surrounded, like that of the old school, with the names of bygone Carthusians. The head-master used to preside, at prayers, on a large seat, elevated on three steps, and regally surmounted by a canopy. There were five lesser thrones for the ushers and assistant-masters, with horseshoe seats before each, capable of seating sixteen boys. Six large windows, and a central octagonal lantern lit the room. At the east and west ends there were small retiring-rooms—little tusculums for masters and their classes. Behind the head-master's desk was another room. On the outer keystone of the arch the names of several of the head-masters were engraved—Crusins, 1719; Hotchkis, 1720; Berdmore, 1755; Raine, 1778; Russell, 1803; Saunders, 1819.

On ground given by the governors of Charterhouse St. Thomas's Church and Schools were built, some years ago. The entrance to the school is in Goswell Street.

The Upper Green was the cricket-ground of the "Uppers." The gravel walk to the left was the site of the eastern cloisters. Two doorways of ancient cells still remain. Near one of them are two flat square stones, which tradition reports to have formed the foot of the coffin of the former inhabitant of the cell.

A door from the cloister on the right opens into a room called Brooke Hall, "named," says the author of "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "after Mr. Robert Brooke, fourth master of the school, who was ejected for not taking the Solemn League and Covenant, but to whom, on the Restoration, this apartment belonged. Over the fireplace is an ancient portrait of a man reading, with the following motto inscribed on the sides:—

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach. 1626."

"This has occasioned many surmises and suppositions. Some suppose it to be a likeness of Brooke, while others assert that neither the date nor the apparent age of the figure by any means agrees with the account received of that gentleman, who, it appears, was but a young man when admitted usher, in 1626. The last conjecture is that the portrait was either that of Nicholas Grey, the first schoolmaster, who resigned his place in 1624, or of his brother, Robert Grey, who ceased to be master in 1626. This room was used as a dining-room for the officers of the house."

On the eastern wall of what was called the Upper Green, between two doorways, is, in white paint, a large figure of a crown, with the word "Crown" under it. It is the spot where the "Crown" Inn formerly stood, says Carthusian. Tradition states that this was painted by the first Lord Ellenborough, when he was a boy in the school, as a sign-post for the boys to halt at when they played at coaches; and finding it there perfect when he visited the place as a man, he expressed a wish that it might be kept renewed. In the south-west corner of the green was an old tree, cut down about thirty years ago, which was called "Hoop Tree," from the custom the boys had of throwing their hoops into the branches when they broke up for the holidays. Hoop-bowling was a great game at Charterhouse, up to about 1825 or 1830; and some boys attained such proficiency, that they could trundle five or six hoops, or even

more, at one time. At the north-east corner of the Under Green, now built over, was the "Coach Tree," so called from the boys climbing into it at certain times of the day, to see the coaches pass up Goswell Street, between Islington and St. Martin's-le-Grand. The site of St. Thomas's Church, Charterhouse, was the ground where boys scholars on the foundation. An extra half-holiday is given at Charterhouse when a Carthusian obtains distinction at either of the universities. The gown-boys were prohibited going out during Lent. The chapel-bell rings at eight or nine at night, to warn the pensioners. When one of the old men dies, his comrades are informed of his departure



THOMAS SUTTON. (*From an Engraving by Virtue of the Charterhouse Portrait.*)

who quarrelled were accustomed to give each other pugilistic satisfaction.

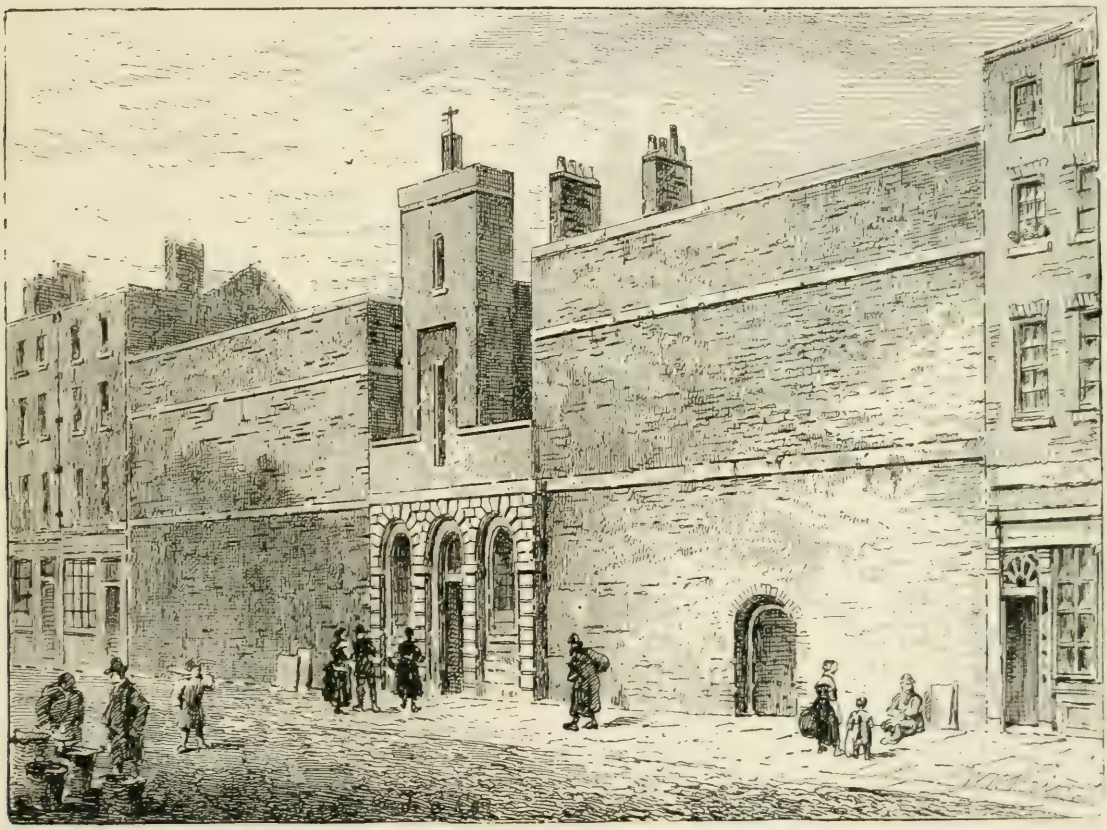
In the south-east corner of the green was the "Tennis Court," really the "Fives-Court."

The school, which moved to Godalming, for sanitary and other reasons, in May, 1872, was divided into seven forms, inclusive of the "shell," or transition state between the third and fourth forms. The very young boys were called "Petties." The present number of boys is 320, of which 55 are by one stroke less being given than on the preceding evening. The number of strokes usually given is eighty, corresponding to the number of the old gentlemen in the black cloaks.

The following description of Charterhouse discipline and customs, from 1842 to 1847, was kindly communicated to us by Arthur Locker, Esq.:—

"I was," says Mr. Locker, "at the Charterhouse from 1842 to 1847. At that time Dr. A. P.

Saunders was head-master (now Dean of Peterborough); Rev. Oliver Walford was second-master (since dead); Rev. H. W. Phillott and Rev. F. Poynder were assistant-masters; Rev. C. N. Dicken, the reader, read the daily prayers in the chapel, and also taught in the school. While I was there the numbers of the school varied from about 150 to 180. Of these 44 (and, at one time, by a special privilege, 45) were foundationers, or gown-boys, who were fed, educated, and partially clothed, by the institution. Each governor (the governors were the leading men of the country, cabinet ministers, archbishops, &c.) selected a boy in turn, as a vacancy occurred, and the eligible age was from ten till fourteen. Most of the gown-boys were either aristocratically connected, or possessed interest with the higher class. The remainder of the boys, whose parents paid for their education, lived respectively in the three boarding-houses of Messrs. Saunders, Walford, and Dicken, and were called Sanderites, Verrites, and Dickenites. There were also about twenty day-scholars. The upper school consisted of the sixth and fifth forms, which had the privilege of fagging; then came the fourth form, a sort of neutral class, neither allowed to fag or be fagged, and very often, in consequence, great bullies. The lower school (all subject to fagging) were the shell, the third, second, first forms, and the petties. In our house we had four monitors, who exercised some of the duties of masters. They could cane boys for breach of rules, and could put their names down in the black book (three insertions during one week in that volume involved a flogging; and the floggings, administered with long apple-twigs, were very severe). These monitors, and some others of the big boys, had little slips of rooms for their own use, called 'studies,' and each proprietor of a study had a study-fag, who, besides keeping his books free from dust and in good order, made his coffee, toasted his roll, washed his hair-brushes, &c. Boys rather liked this special service, as it saved them from the indiscriminate fagging inflicted by strangers. The cricket-fagging was the worst. I have been kept stopping balls behind a wicket for a fellow practising for five hours at a stretch, and beaten on the back with a bat if I missed a ball. Fagging produced laziness and tyranny among the big boys, and lying and deception among the little ones. The monitors, by the way, had a special set of



STREET FRONT OF THE FLEET PRISON.

'fags called 'basinites,' whose business it was to take care that the basins were filled, towels dried, and soap ready in the monitors' bedroom, for they washed up-stairs. We washed in a public room, fitted up with basins.' The dietary arrangements at Charterhouse were under the management of a jolly old red-faced gentleman named Tucker, who had formerly been in the army. He was called the 'Manciple.' The food was very good; and on Fridays (perhaps as a protest against Roman Catholicism) we fared especially well. Friday was styled 'Consolation Day,' and we had roast lamb and currant tart, or roast pork and apple tart, according to the season of the year. We *said* our lessons in a large building called the New School, in the centre of the two greens; but we learnt our lessons, and had for an in-door playing-place a writing-school of our own. Here, from eight till nine o'clock every evening, one of the masters kept 'banco'—that is to say, everybody was bound to be quiet for one hour, though they might read story-books, or do what they pleased. We were locked up in our bedrooms at night, the windows of which were further secured by iron bars. The doors were unfastened at seven o'clock, and school began at eight. Cricket was the chief game in the summer quarter; during the rest of the year we had football and hockey. Fives was also played in one of the courts, but tops and marbles were discountenanced, as savouring (heaven save the mark!) of private schools. As a rule, boys are very conventional and narrow-minded. We were kept quite apart from the eighty old pensioners, or 'codds,' as they were called, and only saw them on Sundays and saints' days in chapel. I remember two in whom we felt an interest—Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist; and a Mr. Bayzand (or some such name), who had been a harlequin, but who at fourscore had grown a very decrepit, unwieldy man. The upper form boys were allowed the privilege of going out from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening, at nine p.m., provided they received an invitation from parents or friends, which invitation had to be submitted for approval to the head-master. The lower forms were allowed the same privilege every alternate Saturday. At all other times we were strictly confined to our own part of the premises; and many a time have we, imprisoned behind those gloomy walls, longed for the liberty of Goswell Street, the houses of which overlooked our under green.

"The great festival of the year was the 12th December, held in memory of our benefactor, Thomas Sutton, when, after a service in the chapel, a Latin oration was delivered by the head gown-boy, then going to college, and a collection put into the trencher-cap by the visitors who came to hear him. A hundred pounds, or more, was often thus collected. After this the old Carthusians dined together, and spent the rest of the evening at the house of the master (Archdeacon Hale). The master was supreme over the whole establishment, both boys and pensioners: he must not at all be confounded with the *school*-master. When a boy left school, his name was engraved on the stone wall which faced the school buildings, with the date of the year of his departure."

"In former times," says Mr. Howard Staunton, "there was a curious custom in this school, termed 'pulling-in,' by which the lower boys manifested their opinion of the seniors in a rough but very intelligible fashion. One day in the year the fags, like the slaves in Rome, had freedom, and held a kind of saturnalia. On this privileged occasion they used to seize the upper boys, one by one, and drag them from the playground into the school-room, and, accordingly as the victim was popular or the reverse, he was either cheered and mildly treated, or was hooted, groaned at, and sometimes soundly cuffed. The day selected was Good Friday, and, although the practice was nominally forbidden, the officials, for many years, took no measures to prevent it. One ill-omened day, however, when the sport was at the best, the doctor was espied approaching the scene of battle. A general *sauve qui peut* ensued, and, in the hurry of flight, a meek and quiet lad (the Hon. Mr. Howard), who happened to be seated on some steps, was crushed so dreadfully that, to the grief of the whole school, he shortly after died. 'Pulling-in' was thenceforth sternly interdicted."

On the resignation, in 1832, of Dr. Russell (who was appointed to the living of Bishopsgate, the number of the school fell off from about 600 boys to something about 100 or 80, consequently many of the junior masters were dismissed.

The poor brothers of the Charterhouse (a very interesting feature of Sutton's rather perverted charity) are now eighty in number. They receive £36 a year, have comfortable rooms rent free, and are required to wear, when in bounds, a long black cloak. They attend chapel twice a day, at half-past nine and six, and dine together in the Duke of Norfolk's fine old hall. The only special restriction over the old brothers is the necessity of being in every night at eleven, and they are fined a shilling for every non-attendance at chapel—a rule that secures, as might have been expected, the most Pharisaic punctuality at such ceremonials. This respectable brotherhood used to contain a good many of Wellington's old Peninsular officers, now and

then a bankrupt country squire, and now and then —much out of place—came the old butler of one of the governors.

Thackeray has immortalised his old school, about which he writes so fondly, and with that air of thoughtful regret, that so marks his sadder passages: "Mention," says the great novelist, in "The Newcomes," "has been made once or twice, in the course of this history, of the Grey Friars' School—where the colonel, and Clive, and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands—a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

"The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel, and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Foundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the Great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service-time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen-pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder. The Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen 'codds,' I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive? I wonder; or Codd Soldier, or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried 'Amen' under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—'23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' As we came to this verse I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and amongst them—amongst them—sat Thomas Newcome.

"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon after that." * * * *

And who can forget the solemn picture of the colonel's death? "One afternoon," says Thackeray, "he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a

half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars were in and winning. . . . At the usual evening hour, the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time; and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

At the Poor Brothers' celebration was formerly sung the old Carthusian melody, with this quaint chorus:—

"Then blessed be the memory
Of good old *Thomas Sutton*,
Who gave us lodging—learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton."

Among the poor brothers of the Charterhouse who have here found a refuge the rough outer world denied, the most justly celebrated was Stephen Gray, Copley medallist of the Royal Society, and a humble and patient resident here in the early part of the eighteenth century. This remarkable and now almost forgotten discoverer formed the subject of a lecture lately delivered at Charterhouse by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., from which we derive the following facts:—The first time that Mr. Gray was known anything about was in the year 1692, when he was, perhaps, about the age of forty, and was living at Canterbury, pursuing astronomical studies. In that year he was known to have made astronomical inquiries as to certain mock suns which he saw. He then, in 1696, turned his attention to microscopes, and made one by melting a rod of glass, which, when the end was in a molten state, dropped off and formed a round solid globe, which acted as a powerful magnifier. That, however, was not sufficiently powerful, so he made a more powerful one by having a hollow globe of glass filled with water, and with this he was enabled to discover animalculæ in the water. The same year witnessed a great improvement of his in the barometer. It had been invented some years before, but Mr. Gray hit upon an ingenious method of taking an accurate reading of the instrument. In 1699 the same gentleman observed again mock suns in the heavens, and a halo round the true sun, but did nothing more than record the fact. His next step in science was to obtain a meridian line, after which, in about a couple of years, spots in the sun attracted his attention: Mr. Gray was one of the first observers of that phenomenon, and in 1706 he recorded an eclipse of the sun. From that time to 1720, not much was heard of either him or his discoveries, but in the latter year a letter was sent by Prince George to the Charterhouse, requesting that he might be admitted. After his admission to the charity he remained without doing much for some time, but at length he recommenced his labour by sending a paper to the Royal Society, denominated "Some New Electrical Experiments," and some little time after that he became known to Dr. Gilbert, a man of great research. Dr. Gilbert made several experiments with the magnet, as to its power of attraction; he also discovered that amber when rubbed would lead a balance-needle, and in prosecuting his inquiries further, found out that sealing wax, resin, and glass possessed the same qualities, but that they were different from the magnet in many other respects. He therefore named them after the Greek word for amber (*electron*), thus bringing into use the word electricity. That was one of the men who took notice of Mr. Gray and his experiments. About this period some experiments were made with reference to repulsion and attraction by Mr. Gray, which were followed up by Sir Isaac Newton, during which the great philosopher discovered that small pieces of gold leaf and paper placed in a box with a glass lid would fly up to the lid when it was briskly rubbed. Mr. Gray then discovered if parchment, goldbeaters' skin, and brown paper were heated, they would all attract feathers towards them. A fir rod, with an ivory ball attached to it and placed in a cork, and the tube in a charged glass rod, would also produce the same result. That showed to the ingenious mind of Mr. Gray that electricity could be transmitted from one substance to another. Mr. Gray having discovered that electricity could be so transmitted, was led to try packthread as a conductor. Packthread was accordingly employed, and found to act very well as such a medium when used in a vertical position, but when in a horizontal one it would not carry any spark at all. This discovery was made in a barn by Mr. Granville Wheeler, at Atterden House, near Faversham. The cause of the failure was owing to the fact that the current passed off up to the ceiling. The line was then suspended at distances by means of pieces of silk thread, and when that was done the current passed through to the end of the line. As silk thread was easily broken copper wire was employed, but with no better result, and by that means the discovery was arrived at that there were some bodies which carried off the electric current, and others which concentrated it. After this later discovery the first electric line in

the world was made on Mr. Wheeler's ground, and a message through a packthread, and attached to a charged glass rod, was sent a distance of 870 yards from the grounds of Mr. Wheeler up to his garret window. Mr. Gray having thus made one of the grandest discoveries in the world, followed up his researches, and found out that it was not necessary to have contact to pass an electrical current. That was called induction, and some short time afterwards, in 1732, the Royal Society awarded their gold medal; and in the same year the recipient of the gold medal further contributed to science by discovering that water could be made a conductor, and also that resin could be made to act as a good insulator—a grand discovery, for without insulators we could not make much use of the electric current. In 1735 Mr. Gray also succeeded in obtaining the electric spark, which he did by means of a charged glass rod brought into contact with an iron bar resting upon bands of silk. After this period nothing much was heard of him, and his time was fast drawing to a close. Before that time, however, he invented a machine which he called his planetarium. It was a round box filled with resin, and a metal ball in its centre, over this was suspended a pith pellet, and if the pellet gyrated in a circle the ball was in the centre, but if it were not it would move in an elliptic. By such a means as that he thought he could show a complete planetary system. He was, however, mistaken, for the twirling of the pith pellet round the globe of metal was no doubt caused by the pulsation of the blood through the fingers. As a further proof of Mr. Gray's intellect, when he obtained the first spark of electricity, he prophesied that electricity generated by a machine would become as powerful as the same force in nature. That, no doubt, will soon be the case, for sheep and other large animals have been instantaneously killed by a machine weighing fifteen hundredweight.

With all the vices that superstition and laziness could engender, there can never be a doubt among tolerant men that learning owes a deep debt to the much-abused tenants of monasteries. Many great Biblical works and ponderous dictionaries were the products of the indomitable patience of those ascetic workers. The Carthusian order had, at least, its share of these sturdy toilers, whose life's silent but faithful labour was often summed up in an old brown folio. Among the more celebrated of these patient men we find Theobald English (beginning of the fourteenth century), who wrote the lives of all holy men, from the Creation to his own time; Dr. Adam (about 1340), whose works are now in the Bodleian, wrote the "Life of Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln," treatises and works on Tribulation and on the Eucharist; John Olvey (1350) wrote a book on the miracles of the Virgin; Prior Rock, who died in 1470, left dialogues, epigrams, and poems behind him, in MS.; Thomas Spencer (1529) produced commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles; John Batmore, or Batmanson, prior in the sixteenth century, wrote against Luther and Erasmus; Prior Chauncey, of Bruges, who succeeded Houghton, wrote a "History of the Emigration of the Carthusians," and "Passio Octodecim Cartusianorum."

The allowance to each pensioner was originally £26 12s., paid in quarterly instalments. The scholars of the foundation were not to exceed forty. The schoolmaster and usher were not allowed to take in their houses more than sixty other scholars, "unless they entertained another under-usher out of their own means, to be dieted and lodged in the hospital." At the annual examination in Easter a gold medal is now awarded for the best Latin hexameter. There are also two silver medals for Greek iambics and Latin prose. On the Foundation Day a Latin oration is delivered in the great hall by the senior gown-boy; and at the banquet which follows the orator's trencher goes round like the purse at Westminster, which contributes to the orator's outfit for Oxford.

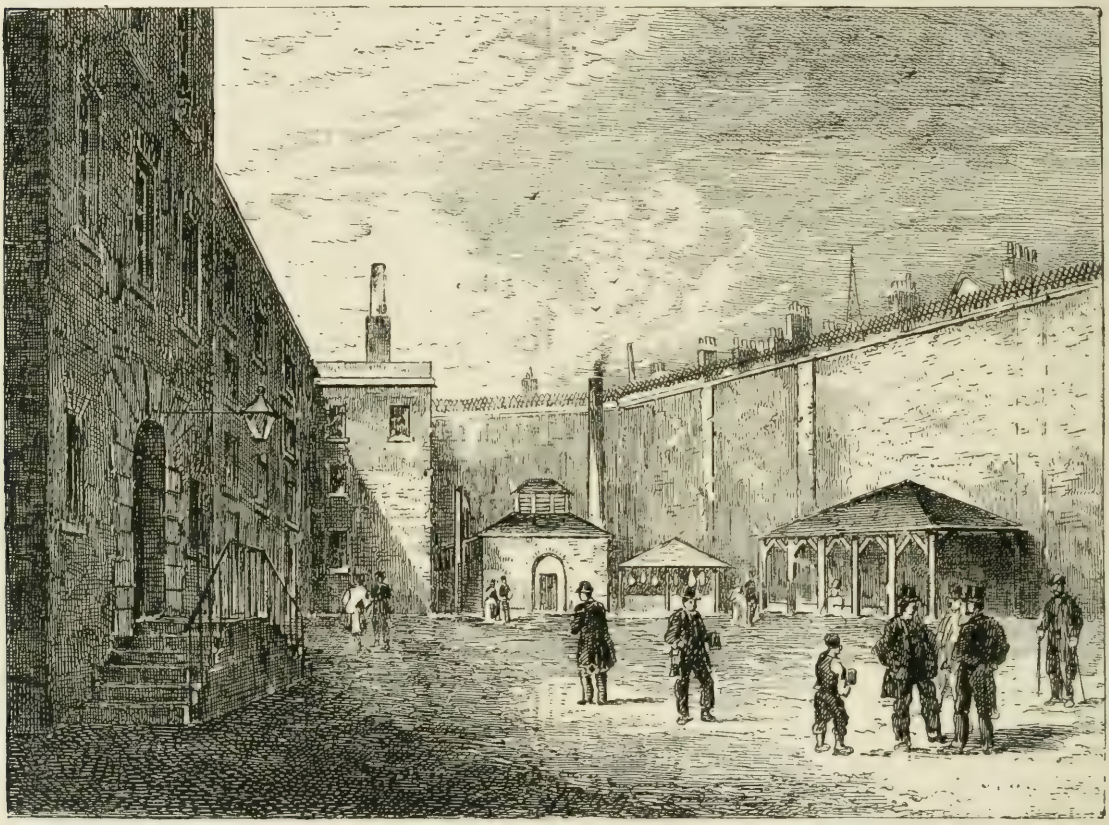
"It was anciently the custom of the Charterhouse scholars to perform a dramatic piece on "Founder's Day." It appears, however, that there were other epochs set apart for conviviality and merriment, such as the 5th of November, the anniversary of the deliverance of the kingdom from the Popish plot. A play is still extant, entitled "A Dramatic Piece, by the Charterhouse Scholars, in memory of the Powder Plot, performed at the Charterhouse, Nov. 6th, 1732." The scene is the Vatican, and the characters represented are the Pope, the devil (in the character of a pilgrim), and two Jesuits. The plot is by no means uninteresting, and some passages evince considerable tact and experience." An attempt has been made to connect this play with a dramatist, Elkanah Settle by name, who died a pensioner of Charterhouse in 1724.

"Dr. Young," says the author of the "Chronicles of the Charterhouse," "in his epistle to Mr. Pope, refers to Settle's last days in the following lines:—

> 'Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
> For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last;
> Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
> And found his manners suited to his shape.'"

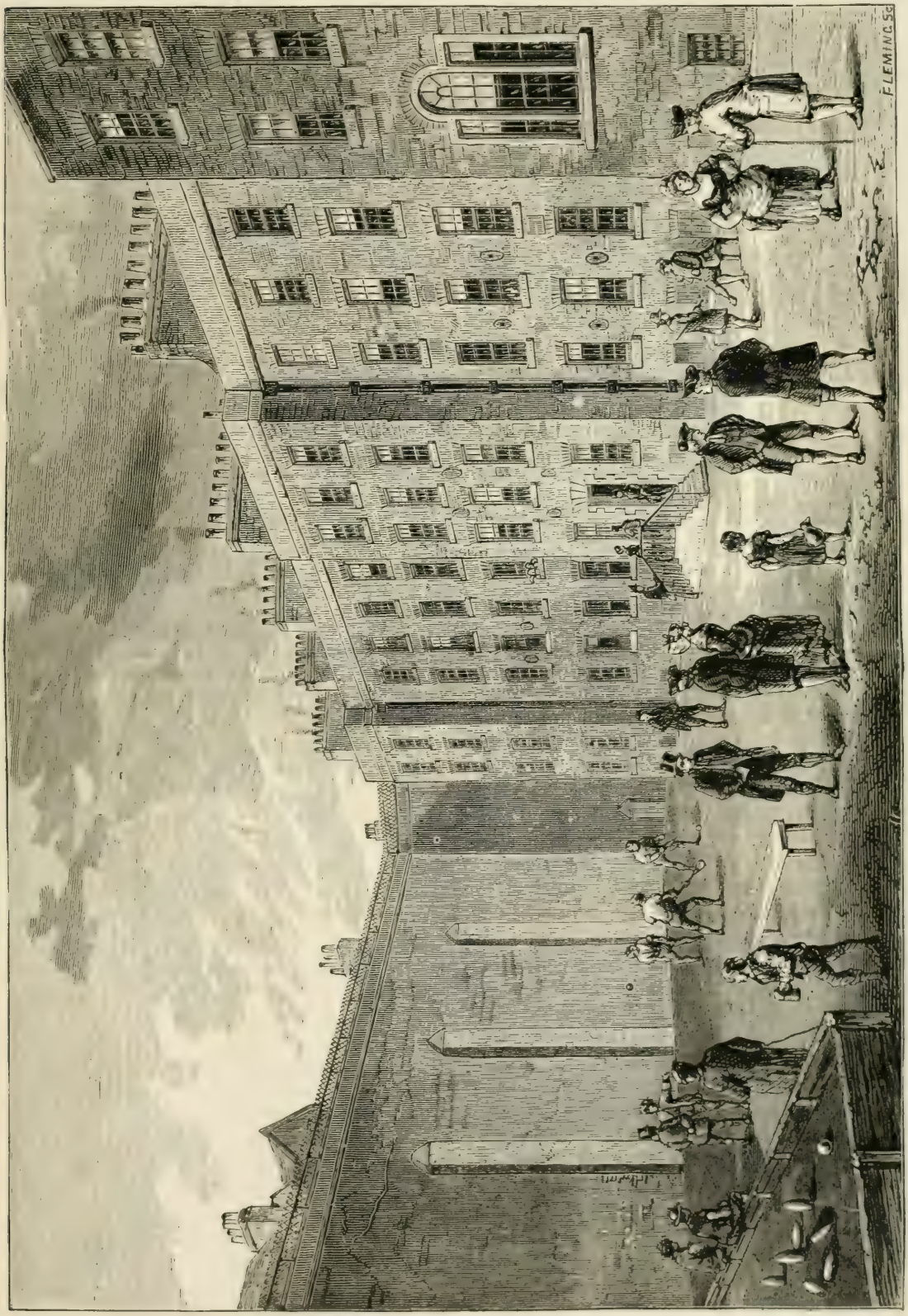
"Mr. Settle finally obtained admission into Charterhouse, and there, resting from his literary

labours, died in obscurity in the year 1724. The similarity of sentiment which appears between Mr. Settle's works and the play performed by the Charterhouse scholars, gives rise to a supposition that the latter was the work of Settle himself. The active part which Mr. Settle took in the famous ceremony of Pope-burning in the year 1680, agrees strictly with the ridicule which is laid upon his Holiness, when made to 'run away in a fright' in the said play, and the date of his death was only a few years anterior to the said performance; there can be but little or no doubt that it is a composition of the fallen bard, who, it is said, 'had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen, to survive them all.'"



COURTYARD IN THE FLEET PRISON.

"The register of Charterhouse," says Mr. Staunton, in his "Great Schools of England," 1869, contains the names of numerous pupils afterwards illustrious in various departments of public life. Among these may be noted Richard Crashaw, the poet; Richard Lovelace; Dr. Isaac Barrow; Dr. John Davies, Master of Queen's College, Cambridge; Dr. Mark Hildersley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who completed the arduous task, commenced by Bishop Wilson, of translating the Scriptures into the Manx language; Joseph Addison; Richard Steele; John Wesley, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism; Sir William Blackstone; Dr. John Jortin; Dr. Martin Benson, formerly Bishop of Gloucester; Monk, late Bishop of Gloucester, one of our best Greek scholars; Sir Simon Le Blanc, one of the late Judges of the King's Bench. There was a time when this school could claim as her sons the then Primate of England, Dr. Manners Sutton; the Prime Minister of England, the Earl of Liverpool; and the Chief Justice of England, Lord Ellenborough. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Manners; Basil Montagu; Baron Alderson; Sir Astley P. Cooper; Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and General Havelock; Lord Justice Turner, and the late Sir Henry Russell, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indian Judicature; Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A.; William Makepeace Thackeray, the great novelist, and John Leech, the well-known artist, are proud names for Charterhouse. Other famous Carthusians"—but it will be seen that death has already played havoc with this list—"are Bishop Thirlwall, of St. David's, the historian of Greece, and his eminent



INTERIOR OF THE FLEET PRISON—THE RACKET-COURT

rival, George Grote; Dr. Waddington, Dean of Durham, and his brother Horatio Waddington, Secretary for the Home Department; the Earl of Dalhousie; the Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, M.P.; Sir J. D. Harding, late Queen's Advocate; the Archdeacon Churton; the Dean of Peterborough; the Dean of Christchurch; Sir Erskine Perry; Sir Joseph Arnould, Judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and the Rev. Thomas Mozeley; W. G. Palgrave and F. T. Palgrave; Sir H. Storks; Sir Charles Trevelyan; Sir G. Bowen, and others.

"In the head-monitor's room," says Mr. Timbs, "is preserved the iron bedstead on which died W. M. Thackeray, and outside the chapel are memorial tablets to Thackeray, Leech, and Havelock, erected by fellow Carthusians."

The collection of pictures in the Charterhouse, besides those already noticed, includes a portrait of William, Earl of Craven, who fought bravely beside Gustavus Adolphus. The earl is supposed to have married James's daughter, the widowed Queen of Bohemia; he gave a name to Craven Street, Strand, and lived on the site of the Olympic Theatre. The picture is a full-length, in armour. The old soldier wields a general's truncheon, and behind him spreads a camp. There are also portraits of Bishops Robinson, Gibson, Morley, and others.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FLEET PRISON.

An Ancient Debtors' Prison—Grievous Abuses—Star Chamber Offenders in the Fleet—Prynne and Lilburne—James Howell, the Letter-writer—Howard, the Philanthropist, at the Fleet—The Evils of Farming the Fleet—The Cases of Jacob Mendez Solas and Captain Mackpheadris—A Parliamentary Inquiry into the State of the Fleet Prison—Hogarth's Picture on the Subject—The Poet Thomson's Eulogy of Mr. Oglethorpe—The Fleet Prison before and after it was Burnt in 1780—Code of Laws enforced in the Fleet—The Liberty of the "Rules"—The Gordon Rioters at the Fleet—Weddings in the Fleet—Scandalous Scenes—Mr. Pickwick's Sojourn in the Fleet—Famous Inmates of the Prison.

It is difficult to carry the mind back and imagine this old London prison, carted away in 1846, a building of nearly seven centuries' existence; yet so it was. Stow, to whom a century was a mere trifle, traces it back, in his grave, unpretending way (condensing a week's research in a line), as early as Richard I., who confirmed the custody of his house at Westminster, and his gaol of the Fleet at London, to Osbert, brother of William Longshampe, Chancellor of England. King John, also, says the same writer, handed over the same important, and, as one might perhaps be allowed to think, somewhat incongruous trusts, to the Archdeacon of Wells. The Fleet is proved to have been a debtors' prison as early as 1290, but it does not figure largely in London chronicles. It was probably as disgraceful and loathsome as other prisons of those early days, the gaolers levying fees from the prisoners, and habeas corpus, that Magna Charta of the unfortunate, being as yet unknown.

The Fleet Prison was formerly held in conjunction with the Manor of Leveland, in Kent, and appears in a grant from Archbishop Lanfranc as part of the ancient possessions of the See of Canterbury, soon after the accession of William the Conqueror. That it was burnt by Wat Tyler's men is only another proof of the especial dislike of the mob to such institutions. In Queen Mary's time some of the Protestant martyrs were confined here. Bishop Hooper, for instance, was twice thrust in the Fleet, till the fire at Gloucester could be got ready to burn his opinions out of him. His bed there is described as "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering."

Strype says that about the year 1586 (Elizabeth) the suffering prisoners of the Fleet petitioned the Lords of the Council on the matter of certain grievous abuses in the management of the prison—abuses that were, indeed, never thoroughly corrected. It was the middleman system that had led to many evils. The warden, wishing to earn his money without trouble, had let the prison to two deputies. These men being poor, and greedy for money, had established an iniquitous system of bribery and extortion, inflicting constant fines and payments, and cruelly punishing all refractory prisoners who ventured to rebel, or even to remonstrate, stopping their exercise, and forbidding them to see their friends. A commission was granted, but nothing satisfactory seems to have come from it, as we find, in 1593, another groan arising from the wretched prisoners of the Fleet, who preferred a bill to Parliament, reciting, in twenty-eight articles, the misdemeanours and even murders of the obnoxious deputy-warden. "The warden's fees in the reign of Elizabeth," says Mr. Timbs, "were—An archbishop, duke, or duchess, for his commitment fee, and the first week's

'dyett,' £21 10s.; a lord, spiritual or temporal, £10 5s. 10d.; a knight, £5; an esquire, £3 6s. 8d.; and even 'a poor man in the wards, that hath *a part at the box*, to pay for his fee, having no dyett, 7s. 4d.' The warden's charge for licence to a prisoner 'to go abroad' was 20d. per diem."

The fruitless martyrdoms of Mary's reign had not convinced such narrow-minded bigots as Laud of the folly of attempting to convert adversaries by force. The Fleet became the special prison for Star Chamber offenders, including many dogged Puritan lampooners and many generous champions of liberty, and even bishops were crammed into the Fleet for unorthodox conduct. Two of the most historical of the theoretical culprits were Prynne and Lilburne. The former tough old lawyer, for simply denouncing actresses, with a supposed glance at the Queen of Charles I., was taken from the Fleet to the pillory, to have his nostrils slit and his ears cut off—a revenge for which the king paid dearly, and gained an inexorable and pitiless foe. Lilburne, "free-born John," as he was called by the Republicans, was one of the most extraordinary men the dens of the Fleet ever contained, or the Fleet irons ever cramped. For reprinting one of Prynne's violent books, honest John, who afterwards fought bravely in support of his opinions at Edgehill and elsewhere, was whipped at the cart's tail from the Fleet to the pillory at Westminster. Even at the pillory he threw seditious pamphlets to the populace, and when he was gagged, to prevent his indignant orations, he stamped, to express his indignation. That pleasant letter-writer, James Howell, was also a prisoner here, from 1643 to 1647, when his glasshouse schemes failed, and on his return from his business travels in Italy and Spain. In a letter to the Earl of B—— he describes being arrested by five men armed with "swords, pistols, and bills;" and he adds, in his usual cheery way, "as far as I see, I must be at dead anchor in this Fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence, to make me launch out."

After the abolition of Laud's detestable Star Chamber court, in 1641, the Fleet Prison was reserved for debtors only, and for contempt of the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. The prison was burnt down in the Great Fire, when the prisoners were removed for a time to Caroone House, South Lambeth, the mansion of the Netherlands ambassador in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

Howard, the philanthropist, visited the Fleet for the first time in April, 1774, and, in his "State of the Prisons in England and Wales," speaks of it five years later, as clean and free from offensive odours. The building was burnt by the rioters in 1780, but was immediately rebuilt on the old plan. The new gaol is thus described by Howard:—

"At the front," he says, "is a narrow court. At each end of the building there is a small projection, or wing. There are four floors—they call them galleries—besides the cellar floor, called 'Bartholomew Fair.' Each gallery consists of a passage in the middle the whole length of the prison, 66 yards; and rooms on each side of it about 14½ feet by 12½, and 9½ feet high; a chimney and window in every room. The passages are narrow (not 7 feet wide) and darkish, having only a window at each end. On the first floor, the hall-gallery, to which you ascend by eight steps, are a chapel, a tap-room, a coffee-room (made out of two rooms for debtors), a room for the turnkey, another for the watchman, and eighteen rooms for prisoners. Besides the coffee-room and tap-room, two of those eighteen rooms, and all the cellar-floor, except a lock-up room to confine the disorderly, and another room for the turnkey, were held by the tapster, John Cartwright, who bought the remainder of the lease at public auction in 1775. The cellar-floor is sixteen steps below the hall-gallery. It consists of the two rooms just now mentioned, the tapster's kitchen, his four large beer and wine cellars, and fifteen rooms for prisoners. These fifteen, and the two before mentioned on the hall-gallery, the tapster lets to prisoners for from 4s. to 8s. a week. On the second floor (that next above the hall-gallery) are twenty-five rooms for prisoners; on the next gallery, twenty-seven. One of them, fronting the staircase, is their committee-room. A room at one end is an infirmary; at the other end, in a large room over the chapel, is a dirty billiard-table, kept by the prisoner who sleeps in that room. On the highest storey are twenty-seven rooms. Some of these upper rooms—viz., those in the wings—are larger than the rest, being over the chapel, the tap-room, &c. All the rooms I have mentioned are for Master's Side debtors. The weekly rent of those not held by the tapster is 1s. 3d., unfurnished. They fall to the prisoners in succession; thus, when a room becomes vacant, the first prisoner upon the list of such as have paid their entrance-fees takes possession of it. When the prison was built, the warder gave each prisoner his choice of a room, according to his seniority as prisoner. If all the rooms be occupied, a new comer must hire of some tenant a part of his room, or shift as he can. Prisoners are excluded from all right of succession to the rooms held by the tapster, and let at the high rents aforesaid. The apartments for Common Side debtors are only part of the right wing of the

prison. Besides the cellar (which was intended for their kitchen, but is occupied with lumber, and shut up) there are four floors. On each floor is a room about twenty-four or twenty-five feet square, with a fireplace; and on the sides, seven closets or cabins to sleep in. Such of these prisoners as swear in court, or before a commissioner, that they are not worth £5, and cannot subsist without charity, have the donations which are sent to the prison, the begging-box, and the grate. Of them there were at one of my visits sixteen, at some other times not so many."

In 1726, the evils of farming the Fleet having increased to a disgraceful and perfectly unbearable pitch, a Parliamentary investigation took place, and Huggins, the farmer, and Bambridge, a low, greedy fellow, who was his lessee, were tried for murder. The examination of the witnesses led to some ghastly disclosures, which Hogarth, who was present, immortalised in a picture which at once made him celebrated. The following extract from the governor's report discloses infamous cruelty:—

"Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, was, as far as it appeared to the committee, one of the first prisoners for debt that ever was loaded with irons at the Fleet. The said Bambridge one day called him into the gatehouse of the prison called the Lodge, where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbett's the spunging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week; and when brought back into the prison, Bambridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon called the Strong-room of the Master's Side.

"The place is a vault, like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the said prison are usually deposited, till the coroner's inquest hath passed upon them. It has no chimney nor fireplace, nor any light but what comes over the door, or through a hole of about eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded; and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscoted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is its being built over the common shore, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill, where all the nastiness of the prison is cast. In this miserable place the poor wretch was kept by the said Bambridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months. At length, on receiving five guineas from Mr. Kemp, a friend of Solas's, Bambridge released the prisoner from his cruel confinement. But though his chains were taken off, his terror still remained, and the unhappy man was prevailed upon by that terror not only to labour gratis for the said Bambridge, but to swear also at random all that he hath required of him. And this committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for, on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose.

"Captain John Mackpheadris, who was bred a merchant, is another melancholy instance of the cruel use the said Bambridge hath made of his assumed authority. Mackpheadris was a considerable trader, and in a very flourishing condition, until the year 1720, when, being bound for large sums to the Crown, for a person afterwards ruined by the misfortunes of that year, he was undone. In June, 1727, he was prisoner in the Fleet, and although he had before paid his commitment-fee, the like fee was extorted from him a second time; and he having furnished a room, Bambridge demanded an extravagant price for it, which he refused to pay, and urged that it was unlawful for the warden to demand extravagant rents, and offered to pay what was legally due. Notwithstanding which, the said Bambridge, assisted by the said James Barnes, and other accomplices, broke open his room and took away several things of great value, amongst others, the king's Extent in aid of the prisoner (which was to have been returned in a few days, in order to procure the debt to the Crown, and the prisoner's enlargement), which Bambridge still detains. Not content with this, Bambridge locked the prisoner out of his room, and forced him to lie in the open yard, called the 'Bare.' He sat quietly under his wrongs, and getting some poor materials, built a little hut, to protect himself as well as he could from the injuries of the weather. The said Bambridge, seeing his unconcernedness, said, '—— him! he is easy! I will put him into the Strong-room before to-morrow!' and ordered Barnes to pull down his little hut, which was done accordingly. The poor prisoner, being in an ill state of health, and the night rainy, was put to great distress. Some time after this he was (about eleven o'clock at night) assaulted by Bambridge, with several other persons, his accomplices, in a violent manner; and Bambridge, though the prisoner was unarmed, attacked him with his sword, but by good fortune was prevented from killing him; and several other prisoners coming out upon the noise, they carried Mackpheadris for safety into another gentleman's room; soon after which Bambridge, coming with one Savage, and several others, broke open the door, and Bambridge strove with his sword to kill the prisoner, but he again got away, and hid himself in another room. Next morning

the said Bambridge entered the prison with a detachment of soldiers, and ordered the prisoner to be dragged to the lodge, and ironed with great irons. On which he, desiring to know for what cause and by what authority he was to be so cruelly used, Bambridge replied, it was by his own authority, and, —— him, he would do it, and have his life. The prisoner desired he might be carried before a magistrate, that he might know his crime before he was punished; but Bambridge refused, and put irons upon his legs which were too little, so that in forcing them on his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured. Upon which the prisoner, complaining of the grievous pain and straitness of the irons, Bambridge answered, that he did it on purpose to torture him. On which the prisoner replying that by the law of England no man ought to be tortured, Bambridge declared that he would do it first and answer for it afterwards; and caused him to be dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons so close riveted, that they kept him in continual torture, and mortified his legs. After long application his irons were changed, and a surgeon directed to dress his legs; but his lameness is not, nor can be, cured. He was kept in this miserable condition for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced, and in danger of being lost.

"The prisoner, upon this usage, petitioned the judges; and after several meetings, and a full hearing, the judges reprimanded Mr. Huggins and Bambridge, and declared that a gaoler could not answer the ironing of a man before he was found guilty of a crime, but it being out of term, they could not give the prisoner any relief or satisfaction."

Notwithstanding the judges' remonstrance, Bambridge, cruel and greedy to the last, did not release the captain from his irons till he had wrung from him six guineas, and indicted him for an imaginary assault. But the case of Captain David Sinclair, an old officer of courage and honour, was even a worse one. Bambridge, who disliked his prisoner, had boasted to one of his turnkeys that he would have Sinclair's blood. Selecting the king's birthday, when he thought the captain would be warm with wine, he rushed into Sinclair's room with his escort, armed with musket and bayonet, struck him with his cane, and ordered the men to stab the poor wretch with their bayonets if he resisted being dragged down to the Strong-room. In that damp and dark dungeon Sinclair was confined, till he lost the use of his limbs and also his memory; and when near dying he was taken into a better room, where he was left four days without food. In the case of Mr. John Holder, a Spanish merchant, the prisoner died from an illness produced by horror at the miseries of the Common Side to which he had been consigned.

Bambridge is said to have been the first gaoler of the Fleet who put mere debtors in irons. The old method of punishing drunken and disorderly persons in this prison was the stocks; while those who escaped, or tried to escape, were either set in tubs at the prison gate, or locked in their rooms for several days. This cruel gaoler seems to have defied even habeas corpus, to have stolen charitable bequests, and bribed or frightened the lawyers who came to defend ill-used prisoners. In the case of Sir William Rich, a prisoner who was unable to pay up his arrears for lodging, Barnes, a turnkey, tried to burn him with a red-hot poker; while the warden threatened to fire at him, struck him with a stick, and slashed at him with a hanger. Rich was then loaded with heavy irons, thrown into the dungeon on the Master's Side, and kept there ten days for having, almost unconsciously, in the midst of these cruelties, wounded Bambridge with a shoemaker's knife. For an application to the Court of Common Pleas Sir William had to pay £14, the motion costing him £2 13s. 7d. In another case the prisoner paid, at his entrance into the Fleet, to judges' clerks, tipstaff, and warden, £45 16s.

Although the rascally Huggins and the wretch Bambridge escaped with a fright and a short imprisonment, there is no doubt this Parliamentary inquiry eventually led to reforms in this vilely-managed prison. A picture by Hogarth of the Fleet Prison Committee was that painter's first real step to popularity. Sir James Thornhill probably obtained his son-in-law permission to sketch the scene, of which Horace Walpole says:—

"The scene is the committee. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them. The poor man has a good countenance, that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance. His lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape. One hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."

The poet Thomson, in his "Seasons," finds an opportunity to eulogise Mr. Oglethorpe, whose generous hatred of cruelty led to the formation of the Fleet Committee. With his usual high-toned enthusiasm for what is good, the poet sings :—



THE LAST REMAINS OF THE FLEET PRISON.

"And here can I forget the generous band
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the lash of vice?

Howard, the philanthropist, describes the Fleet as an ill-managed prison, even in 1776.

"The prisoners," he says, "play in the court-yard at skittles, mississippi, fives, tennis, &c. And not only the prisoners. I saw among them several butchers and others from the market, who are admitted here, as at another public-house. The same may be seen in many other prisons where the gaoler keeps or lets the tap. Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners, the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one. On Monday night there was a wine club; on Thursday night a beer club; each lasting usually till one or two in the morning. I need not say how much riot these occasion, and how the sober prisoners, and those that are sick, are annoyed by them. "Seeing the prison crowded with women and children, I procured an accurate list of them, and found that on (or about) the 6th April, 1776, there were on the Master's Side 213 prisoners, on the Common Side 30, total 243; their wives and children were 475."

The Fleet after the fire of 1780 was rebuilt on the old plan. The floors of the cellar, the hall, and the first storey were stone, and arched with brick. The tapster still had all the cellar-floor. He and several of the prisoners kept dogs. The billiard and mississippi tables were, however, put down, and the *little code* of laws (referred to by Howard), was abolished.

The "little code of laws," eighteen in number, enacted by the Master-Side debtors, and printed before eight, and to light the lamps all over the house. No person was to throw out water, &c. anywhere but at the sinks in the yard. The crier might take of a stranger a penny for calling a prisoner to him, and of a complainant twopence for summoning a special committee. For blasphemy, swearing, riot, drunkenness, &c., the committee was to fine at discretion. For damaging a lamp the fine was a shilling. They were to take from a new comer, on the first Sunday, besides the two shillings,



A WEDDING IN THE FLEET. (*From a Print of the Early Part of the Eighteenth Century.*)

by D. Jones, 1774, established a president, a secretary, and a committee, which was to be chosen every month, and was to consist of three members from each gallery. These were to meet in the committee-room every Thursday, and at other times when summoned by the crier, at command of the president, or of a majority of their own number. They were to raise contributions by assessment; to hear complaints, determine disputes, levy fines, and seize goods for payment. Their sense was to be deemed the sense of the whole house. The president or secretary was to hold the cash, the committee to dispose of it. Their scavenger was to wash the galleries once a week, to water and sweep them every morning "garnish," to be spent in wine, one shilling and sixpence, to be appropriated to the use of the house. Common-side prisoners were to be confined to their own apartments, and not to associate with these law-makers.

"The liberty of the rules, and the 'day rules' of the Fleet, may be traced," says Mr. Timbs, "to the time of Richard II., when prisoners were allowed to go at large by bail, or with a 'baston' (tipstaff), for nights and days together. This licence was paid at eightpence per day, and twelvepence for his keeper that shall be with him. These were day rules. However, they were confirmed by a rule of court during the reign of James I. The rules wherein prisoners were allowed to lodge were

enlarged in 1824, so as to include the churches of St. Bride's and St. Martin's, Ludgate; New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, to the Thames; Dorset Street and Salisbury Square; and part of Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Ludgate Street, to the entrance of St. Paul's Churchyard, the Old Bailey, and the lanes, courts, &c., in the vicinity of the above; the extreme circumference of the liberty being about a mile and a half. Those requiring the rules had to provide sureties for their forthcoming and keeping within the boundaries, and to pay a per-centage on the amount of debts for which they were detained, which also entitled them to the liberty of the day rules, enabling them during term, or the sitting of the courts at Westminster, to go abroad during the day, to transact or arrange their affairs, &c. The Fleet and the Queen's Bench were the only prisons in the kingdom to which these privileges had for centuries been attached." For certain payments favoured prisoners were allowed to be long absent; and Mr. Dickens tells a story of one old resident, whose heaviest punishment was being locked out for the night.

The Fleet was one of the prisons burnt by the insane rioters of Lord George Gordon's mob, in 1780. The polite rioters sent a notice the night before that the work must be done, but delayed it some hours, at the request of their restricted friends. The papers of the time mention only one special occurrence during the fire, and that was the behaviour of a ringleader dressed like a chimney sweep, whom every one seems to have insisted on dubbing a nobleman in disguise; or if not himself a nobleman, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an agent, at least, entrusted with his purse, to enlist conspirators and promote sedition. This quasi-nobleman had, however, more of foolhardiness than cunning in his composition, for he perched himself upon the tiles of the market-house, over against the Fleet Prison, as a mark for the soldiers to shoot at; and as he was on the opposite side of the roof to that where they were posted, at every discharge he popped up his head and assailed them with tiles, till a ball passing through the roof lodged in his heart and tumbled him down. He had gold in his pockets, it is true, but he had no commission, nor was he any other than a pilfering thief, who had well lined his pockets in what to him was a fair way of trade.

In the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries couples desiring to be secretly married came to the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, where degraded clergymen could easily be found among the herd of debtors to perform the ceremony.

In Charles I.'s time a chapel in the Tower (in the White Tower) was a favourite place for clandestine marriages. On Archbishop Laud stopping these illegal practices, hurried lovers then betook themselves to one of two churches at the east end of London—St. James's, Duke's Place, or Trinity, in the Minories. A register of marriages preserved at the former church proves that in twenty-seven years from 1664 nearly 40,000 marriages were celebrated. The fee seems to have fluctuated from between two crowns to a guinea.

The Fleet Chapel was used for debtors' marriages till 1686, when the incumbent of St. James's, Duke's Place, Aldgate, being suspended by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, made it too popular as a place for secret marriages; and the chapel becoming the haunt of dangerous lookers-on, the degraded clergymen of the prison and neighbourhood began to celebrate secret marriages in rooms of adjoining taverns, or in private houses adjacent to Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and the Mint, keeping registers, to give an appearance of legality, and employing touts, to attract and bring in victims.

Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his valuable work, "Brides and Bridals," has taken great pains with this subject of Fleet parsons, and has ransacked all possible books, old or new, for information about them.

"Scanty particulars," he says, "have been preserved of about forty persons who were keepers of marrying-houses. Some of these persons were turnkeys, or subordinate officials, in the Fleet Prison, like Bartholomew Bassett, who was clerk of the Fleet Chapel, and tenant, at the exorbitant rent of £100, of the Fleet cellars, where marriages were solemnised secretly. It was at Bassett's office, or private chapel, that Beau Fielding married his first wife, before he fixed his affections on the Duchess of Cleveland. A few of the forty negotiators in wedlock were women, who had come into possession of a register and marrying business by inheritance. Most of them, however, had in the first instance been simple innkeepers, supplying the public with adulterated liquors before they entered the matrimonial trade.

"Standing in the chief thoroughfares or side-alleys and by-yards of the Fleet quarter, their taverns had signs, some of which still pertain to hostelries of the locality. For instance: 'The Cock,' near Fleet Bridge, and 'The Rainbow' Coffee House, at the corner of Fleet Ditch, were famous marrying-houses, with signs honourably known at the present day to frequenters of Fleet Street taverns. The 'Cock and Acorn,' the 'Fighting Cocks,' the 'Shepherd and Goat,' the 'Golden Lion,' the 'Bishop Blaze,' the 'Two Lawyers,' the 'Wheat-

sheaf,' the 'Horseshoe and Magpie,' the 'King's Head,' the 'Lamb,' the 'Swan,' the 'Hoop and Bunch of Grapes,' were some of the taverns in or near Fleet Street and Fleet Market, provided with chaplains and chapels, or private rooms, in which marriages were solemnised on every day and night of the year. William Wyatt—brother of the notorious and very successful Fleet parson, Walter Wyatt—was landlord, first of a public-house in Sea Coal Lane, and afterwards of the 'New Market House,' Fleet Lane, in both of which houses he drove a great trade, and flourished under his stately brother's patronage. The 'Hand and Pen' was a sign which proved so attractive to the generality of spouses, that after it had brought success in trade to one house, competitors of the original 'Hand and Pen' public-house adopted it. Joshua Lilley's 'Hand and Pen' stood near Fleet Bridge; Matthias Wilson's 'Hand and Pen' looked out on the Fleet Ditch; John Burnford's 'Hand and Pen' kept open door at the foot of Ludgate Hill; and Mrs. Balls had her 'Hand and Pen' office and registry of marriages within sight of the other three establishments of the same name. When Ben the Bunter married fair Kitty of Kent Street, he went to the 'Hand and Pen,' and was fast bound to his damsel by a stout and florid clergyman, for the moderate fee of half-a-crown."

A collection by some enthusiastic collector on this subject exists at the British Museum; he has illustrated a small poem called "The Humours of the Fleet," with many sketches of the low prison life. The following quotations paint the Fleet parson, and the noisy touts who wrangled for each new arrival, in bold colours:—

"Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare,
But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair;
The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
And whispering cry, 'D'ye want the parson, sir?
Pray step this way—just to the "Pen in Hand,"
The doctor's ready there at your command.'
'This way!' another cries. 'Sir, I declare,
The true and ancient register is here.'
The alarmèd parsons quickly hear the din,
And haste with soothing words to invite 'em in.
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
The inamoured couple know not where to go,
Till slow advancing from the coach's side,
The experienced matron came (an artful guide);
She led the way without regarding either,
And the first parson spliced 'em both together.

* * * * * *

Where lead my wandering footsteps now?—the Fleet
Presents her tattered sons in Luxury's cause;
Here venerable *crape* and scarlet cheeks,
With nose of purple hue, high, eminent,
And squinting, leering looks, now strikes the eye.
B—s—p of hell, once in the precincts call'd,
Renown'd for making thoughtless contracts, here
He reigned in bloated majesty,
And passed in sottishness and smoke his time.
Revered by gin's adorers and the tribe
Who pass in brawls, lewd jests, and drink, their days;
Sons of low growling riot and debauch.
Here cleric grave from Oxford ready stands,
Obsequious to conclude the Gordian knot,
Entwin'd beyond all dissolution sure;
A regular this from Cambridge; both alike
In artful stratagem to tye the noose,
While women, 'Do you want the parson?' cry."

A writer (May 29, 1736) gives the following account of what he witnessed during a walk through the Fleet quarter:—"Gentlemen, having frequently heard of the many abominable practices of the Fleet, I had the curiosity, on Sunday, May 23rd, to take a view of the place as I was accidentally passing by. The first thing observed was one J. L., by trade a carpenter (whose brother, it is said, keeps the sign of the B. and G.), cursing and swearing, and raving in the streets, in the time of Divine service, with a mob of people about him, calling one of his fraternity (J. E.), a plyer for weddings, an informing rogue, for informing against one of their ministers for profane cursing and swearing, for which he paid three pounds odd money; the hearing of which pleased me much, since I could find one in that notorious place which had some spark of grace left; as was manifested by the dislike he showed to the person that was guilty of the profanation of God's sacred name. When the riot was dispersed, I walked about some small time, and saw a person exceedingly well dressed in a flowered morning gown, a band, hat, and wig, who appeared so clean that I took him for some worthy divine who might accidentally have come out of the country, and as accidentally be making the same remarks with myself; but upon inquiry, was surprised at being assured that he was one T. C., a watchmaker, who goes in a minister's dress, personating a clergyman, and taking upon him the name of 'Doctor,' to the scandal of the sacred function. He may be seen at any time at the 'Bull and Garter,' or the great 'Hand and Pen,' with these words written, 'The Old and True Register,' near the 'Rainbow' Coffee House. Please to give this a place in your paper, and you will not only oblige one of your constant readers, but may prevent many innocent persons from being ruined. I am, gentlemen, your humble servant, T. L."

The Rev. Alexander Keith, who had been reader at the Rolls Chapel, and afterwards incumbent of a Mayfair proprietary chapel, a great place for illegal marriages, on being suspended, excommunicated, and committed to Fleet Prison for con-

tempt, in 1743, wrote a pamphlet to defend his conduct. The following extract gives some curious examples of the sort of reckless and shameless marriages that were contracted :—

"As I have married many thousands, and, consequently, have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they have been acquainted. They would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day—half a day. . . . . Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford it; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes. . . . . I remember, once upon a time, I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which was then full of sailors and their girls. There was fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating. At length one of the tars starts up and says, '—— me, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner!' The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Fleet. I stayed their return. They returned in coaches, five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure. He at first stared at me, but, recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them. 'For,' added he, 'it is a common thing, when a fleet comes in, to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time among the sailors.' . . . . If the present Act, in the form it now stands, should (which I am sure is impossible) be of any service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been the occasion of it, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though not the greatest." (*Vide* Keith's "Observations on the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages.")

"One of these comparatively fortunate offenders against the canons," says Mr. Jeaffreson, whom we have before quoted, "was the stately Dr. Gaynam, who lived for many years in Bride Lane, and never walked down Fleet Street in his silk gown and bands without drawing attention to his commanding figure, and handsome though significantly rubicund face. Nothing ever put the doctor out of humour or countenance. He was on several occasions required to bring one of his marriage registers to the Old Bailey, and give evidence in a trial for bigamy; but no gentleman of the long robe ever disturbed the equanimity of the shameless ecclesiastic, who, smiling and bowing courteously to his questioner, answered, '*Video meliora, deteriora sequor*,' when an advocate asked him, 'Are you not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice?' Even when Walter Chandler beat him with a stick, the doctor took his caning with well-bred composure. The popular nickname of the doctor declared him the bishop of an extremely hot diocese, but his manner and language were never deficient in coolness.

* * * * *

"Mr. John Mottram, who bore for his arms a chevron argent, charged, with three roses between three crosslets, or,' used to marry couples within the walls of the Fleet, not in the chapel of the prison, but 'in a room of the Fleet they called the Lord Mayor's Chapel, which was furnished with chairs, cushions, and proper conveniences.' It is recorded in the *Weekly Journal*, respecting this establishment for weddings, 'that a coalheaver was generally set to ply at the door, to recommend all couples that had a mind to be marry'd, to the prisoner, who would do it cheaper than anybody.' Mr. Mottram could afford to be moderate in his charges, for he transacted an enormous amount of business. From one of its registers, it appears that he married more than 2,200 couples in a single year. He was a very obliging gentleman, and never declined to put on a certificate of marriage the date that was most agreeable to the feelings of the bride. On the occasion of his trial at the Guildhall, in 1717, before Lord Chief Justice Parker, it appeared that this accommodating spirit had caused him to enrich certificates of his own penmanship with dates prior to the day of his own ordination. Convicted of solemnising marriages unlawfully, Mr. Mottram was fined £200; but this misadventure did not deter him from persevering in his practices."

Lando was another of these rascals. "Whoever thinks meanly," says the author of "Brides and Bridals," "of the Reverend John Lando, whilom Chaplain to His Majesty's ship *The Falkland*, holds an opinion at variance with that gentleman's estimate of himself; for Mr. Lando used to inform the readers of newspaper advertisements that he was a 'gentleman,' who had 'gloriously distinguished himself in the defence of his king and

country,' and that he was 'determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity' at his place of business, 'the New Chapel, next to the china shop, near Fleet Bridge, London. His charge for officiating at a wedding, and providing the happy couple with a 'certificate and crown stamp,' was a guinea. He 'was a regular bred clergyman,' in spite of the calumnious insinuations of his rivals; and he was 'above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people.' In his zeal for the welfare of society, he taught young people Latin and French at his chapel three times a week."

But how can we leave this den of misery and infamy without reminding our readers that some years ago a respectable inhabitant of Goswell Street, through the disgraceful duplicity of a person named Bardell, a lodging-house keeper, and the shameful chicanery of two pettifogging lawyers named Dodson and Fogg, spent many months among the sordid population of the Fleet? Need we say that the stout and respectable gentleman we refer to was no other than the celebrated Mr. Pickwick? On no occasion has Mr. Charles Dickens sketched a part of London with more earnest and truthful care.

"These staircases," says Mr. Dickens, describing what first met Mr. Pickwick's eye when he arrived at the Fleet, "received light from sundry windows placed at some little distance above the floor, and looking into a gravelled area bounded by a high brick wall, with iron *chevaux-de-frise* at the top. This area, it appeared from Mr. Roker's statement, was the racket-ground; and it further appeared, on the testimony of the same gentleman, that there was a smaller area, in that portion of the prison which was nearest Farringdon Street, denominated and called 'the Painted Ground,' from the fact of its walls having once displayed the semblances of various men-of-war in full sail, and other artistical effects, achieved in bygone times by some imprisoned draughtsman in his leisure hours.

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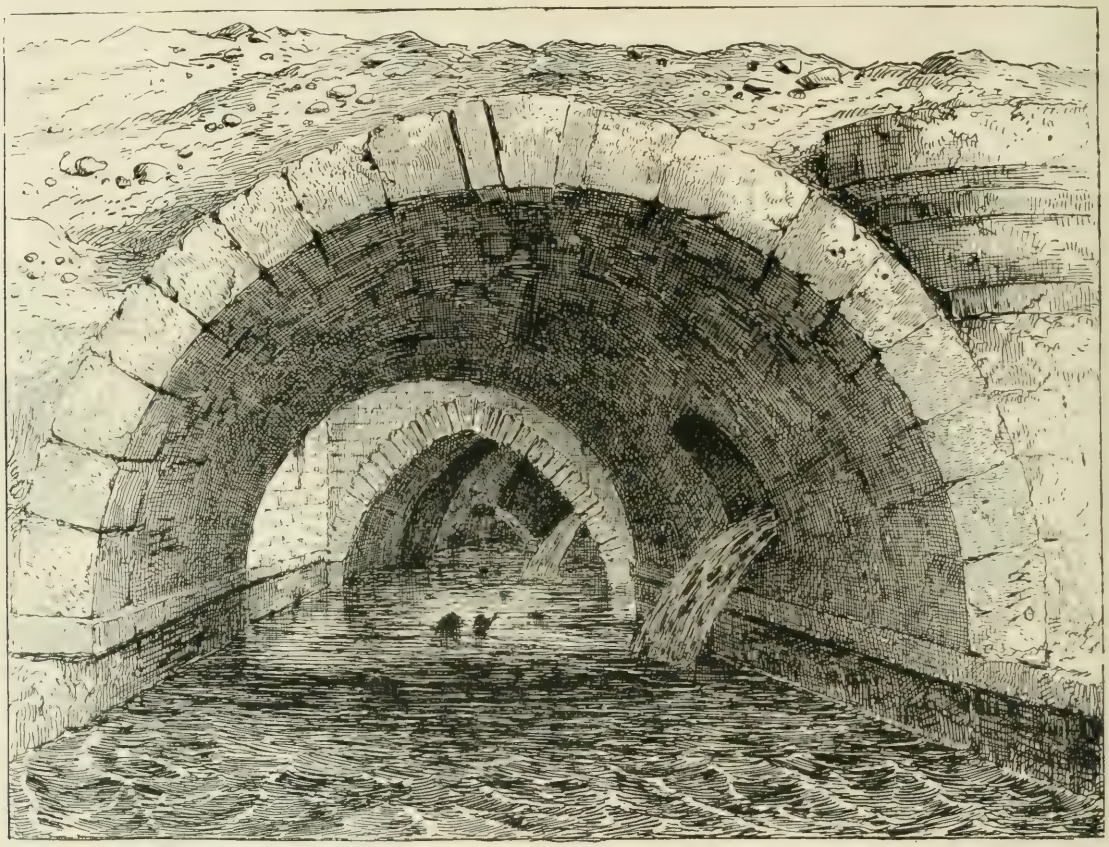
"It was getting dark, that is to say, a few gas jets were kindled in this place, which was never light, by way of compliment to the evening, which had set in outside. As it was rather warm, some of the tenants of the numerous little rooms, which opened into the gallery on either hand, had set their doors ajar. Mr. Pickwick peeped into them as he passed along, with great curiosity and interest. Here, four or five great hulking fellows, just visible through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, were engaged in noisy and riotous conversation over half-emptied pots of beer, or playing at all-fours with a very greasy pack of cards. In the adjoining room some solitary tenant might be seen, poring, by the light of a feeble tallow candle, over a bundle of soiled and tattered papers, yellow with dust, and dropping to pieces from age, writing, for the hundredth time, some lengthened statement of his grievances, for the perusal of some great man whose eyes it would never reach, or whose heart it would never touch. In a third, a man, with his wife and a whole crowd of children, might be seen making up a scanty bed on the ground, or upon a few chairs, for the younger ones to pass the night in. And in a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, the noise, and the beer, and the tobacco-smoke, and the cards, all came over again in greater force than before.

"In the galleries themselves, and more especially on the staircases, there lingered a great number of people, who came there, some because their rooms were empty and lonesome; others because their rooms were full and hot; the greater part because they were restless and uncomfortable, and not possessed of the secret of exactly knowing what to do with themselves. There were many classes of people here, from the labouring man in his fustian jacket, to the broken-down spendthrift in his shawl dressing-gown, most appropriately out at elbows; but there was the same air about them all—a listless, jail-bird, careless swagger, a vagabondish, who's-afraid sort of bearing—which is wholly indescribable in words; but which any man can understand in one moment if he wish, by just setting foot in the nearest debtor's prison, and looking at the very first group of people he sees there, with the same interest as Mr. Pickwick did.

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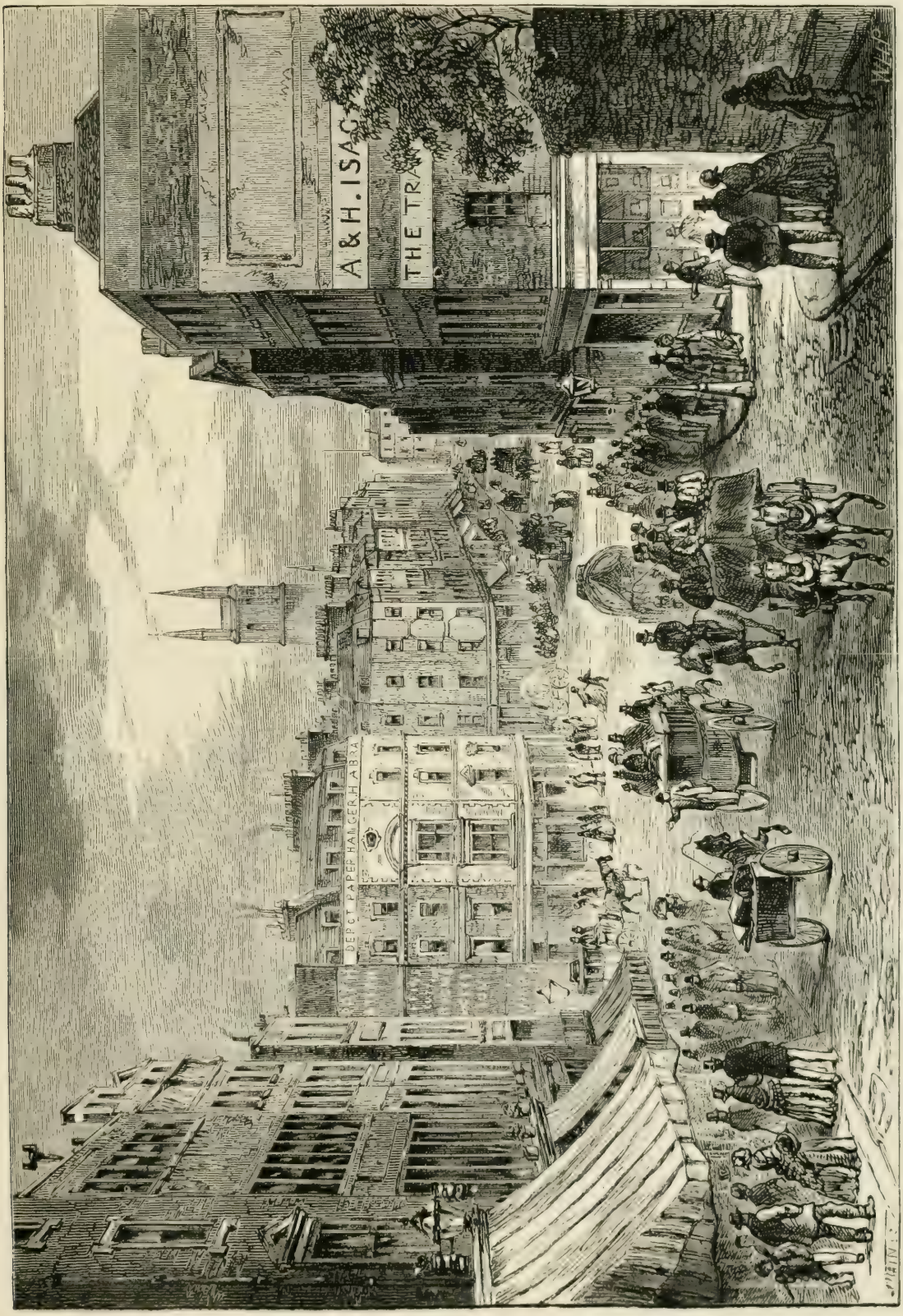
"In this frame of mind he turned again into the coffee-room gallery, and walked slowly to and fro. The place was intolerably dirty, and the smell of tobacco-smoke perfectly suffocating. There was a perpetual slamming and banging of doors as the people went in and out, and the noise of their voices and footsteps echoed and re-echoed through the passages constantly. A young woman, with a child in her arms, who seemed scarcely able to crawl, from emaciation and misery, was walking up and down the passage in conversation with her husband, who had no other place to see her in. As they passed Mr. Pickwick, he could hear the female sob; and once she burst into such a passion of grief, that she was compelled to lean against the wall for support, while the man took the child in his arms and tried to soothe her.

A chapter on the Fleet Prison would be incomplete without some notice of the more eminent persons who have been confined there. Among these unhappy illustrious, we may mention the young poet Earl of Surrey, who describes it as "a noisome place, with a pestilent atmosphere." Keys was sent here, for daring to marry Lady Mary Grey, sister of the ill-starred Lady Jane; Dr. Donne, the poet, when a private tutor, for secretly marrying the daughter of his patron, Sir George by country gentlemen in Addison's time, died in the Fleet Prison (1644–5). Sir Richard was sprung from a good old Kentish family, but had become security for an embarrassed father-in-law. Wycherly, the rake and wit, was a prisoner in the Fleet seven years, but it did not tame him much. Francis Sandford, author of a genealogical history of great research, died in the Fleet, in 1693. Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, was living in the Rules of the Fleet, in 1707 (Queen Anne).



REMAINS OF OLD HOLBORN BRIDGE. (*From a Sketch taken during the alterations*, 1844.)

More, whom he had met at Lord Chancellor Ellesmere's; Nash, the unhappy poet and truculent satirist, for writing *The Isle of Dogs*, a libellous play; Sir Robert Killigrew (1613), for talking to Sir Thomas Overbury, at his prison-gate at the Tower, on returning from a visit to Sir Walter Raleigh, then also buried alive in the river-side fortress, by James I.; the Dowager Countess of Dorset (1610), for pressing into the Council Chamber, and importuning King James I. Those sturdy martyrs of liberty, Prynne and honest John Lilburne, we have already mentioned. Sir Richard Baker, who wrote the "Chronicle," so much read Penn was at this time in debt, from a vexatious lawsuit with the executors of a quondam steward. He died in 1718. That clever impostor, Richard Savage, to be safe from his raging creditors, took lodgings within the Liberties of the Fleet, his almost tired-out friends sending him an eleemosynary guinea every Monday. Parson Ford, a convivial dissolute parson, and a relative of Dr. Johnson, died in the Fleet, in 1731, and his ghost, it was firmly believed, appeared to a waiter, as he was going down to the cellar of the old "Hummums," in Covent Garden. Robert Lloyd, the schoolmaster friend of Churchill, died in the Fleet



HOLBORN VALLEY AND SNOW HILL PREVIOUS TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE VIADUCT.

in 1764; and here ended a reckless life, in 1797, Miss Cornelys, the celebrated keeper of masquerade-rooms in Soho Square, in Hogarth's time.

Among the secret marriages in the Fleet we should not forget Churchill the poet, an abandoned clergyman, and Edward Wortley Montague. In 1821, says Mr. Timbs, a ton's weight of the Fleet register books (between 1686 and 1754) was purchased by Government, and deposited in the Registry Office of the Bishop of London, Godliman Street, Doctors' Commons. These registers can no longer be received in evidence at trials.

CHAPTER L.

THE FLEET RIVER AND FLEET DITCH.

Origin of the Name—Rise of the Fleet—Its Course—Early Impurity—The Holeburne—Antiquities found in the Fleet—How far Navigable for Ships—Early mention of it—Clearing of the Fleet Valley—A Deposit of Pins—The Old Bridges—Fleet Bridge—Holborn Bridge—Historical Associations—Discovery of the Arches of the Old Bridge—Thieves' Houses—Pope on the "Fleet"—The River arched over—Floods on the Fleet—Disaster in 1846—The Fleet under the Main Drainage System—Dangers of Exploring the Sewer—A Strange Denizen of the Ditch—Turnmill Street and the Thieves' Quarter—West Street—Chick Lane—The Old "Red Lion" known as "Jonathan Wild's House."

THE name of this ill-used stream, once fresh and fleet, now a mere sluggish and plague-breeding sewer, is traced by some to the Anglo-Saxon *fleotan*, "to float;" and by others, to the Saxon *fleot*, or *flod*, "a flood." The sources of the river Fleet are on the high lands of Hampstead and Highgate, and the chief of them rise near Caen Wood. The Fleet was fed by the Oldborne, which rose, says Stow, "where now the Bars do stand," and ran down to Old Borne Bridge, and into the River of Wells or Turnmill Brook. The Fleet was also fed by all the springs of Clerkenwell, such as Clerkenwell itself, Skinner's Well, Fogg's Well, Tod's Well, Loder's Well, Rad Well (near the Charterhouse), and the Horse Pool, at Smithfield.

"The principal spring of the Fleet," says Mr. Pinks, "rises in a secluded lane at the rear of Caen Wood, the seat of Lord Mansfield; another is on the left of a footpath leading thence to Highgate; and the tiny brooklet formed by its waters communicates by a small arch with a reservoir, the first of seven storage-ponds, on different levels, belonging to the Hampstead Water Company. Another of the spring-heads rises in the midst of Caen Wood. All three springs are diverted so as to fill the reservoirs above mentioned, a small stream carrying off the redundant water, which is very trifling, except in wet seasons. A fourth spring flows from the Vale of Health, at Hampstead, in a narrow channel, to another of the reservoirs, which are connected by means of large pipes passing from one to another. At a lower level the main stream meanders through the fields between Haverstock Hill and Kentish Town, in a wide, deep, and rugged channel, indicating that a considerable body of water must have originally flowed through it with a rapid current. The name of Kentish Town, which was formerly a mere country village, is supplied by tradition, which ascribes its origin to the place being situated on the bank of a stream (the river Fleet) which rose among the hills about Caen or Ken Wood, and which was formerly called Ken or Caen Ditch, hence Ken Ditch Town, the Town of Ken Ditch, or Kentish Town. But the correctness of this etymology has been questioned by at least one historian. The Fleet passes on through Kentish Town, its course there being much hidden, and, flowing in a south-east direction, it passes under the Regent's Canal to St. Pancras, where, until the year 1766, when it was arched over, it bore the name of Pancras Wash. Running at the foot of the gardens in the rear of the houses in the Old St. Pancras Road, it arrives at Battle Bridge, and so makes its entrance into Clerkenwell. Following the line of the Bagnigge Wells Road, its covered course nearly coincides with the parochial boundary in this direction. Passing in an artificial channel alongside the western boundary wall of the House of Correction, its course lies beneath the valley between Turnmill Street and Saffron Hill; thence, under Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, emptying itself into the Thames on the western side of Blackfriars Bridge." It was called "the River of Wells" as early as the days of William the Conqueror.

The Fleet seems early to have become impure, and hardly fit to drink, for, in 1290 (Edward I.), the prior of a Carmelite house in Whitefriars complained of the noxious exhalations, the miasma of which had killed many of the hooded brethren, and the corruption of which overpowered the odours of the incense. The Black Friars and the Bishop of Salisbury, whose palace was in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, also signed the same doleful petition. Mr. Pinks, with whom we do not in

this case altogether agree, thinks that the Fleet was called the Holeburne, or burne of the Hollow, above Holborn Bridge; and the Fleet, between Holborn Bridge and its embouchure. The Holeburne is distinctly mentioned in Domesday Book.

In the register of the Nunnery of St. Mary, Clerkenwell, of the time of Richard I. or John, the oldest cartulary extant, mention is made of a meadow near Holeburne, and of a ditch that led from Holeburne to the mill of the nuns. The garden of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem was also situated upon the Holeburne, thus perfectly proving, says an ingenious writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1856, that Holeburne was only another name for that venerable and injured stream, the Fleet, the southern part of it, the mere embouchure (between Holborn Bridge and the Thames), probably always maintaining the name of Fleet, or Flood. Stow is therefore incorrect in his description of the imaginary stream, the old Bourne.

The same acute writer, who signs himself "T. E. T.," shows, also, that the word "Flete," referring to a special limited place, is used in the ancient book of the Templars' lands (1185) now in the Record Office; and the word "Flete Hithe," in the ancient "Liber A, sive Pilosus;" while in the first of King John, the Templars received the grant of a place upon the Flete, near Castle Baynard, to enable them to construct a mill, which was removed in the reign of Edward I., on the complaint of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, that it had lessened the breadth and depth of water under *Holeburne* Bridge and Fleet Bridge into the Thames. The holes that gave the Saxon name to the Holeburne are still marked by the sites of Hockley-in-the-Hole and Black Mary's Hole, Bagnigge Wells (both already described by us in previous chapters). The overflowing part of the Fleet, near its foul mouth, probably gave the name to the stream, as the same cause led to the naming the Fleets of the Trent; and the site of Paris Bear Garden, Southwark, now the parish of Christchurch, Surrey, was anciently called Widefleet, from the overflowing of the trenches at high tides, which formed a large stagnant backwater to a river that, from man's neglect and idleness, has probably caused the death of more Londoners than have been slain in English battles since the Conquest.

But turning back to earlier times, let us dive far below the deepest Stygian blackness of the Fleet Sewer. To see the antiquities found in the Fleet, which really deserves a daring discoverer's attention nearly as much as the Tiber, let us follow Mr. Pinks into the vast rag and bone shop of relics which his loving and patient industry has catalogued so carefully. During the digging and widening of the Fleet Ditch, in 1676, there, at a depth of fifteen feet, was found the stray rubbish, bones, and refuse of Roman London. The coins were of silver, copper, and brass, but none of gold. The silver was ring-money, of several sizes, the largest as big as a crown, the smallest about the size of a silver twopence, every one having a snip in the edge. At Holborn Bridge, thrown away by spoilers or dropped by thieves, were two brass Lares (about four inches high), one a Ceres, the other a Bacchus, both covered with a petrified crust, but the stream had washed much of the oxydizing matter from the coins, "thrown away on the approach of Boadicea," says the vivacious and imaginative Pennant, his mind, like a true antiquary, of course reverting to the one special crisis of interest in ancient London story. The excavators also discovered in the miserly river various British and Saxon antiquities of interest—arrow-heads, broad spur rowels, keys, daggers, scales, seals, with Saxon names, ships' counters, with Saxon characters, and medals, crosses, and crucifixes, of a later date. In the bed of the Fleet, at Black Mary's Hole, near the end of Baker Street, a ship's anchor, it is said, was found some years ago; and a correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1843) describes a small anchor, three feet ten inches long, found in the Fleet Ditch, as then in the collection of Mr. Walter Hawkins, F.S.A.

In 1856 there was exhibited at the British Archæological Association a globular iron padlock, so constructed that the whole shackle could be drawn out when the bolt was thrown back. This was found in the Fleet Ditch, near the bottom of Holborn Hill. In 1857 the same association exhibited a jug of hard-baked pottery (the upper part covered with mottled green glaze), of the sixteenth century, found in 1854, in the ditch, near Smithfield. In 1838 a beautiful hunting-knife, of the seventeenth century, was found in the same dirty repository of "unconsidered trifles." The ivory haft was wrought with a figure of Mercury, with winged petasus, hunting-horn and caduceus. The blade was of the time of George I. About 1862 two target bosses, of latten, of the time of Henry VIII., were dredged up. In 1862 Mr. Gunston exhibited, at the British Archæological meeting, a rude penknife of the fifteenth, and one of the sixteenth century, both Fleet relics; also the carved wooden haft of a dagger, and a little knife, the bone haft carved with a female bust that resembled Catherine de Medicis; also a knife-blade, with a motto, and a Roman sharpening steel.

Stow says that before 1307 ten or twelve ships used to go up the Fleet to Fleet Bridge, "with divers things and merchandizes, and some of these ships went under the bridge unto Holborn Bridge." A "Process of Recognition," in third folio of the ancient "Liber A, sive Pilosus," containing the ancient evidences of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, mentions Fleet Hythe as in the possession of Henry the Woodmonger, a man, says Mr. Pinks, mentioned in the great "Roll of the Pipe" for the 31st of Henry I., and also in the "Registrum de Clerkenwell," as one of the earliest donors to the Clerkenwell nunnery. The process shows that ships and store-barges belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's unshipped their lading at Fleet Hythe, and that the owners complained of a toll there exacted from them. The river was no doubt navigable, ages ago, much further than Holborn Bridge.

"In a parliament held at Carlisle, in the thirty-fifth year of Edward I. (1307), Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, complained that in former times the course of water running under 'Holeburne' Bridge and Fleet Bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve 'naves' (ships) 'were wont to come to Flete Bridge, and some of them to 'Holeburne' Bridge, yet that 'by the filth of the tanners and others, and by the raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the first year of King John (1200), by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used.' On the petition of the earl, the constable of the Tower, with the mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed by writ to take with them certain 'honest and discreet men to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it,' and restore it to its original condition. The creek was cleansed, the mills removed, and other means taken for the preservation of the course; but it was not brought to its old depth and breadth, and therefore it was no longer termed a river but a brook, called Turnmill or Tremill Brook, because mills were erected on it. 'But still, as if by nature intended for a common sewer of London, it was soon choked with filth again.' The scouring of this muddy stream, which seems to have silted up about every thirty or forty years, was a continual expense to the City of London."

Several years ago, on making a great sewer, some piles of oak, apparently portions of a mill-dam, were found in the Fleet Ditch, thirteen feet below the surface of Ray Street, near Little Saffron Hill.

"In 1855," says Mr. Timbs, "the valley of the Fleet, from Coppice Row to Farringdon Street, was cleared of many old and decaying dwellings, many of a date anterior to the Fire of London. From Coppice Row a fine view of St. Paul's Cathedral was opened by the removal of these buildings. 'In making the excavation,' says a writer in the *Builder*, 'for the great sewer which now conveys from view the Fleet Ditch, at a depth of about thirteen feet below the surface in Ray Street, near the corner of Little Saffron Hill, the workmen came upon the pavement of an old street, consisting of very large blocks of ragstone of irregular shape. An examination of the paving-stones showed that the street had been well used. They are worn quite smooth by the footsteps and traffic of a past generation. Below the old street was found another phase of Old London. Thickly covered with slime were piles of oak, hard and black, which had seemingly been portions of a mill-dam. A few feet below were very old wooden water-pipes, nothing but the rough trunks of trees. The course of time, and the weight of matter above the old pavement, had pressed the gravel, clay, granite, portions of tiles, &c., into a hard and almost solid mass, and it was curious to observe that near the old surface were great numbers of pins. Whither have the pins gone? is a query which has puzzled many. The now hard concrete, stuck with these useful articles, almost like a pincushion, is a partial reply to the query. The thirteen feet of newer deposit would seem to have accumulated in two or three centuries. It is not unlikely that a portion of the rubbish from the City, after the Great Fire, was shot here.'"

About the year 1502 (Henry VII.), Lambert, in his "London," says that the intolerable Fleet Ditch was cleared, from Holborn to the Thames, and it became once more navigable for large barges, laden with fuel and fish. In 1560 Aggas, in his curious Map of London, marks two bridges over the Fleet—Holborne and Fleet Bridge. Holborne Bridge was situated on a spot between Field Lane and Victoria Street; and the Fleet Bridge, says Mr. Pinks, an excellent authority, about the spot where the present Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill join (the circus between the two obelisks). Southward stood a dwelling-house, or warehouse, opposite the northern end of Bridewell, which reached to the Thames, and was situated on the western side of the Fleet. From the dwelling-house above mentioned as far as the Thames, the Fleet was open, Bridewell Bridge (afterwards built on its mouth) not being yet erected.

In Stow's "Survey" Fleet Bridge, without Lud

Gate, is described as a stone bridge, coped on both sides, with iron pikes, with stone lanthorns on the south side for winter evening travellers. Under this ran the River of Wells, *alias* Turnmill Brook, *alias* the Fleet Dyke, or Ditch. The bridge had been larger in old times, but was lessened as the water-course narrowed. It had either been built or repaired by John Wells, mayor in 1431 (Henry VI.), and on the coping Wells "imbraced by angels" is engraved, as on the Standard in Cheape, which he also built. This bridge melted away in the Great Fire, and its successor lasted till 1765, when it was removed, to widen Farringdon Street, and the Fleet was abandoned as incapable of improvement, and finally bricked over without any respectful funeral service. Strype, in 1720, describes Fleet Bridge as having sides breast high, and on them the City arms engraved. At Holborn Bridge the Canal, as it was then called, was fed by Turnmill Brook. The Bridewell and Fleet Bridges adjoining were ascended by steps. Between the six piers of Fleet Bridge were iron rails and banisters at both sides. The roadway was level with the street. There was a coffee-house (the "Rainbow") on the bridge in 1751. The older bridge was a stone bridge of one arch, with no stone parapet, but wooden rails and posts.

Prynne's "Records," folio, 1669, mention several old records referring to the nuisances of the river of Fleet, and efforts to make it navigable, "as formerly," to and under Holborn Bridge. He also quotes from the record itself the interesting petition of the Commons of London (Edward I.), quoted by Stow, complaining of the obstruction of the "Flete River," the corruption of the air it had engendered, and the hindrance of the former navigation as far as "Holeburne" Bridge. We have seen from the Earl of Lincoln's petition mentioned above that ten or twelve ships had been known to bring merchandise as far as the Fleet Bridge, and some of them to penetrate as far as Holeburne Bridge. The commission was issued to perfect the work, which was, however, stopped by the king's death. Prynne quietly urges the Government of Charles II., for the benefit of the health and trade of the City, to make the river navigable to Holborn Bridge or Clerkenwell.

In the celebrated "Liber Albus" or White Book of the City of London, compiled in 1419 (Henry V.), the street of "Flete Brigge" is mentioned, as is also the cleansing of "the Foss of the Flete." Amongst the City tolls the compiler notes: "Every cart that brings corn into the City for sale shall pay one halfpenny; if it enters by way of Holburne or by the Flete, it shall pay one penny, the franchise excepted. . . . . The cart that brings nuts or cheese shall pay twopence; and if it enters by the Flete, or by Holeburn, it shall pay twopence halfpenny."

In the "Calendar of State Papers" (Mary, 1553—1558), in connection with the reign of Queen Mary the Sanguinary, we find a note of certain conspirators against the queen meeting at Fleet Bridge, just as in the Rye House rebellion (1683) we meet with Monmouth, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Lord Grey, going from the Fleet Ditch to Snow Hill, to arrange the Sunday-night rising, when at midnight, according to the traitor, Grey, the train-bands at the Royal Exchange were to be attacked, and the western City gates seized. At Fleet Bridge and Snow Hill the conspirators were to wait the onslaught of the king's guard. At Snow Hill there was to be a barricade thrown up, and mounted with three or four ships' cannon, while at Fleet Bridge there were to be several regular cannon, and a breastwork for musqueteers on each side of the bridge, while the houses on the east bank of the Fleet were to be lined with firelock-men, who were to fire from the windows as the royal troops approached the bridge. There were at least two taverns on Fleet Bridge at the Restoration. In Aggas' Map of London (1560, second year of Queen Elizabeth), Holborn Bridge had houses on the north side.

In 1670 (Charles II.), in rebuilding London, after the Great Fire, it was decreed that Holborn Bridge being too narrow for the traffic of London, the northern approach should be enlarged so that the "way and passage" might run in "a bevil line from a certain timber house on the north side thereof commonly called or known by the name or sign of the Cock," to the "Swan Inn." Wren, therefore, built the new bridge on the north side of Holborn Hill accordingly; and the name of William Hooker, Lord Mayor in 1673–74, was cut on the stone coping of the east approach. In March, 1840, Mr. Tite, F.S.A., during the opening of a sewer at Holborn Hill, was lucky enough to be passing, and saw the southern face of the old bridge disinterred. The arch was about twenty feet span. The road from the east intersected the bridge obliquely, and out of the angle thus formed a stone corbel arose, to carry the parapet. The worthy mayor's name and the date were still visible. The width of the bridge was eleven feet six inches, says Mr. Crosby, who had spent many years collecting memorabilia of the Fleet valley. It had probably originally been twelve feet six inches. According to this best authority on the subject, Holborn Bridge consisted of four different bridges joined

together at the sides, and two of these had been added, to widen the passage. The entrance of the old Swan Inn, with premises that covered an acre and a half, faced what is now Farringdon Street.

A writer in the *Times*, August 22nd, 1838, states as follows:—"The rear of the houses on Holborn

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.



THE FLEET DITCH NEAR WEST STREET. (*From a Sketch taken during the Alterations*, 1844)

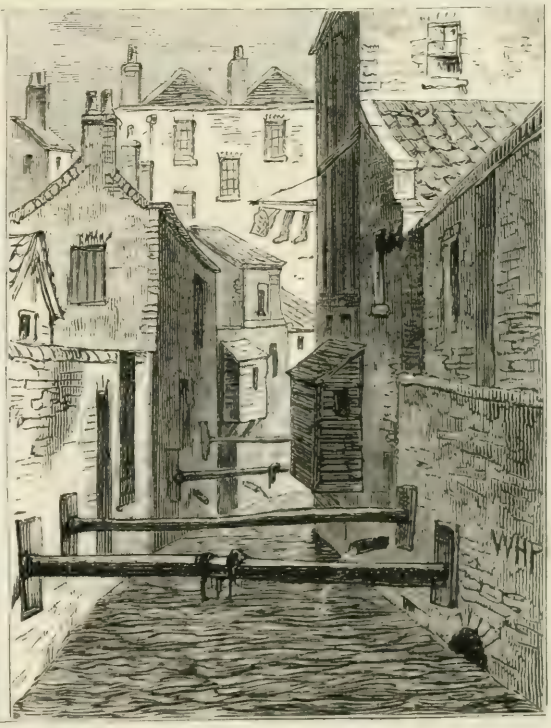
Bridge has for many years been a receptacle for characters of the most daring and desperate condition. It was here in a brick tenement, now called by the Peachums and Lockets of the day 'Cromwell's House,' that murderous consultations were held, by the result of one of which the assassination of the unfortunate Mr. Steel was accomplished."

In the "Dunciad," Pope, lashing the poorer of his enemies, drives them headlong past Bridewell to the mud-pools of the Fleet—

Who flings most filth and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty, Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore?
Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; low circles dimpled o'er







THE OLD "RED LION," FROM THE FRONT.

BACK OF THE "RED LION," FROM THE FLEET. THE FLEET DITCH, FROM THE "RED LION."

(*From Sketches taken shortly before the Demolition*).

The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.
Then * * essayed; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light,
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

Gay again, in his "Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London," in his pleasant way sketches the same noisome place:—

"If where Fleet Ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are ranged beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands."

Swift, too, with his coarse pen, giving a description of a city shower, revels in the congenial filth of the odorous locality:—

"Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snow Hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge;
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood."

The Fleet seems always to have been a sort of dirty and troublesome child to the Corporation of London. In 1589 (Elizabeth) the Common Council collected a thousand marks (£666 13s. 4d.) to draw the springs of Hampstead Heath into one head, for the service of the City, and to scour down the Fleet; but the constant encroachment on the Fleet banks, and the rubbish and dirt thrown into the narrow channel, soon, says Stow, clogged it worse than ever. In 1606 (James I.) flood-gates were erected, to dam the water back when required; and in Cromwell's time (1652) the sewer was thoroughly cleansed, and many encroachments checked. The ditch had now become impassable to boats, in consequence of the numerous pigsties on the banks, and the vast quantities of offal and garbage thrown in by the butchers.

"Fuller, writing in 1662," says Mr. Pinks, "remarks of the Fleet, that it was so called 'from its former fleetness, though now it creepeth slow enough, not so much for age as the injection of the City refuse wherewith it is obstructed.' In an early play, one of the characters says, 'I was just dead of a consumption, till the sweet smoke of Cheapside and the dear perfume of Fleet Ditch made me a man again.' In Sir Christopher Wren's design for the rebuilding of London, after the Great Fire of 1666, we find six bridges between the Thames and Clerkenwell, viz., Bridewell-dock Bridge, Wood-market, Bridge, Fleet Bridge—a bridge in the line of street, from the proposed piazza in Fleet Street to Pye Corner, Smithfield—Holborn Bridge, and Cock Lane Bridge. But this design was not carried out."

After the Fire, by cleansing and enlarging of Fleet Ditch, coal-barges, &c., were enabled to come up as far as Holborn Bridge, where Turnmill Brook fell into the wider and equally sable flood. Wharves and store-houses were built on the Fleet side, but they did not prove successful. The channel had five feet of water at the lowest tide. The wharves were thirty feet broad, and had oak rails, to prevent passers-by at night falling in. Sir Thomas Fitch, the bricklayer who built the ditch, made a fortune by it, the cost being, as Ned Ward says, in his "London Spy," £74,000.

The first Bridewell Bridge over the Fleet, according to Stow, was of timber, through a breach in the City wall, opposite Bridewell. Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, describes Bridewell Bridge as of stone, and right against the back gate of the prison. It was ascended by fourteen steps, and was pulled down in 1765.

The bridge at the end of Fleet Lane, called the Middle Bridge, was of stone, and was, like Bridewell, ascended by fourteen steps; the arch being high enough to admit of ships with merchandise to pass under it.

In 1733 (George II.) the Fleet, being so often tried and found guilty, underwent at last its final doom. The City of London petitioned the House of Commons for permission to cover it up out of sight, as all navigation had ceased, it had become impossible to cleanse it, and several persons had fallen in and been suffocated in the mud. A bill was accordingly passed, by virtue of which the fee-simple of the site of the premises on the line of the Fleet Ditch was vested in the Corporation for ever, on condition that proper drains were made, to receive the mud-choked stream. In 1735 two sewer-arches, ten feet high and six feet wide, were completed from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, and covered over, and the new Fleet Market erected on the site, in 1737. The thing was only half done, after all, for the noisome part, from the corner of Bridge Street to the Thames, still remained open, and was not arched over till the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge were completed, between 1760 and 1768, and even then one stubborn conservative kept a small, filthy dock still

uncovered. In 1763, a drunken barber, from Bromley, in Kent, was found in Fleet Ditch, standing upright and frozen to death.

Floods of the Fleet were not uncommon, before it was boxed up. In 1679, after heavy rains, it broke down the back of several wholesale butcher-houses at Cow Cross, and carried off cattle, dead and alive. At Hockley-in-the-Hole barrels of ale, beer, and brandy floated down the black stream, and were treated by the rabble as fair flotsam. In 1768 the Hampstead Ponds overflowing, after a severe storm, the Fleet channel grew into a torrent, and the roads and fields about Bagnigge Wells were overflowed. In the gardens of Bagnigge Wells the water was four feet deep. A man was nearly drowned, and several thousand pounds' damage was done in Coldbath Fields, Mutton Lane, and Peter Street and vicinity. Three oxen and several hogs were carried off and drowned. A Blackfriars boatman took his boat to Turnmill Street, and there plied, removing the inhabitants, who could not leave their houses for the rising flood. In 1809 a sudden thaw produced a flood, and the whole space between St. Pancras, Somers' Town, and the foot of the hill at Pentonville was soon under water; two cart-horses were drowned; and for several days persons received their provisions in at their windows, from carts sent round to convey them.

In 1846 a furious thunderstorm caused the Fleet Ditch to blow up. The rush from the drain at the second arch of Blackfriars Bridge drove a steamer against one of the piers, and damaged it. The overflow of the Fleet penetrated into the cellars on the west side of Farringdon Street, so that one draper alone had £3,000 worth of goods destroyed or damaged. In the lower part of Clerkenwell, where the sewer ran open, the effects of the flood were most severe, especially in the valley below Brook Hill and Vine Street. In Bull's Head Court, Peter Street, the water rose five feet, and swept away cattle and furniture. Three poor houses in Round Court, Brook Hill, were partly carried away. From Acton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road, to King's Cross the roads were impassable, and the kitchens inundated. One baker alone lost thirty-six sacks of flour. A few days after another storm produced a renewed flood, and two more houses fell in Round Court, Brook Hill. The introduction of the cholera into Clerkenwell Prison, in 1832, was attributed to the effluvia of the river Fleet, then opened.

In 1855, the Fleet, as one of the metropolitan main sewers then vested in the Commissioners of Sewers, became vested in the newly-created Metropolitan Board of Works. The gigantic main-drainage system began with the great subterranean roads, the high, the low, and the mid level, which, intercepting all lesser sewers, carry their united floods to Barking Creek and Crossness Point. The high level runs from Hampstead to Bow; the mid-level from Kensal Green to Bow; the low level, from Cremorne to Abbey Mills on the marshes near Stratford. The mid-level main-drainage works were commenced in Clerkenwell in March, 1863, in Wilderness Row. From Goswell Street to Wilderness Row it was an open cutting, with the exception of a short tunnel under the Charterhouse grounds. The distance from Old Ford, Bow, to Kensal Green is 9 miles 2,650 feet, exclusive of 2½ miles of junctions. The sewer through Clerkenwell is 8 feet 9 inches in diameter. There were generally 400 or 500 men at work, with eleven steam-engines to pump water and draw earth.

"The Fleet Sewer," says Mr. Pinks, "the 'Cloaca Maxima' of our metropolis, receives the drainage of parts of Hampstead and Highgate, all Kentish Town, Camden Town, and Somers' Town, parts of Islington, Clerkenwell, and St. Sepulchre, and nearly all that part of the Holborn division of sewers south of the New Road, the total surface draining into it in the Holborn and Finsbury division being about 4,220 acres. In 1746 about 400 acres of this district were covered with houses. At present there are nearly 2,000 acres built upon, of necessity requiring a sewer of large capacity to carry off the refuse waters. The dimensions of the Fleet vary according to the locality: at its northern portion it is 6 feet 6 inches high, and 6 feet 6 inches wide; at other parts it varies from 12 feet high and 12 in width, to 9 feet high by 10 feet wide; then 8 feet 6 inches wide by 8 feet 3 inches high; and before reaching the Thames the dimensions of this huge sewer are 14 feet wide by 10 feet 6 inches high, and at its mouth 18 feet by 12. The ordinary movement of the current from Bagnigge Wells is three miles an hour, but after heavy showers, when sometimes the water rises almost instantly five feet or more, the speed is greatly accelerated. The amount per day of sewage discharged by this monster sewer is on the average 1,741,775 cubic feet."

The dangers of exploring the Fleet Sewer have been described by Mr. Crosby, who made great collections for a history of the Fleet Valley:—"At near twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, the 28th July, 1840," says this gentleman, "the tide flowed in so fast from the Thames to Fleet Bridge, that myself and Bridgewater were obliged to fly. It reached the hip, and we got somewhat wet before arriving at Holborn Bridge, quite safe, but much

exhausted in splashing through the water in our heavy boots.

"Fleet Bridge, Tuesday, July 28th, 1840.—As I could not depend upon the admeasurements, which at the beginning of the year I had taken in a hurried manner at Fleet Bridges, while bricklayers were placing in a brick bottom in place of the original one of alluvial soil, I determined to obtain them the first opportunity. This evening, therefore, at ten o'clock, I met Bridgewater (one of the workmen employed in constructing the new sewer from Holborn Bridge to Clerkenwell) by appointment at the hoard there. Water boots being in readiness, I lighted my lamps, and, assisted by the watchmen, King and Anon, we descended the ladder, and got into that branch of the sewer which joins Wren's Bridge at Holborn. We then walked carefully till we reached Fleet Bridge. I suspended my argand lamp on the breakwater of the sewer, and with my lanthorn light we proceeded towards the Thames. We got a considerable distance, during which the channel of the sewer twice turned to the right at a slight angle. The last portion we entered into was barrelled at the bottom, and the middle so full of holes, and the water so deep as we approached the Thames, that we thought it prudent to return to Fleet Bridge. Here I lighted up four candles, which, with my two lamps, enabled me to see the admeasurements I required. Bridgewater, who is a sober, steady, and good-tempered man, was of great use to me in so doing. I measured the heights with a fishing-rod, twelve feet in length, joined to my two measuring-rods, which, tied, gave me another rod of nine feet six inches. All went on well till about a quarter to twelve o'clock, when, to our surprise, we found the tide had suddenly come in to the depth of two feet and a half. No time was to be lost; but I had only one more admeasurement to make, viz., the width of the North Bridge. I managed this, and we then snatched up the basket, and, holding our lamps aloft, dashed up the sewer which we had to get up one half before out of danger. The air was close and made us faint. However, we got safe to Holborn Bridge with all our things, and the argand lamp did not blow out till we just reached it."

Mr. Archer, in his "Vestiges of Old London," 1851, says that by the opening at the Thames "many persons enter at low tide, armed with sticks to defend themselves from rats, as well as for the purpose 'of sounding on their perilous way' among the slimy shallows; and carrying a lanthern to light the dreary passage, they wander for miles under the crowded streets in search of such waifs as are carried there from above. A more dismal pursuit can scarcely be conceived; so near to the great concourse of London streets that the rolling of the numerous vehicles incessantly thundering overhead, and even the voices of wayfarers, are heard, where, here and there, a grating admits a glimmer of the light of day; yet so utterly cut off from all communion with the busy world above, so lonely in the very heart of the great and populous city, that of the thousands who pass along, not one is even conscious of the proximity of the wretched wanderer creeping in noisome darkness and peril beneath his very feet. A source of momentary destruction ever lurking in these gloomy regions exists in the gases, which generate in their confined and putrefying atmosphere, and sometimes explode with a force sufficient to dislodge the very masonry; or which, taking light from the contact of the lantern, might envelope the miserable intruder in sudden flame. Many venturers have been struck down in such a dismal pilgrimage, to be heard of no more; may have fallen suddenly choked, sunk bodily in the treacherous slime, become a prey to swarms of voracious rats, or have been overwhelmed by a sudden increase of the polluted stream."

The polite Lord Chesterfield was asked by an enthusiastic Parisian whether London could show a river like the Seine. "Yes," replied his lordship, "we call it Fleet Ditch."

The following serves to show what nourishing contributions of refuse were made to the Fleet:—"A fatter boar was hardly ever seen," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1836, "than one taken up this day (24th August, 1736) coming out of Fleet Ditch into the Thames. It proved to be a butcher's, near Smithfield Bars, who had missed him five months, all which time he had been in the common sewer, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas."

Turnmill Street, pulled down in the Clerkenwell improvements of 1856–7, was undoubtedly for several centuries one of the most disreputable streets in all London. It is mentioned as Trylmyl Streate as early as the reign of Henry IV. It is marked in Aggas's map, and is noticed in a letter from Recorder Fleetwood to Burleigh in 1585 as a place for thieves' houses. The name was sometimes corrupted into Turnbull and Trunball Street. It seems to have been the very sink of the vice of London, and to have been frequented by highwaymen and rogues of every description. It is mentioned as an infamous resort by some half-dozen of the Elizabethan dramatists, more especially by Beaumont and Fletcher, Lodowick Barry, Marston, Middleton, Ben Jonson, Randolph, Webster, &c. Nor must we forget that it was of his wild and youthful feats

in Turnbull Street that Justice Shallow brags of to Falstaff. Here the Pistols and Bardolphs of the time swaggered and cheated, and here the Tybalts of the day occasionally received their quietus from a subtle thrust.

"At the close of the last century," says Mr. Pinks, "a reward of £300 was offered by proclamation for the apprehension of one Bunworth, the leader of a desperate gang of thieves; yet none dared to attempt his capture, such was the weak state of the law. Once, with daring effrontery, 'on the approach of evening (to quote the *Newgate Calendar*), he and his gang ventured towards London, and having got as far as Turnmill Street, the keeper of the Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see Bunworth, called to him, and said he wanted to speak with him. Bunworth hesitated, but the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreants walking on the opposite side of the street, armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracted the attention of the populace. A considerable crowd soon gathered round them, on which Bunworth joined his companions, who thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields; wherefore they kept together, and, facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on any who should molest them.'

"This same Bunworth gave another proof of his audacity. Sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer and drank it, holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection. He then went off with the greatest apparent unconcern.

"The 'White Hart,' in Turnmill Street, opposite Cock Court, was formerly a noted house of call for footpads and highwaymen. It was long since pulled down."

"In 1740, Cave, the printer," says Mr. Pinks, "purchased a machine to spin wool or cotton into thread yarn, or worsted, consisting of one hundred spindles, and he had a mill erected to work it, on the course of Turnmill Brook. The patentee, Paul of Birmingham, undertook its management, but it was never brought into profitable order."

In 1416, a parchment-maker of Turnmill Street, says Stow, was drawn, hanged, and beheaded, for harbouring Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham, the leader of the insurgent Lollards. The parchment-maker's head was spiked upon London Bridge. Lollard books were found in the house of the unfortunate man. In 1624 Dr. Thomas Worthington, one of the translators of the Douay Bible, and author of "The Anker of Christian Doctrine," lived in Turnmill Street.

In Faithorne's Map of London, 1658, the houses on the west side of Turnmill Street are represented as having gardens leading down to the Fleet, which is fenced on both sides. At the sign of the "Swan," on the west side of Turnmill Street, lived, in 1661, Giles Russell, a brewer, who left an estate in Hertfordshire for the education of three poor children of Clerkenwell parish in Christ's Hospital.

"The stream north of Fleet Bridge," says Mr. Pinks, "justified the epithet of Turnmill Brook till a comparatively recent period, as even in the present century it gave motion to flour and flatting mills at the back of Field Lane." In 1741 an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* announces a house to let in Bowling Alley, Turnmill Street, with a common sewer, with a good stream and current, "that will turn a mill to grind hair-powder or liquorish, and other things."

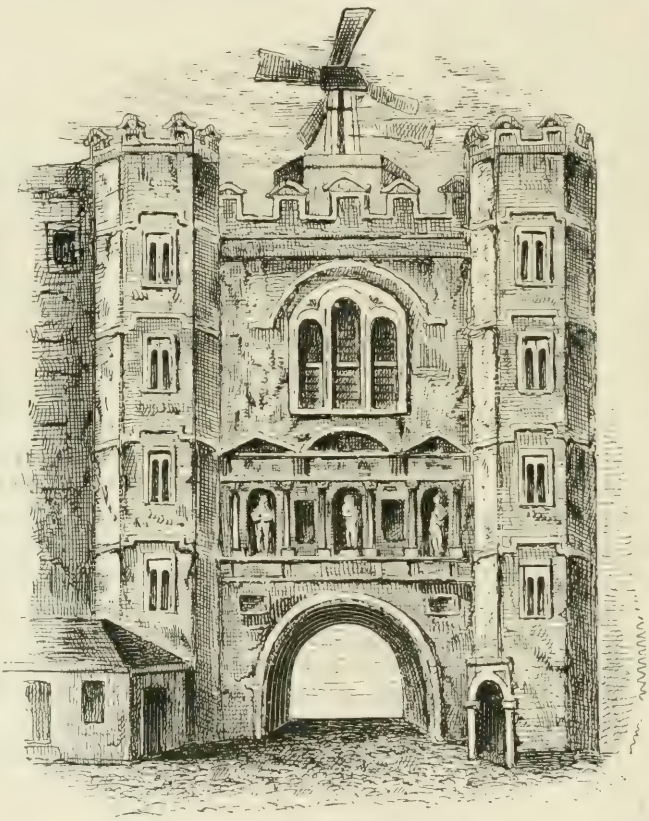
Among other infamous lurking-places of thieves pulled down for the Clerkenwell improvements of 1857, was the notorious West Street, formerly known by the innocent name of Chick Lane. Stow mentions it, in 1633, as near a timber bridge that crossed Turnmill Brook (near the end of Field Lane). In a flood in 1661, when casks swam down the streets, several hogs were washed out of their sties in Castle Inn Yard, Smithfield, and were carried down to Chick Lane.

There was a cruel murder committed in Chick Lane in 1758. Two women named Metyard killed a woman named Naylor, and then cut up the body, intending to throw the pieces down the gulley-hole in Chick Lane, but eventually left them in the mud which had collected before the grate of the sewer. The two women were convicted of the murder ten years after, and were both hung at Tyburn in 1768. At an inquest, in 1834, at the "Horseshoe and Magpie," Saffron Hill, on a man found dead in a low lodging-house in West Street, the landlady deposed that in her house there were eight beds in one room, and two or three persons in each bed.

Near Chick Lane was Cow Bridge, mentioned by Stow as north of Oldbourn Bridge, over the River of Wells. In the time of Elizabeth the ground from Cow Cross towards the river Fleet, and towards Ely House, was either entirely vacant, or occupied with gardens.

"Among the houses in West Street," says Mr. Pinks, "was one which was, at the time when it

was demolished, supposed to have been built about three hundred years. It was once known as the 'Red Lion Tavern,' but for the century preceding its destruction it was used as a lodging-house, and was the resort of thieves, and the lowest grade of the frail sisterhood. It was numbered 3 in West Street, and was situate on the north-west side of the Fleet Ditch, a few houses from Saffron Hill, and at the eastern corner of Brewhouse Yard. It was sometimes called Jonathan Wild's House, and 'the Old House in West street.' From its remarkable adaptation as a hiding-place, with its various means of escape, it was a curious habitation. Its dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and secret recesses rendered it one of the most secure places for robbery and murder. It was here that a chimney-sweep named Jones, who escaped out of Newgate about three years before the destruction of the house, was so securely hidden for about six weeks, that, although it was repeatedly searched by the police, he was never discovered until his lair was divulged by one of its inmates, who, by incautiously observing that he knew whereabouts Jones was concealed, was taken up and remanded from time to time as an accessory to his escape, but who, at last, tired of prison fare and prison discipline, pointed out the place to obtain his own liberty. Jones was concealed by parting off a portion of a cellar with brickwork, well besmeared with soot and dirt, to prevent detection. This cell, or, more properly, den, was about four feet wide, by nine in depth; and during Jones's incarceration therein, he had food conveyed to him through a small aperture, by a brick or two being left out next the rafters. It was here that a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked through one of the convenient apertures in the wall into the Fleet, for which crime two men and a woman were transported. A skull, and numerous human bones, were found in the cellars. Numerous parties daily visited the premises, among whom were many of the police and county magistrates. It was said to have been the rendezvous, and often the hiding-place, of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw; and the place looked as if many a foul deed had been there planned and decided on, the sewer or ditch receiving and floating away anything thrown into it. On one occasion the police had surrounded the house to take a thief, whom they knew to be there, but he made his escape in their actual presence. At another time an officer went into one of the rooms to apprehend a man, and saw him in bed. While at the door, calling to another to help him, he turned his head and saw the man getting under the bed. He did not take any notice of it, but when the other man came up, on looking under the bed, the man had vanished. After some search they discovered a trap-door through which one of them jumped, but he, breaking his leg in the fall, the fellow escaped. In this house was a place where a gang of coiners carried on their trade, and had also a private still. This place, like all the rest, had a communication with the sewer. In one of the garrets was a secret door, which led to the roof of the next house from which any offender could be in Saffron Hill in a few minutes. Amongst Mr. Crosby's drawings are a view of this old house, taken August 10, 1844; and an inner view of the cellar windows, taken August 19, 1844. The pulling down of this house was commenced on the first-mentioned date. It appears to have been left standing several years after some of the surrounding buildings had been removed." Three views of the old house taken shortly before its demolition are given on page 421.



OLD NEWGATE.

CHAPTER LI.

NEWGATE STREET.

Christ Church, Newgate Street: As it was and as it is—Exorbitant Burial Fees—Richard Baxter—Dr. Trapp and Sir John Bosworth—The Steeple of Christ Church—The Spital Sermons—A small Giant and a very great Dwarf—The Adventures of Sir Jeffrey Hudson—Coleridge at the "Salutation and Cat"—The "Magpie and Stump"—Tom D'Urfey at the "Queen's Arms Tavern"—The College of Physicians in Warwick Lane—Some Famous Old Physicians—Dr. Radcliffe—The College of Physicians cruelly duped—Dr. Mead—Other Famous Physicians: Askew, Pitcairne, Sir Hans Sloane—A Poetical Doctor—Monsey and his Practical Dentistry—The Cauliflower Club: the President's Chair—The Bagnio in Bath Street—Cock Lane and the famous Ghost: Walpole: Dr. Johnson: the Imposture Detected: Scratching Fanny: Coffin—Old Inns in the Neighbourhood: the "Old Bell:" the "Oxford Arms"—Snow Hill and John Bunyan—Dobson.

In 1244 four Grey Franciscan friars arrived in London from Italy, and by the assistance of the "Preaching Friars" of Holborn, obtained a temporary residence in Cornhill. They soon found patrons, John Ewin, a mercer, purchasing for them a vacant spot of ground in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles (from a flesh-market held there), which he gave for the use of these friars; and William Joyner, Lord Mayor in 1239 (Henry III.), built the choir. Henry Wallis, a succeeding Lord Mayor, added the body of the church. A new and grander church was commenced in 1306 (Edward I.) at the joint expense of Queen Margaret, second wife of Edward I.; John of Brittany, Earl of Richmond; Gilbert de Clare, the Earl of Gloucester; and other pious and generous persons. This church, according to Stow, was consecrated in 1325, and is described as 300 feet long, 89 feet broad, and 64 feet 2 inches high. The chancel ceiling was painted, and the windows glowed with stained glass.



KING CHARLES'S PORTER AND DWARF.
(*From the old bas-relief.*)

In connection with this church the illustrious Richard Whittington founded a library, in 1429, and furnished it with desks and settles for students. It is especially noted that one patient transcriber was paid 100 marks for copying the works of Nicholas de Lira.

At the dissolution, Henry VIII., who tore all he could from piety and poverty, used the church as a warehouse for French plunder. In 1546 the king gave the priory (church, library, chapter-house, and cloisters) to the Mayor and Corporation of London. The magnificent tyrant, at the same time, gave the City the Hospital of St. Bartholomew the Little, and the parish churches of St. Ewin in Newgate Market and St. Nicholas in the Shambles, and directed that these two parishes, a part of St. Sepulchre's parish, situated within Newgate, and all the site of the late dissolved priory, should form one parish, and that the church of the priory should be the parish church, and be called "Christ Church within Newgate, founded by Henry VIII."

The church, swept away in the fiery flood of 1666, was rebuilt from Wren's design, in 1687, and was completed in the second year of Queen Anne. The patronage of Christ Church is vested in the Mayor and Commonalty of London, as governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The parish of St. Leonard, Foster Lane, was united to that of Christ Church, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, patrons of St. Leonard's, therefore present alternately. By the original grant of Henry VIII. there *should* be five assistant readers. The present Christ Church, 114 feet long and 81 broad, is not more than half as large as the old church, the western plot of ground being turned into a burial-ground. The steeple is 153 feet high. The interior is generous and spacious, with a wagon-headed ceiling and twelve clerestory windows, with the old pagan adornments of fat cherubims, tasteless scrolls, and coarse foliage. An ornamental band connects each

Corinthian column. A great theatrical gallery at the west end, piled up with a huge organ, is set apart, together with the side galleries, for the Bluecoat boys. The pulpit has carved panels representing, after a fashion, the four Evangelists and the Last Supper. The marble font is carved with fruit, flowers, and cherubims. The church was repaired, and what churchwardens are pleased to call beautified, in 1834, and again in 1862. The old burial fees in the happily bygone days of intramural interments were high enough at this church —£2 10s. for an inhabitant in the chancel; £5 for a stranger. While the lucky inhabitant paid £12 12s. for his tombstone, the poor stranger's friends had to lay down £21 for his.

On the north wall at the east end of the church is a brass tablet to the memory of Dame Mary Ramsey, who died in 1596, and who established a free writing-school in Christ's Hospital. Here, where queens have rested and murderers mouldered, lies the great Nonconformist minister, Richard Baxter, on whose tomb no more fitting epitaph could be placed than the title of his own book, "The Saint's Rest." This excellent man, of Shropshire birth, in the earlier part of his life became master of a free-school at Dudley. In 1638 he took orders, having then no scruples about conformity, but soon after, some Nonconformist friends began to slowly influence his mind. He then began to distrust the surplice, objected to the cross in baptism, and found flaws in the Prayer Book and the Liturgy. In 1640 he was minister at Kidderminster; but when the civil wars broke out, and after Naseby, he became chaplain to Colonel Whalley's Puritan regiment, and was present at several sieges. The Cavaliers said he killed one of their party and stole his medal, a story which Baxter publicly denied. On his preaching against Cromwell he was sent for to Court, and told of the great things God had done for the Parliament. Baxter replied that the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil, and humbly craved Cromwell's patience, that he might ask him how they had forfeited that blessing, and to whom that forfeiture was made. Cromwell replied, angrily, "There was no forfeiture; but God had changed it as pleased Him." A few days after, Cromwell sent to ask Baxter for his opinion on liberty of conscience, which Baxter gave him. On Charles's restoration, Baxter, who was a sect in himself, was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and was frequently with the godless monarch. He assisted as a commissioner at the Savoy Conference, and drew up a reformed liturgy. Lord Clarendon offered this crochety but honest theologian the bishopric of Hereford, but he declined the appointment, and went on preaching about London. For illegal preaching he was sent to gaol for six months, but eventually discharged before the expiration of that period. After the indulgence in 1672 he preached at Pinner's Hall, in Fetter Lane, in St. James's Market House, at a chapel he built himself in Oxenden Street, and in Southwark. In 1685 Baxter was taken before Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, for remarks on James II. in his "New Testament Paraphrase," and sent to prison, after much vulgar abuse from Jefferies, for two years, but in 1686 he was pardoned by King James. At Baxter's last disgraceful trial, that cruel bully, the Lord Chief Justice, told him that Oates was then standing in the pillory in New Palace Yard, and that if he (Baxter) was on the other side of the pillory at the same time, he (Jefferies) would say that two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there. Like an avalanche of mud the foul words poured forth from this unjust judge. "Ay," said Jefferies, "this is your Presbyterian cant; truly called to be bishops; that is, himself and such rascals, called to be bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places; bishops set apart by such factious, snivelling Presbyterians as himself; a Kidderminster bishop, he means. According to the saying of a late learned author, every parish shall maintain a tithe-pig metropolitan." Mr. Baxter beginning to speak again, says he to him, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court, &c.? Richard, thou art an old fellow—an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition (I might say, treason) as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing-trade forty years ago it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave; 'tis time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou'lt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don, and a doctor of the party (looking to Dr. Bates) at your elbow; but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all."

After this Baxter retired to a house in Charterhouse Yard, where he assisted a Mr. Sylvester every Sunday morning, and preached a lecture every Thursday. He died in the year 1691. Baxter is said to have written more than 145 distinct treatises. This somewhat hair-splitting man

believed in election, but rejected the doctrine of reprobation. If any one improved the common grace given to all mankind, it was Baxter's belief that the improvement must be followed by special grace, which led one on to final acceptance and salvation. This was the half-way road between Calvinism and Arminianism.

On the east wall is a tablet to the memory of Dr. Trapp, who was vicar of the united parishes of Christ Church and St. Leonard, Foster Lane, for twenty-six years, and died in 1747. This learned translator and controversialist lived in Warwick Lane. Near the communion-table is a large monument to Sir John Bosworth, Chamberlain of the City, who died in 1749, and his wife, Dame Hester Bosworth; and also a plain tablet to Mr. John Stock, many years a painter at the Royal Dockyard, and who died in 1781. He left £13,700 for charitable and philanthropic purposes. A marble monument, with a bust, records the Rev. Samuel Crowther, nearly thirty years incumbent of this church. He was a grandson of Richardson, the novelist, and was born in New Boswell Court. He was struck down with apoplexy while reading morning prayers. The inscription to his memory runs thus :—

"This monument is raised by his grateful parishioners and friends to the memory of the Reverend Samuel Crowther, M.A., formerly fellow of New College, Oxford, and nearly thirty years minister of these united parishes. He was born January 9, 1769, and died September 28, 1829. Gifted with many excellent endowments, he was enabled by grace to consecrate all to the service of his Divine Master. The zeal, perseverance, and fidelity with which, under much bodily infirmity, he laboured in this place till his last illness (borne nearly five years with exemplary resignation), his humble, disinterested, and catholic spirit, his suavity of manners, and sanctity of life, manifested a self-devotion to the cause of Christ, and the best interests of mankind, never to be forgotten by his flock; to whom he endeared himself, not more in the able discharge of his public duties than in his assiduous and affectionate ministrations, as their private counsellor, comforter, and friend; and among whom the young, the poor, and the afflicted were the especial objects of his solicitude. To the excellence of that gospel which he preached with a simple and persuasive eloquence, that gained every ear, his life has left a testimony, sealed in death, by which he yet speaks."

The ten tombs of alabaster and marble, and the 140 marble gravestones from this church, sold for £50 by the greedy goldsmith, Martin Bowes, we have already mentioned, in our chapter on Christ's Hospital.

Among the more remarkable epitaphs is the following, on the tablet to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Trapp just referred to. It was written by Trapp himself :—

"Death, judgement, heaven and hell! think, Christian, think!
You stand on vast eternity's dread brink;
Faith and repentance, piety and prayer,
Despise this world, the next be all your care;
Thus, while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,
And to the eye this cold dumb marble speaks,
Tho' dead I preach: if e'er with ill success
Living, I strove the important truths to press,
Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
Hear me at least, oh, hear me from the grave!"

The steeple of Christ Church is thought by many very pleasing. "It rises," says Mr. Godwin, who in some respects condemns it, "as all Wren's towers *do* rise, and as all towers *should* rise, directly from the ground, giving to the mind of the beholder that assurance of stability which under other circumstances is wanting." There are small Grecian columns on each storey of the tower, and an elliptical pediment. The vases on the top of the peristyle were taken down some years ago. The basement storey of the tower is open on three sides, and forms a porch to the east chancel. The east end, which faces King Edward Street, is disfigured by two enormous buttresses. In a vault, discovered in 1790, near the church, is the well-preserved body of a man, supposed to be that of some Newgate malefactor.

The Spital sermons, says Mr. Trollope in 1834, in his book on Christ's Hospital, originated in an old custom, by which some learned person was appointed yearly by the Bishop of London to preach at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, on the subject of "Christ's Passion." On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, three other divines were appointed to uphold the doctrine of "The Resurrection," at the pulpit-cross in the Spital (Spitalfields). On the Sunday following, a fifth preached at Paul's Cross, and passed judgment upon the merits of those who had preceded him. At these sermons the Lord Mayor and aldermen attended, ladies also, on the Monday, forming part of the procession; and, at the close of each day's solemnity, his lordship and the sheriffs gave a private dinner to such of their friends amongst the aldermen as attended the sermon. From this practice the civic festivities at Easter were at length extended to a magnificent scale. The children of Christ's Hospital took part in the above solemnities, so that, in 1594, when it became necessary to rebuild the pulpit-cross at the Spital, a gallery was erected also for their accommodation. In the great Rebellion the pulpit was destroyed, and the sermons were discontinued till the Restoration, after which the *three* Spital sermons, as they were still called, were revived at St. Bride's Church,

Fleet Street. They have since been reduced to two, and, from 1797, have been delivered at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

It was on their first appearance at the Spital that the children of Christ's Hospital wore the blue costume by which they have since been distinguished. "Instead of the subjects," continues Mr. Trollope, "which were wont to be discussed from the pulpit-cross of St. Mary Spital, discourses are now delivered commemorative of the objects of the five sister hospitals; and a report is read of the number of children maintained and educated, and of sick, disorderly, and lunatic persons for whom provision is made in each respectively. On each day the boys of Christ's Hospital, with the legend 'He is risen' attached to their left shoulders, form part of the civic procession, walking, on the first day, in the order of their schools, the king's boys bearing their nautical instruments, and, on the second, according to their several wards, headed by their nurses."

A curious old bas-relief, says Mr. Cunningham (writing in 1849), not ill-cut, over the entrance to Bull's Head Court, preserves the memory of a small giant and a very great dwarf. The quaint effigies of the disproportioned couple represent William Evans, an enormous Welsh porter, at Whitehall, in the service of Charles I., and Sir Geoffrey, or Jeffrey Hudson, the vain but gallant dwarf immortalised by Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak." This bas-relief, Walpole thinks, was probably a shop-sign. Evans, a mammoth-like man, stood seven feet six inches high, while his choleric companion was only three feet nine inches. At a court masque at Whitehall, the porter drew Sir Jeffrey out of his pocket, to the amazement and amusement of all the ladies of that not too respectable court.

"Hudson's first appearance at Court," says Sir Walter, in a note to "Peveril of the Peak," "was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion the duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high, and he remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped." Being teased by a young gallant, named Crofts, who threatened to drown him with a syringe, Hudson called out his antagonist at Calais, and killed him with his first shot.

"This singular *lusus naturæ*," says Scott, "was trusted in some negotiations of consequence. He went to France, to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the queen from France, and about £2,500 of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey-cock the subject of a poem called 'Jeffreidos.' The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes—

> 'Jeffrey strait was thrown when, faint and weak,
> The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.
> A lady midwife now he there by chance
> Espied, that came along with him from France.
> "A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before
> This time could bow," he said, "doth now implore
> Thou, that *d.livered* hast so many, be
> So kind of nature as deliver me."'

"In 1644 the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalised by the brush of Vandyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloane's museum."

It was to the "Salutation and Cat" (odd combination of two incongruous signs), No. 17, Newgate Street, that Coleridge used to retreat, in his youthful fits of melancholy abstraction at college debts, bad health, impotency of will, and lost opportunities. This was about the time that, by a wild impulse, one day, at the corner of Chancery Lane, the young philosopher enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the odd north-country name of Comberbach. It was at the "Salutation and Cat" that Southey one day ferreted out the lost dreamer, the veritable Alnaschar of modern literature, and tried to rouse him from the trance of fear and half-insane idleness. The "Magpie and Stump," a very old inn on the north side of this street (where the old sign of the place was reverently preserved in the bar), has lately been pulled down.

At a convivial meeting at the "Queen's Arms Tavern" (No. 70), says Peter Cunningham, Tom D'Urfey obtained the suggestion of his merry but coarse miscellany, "Pills to purge Melancholy." This Court wit, a naturalised French Huguenot, seems to have been the gay, witty, careless Captain Morris of his day. People often spoke of seeing

King Charles II., at Whitehall, leaning on Tom's shoulder and humming over a song with him, and to have heard him at Kensington, singing his own gay songs, to amuse heavy Queen Anne. He was the author of thirty-one plays, which have not been forgotten by original dramatists of a later date. He became poor in his old age, and Addison saved him from poverty by a well-timed theatrical benefit.

In Warwick Lane, south side of Newgate Street, a College of Physicians was built by Wren, when the Great Fire had destroyed their house at Amen Corner, where Harvey had lectured on his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. The house, built on part of the mansion of the old Earl of Warwick, was began in 1674, and opened in 1689. The special point of the college was the octagonal domed entrance-porch, forty feet in diameter, which was a *tour de force* of the ingenious architect. The interior above the porch was the lecture-room, light, lofty, and open to the roof. Garth, in "The Dispensary"—his pleasant satire against the apothecaries, thus sketched it—

> "Not far from that most celebrated place
> Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
> There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight—a gilded pill."

The amphitheatre, afterwards degraded into a meat-market, is praised by Elmes for its convenient arrangement and its acoustic qualities. Nor could even the modern Goth despise the fine lofty hall, the magnificent staircase, the stucco-garlands of the dining-room, and the carved oak chimney-piece and gallery. On the north and south were the residences of the college officers, on the west the principal front, two-storeyed, the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian. On the east was the octagon, with the gilt ball above, and below a statue of Sir John Cutler.

About this same Cutler an odd story is told, which is well worth repeating.

In 1675 (Charles II.) Sir John Cutler, a rich City man, and a notorious miser, related to Dr. Whistler, the president of the college, expressed a generous wish to contribute largely to the rebuilding of the house, and a committee was actually appointed to thank him for his kind intentions. Cutler gravely accepted the thanks, renewed his promises, and mentioned the parts of the building for which he intended to pay. In 1680 the college, grateful for favours yet to come, voted statues to the king and Cutler, and nine years afterwards borrowed money of Sir John, to discharge some builder's debts, the college being now completed. This loan seems to have in some way changed Cutler's intentions, for in 1699 his executors brought a demand on the college for £7,000, including the promised sum, which had never been given, but had been set down as a debt. The indignant college threw down £2,000, which the imperturbable executors took as payment in full. The college at once erased the grateful inscription—

> "Omnis Cutleri cedit labor Amphitheatro,"

which they had engraved on the pedestal of the miser's statue, and would no doubt have ground the statue down to powder, had they not been ashamed.

This Cutler was the same Volpone whom Pope mentions, in his "Moral Essay:"—

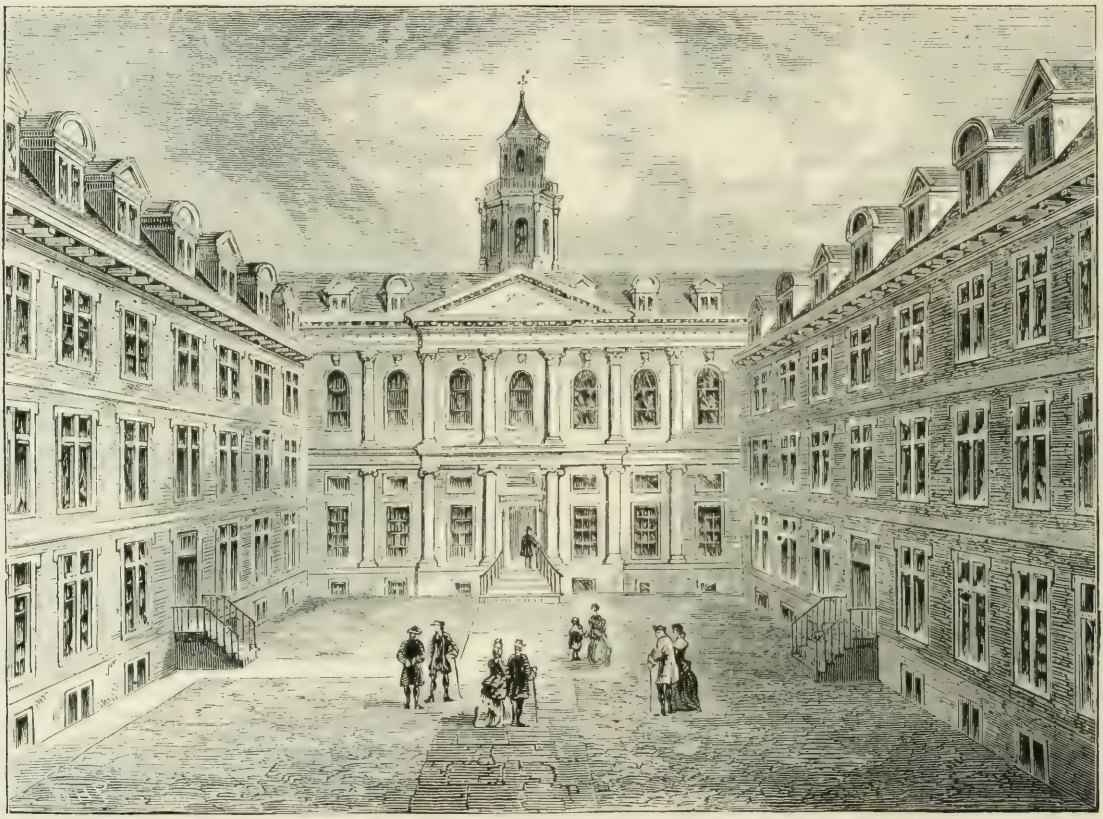
> "His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
> And well (he thought) advised him, 'Live like me.'
> As well his grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
> That I can do, when all I have is gone.'"

Cutler is ridiculed by Arbuthnot, in his "Scriblerus," where, in ridicule of one of Locke's philosophic opinions, he describes a pair of Cutler's cottons, which were darned so often by his maid, that they at last became silk. Cutler's funeral is said to have cost £7,000, and one of his daughters married the Earl of Radnor.

Some anecdotes of the old physicians who have paced up and down Warwick Lane seem almost indispensable to a sketch, however brief, of the old College of Physicians. Nor can we begin better than with the famous Dr. Radcliffe, the first pre-eminent physician that arose after the removal of the college to the building erected by Wren in Warwick Lane. Radcliffe, a man eager for money, and of rough Abernethy manners, had the cream of all the London practice, when he lived in Bow Street, next door to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter. He was brusque even with kings. When called in to see King William, at Kensington, finding his legs dropsically swollen, he frankly said, 'I would not have your two legs, your Majesty, not for your three kingdoms;" and on another visit the Jacobite doctor boldly told the little Dutch hero—"Your juices are all vitiated, your whole mass of blood corrupted, and the nutriment for the most part turned to water; but," added the doctor, "if your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford" (where, to tell the truth, the king was wont to drink very hard), "I'll engage to make you live three or four years longer, but beyond that time no physic can protract your Majesty's existence."

On one occasion, when Radcliffe was sent for from the tavern (for he did not dislike wine) by

Queen Anne, he flatly refused to leave his bottle and the company. "Tell her Royal Highness," he bellowed, "that it's nothing but the vapours. She is as well as any woman breathing, only she won't believe it." With a fantastic wit worthy of Sydney Smith himself, he told a hypochondriacal lady who consulted him about a nervous singing in the head, to "curl her hair with a ballad;" and in his vexation at the fancies of female patients, he anticipated female doctors, by proposing an Act of Parliament to entitle nurses alone to attend women.



COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, WARWICK LANE. INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE.

"Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for," says the author of "The Gold-headed Cane," "into the country, to visit a gentleman ill of a quinsy. Finding that no external or internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty-pudding to be made. When it was done, his own servants were to bring it up; and while the pudding was preparing, he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table, and in full view of the patient. 'Come, Jack and Dick,' said Radcliffe, 'eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning.' Both began with their spoons; but on Jack's dipping once only for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and at last handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsy burst, and discharged its contents, and my master soon completed the cure."

Steele, in the *Tatler*, ridiculed the old doctor's love-making. Dr. Radcliffe was unlucky enough to be accused by the Whigs of killing Queen Mary, and by the Tories of causing the death of Queen Anne, by refusing to attend her in her last illness. He was himself dying at the time, and was unable to attend; but the clamour of the mob was so loud, accompanied even by threats of assassination, that they are said to have hastened the great physician's death, which took place just three months after the queen died.

Dr. Mead, the physician of George II., was, unlike Radcliffe, a polished and learned man, who succeeded to much of his predecessor's business, and occupied his old house in Bloomsbury Square. He was the first doctor to encourage inoculation for the small-pox, and practised the Oriental system on six condemned criminals, with the consent of George I. He attended Pope, Sir Isaac Newton, and Bishop Burnet in their last illnesses. Mead is

said to have gained nearly £6,000 a year, yet was so hospitable, that he did not leave more than £50,000. When not at his house in Great Ormond Street, Mead usually spent his evenings at "Batson's" Coffee House, and in the afternoon his apothecaries used to meet him at "Toms'," near Covent Garden, with written or verbal reports of cases for which he prescribed without seeing the patient, and took half-guinea fees. He died in 1754, and was buried in the Temple. As an instance of Mead's generosity the following story is told:—In 1723, when the celebrated Dr. Friend, a friend of Atterbury, was sent to the Tower, Mead kindly took his practice, and on his release by Sir Robert Walpole, presented the escaped Jacobite with the result, 5,000 guineas.

Dr. Askew, another of the great physicians of the Georgian era, lived in Queen Square, where he crammed his house with books, and entertained such men as Archbishop Markham, Sir William Jones, Dr. Farmer, "Demosthenes" Taylor, Dr. Parr, and Hogarth. The sale of Dr. Askew's library, in York Street, Covent Garden (1755), occupied twenty days.



COCK LANE.

Dr. William Pitcairn, who resided in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane, was for several years president of the college. Dr. Baillie, another eminent physician here, was a nephew of the great John Hunter. Sir Hans Sloane was elected President of the College of Physicians in 1719. He was an Irishman by birth, and a Scotchman by descent, and had accompanied the Duke of Albemarle to

Jamaica as his physician. In 1727 he was created President of the Royal Society, on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, and became physician to George II. On his death, in 1753, his museum and library were purchased by the nation, and became the nucleus of the British Museum.

In this brief notice of early physicians we must not forget to include that very second-rate poet, Sir Richard Blackmore, son of a Wiltshire attorney. No poor poet was ever so ridiculed as this great man of Saddlers' Hall. Dryden and Pope both set him up in their Parnassian pillory; and of him Swift wrote—

"Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded."

Dryden called him—

"A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack."

In spite of this endless abuse of a well-meaning man, William III. knighted him, and Addison pronounced his ambitious poem, "The Creation," to be "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse."

Among the eccentric physicians who have paced up and down Warwick Lane, and passed across the shadow of the Golden Pill, was Monsey, a friend of Garrick, and physician to Chelsea College. Of this rough old cynic Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Doctors," tells the following capital stories:—

"Amongst the vagaries of this eccentric physician," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "was the way in which he extracted his own teeth. Round the tooth sentenced to be drawn he fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite side of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet, and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged. On the trigger being pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could only rarely prevail upon his friends to permit him to remove their teeth by this original process. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed, 'Stop, stop, I have changed my mind!' 'But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains,' answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant, the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment. . . . .

"Before setting out, on one occasion, for a journey to Norfolk, incredulous with regard to cash-boxes and bureaus, he hid a considerable quantity of gold and notes in the fireplace of his study, covering them up artistically with cinders and shavings. A month afterwards, returning (luckily a few days before he was expected), he found his old housemaid preparing to entertain a few friends at tea in her master's room. The hospitable domestic was on the point of lighting the fire, and had just applied a candle to the doctor's notes, when he entered the room, seized on a pail of water that chanced to be standing near, and, throwing its contents over the fuel and the old woman, extinguished the fire and her presence of mind at the same time. Some of the notes, as it was, were injured, and the Bank of England made objections to cashing them."

Monsey lived to extreme old age, dying in his Rooms in Chelsea College on the 26th of December, 1788, in his ninety-fifth year; "and his will," continues Mr. Jeaffreson, "was as remarkable as any other feature of his career. To a young lady mentioned in it, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, was left an old battered snuff-box, not worth sixpence; and to another young lady, whom the testator says he intended to have enriched with a handsome legacy, he leaves the gratifying assurance that he changed his mind on finding her 'a pert, conceited minx.' After inveighing against bishops, deans, and chapters, he left an annuity to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine. He directed that his body should not be insulted with any funeral ceremony, but should undergo dissection. After which, the 'remainder of my carcase' (to use his own words) 'may be put into a hole, or crammed into a box with holes, and thrown into the Thames.' In obedience to this part of the will, Mr. Forster, surgeon, of Union Court, Broad Street, dissected the body, and delivered a lecture on it to the medical students, in the theatre of Guy's Hospital. The bulk of the doctor's fortune, amounting to about £16,000, was left to his only daughter for life, and after her demise, by a complicated entail, to her *female* descendants."

As a physician, Dr. John C. Lettsom, who died in 1815, was a most fortunate man; for without any high reputation for professional acquirements, and with the exact reverse of a good preliminary education, he made a larger income than any other physician of the same time. Dr. John Fothergill never made more than £5,000 in one year; but Lettsom earned £3,600 in 1783; £3,900 in 1784; £4,015 in 1785; and £4,500 in 1786. After that period his practice rapidly increased, so that in some years his receipts were as much as £12,000.

That singular club, the Cauliflower, chiefly patronised by booksellers from Paternoster Row, was held at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" in Butcher Hall

Lane, now King Edward Street. "The Three Pigeons," says the anonymous author of Tavern Anecdotes (1825), "is situated in Butcher Hall Lane, bounded by Christ Church and Snow Hill on the west, St. Martin's-le-Grand and Cheapside on the east, by Newgate Street and Ivy Lane (where Dr. Johnson's club was held), and Paternoster Row on the south, and by Little Britain on the north. Of the last-mentioned, Washington Irving has given an admirable picture in his 'Sketch Book;' but as he has not given a portrait of the last resident bookseller of eminence in that ancient mart of bibliopolists, he has left us the pleasing task of performing an humble attempt in that way; but even we, who knew the character, are almost spared the trouble; for, could the old literary frequenters of Batson's and Will's Coffee-houses again appear in human shapes, with their large, wiry, white, curled wigs, coats without a collar, raised hair buttons, square pendicular cut in front, with immense long hanging sleeves, covering a delicate hand, further graced by fine ruffles; a long waistcoat, with angled-off flaps, descending to the centre of the thigh; the small-clothes slashed in front, and closed with three small buttons; with accurate and mathematically cut, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with a large tongue, to prevent a small-sized square silver buckle hurting the instep, or soiling the fine silken hose, they would present an exact and faithful portrait of the late Edward Ballard standing at his shop, at the 'Globe,' over against the pump, in Little Britain. He was the last remaining bookseller of that school, if we except the late James Buckland, at the sign of the 'Buck,' in Paternoster Row, with one or two others, and put one in mind of Alexander Pope, in stature, size, dress, and appearance. The writer of this article recollects, when a boy, frequently calling at his shop, and purchasing various books, in a new and unbound state, when they were considered to be out of print, and some of them really scarce. This arose from the *obscurity* of the once celebrated Little Britain, and the great age of its last resident bookseller, who to the last retained some shares and copyrights (notwithstanding he and his brother had sold the most valuable to Lintot), in school and religious books; with the last remains of a stock, principally guarded and watched by an old faithful female servant."

The permanent secretary of the "Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower" was a worthy old fellow, Mr. Christopher Brown, an assistant of Mr. Thomas Longman, in Paternoster Row, who delighted in his quiet glass of Tabby's punch, a pipe, and a song, after the labours of the day. This faithful old clerk had refused all offers of friends to set him up in independent business. Before the purchase of Mr. Evans's business the great firm of Longman was conducted by merely two principals and three assistants.

The large cauliflower painted on the ceiling of the club was intended to represent the cauliflower head on the gallon of porter, which was paid for by every member who sat under it at his initiation. The president's chair, a masterpiece of Chippendale's workmanship, was sold in 1874 at Christie and Manson's. The height is five feet less two inches; breadth in front, from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches. An exquisitely-carved cauliflower adorns the chair, extending from near the top of the chair downwards to the end of the root exactly one foot; while the spread-out leaves, including the flower, extend a foot across; so that it was literally true of whoever occupied the chair, that he sat "under the cauliflower." The sides and arms of the chair are adorned with leaves, and both legs and arms are fluted, the whole being carved out of solid dark Spanish mahogany. A footboard, serving the purpose of a slightly-raised platform for the use of the speaker, also of solid mahogany, is attached to the chair by hinges.

In Bath Street, Newgate Street, one of the first bagnios, or Turkish bath, was opened in 1679, as Aubrey carefully records. Strype calls it "a neat-contrived building, after the Turkish mode, seated in a large handsome yard, and at the upper end of Pincock Lane, which is indifferent well-built, and inhabited. This bagnio is much resorted unto for sweating, being found very good for aches, &c., and approved of by our physicians." A writer in the *Spectator*, No. 332, mentions the bagnio in Newgate Street, and one in Chancery Lane. Hatton, in 1708, describes it as a very spacious and commodious place for sweating, hot bathing, and cupping, and with a temperature of eighteen degrees of heat. The roof was of a cupola shape, and the walls set with Dutch tiles. The charge was four shillings a person, and there were special days for ladies. There were nine servants in attendance; and to prove the healthiness of the place, Hatton mentions that one servant had been in attendance for twenty-eight years, four days a week.

Cock Lane, an obscure turning between Newgate Street and West Smithfield, was, in 1762, the scene of a great imposture. The ghost supposed to have been heard rapping there, in reply to questions, singularly resembled the familiar spirits of our modern mediums. The affair commenced in 1762, by Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observing, at early prayer, a genteel

couple standing in the aisle, and ordering them into a pew. On the service ending, the gentleman stopped to thank Parsons, and to ask him if he knew of a lodging in the neighbourhood. Parsons at once offered rooms in his own house, in Cock Lane, and they were accepted. The gentleman proved to be a widower of family from Norfolk, and the lady the sister of his deceased wife, with whom he privately lived, unable, from the severity of the cruel old canon law, to marry her, as they both wished. In his absence in the country, the lady, who went by the name of Miss Fanny, had Parson's daughter, a little artful girl about eleven years of age, to sleep with her. In the night the lady and the child were disturbed by extraordinary noises, which were at first attributed to a neighbouring shoemaker. Neighbours were called in to hear the sounds, which continued till the gentleman and lady removed to Clerkenwell, where the lady soon after died of small-pox. In January of the next year, according to Parsons, who, from a spirit of revenge against his late lodger, organised the whole fraud, the spiritualistic knockings and scratchings re-commenced. The child, from under whose bedstead these supposed supernatural sounds emanated, pretended to have fits, and Parsons began to interrogate the ghost, and was answered with affirmative and negative knocks. The ghost, under cross-examination, declared that it was the deceased lady lodger, who, according to Parsons, had been poisoned by a glass of purl, which had contained arsenic. Thousands of persons, of all ranks and stations, now crowded to Cock Lane, to hear the ghost, and the most ludicrous scenes took place with these poor gulls.

Even Horace Walpole was magnetically drawn to the clerk's house in Cock Lane. The clever fribble writes to Sir Horace Mann, January 29, 1762: "I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennines. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him."

Again Walpole writes:—"I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition, but an audition. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot. It rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light, but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We heard nothing. They told us (as they would at a puppet-show) that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions. Provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes." (Walpole to George Montagu, Feb. 2nd, 1762.)

Of the descent into the vaults of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to hear the spirits rap on her coffin-lid, Johnson, who was present, writes:—"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several

others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

In the following account of a Cock Lane *séance*, a pamphleteer of the time says:—

"To have a proper idea of this scene, as it is now carried on, the reader is to conceive a very small room, with a bed in the middle; the girl at the usual hour of going to bed, is undressed, and put in with proper solemnity. The spectators are next introduced, who sit looking at each other, suppressing laughter, and wait in silent expectation for the opening of the scene. As the ghost is a good deal offended at incredulity, the persons present are to conceal theirs, if they have any, as by this concealment they can only hope to gratify their curiosity; for, if they show, either before or when the knocking is begun, a too prying, inquisitive, or ludicrous turn of thinking, the ghost continues usually silent, or, to use the expression of the house, 'Miss Fanny is angry.' The spectators, therefore, have nothing for it but to sit quiet and credulous, otherwise they must hear no ghost, which is no small disappointment to persons who have come for no other purpose.

"The girl, who knows, by some secret, when the ghost is to appear, sometimes apprizes the assistants of its intended visitation. It first begins to scratch, and then to answer questions, giving two knocks for a negative, but one for an affirmative. By this means it tells whether a watch, when held up, be white, blue, yellow, or black; how many clergymen are in the room, though in this sometimes mistaken. It evidently distinguishes white men from negroes, with similar other marks of sagacity. However, it is sometimes mistaken in questions of a private nature, when it deigns to answer them. For instance, the ghost was ignorant where she had dined upon Mr. K——'s marriage; how many of her relations were at church upon the same occasion; but, particularly, she called her father John, instead of Thomas—a mistake, indeed, a little extraordinary in a ghost. But perhaps she was willing to verify the old proverb, that 'It is a wise child that knows its own father.' However, though sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, she pretty invariably persists in one story, namely, that she was poisoned, in a cup of purl, by red arsenic, a poison unheard of before, by Mr. K——, in her last illness, and that she heartily wishes him hanged.

"It is no easy matter to remark upon an evidence of this nature; but it may not be unnecessary to observe, that the ghost, though fond of company, is particularly modest upon these occasions, an enemy to the light of a candle, and always most silent before those from whose rank and understanding she could most reasonably expect redress.

* * * * *

"This knocking and scratching was generally heard in a little room in which Mr. P——'s two children lay, the eldest of which was a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. The purport of this knocking was not thoroughly conceived till the eldest child pretended to see the actual ghost of the deceased lady mentioned above. When she had seen the ghost, a weak, ignorant publican also, who lived in the neighbourhood, asserted that he had seen it too, and Mr. P—— himself (the gentleman whom Mr. K—— had disobliged by suing for money) also saw the ghost about the same time. The girl saw it without hands, in a shroud; the other two saw it with hands, all luminous and shining. There was one unlucky circumstance, however, in the apparition. Though it appeared to three several persons, and could knock, scratch, and flutter, yet its coming would have been to no manner of purpose had it not been kindly assisted by the persons thus haunted. It was impossible for a ghost that could not speak to make any discovery; the people, therefore, to whom it appeared, kindly undertook to make the discovery themselves, and the ghost, by knocking, gave its assent to their method of wording the accusation."

The girl was at last, we are glad to say, detected. When the child was bound hand and foot in a hammock, the ghost, it was found, was always silent. One morning, when the child had been threatened with Newgate if she did not arouse the ghost, she was found to have concealed a small board under her stays, on which she produced the supernatural sounds. The bubble then burst.

The gentleman accused, remarks Mr. Pinks, "thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who acted as interpreter of the noises, a clergyman, and a tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy. Sentence was deferred for several months, in order to give the offenders an opportunity of making Mr. —— some compensation in the meantime. Accordingly, the clergyman and tradesman gave him several hundred pounds, and were thereupon dismissed with a reprimand. Parsons was

sentenced to be placed three times in the pillory, at the end of Cock Lane, and then to be imprisoned for two years in the King's Bench gaol. Strange to relate, the rabble, who usually assembled in large numbers to witness and to assist in carrying out the former part of such a sentence, were

"While drawing the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell," says Mr. J. W. Archer, "in a narrow cloister on the north side, there being at that time coffins, fragments of shrouds, and human remains lying about in disorder, the sexton's boy pointed to one of the coffins, and said that it was 'Scratching



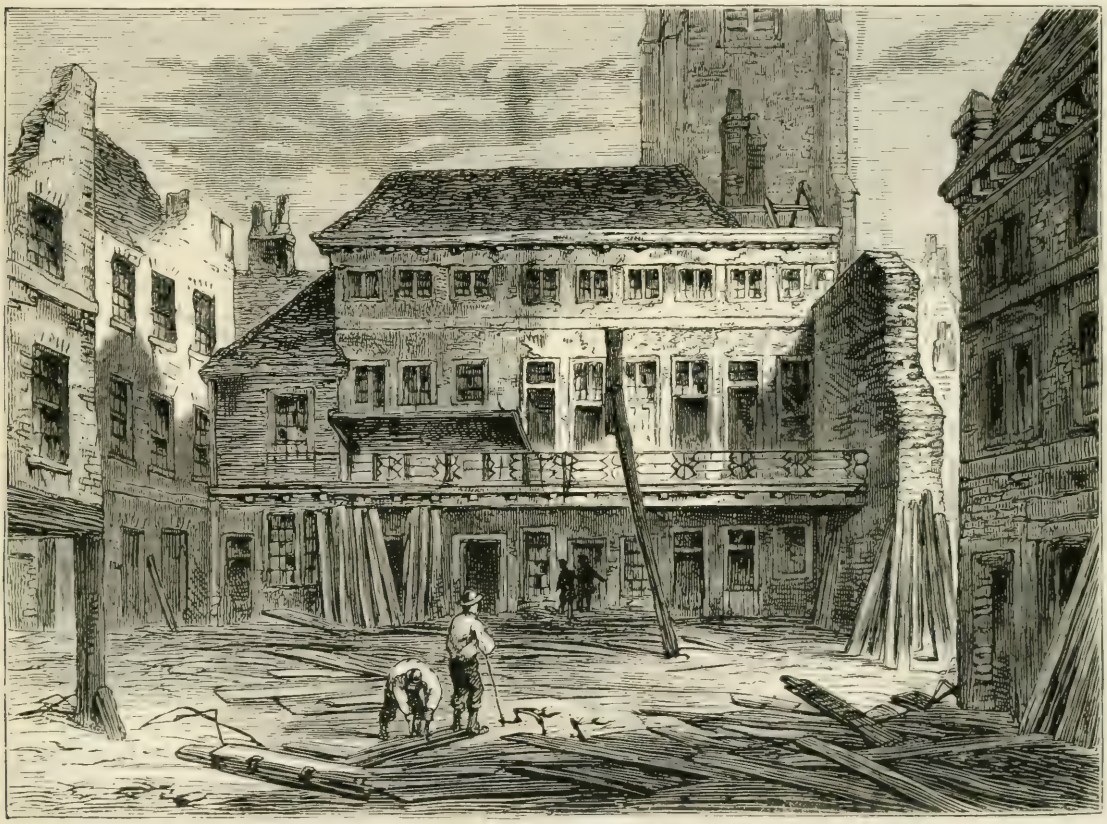
THE "GHOST'S" HOUSE IN COCK LANE.

in this case moved with compassion for the victim of the strong arm of the law, and refrained from offering him, while thus exposed, any insult, either by word or deed, and a public subscription was afterwards raised for his benefit. Mrs. Parsons was sentenced to be imprisoned for one year, and Mary Frazer for six months, with hard labour. Miss Parsons, the agent of the mysterious noise, and who doubtless acted under her father's instructions, was twice married, and died in 1806."

Fanny.' This reminding me of the Cock Lane Ghost, I removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw the body of a woman, which had become adipocere. The face was perfect, handsome, oval, with an aquiline nose. Will not arsenic produce adipocere? She is said to have been poisoned, although the charge is understood to have been disproved. I inquired of one of the churchwardens of the time, Mr. Bird, who said the coffin had always been understood to contain the

body of the woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock Lane."

At the "King's Head," in Ivy Lane, Dr. Johnson established one of his earliest clubs for literary discussion. The chief members were the Rev. Dr. Salter, father of the Master of the Charterhouse; Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Hawkesworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant, a relation of Johnson's; Mr. John Payne, then a bookseller, afterwards chief accountant of the Bank; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man, intended for the dissenting ministry; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scots physician; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician; Dr. Richard Bathurst, and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hawkins.



THE SARACEN'S HEAD, SNOW HILL. (*From a Sketch taken during its Demolition.*)

Newgate Market, now removed to the neighbourhood of Charterhouse, was originally a meal-market. "R. B.," in Strype, says that before the Great Fire there was a market-house here for meal, and a middle row of sheds, which had gradually been converted into houses for butchers, tripe-sellers, and the like. The country-people who brought provisions were forced to stand with their stalls in the open street, exposed to all the coaches, carts, horses, and cattle. The meat-market, says Peter Cunningham, had first become a centre of trade when the stalls and sheds were removed from Butcher Hall Lane and the localities round the church of St. Nicholas Shambles.

Warwick Lane, Stow says, derived its name from an ancient house there, built by the Earls of Warwick. This messuage in Eldenese Lane (the old name) is on record in the 28th year of Henry VI. as occupied by Cicille, Duchess of Warwick. In the 36th year of Henry VI., when the greater estates of the realm were called to London, Richard Nevill, the Earl of Warwick, justly named the "king-maker," came there, backed by six hundred sturdy vassals, all in red jackets embroidered with ragged staves before and behind. "At whose house," says Stow, "there were oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast; and every tavern was full of his meat, for he that had any acquaintance at that house might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger." A little bas-relief of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the date 1668, is inserted in the wall of Newgate Street end of Warwick Lane.

The "Old Bell" Inn, on the east side of the lane, is the house where Archbishop Leighton

died. According to Burnet, in his "History of His Own Times," "he (Archbishop Leighton) used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died (1684) at the 'Bell' Inn, in Warwick Lane."

The "Oxford Arms" Inn, formerly on the west side of the street, is mentioned in a carrier's advertisement in the *London Gazette*, 1672–73. Edward Bartlet, an Oxford carrier, who had removed from the "Swan" at Holborn Bridge, started his coaches and wagons from thence three times a week. He also announced that he kept a hearse, to convey "a corps" to any part of England.

Snow Hill is called Snore Hill by Stow, and Sore Hill by Howell. At the time of the Great Fire it seems to have been known as Snore Hill and Snow Hill indifferently. By the time Gay wrote his antithetical line—

"When from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run,"

however, the latter name seems to have become fixed. It was always an awkward, roundabout road; and in 1802, when Skinner Street was built, it was superseded as the highway between Newgate Street and Holborn.

There is one event in its history, brief as it is, that deserves special remembrance. At the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the "Star," Snow Hill, that brave old Christian, John Bunyan, died, in 1688. This extraordinary genius was the son of a tinker, at Elstow, near Bedford, and grew up a wild, dissolute youth, but seems to have received early strong religious impressions. He served in the Parliamentary army at the siege of Leicester, and the death of a comrade who took his post as a sentry produced a deep effect on his thoughtful mind. On returning to Elstow, Bunyan married a pious young woman, who seems to have led him to read and study religious books. At the age of twenty-five, after great spiritual struggles, Bunyan was admitted into church-fellowship with the Baptists, and baptised, probably near midnight, in a small stream near Bedford Bridge. His spiritual struggles still continued, he believed himself rejected, and the day of grace past; then came even doubts of the being of a God, and of the authority of the Scriptures. A terrible illness, threatening consumption, followed this mental struggle, but with health came the calm of a serene faith, and he entered the ministry. A great trouble followed, to further purify this great soul. He lost his first wife; but a second wife proved equally good and faithful. It being a time of persecution, Bunyan was soon thrown into Bedford gaol, where he pined for twelve long years. There, with some sixty other innocent people, Bunyan preached and prayed incessantly, and wrote the first part of his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

Parting with his wife and children Bunyan himself describes as "pulling the flesh from his bones," and his heart was especially wrung by the possible hardships of his poor blind daughter, Mary. "Oh, the thought of the hardships my poor blind one might be under," he says, "would break my heart to pieces." Bunyan maintained himself in prison by making tagged laces, and the only books he had were the Bible and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." "When God makes the bed," he says, in one of his works, "he must needs be easy that is cast thereon. A blessed pillow hath that man for his head, though to all beholders it is hard as a stone." The jug in which his broth was daily taken to the prison is still preserved as a relic, and his gold ring was discovered under the floor when the prison was demolished.

Bunyan was released in 1672, when 471 Quakers and twenty Baptists were also set free. He then obtained a licence to preach at a chapel in Bedford, and he also continued his trade as a brazier. In 1682 this good man published his second allegory, "The Holy War," and completed the last part of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

In spite of his consistent zeal, Bunyan was denounced by his enemies as a wizard, a Jesuit, and a highwayman. His popularity among his own people was, however, very great. When he preached in London some 3,000 people used to collect, so that he had almost to be pulled over their heads into the pulpit. His end was characteristic. He was returning home from a visit to Reading, where he had gone to reconcile an offended father to a prodigal son, when he was seized, at the house in Snow Hill, with a fatal fever. His departure must have been like that of the pilgrims he himself describes:—"Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah (Isa. lxii. 4—12; Cant. ii. 10—12), whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day

the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven."

To Snow Hill also belongs an anecdote of Dobson, one of the most eminent of our early painters. Dobson, son of the master in the Alienation Office, was compelled by his father's extravagance to become an apprentice to a stationer and picture-dealer. He soon began to excel in copying Titian and Vandyke, and exhibited his copies in a window in Snow Hill. Vandyke himself, who lived in Blackfriars, not far off, passing one day, was so struck with Dobson's work, that he went in and inquired for the author. He found him at work in a poor garret, from which he soon rescued him. He shortly afterwards recommended him to King Charles, who took him into his service, and sat to him often for his portrait, and gave him the name of the English Tintoret. Dobson's style is dignified and thoughtful, and his colour delightful in tone. One of his finest portrait groups is at Northumberland House, and in the "Decollation of St. John," in the fine collection at Wilton House, he is said to have introduced a portrait of Prince Rupert. The Civil Wars, and the indifference which the Puritans manifested to art, no doubt reduced Dobson to poverty, and he died poor and neglected, in St. Martin's Lane, in 1646.

CHAPTER LII.

NEWGATE.

The Fifth City Gate—Howard's Description of Newgate—The Gordon Riots—The Attack on Newgate—The Mad Quaker—Crabbe, the Poet—His Account of the Burning of Newgate—Dr. Johnson's Visit to the Ruins.

NEWGATE, which Stow classifies as the fifth principal gate in the City wall, was first built about the reign of Henry I. or Stephen, and was a prison for felons and trespassers at least as early as the reign of King John. It was erected when, St. Paul's being rebuilt, the old wards, from Aldgate to Ludgate, were stopped up by enclosures and building materials, and people had to work round deviously by Paternoster Row and the old Exchange to get to Ludgate.

In the year 1218 the king wrote to the Sheriffs of London, "commanding them to repair the gaol at Newgate, for the safe keeping of his prisoners, promising that the charges laid out should be allowed them upon their accompt in the Exchequer" (Stow). In 1241 some rich Jews (accused of imaginary crimes) were ordered to pay 20,000 marks, or be kept perpetual prisoners at Newgate and other prisons. In this same reign Henry sent the sheriffs to the Tower, and fined the City 3,000 marks, for allowing a convicted priest, who had killed a prior, a cousin of the queen, to escape from Newgate. Sir William Walworth in 1385 left money to relieve the prisoners in Newgate, and Whittington left money to rebuild the prison. In 1457 there was again a break-out from Newgate prison. Lord Egremond, Sir Thomas and Sir Richard Percy, committed to Newgate for a fray in the north country with the Earl of Salisbury's sons, in which fray many were maimed or slain, broke out of prison by night, and went to petition the king, the other prisoners, in the meantime, garrisoning the leads of Newgate, and defending it against all the sheriffs; till at last the citizens were called up to subdue and lay in irons the reckless rebels.

The gate was repaired in 1630–3, destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt in a stronger and more convenient way, with a postern for foot passengers. On the east or City side of the old prison were three stone statues—Justice, Mercy, and Truth; and four on the west, or Holborn side—Liberty (with Whittington's cat at her feet), Peace, Plenty, and Concord. Four of these figures, which survived the Gordon riots, ornament part of the front of the present prison.

Howard, the philanthropist, writing in 1784, gives a favourable account of the Newgate of 1779.

"The cells," says Howard, "built in old Newgate, a few years since, for condemned malefactors, are still used for the same purpose. There are upon each of the three floors five, all vaulted, near 9 feet high to the crown. Those on the ground-

floor measure full 9 feet by near 6 feet; the five on the first storey are a little larger (9½ feet by 6 feet), on account of the set-off in the wall; and the five uppermost still a little larger, for the same reason. In the upper part of each cell is a window, double grated, near 3 feet by 1½. The doors are 4 inches thick. The strong stone wall is lined all round each cell with planks, studded with broad-headed nails. In each cell is a barrack bedstead. I was told by those who attended them that criminals who had affected an air of boldness during their trial, and appeared quite unconcerned at the pronouncing sentence upon them, were struck with horror, and shed tears, when brought to these darksome, solitary abodes.

"The chapel is plain and neat. Below is the chaplain's seat, and three or four pews for the felons; that in the centre is for the condemned. On each side is a gallery: that for the women is towards their ward; in it is a pew for the keeper, whose presence may set a good example, and be otherwise useful. The other gallery, towards the debtors' ward, is for them. The stairs to each gallery are on the outside of the chapel. I attended there several times, and Mr. Villette read the prayers distinctly, and with propriety. The prisoners who were present seemed attentive; but we were disturbed by the noise in the court. Surely they who will not go to chapel, who are by far the greater number, should be locked up in their rooms during the time of divine service, and not suffered to hinder the edification of such as are better disposed.

"The chaplain, or ordinary, besides his salary, has a house in Newgate Street, clear of land-tax; Lady Barnadiston's legacy, £6 a year; an old legacy paid by the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, £10 a year; and lately had two freedoms yearly, which commonly sold for £25 each; and the City generally presented him, once in six months, with another freedom. Now he has not the freedoms, but his salary is augmented to £180, and the sheriffs pay him £3 12s. He engages, when chosen, to hold no other living.

"Debtors have, every Saturday, from the Chamber of London, eight stone of beef; fines, four stone; and, some years, felons, eight stone. Debtors have several legacies. I inquired for a list of them, and Mr. Akerman told me the table in Maitland's 'Survey' was authentic. The amount of it is £52 5s. 8d. a year. There are other donations mentioned by Maitland, amounting to sixty-four stone of beef, and five dozen of bread. . . . . .

"Here I cannot forbear mentioning a practice, which probably had its origin from the ancient mode of torture, though now it seems only a matter of form. When prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey are brought up to receive sentence, and the judge asks, 'What have you to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you?' the executioner slips a whipcord noose about their thumbs. This custom ought to be abolished.

"At my visit, in 1779, the gaol was clean, and free from offensive scents. On the felons' side there were only three sick, in one of the upper wards. An infirmary was building, near the condemned cells. Of the 141 felons, &c., there were ninety-one convicts and fines who had only the prison allowance of a penny loaf a day. Mr. Akerman generously contributed towards their relief. In the felons' court the table of fees, painted on a board, was hung up.

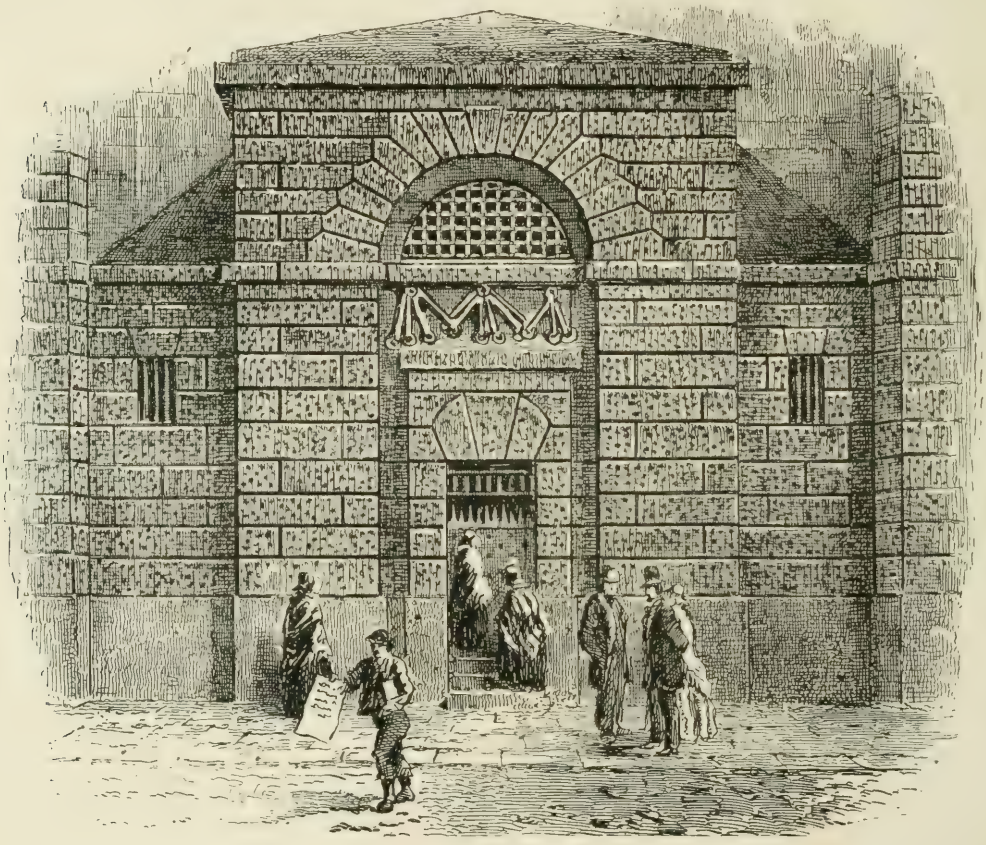
"The gaol was burnt by the rioters in 1780. but is rebuilt on the same plan. The men's quadrangle is now divided into three courts. In the first court are those who pay 3s. 6d. a week for a bed; in the next, the poorer felons; and in the other, *now*, the women. Under the chapel are cells for the refractory. Two rooms, adjoining to the condemned cells, are built for an infirmary, in one of which, at my last visit, there were sixteen sick. Of the 291 prisoners in 1782, 225 were men and 66 women. Upwards of 100 of them were transports, 89 fines, 21 under sentence of death, and the remainder lay for trial. Some of the condemned had been long sick and languishing in their cells."

From the Old Bailey Session Papers for June, 1780, we gather a very vivid and picturesque notion of the destruction of Newgate during the Gordon riots. The mob came pouring down Holborn, between six and seven o'clock, on the evening of the 6th of June. There were three flags carried by the ringleaders—the first of green silk, with a Protestant motto; the second, dirty blue, with a red cross; the third, a flag of the Protestant Union. A sailor named Jackson had hoisted the second flag in Palace Yard, when Justice Hyde had launched a party of horse upon the people; and when the rabble had sacked the justice's house in St. Martin's Street, Jackson shouted, "Newgate, a-hoy!" and led the people on to the Old Bailey. Mr. Akerman, a friend of Boswell, and one of the keepers of Newgate, had had intimation of the danger two hours before, when a friend of one of the prisoners called upon him just as he was packing up his plate for removal, told him "he should be the one hung presently," and cursed him. Exactly at seven, one of the rioters knocked at Mr. Akerman's door, which had been already barred,

bolted, and chained. A maid-servant had just put up the shutters, when the glass over the hall-door was dashed into her face. The ringleader who knocked was better dressed than the rest, and wore a dark brown coat and round hat. The man knocked three times, and rang three times; then, finding no one came, ran down the steps, "made his obeisance to the mob," pointed to the door, then retired. The mob was perfectly organised, and led by about thirty men walking three abreast. Thirty men carried iron crowbars, mattocks, and chisels, and after them followed "an innumerable company," armed with bludgeons and the spokes of cart-wheels. The band instantly divided into three parts—one set went to work at Mr. Akerman's door with the mattocks, a second went to the debtors' door, and a third to the felons'. A shower of bludgeons instantly demolished the windows of the keeper's house; and while these sticks were still falling in showers, two men, one of them a mad Quaker, the son of a rich corn-factor, who wore a mariner's jacket, came forward with a scaffold-pole, and drove it like a battering-ram against the parlour shutters. A lad in a sailor's jacket then got on a man's shoulders, and rammed in the half-broken shutters with furious blows of his bullet-head. A chimney-sweeper's boy then scrambled in, cheered by the mob, and after him the mad Quaker. A moment more, and the Quaker appeared at the first-floor window, flinging out pictures into the street. Presently, the second parlour window gave way, the house-door was forced, and the furniture and broken chattels in the street were set in a blaze. All this time a circle of men, better dressed than the rest, stood in the Old Bailey, exciting and encouraging the rioters. The leader of these sympathisers was a negro servant, named Benjamin Bowsey, afterwards hung for his share in the riot. One of the leaders in this attack was a mad waiter from the St. Alban's Tavern, named Thomas Haycock. He was very prominent, and he swore that there should not be a prison standing in London on the morrow, and that the Bishop of London's house and the Duke of Norfolk's should come down that night. "They were well supported, he shouted to the mob," for there were six or seven noblemen and members of Parliament on their side. This man helped to break up a bureau, and collected sticks to burn down the doors of Akerman's house. While Akerman's house was still burning, the servants escaping over the roofs, and Akerman's neighbours were down among the mob, entreating them to spare the houses of innocent persons, a waiter, named Francis Mockford, who wore a hat with a blue cockade in it, went up to the prison-gate and held up the main key, and shouted to the turnkeys, "D—— you, here is the key of Newgate; open the door!" Mockford, who was eventually sentenced to death for this riot, afterwards took the prison keys, and flung them over Westminster Bridge. George Sims, a tripeman in St. James's Market, always forward in street quarrels, then went up to the great gate in the Old Bailey with some others, and swore desperately that "he would have the gates down—curse him, he would have the gates down!" Then the storm broke; the mob rushed on the gate with the sledge-hammers and pickaxes they had stolen from coachmakers, blacksmiths, and braziers in Drury Lane and Long Acre, and plied them with untiring fury. The tripeman, who carried a bludgeon, urged them on; and the servant of Akerman, having known the man for several years, called to him through the hatch, "Very well, George the tripeman; I shall mark you in particular!" Then John Glover, a black, a servant of a Mr. Phillips, a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, who was standing on the steps leading to the felons' gate (the main gate), dressed in a rough short jacket, and a round hat trimmed with dirty silver lace, thumped at the door with a gun-barrel, which he afterwards tried to thrust through the grating into the faces of the turnkeys, while another split the door with a hatchet. The mob, finding they could not force the stones out round the hatch, then piled Akerman's shattered furniture, and placing it against the gates set the heap on fire.

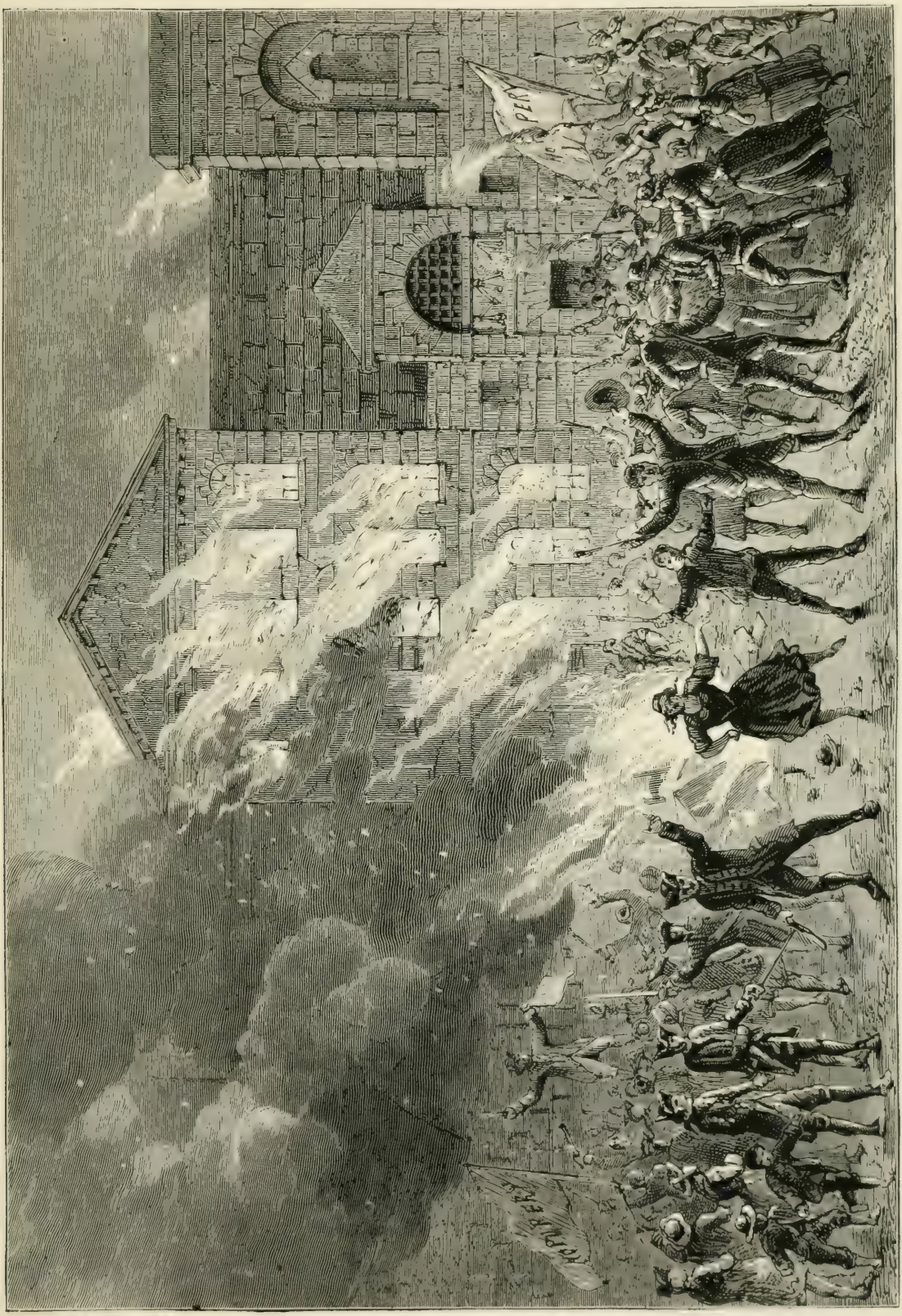
Several times the gate caught fire, and as often the turnkeys inside pushed down the burning furniture with broomsticks, which they pushed through the hatch, and kept swilling the gates with water, in order to cool them, and to keep the lead that soldered the hinges from melting and giving way. But all their efforts were in vain; for the flames, now spreading fast from Akerman's house, gradually burnt in to the fore-lodge and chapel, and set the different wards one after the other on fire. Crabbe the poet, who was there as a spectator, describes seeing the prisoners come up out of the dark cells with their heavy irons, and looking pale and scared. Some of them were carried off on horseback, their irons still on, in triumph by the mob, who then went and burnt down the Fleet. At the trial of Richard Hyde, the poor mad Quaker, who had been one of the first to scramble through Mr. Akerman's windows, the most conclusive proofs were brought forward of the prisoner's insanity. A grocer in Bishopsgate Street, with whom he had lodged, deposed to his burning a Bible, and to his thrashing him. One day at the "Doctor

Butler's Head," in Coleman Street, the crazed fellow had come in, and pretended to cast the nativities of persons drinking there. He also prophesied how long each of them would live. On hearing this evidence, the prisoner broke out: "Well, and they might live three hundred years, if they knew how to live; but they gorge themselves like aldermen. Callipash and callipee kills half the people." It was also shown that, the night after the burning of Newgate, the prisoner came to a poor woman's house in Bedford Court, Covent Garden, and he then wore an old grey great-coat and a flapped hat, painted blue. As the paint was wet, the woman asked him to let her dry it. He replied, "No, you are a fool; my hat is *blue*" (the Protestant colour); "it is the colour of the heavens. I would not have it dried for the world." When the woman brought him a pint of beer, he drank once, and then pushed it angrily on one side. He then said, "I have tasted it once, I must taste it three times; it is against the heavens to drink only once out of a pot." Doctor Munro, the physician who attended George III. in his madness, deposed to the insanity both of the prisoner's father and the prisoner. He was sent to a mad-house.



DOOR OF NEWGATE.

Crabbe, who, having failed as a surgeon and apothecary down at Aldborough, his native place, had just come up to London to earn his bread as a poet, and being on the brink of starvation, was about to apply to Burke for patronage and bread. Rambling in a purposeless way about London to while away the miserable time, the young poet happened to reach the Old Bailey just as the ragged rioters set it on fire to warm their Protestantism. Suddenly, at a turning out of Ludgate Hill, on his way back to his lodgings at a hairdresser's shop near the Exchange, a scene of terror and horror broke red upon the view of the mild young Suffolk apothecary. The new prison, Crabbe says, in his "Journal" kept for the perusal of his Myra (June 8th), was a very large, strong, and beautiful building, having two wings besides Mr. Akerman's house, and strong intermediate works and other adjuncts. Akerman had four rioters in custody, and these rascals the mob demanded. He begged he might send to the sheriff, but this was not permitted. "How he escaped, or where he is gone, I know not; but just at the time I speak of, they set fire to his house, broke in, and threw every piece of furniture they could find into the street,



BURNING OF NEWGATE. *(From a Contemporary Print.)*

firing them also in an instant. The engines came" (they were mere squirts in those days), "but were only suffered to preserve the private houses near the prison." This was about half-past seven. "As I was standing near the spot, there approached another body of men—I suppose five hundred—and Lord George Gordon in a coach drawn by the mob, towards Alderman Bull's, bowing as he passed along. He is a lively-looking young man in appearance, and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero. By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was, as I said, a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders they descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the street in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday" (Newgate was burnt on the Tuesday). "You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they, too, all made their escape. Tired of the scene, I went home, and returned again at eleven o'clock at night. I met large bodies of horse and foot soldiers, coming to guard the Bank, and some houses of Roman Catholics near it. Newgate was at this time open to all; any one might get in, and, what was never the case before, any one might get out. I did both, for the people were now chiefly lookers-on. The mischief was done, and the doers of it gone to another part of the town" (to Bloomsbury Square, to burn Lord Mansfield's house). "But I must not omit what struck me most: about ten or twelve of the mob getting to the top of the debtors' prison, whilst it was burning, to halloo, they appeared rolled in black smoke mixed with sudden bursts of fire—like Milton's infernals, who were as familiar with flame as with each other."

On the Wednesday, the day after the fire, a big carelessly-dressed man worked his way to the ruins from Bolt Court, Fleet Street. The burly man's name was Doctor Samuel Johnson, and he wrote to Mrs. Thrale and her husband a brief account of what had happened since the Friday before. On that day Lord George Gordon and the mob went to Westminster, and that night the rioters burnt the Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. On Monday they gutted Sir George Saville's house in Leicester Square; on Tuesday pulled down the house of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate and the novelist's half-brother, in Bow Street; and the same night burnt Newgate, Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, and a Catholic chapel in Moorfields. On Wednesday they burnt the Fleet and the King's Bench, and attacked the Bank of England, but were driven off by a party of constables headed by John Wilkes.

"On Wednesday," says the doctor, to come to what he actually saw himself, "I walked with Doctor Scott, to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners. At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I don't know how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened. Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. . . . . Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already re-taken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned." Then follows a fine touch of irony: "Jack" (Wilkes), "who was always zealous for order and decency, declares that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue ribbon" (the badge of the rioters) "is any longer worn." As for Thrale, his brewery escaped pretty well. The men gave away a cask or two of beer to the mob, and when the rioters came on a second and more importunate visit, the soldiers received them

CHAPTER LIII.

NEWGATE (*continued*).

Methodist Preachers in Newgate—Silas Told—The Surgeons' Crew—Dr. Dodd, the Popular Preacher—His Forgery—Governor Wall at Goree flogs a Soldier to Death—His Last Moments—Murder of Mr. Steele—Execution of the Cato Street Conspirators—Fauntleroy, the Banker—The Murder of the Italian Boy—Greenacre—Müller—Courvoisier—His Execution—Mrs. Brownrigg—Mr. Akerman and the Fire in Newgate—Mrs. Fry's Good Work in Newgate—Escapes from Newgate—Jack Sheppard—A Good Sermon on a Bad Text—Sanitary Condition of Newgate—Effect upon the Prisoners.

In the year 1744 Silas Told, a worthy Wesleyan, deeply touched by a sermon preached by Wesley on the text, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not" (Matt. xxv. 43), began to exert himself among the prisoners at Newgate, and has left a graphic and simple-hearted account of his labours among them; and from this book we obtain many curious glimpses of prison life at that period. The first persons Told visited were ten malefactors, then under sentence of death. "The report having been made," says Told, "and the dead-warrant coming down, eight of the ten were ordered for execution. The other two were respited; nor did either of those two appear to have any the least regard or concern for their deathless souls; therefore I trust they were spared for a good purpose, that they might have time for repentance and amendment of life.

"The day arrived whereon the other eight malefactors were to die. Sarah Peters and myself were early at the cell, in order to render them all the spiritual service that was within our power. The keeper having received directions on the over-night to lock them all up in one cell, that they might pour out their souls together in fervent solemn prayer to Almighty God, they paid very circumspect attention thereto, and a happy night it proved to each of them; so that when they were led down from their cell, they appeared like giants refreshed with wine, nor was the fear of death apparent in any of their countenances. We then went up to the chapel, when my companion and myself conversed with them in the press-yard room. Upon being called out to have their irons taken off, Lancaster was the first. While they were disburthening his legs thereof, the sheriff being present, Lancaster looked up to heaven with a pleasant smile, and said, 'Glory be to God for the first moment of my entrance into this place! For before I came hither my heart was as hard as my cell wall, and my soul was as black as hell. But, oh, I am now washed, clearly washed, from all my sins, and by one o'clock shall be with Jesus in Paradise!' And with many strong and forcible expressions he exhorted the innumerable spectators to flee from the wrath to come. This caused the sheriff to shed tears, and ask Mr. Lancaster if he was really in earnest, being so greatly affected with his lively and animated spirit. As their irons were taken off they were remanded back to the press-yard room; but, by some accident, they were a long time getting off the last man's fetters. When they were gotten off, Lancaster, beholding him at a short distance, clapped his hands together, and joyfully proclaimed, 'Here comes another of our little flock!' A gentleman present said, with an apparent sympathising spirit, 'I think it is too great a flock upon such an occasion.' Lancaster, with the greatest fluency of speech, and with an aspiring voice, said, 'Oh, no; it is not too great a flock for the shepherd Jesus; there is room enough in heaven for us all.' When he exhorted the populace to forsake their sins, he particularly endeavoured to press on them to come to the Throne of Grace immediately, and without fear, assuring them that they would find Him a gracious and merciful God, to forgive them, as He had forgiven him. At length they were ordered into the cart, and I was prevailed upon to go with them. When we were in the cart, I addressed myself to each of these separately."

Told's account of the execution of these men shows clearly how lawless and savage were the mobs which gathered at Tyburn. "When we came to the fatal tree Lancaster lifted up his eyes thereto, and said, 'Blessed be God,' then prayed extemporary in a very excellent manner, and the others behaved with great discretion. John Lancaster had no friend who could procure for his body a proper interment; so that, when they had hung the usual space of time, and were cut down, the surgeon's mob secured the body of Lancaster, and carried it over to Paddington. There was a very crowded concourse, among whom were numberless gin and gingerbread vendors, accompanied by pickpockets and even less respectable characters, of almost every denomination in London; in short, the whole scene resembled a principal fair, rather than an awful execution. Now, when the mob was nearly dispersed, and there remained only a few bystanders, with an old woman who sold gin, a remarkable occurrence took place, and operated to the following effect:—

"A company of eight sailors, with truncheons in their hands, having come to see the execution,

looked up to the gallows with an angry countenance, the bodies having been cut down some minutes previous to their arrival. The old woman before named, who sold gin, observing these tars to grow violent, by reason of their disappointment, mildly accosted them and said, 'Gentlemen, I suppose you want the man that the surgeons have got?' 'Aye,' replied the sailors; 'where is he?' The poor affrighted woman gave them to understand that the surgeons' crew had carried him over to Paddington, and she pointed out to them the direct road thereto. They hastened away, and as they entered the town, inquiry was made by them where the surgeons' mob was to be discovered, and receiving the information they wanted, they went and demanded the body of John Lancaster. When the sailors had obtained the body, two of them cast it on their shoulders, and carried him round by Islington. They being tired out with its pressure, two others laid themselves under the weight of the body, and carried it from thence to Shoreditch. Then two more carried it from Shoreditch to Coverley's Fields. At length, after they were all rendered completely weary, and unable to carry it any farther, the sequel of their project, and their ultimate contrivance to rid themselves of the body was an unanimous consent to lay it on the step of the first door they came to. They did so, and then went their way. This gave birth to a great riot in the neighbourhood, which brought an old woman, who lived in the house, down-stairs. When she saw the corpse lie at the step of the door, she proclaimed, with an agitated spirit, 'Lord, here is my son, John Lancaster!' This being spread abroad, came to the knowledge of the Methodists, who made a collection, and got him a shroud and a good strong coffin. I was soon informed of this event, which was peculiarly singular, as the seamen had no knowledge of the body, nor to whom he belonged when living. My second wife went with me to see him, previous to the burial; but neither of us could perceive the least alteration in his visage or features, or any appearance of violence on any part of his body. A pleasant smile appeared in his countenance, and he lay as in a sweet sleep."

Told gives a terrible picture of the state of Newgate about 1744—the felons swearing and cursing at the preacher, and the ordinary himself guarding the prison doors on Sunday morning, to obstruct Told's entrance. Told, however, zealous in the cause, persevered, and soon formed a society of about forty of the debtors, who formed his Sunday congregation. The ordinary, however, soon contrived to shut out Told from this part of the prison also. He therefore betook himself almost entirely to the graver malefactors. His account of some of these unhappy men is extremely interesting. During his visits to Newgate six men of good family were lying there, sentenced to death for highway robbery. Of these, one was the son of an Irish divine, two others were men of fortune, and a fourth was a naval officer, to whom a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton was engaged to be married. After an election dinner, at Chelmsford, these men, for fun, had sallied out and robbed a farmer in the highway. The king was unwilling to pardon any of the party; but at the incessant importunities of Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, at last consented to reprieve her lover, but only at the gallows' foot. He fainted when the halter was removed, and was instantly lifted into the carriage, where Lady Betty awaited him. Six weeks after, to Told's vexation, he found the reprieved man gambling with a fraudulent bankrupt, who shortly afterwards was himself executed at Tyburn. Told's next visit was to Mary Edmonson, a poor girl hung at Kennington Common for murdering her aunt at Rotherhithe. The girl was entirely innocent, and the real murderer, a relation, who was a foot-soldier, came up into the cart to salute her before she was turned off. Some time after, this man riding in a post-chaise past the gallows at Kennington, said to a friend, "There is the place where my kinswoman was hung wrongfully. I should have gone in her room." The rascal was soon after found guilty of highway robbery, and cast for death, but reprieved by the judge, who did not wish to draw attention to the scandal of an innocent person having been sent to the gallows. Silas Told says that at the execution of Mary Edmonson he walked by the cart, urging her to prayer, holding the bridle of the sheriff's horse, in spite of a most cruel and violent mob. Told also mentions attending Harris, the "Flying Highwayman," to the gallows, a man who, the very morning of his execution, was so violent in the chapel that the ordinary ran for his life. Just beyond Hatton Garden, after some exhortations of honest Told, the indomitable ruffian, at his request, shut his eyes, hung back his head on the side-rail of the cart, and after ten minutes' meditation burst into tears, and, clapping his hands together, cried, "Now I know that the Lord Jesus has forgiven me all my sins, and I have nothing to do but to die." He then burst into a loud extemporary prayer, and continued happy to the last, but still denying that he ever "flew" a turnpike-gate in his life. Another case mentioned by Told does not give us a very enlarged view of the tender

mercies of the time. A poor man, Anderson, entirely destitute, was sentenced to death for taking sixpence from two washerwomen in Hoxton Fields. The man had served with credit on board a man-of-war, and his own parish had petitioned on his behalf. The Privy Council, however, insisted on confounding him with one of the same name, a celebrated highwayman of the day, and to Tyburn he went.

In 1770, when Mr. Akerman, one of the keepers, appeared before a Committee of the House of Commons, Newgate appears to have been a sink of filth and a den of iniquity. It was over-crowded, ill-disciplined, badly ventilated, and ill-supplied with water. The prisoners died in great numbers; and as Mr. Akerman, a good and trusty official, stated, two whole sets of gaol-officers had been cut off by gaol distemper since he had been in office; and in the spring of 1750 the gaol was so terribly infectious, that the contagion was carried into the Old Bailey court, and two of the judges, the Lord Mayor, and several of the jury, more than sixty in all, died in consequence. A huge ventilator was then erected, but this alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and the residents complained, with bitter outcries, that the poisonous air was drawn from the prison cells, to destroy all who lived near.

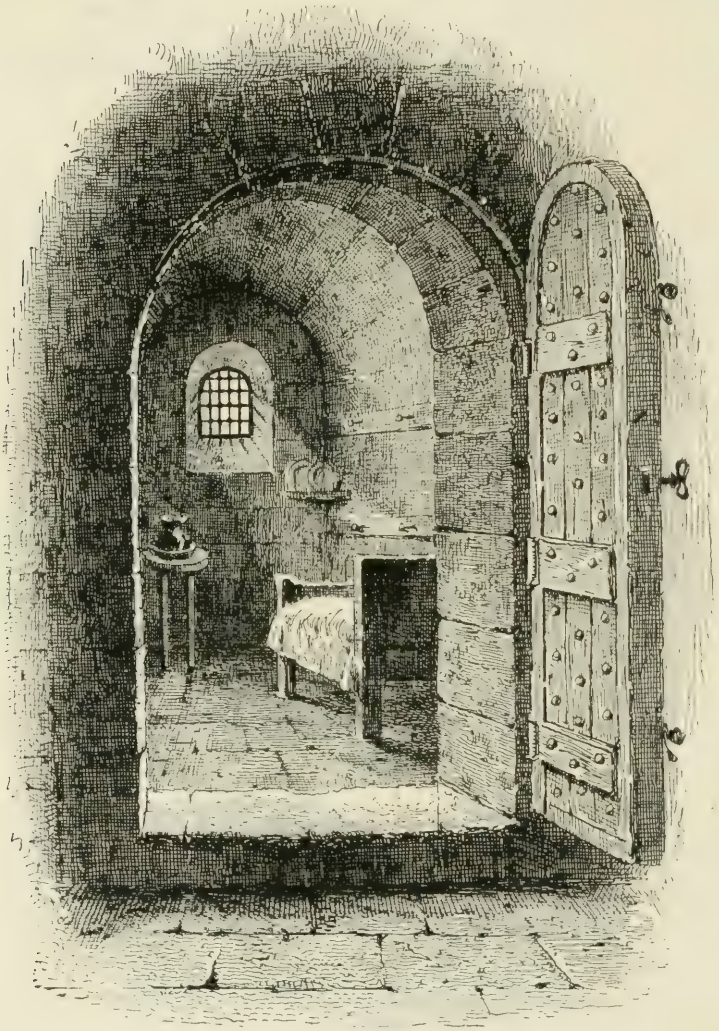
One of the earliest anecdotes of Newgate is to be found in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, dated August 10, 1699. "All the talk of the town," says the writer, "is about a tragical piece of gallantry at Newgate. I don't doubt but what your grace has heard of a bastard son of Sir George Norton, who was under sentence of death for killing a dancing-master in the streets. The Lords Justices reprieved him, till they heard from the judge that no exception was to be taken at the verdict. It being signified to the young man, on Tuesday last in the afternoon, that he was to die the next day, his aunt, who was sister to his mother, brought two doses of opium, and they took it between them. The ordinary came soon after to perform his functions; but before he had done, he found so great alterations in both persons that it was no hard matter to find out the cause of it. The aunt frankly declared she could not survive her nephew, her life being wrapped up in his; and he declared that the law having put a period to his life, he thought it no offence to choose the way he would go out of the world. The keeper sent for his apothecary to apply remedies, who brought two vomits. The young man refused to take it, till they threatened to force it down by instruments. He told them, since he hoped the business was done, he would make himself and them easy, and swallowed the potion, and his aunt did the like. The remedy worked upon her, and set her a-vomiting, but had no effect on Mr. Norton, so that he dozed away gradually, and by eight that evening was grown senseless, though he did not expire till nine next morning. He was fully resolved upon the business, for he had likewise a charged pistol hid in the room. The aunt was carried to a neighbouring house, and has a guard upon her. They say she is like to recover; if she does, it will be hard if she suffer for such a transport of affection."

Among the many guilty and unhappy criminals who have sat in Newgate and counted the moments that lay between them and death, one of the most unhappy must have been that once popular preacher, Dr. Dodd, who was hung for forgery in 1777. Dodd was the son of a clergyman who was vicar of Bourne, in Lincolnshire. On leaving Cambridge he married imprudently, and became a small poet, and compiler of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," a work still reprinted. He then renounced literature, entered the Church, and in 1758 was appointed preacher to the Magdalen Hospital, where Horace Walpole describes his flowery sermons, which set all the ladies of fashion sobbing. Gross flattery of Dr. Squire, Bishop of St. David's, procured him, in 1763, the prebendaryship of Brecon. Soon after this the grateful bishop introduced Dodd to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a tutor to his son, and about the same time Dodd was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and in 1766 took his degree of LL.D. at Cambridge. He now dabbled in lotteries, and, having won a £1,000 prize, erected a chapel near Buckingham Palace, and also bought a share in Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury. Overwhelmed with debt, Dodd brought out several religious works, with the hope of winning patrons by his fulsome dedications. In 1773 he was appointed chaplain to the young Lord Chesterfield, the hopeless cub to whom the celebrated "Letters" were addressed. The rich living of St. George's, Hanover Square, just then falling vacant, Dodd was unwise enough to write an anonymous letter to Lady Apsley, wife of the Lord Chancellor, offering £3,000 for the appointment. The letter was traced to its source, and handed to the king, and the writer's name was ordered immediately to be struck out of the list of chaplains. Foote, always cruel in his fun, introduced Dodd into one of his Haymarket pieces as Dr. Simony. Dodd promised an explanation, but it never came. He retired for a time to Geneva, and the society of Lord Chesterfield, till the storm blew over.

Though enjoying an income of £800 a year,

Dodd, entangled by press of debts, one fatal day, signed the name of Lord Chesterfield, his old pupil, to a bond for £4,200. The signature disowned, Dodd, who then lived in Argyle Street, was apprehended. He at once repaid part of the money, and gave a judgment on his goods for the remainder. The prosecutors were reluctant to proceed; and Lord Chesterfield, it is said, placed the forgery in Dodd's hands, as he stood near a fire, in hopes that he would destroy it; but Dodd wanted promptitude and presence of mind, and soon after the Lord Mayor compelled the prosecution. He was tried and found guilty. Dr. Johnson, on being applied to, wrote the speech delivered by Dodd before his sentence. He also composed several petitions for him, and a sermon which Dr. Dodd delivered to his fellow-prisoners shortly before his execution.

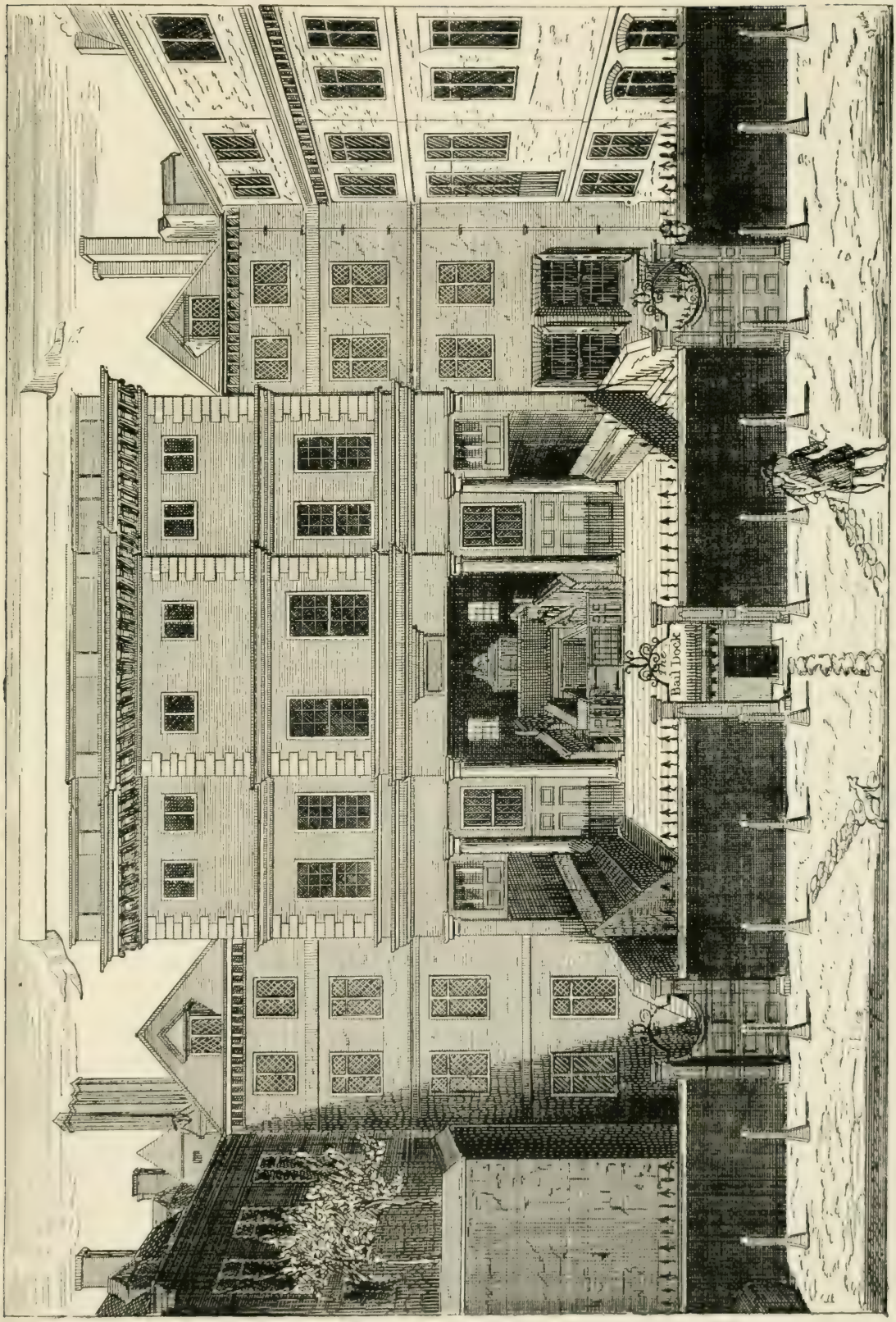
In Newgate this vain and shallow man acted the martyr, and wrote a book called "Thoughts in Prison," and believed in the possibility of a reprieve, though the king was inflexible, because in a recent case of forgery (that of Daniel and Robert Perreau, wine merchants), the sentence had been carried out. "If Dr. Dodd is pardoned," the king said, "then the Perreaus were murdered."



THE CONDEMNED CELL IN NEWGATE.

The friends of Dodd were zealous to the last. Dr. Johnson told Boswell that £1,000 were ready for any gaoler who would let him escape. A wax image of him had also been made, to be left in his bed, but the scheme, somehow or other, miscarried. Anthony Morris Storer, writing to George Selwyn, who had a passion for executions, thus describes Dodd's behaviour at Tyburn:—

"The doctor, to all appearance, was rendered



THE OLD SESSIONS' HOUSE IN THE OLD BAILEY IN 1750.

perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap.

"He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with; they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected; the other, I suppose, was the ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in everything that he said and did.

"The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a nightcap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his nightcap himself, and upon his taking it, he certainly had a smile on his countenance. Very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected without any other signs of animation but in praying."

There is a tradition that the hangman had been bribed to place the knot of the rope in a particular manner under Dodd's ear, and also that when cut down, the body was driven off to a house in Goodge Street, where Pott, the celebrated surgeon, endeavoured to restore animation. But the crowd had been great, and the delay too long; nevertheless, it was believed by many at the time that Dodd was really resuscitated and sent abroad. His wife, who regarded him with great affection, died some years after, in poverty.

In 1802 Governor Wall was hung at Newgate, for the murder of Benjamin Armstrong, a soldier, who had been under his command at Goree, in Africa. The high rank of Wall, and the long period that had elapsed since the crime had been committed, excited great interest in his fate. He had been Governor of Goree in 1782, and was disliked by both officers and men, for his severe and unforgiving disposition. The day before he returned to England, worn out with the climate, twenty or thirty men of the African corps came to petition the governor with regard to certain money stopped from their pay. The spokesman at the head of these soldiers was the unfortunate Benjamin Armstrong, who was extremely respectful in his manner, and paid the governor every deference. Wall, whose temper was no doubt aggravated by illness, instantly ordered Armstrong and his companions back to the barracks, and threatened them with punishment. The men obeyed, and quietly retired. Soon after his dinner-hour, Wall ran out of his rooms, and beat a man who appeared to be drunk, and snatching a bayonet from the sentry, struck him with it, and ordered both men under arrest. Eager for revenge on the "mutinous rascals," as he called them, Wall then ordered the long-roll to be beat, and parade called. Three hundred men, without firearms, were formed into a circle, two deep, in the midst of which stood the drummers, and the governor and his staff. A gun-carriage was then dragged up, and Benjamin Armstrong was called from the ranks. Five or six black slaves then lashed the unfortunate soldier to the rings of the gun-carriage, and Armstrong was ordered 800 lashes. With unusual cruelty, the governor ordered the slaves to use, not the cat-o'-nine-tails, but long lashings of rope, nearly an inch in circumference. Every twenty-five lashes a fresh slave was called up to continue the punishment, and the governor encouraged the slaves by shouting "Lay on, you black beasts, or I'll lay on you. Cut him to the heart; cut his liver out At the end of this ferocity, Armstrong, with his back beaten black, was led to the hospital, saying he should certainly die. The rope had bruised, not cut the flesh, yet the injuries were only the more dangerous. Five days after the governor left Goree Armstrong died.

In 1784 Wall was arrested at Bath, but managed to escape from the king's messengers, at the "Brown Bear," Reading, and escaped to France, where he changed his name. Many years later Wall rashly returned to England, and in 1801 wrote to Lord Pelham, Secretary of State, announcing his readiness to submit to a trial. He was tried in 1802. He pleaded that Armstrong was the ringleader of an open mutiny. A prisoner had been released, he himself had been threatened with a bayonet, and the soldiers had threatened to break open the stores. He denied that he had ever blown men from cannon. It was clear from the evidence that the grossest cruelty had been used, and Wall was at once found guilty, and sentence of death passed.

In that curious and amusing work, "A Book for a Rainy Day," Mr. J. T. Smith, formerly keeper of the Print Room in the British Museum, says:—

"Solomon, a pencil dealer, assured me that he could procure me a sight of the governor, if I would only accompany him in the evening to Hatton Garden, and smoke a pipe with Dr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate, with whom he said he was particularly intimate. Away we trudged, and upon entering the club-room of a public-house, we found the said doctor most pompously seated in a superb masonic chair, under a stately crimson canopy, placed between the windows. The room was clouded with smoke whiffed to the ceiling, which gave me a better idea of what I had heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta than any place I had seen. There were present at least a hundred associates of every denomination. Of this number, my Jew, being a favoured man, was admitted to a whispering audience with the doctor, which soon produced my introduction to him."

Sunrise, the next morning, found Mr. Smith waiting by appointment for his new friend, Dr. Ford, at Newgate; and this is how he describes the end of Governor Wall:—

"As we crossed the press-yard a cock crew, and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoners had not risen. Upon our entering a cold stone room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old round-shouldered, goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canaster fumigation of the doctor's Hatton Garden friends.

"The prisoner entered. He was death's counterfeit, tall, shrivelled, and pale; and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head, that the first glance of him nearly terrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, 'God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments!' His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, he 'pinioned him,' as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, 'You have tied me very tight,' upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering. 'Thank you, sir,' said the governor to the doctor, 'it is of little moment.' He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense iron shovelful of coals to throw on the fire, 'Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;' then, turning to the doctor, questioned him, 'Do tell me, sir: I am informed I shall go down with great force; is that so?' After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the doctor questioned the governor as to what kind of men he had at Goree. 'Sir,' he answered, 'they sent me the very riff-raff.' The poor soul then joined the doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at any condemned sermon than he then evinced."

Directly the execution was over, Mr. Smith left Newgate, where the hangman was selling the rope that had hung Governor Wall for a shilling an inch, and in Newgate Street a starved old man was selling another identical rope, at the ridiculously low price of only sixpence an inch; while at the north-east corner of Warwick Lane a woman known as "Rosy Emma," reputed wife of the yeoman of the halter, was selling a third identical noose to the Epping buttermen, who had come that morning to Newgate Market.

The execution, in the year 1807, of two men, named Haggerty and Holloway, for the murder in November, 1802, of Mr. Steel, a lavender-merchant in the Strand, led to a frightful catastrophe. The body of the murdered man was found in a gravel-pit between Hounslow and Staines, the head crushed in by the blow of a bludgeon. Nothing could be discovered of the offenders till the beginning of 1807, when Hanfield, a convict at Portsmouth, confessed that he had helped in the murder, and disclosed the names of his two accomplices. One of these men, Haggerty, was a marine on board the *Shannon* frigate, then lying in at Deal; the other, Holloway, a thief, was then lying in Clerkenwell Prison. The informer's story was this:—The robbery had been planned at the "Black Horse and Turk's Head," Dyot Street, Bloomsbury, whence the three men had started together to Hounslow Heath. The doomed man came at the time expected, and they knocked him down. While they were searching him a night-coach appeared, and Mr. Steele struggled to get across the road. Holloway then called out, "I'll silence the beggar," and killed him with two furious blows of a bludgeon. The evidence of this man was much doubted at the time. He had been a hackney-coachman, and a thief, and had deserted from several regiments; and it was proved that he had been heard to say, that rather than bear seven years at the hulks, he would hang as many men as were killed at the battle of Copenhagen. In the court, the two men, who were found guilty, pleaded their innocence, and the last act of Holloway, in the press-yard, was to fall on his knees, and declare before God that he was innocent. Haggerty also protested his innocence, but without going on his knees. On the day of execution some 80,000 people assembled. Even before the prisoners appeared, several women were trampled to death. At the end of Green Arbour

Court, a pieman and his basket being upset, many persons fell and perished. One poor woman, feeling herself lost, threw an infant at her breast to a bystander, who passed it on and on, till it was placed safely under a cart. In one part of the crowd seven persons died from suffocation alone. A cart, overladen with spectators, broke down, and many of those who were in it were trampled to death. Nothing could be so horrible as this fighting crowd, mad with rage and fear. Till the gallows was removed, and the marshals and constables cleared the street, nothing could be done for the sufferers. Twenty-eight persons were killed and nearly seventy injured in this brutal struggle.

The execution of the Cato Street conspirators before Newgate, on Monday, May 1, 1820, was one of the most ghastly scenes ever witnessed by a London mob. Thistlewood, the leader of this conspiracy, had been in the Marines. His companions were James Ings, a butcher; Richard Tidd, a bootmaker; William Davidson, a cabinet-maker; John T. Brunt, and others. They had agreed to take advantage of a dinner at the Earl of Harrowby's, in Grosvenor Square, to which all the cabinet ministers had been invited, to break in and murder them all. Ings had resolved that the heads of Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth should be cut off and put in two bags provided for the purpose; and he particularly wished to preserve the right hand of Lord Castlereagh as a valuable curiosity. The cannon in Gray's Inn Lane and the Artillery Ground were to be captured, the Mansion House taken, the Bank sacked, the barracks fired, and a Provisional Government established. Pikes and guns had been collected, and hand-grenades made. The conspirators were discovered in a loft in Cato Street, Edgware Road. Smithers, about the first police-officer who entered, was run through with a sword by Thistlewood, and a desperate struggle then ensued. At this moment Captain Fitzclarence (son of the Duke of Clarence) arrived, with a party of the Coldstream Guards, and captured nine of the conspirators. Thistlewood was taken the next day, at a house in Little Moorfields.

At the trial eleven of the conspirators were sentenced to death, but six of these were afterwards respited. Thistlewood, Ings, Brunt, Tidd, and Davidson were executed. The Government had shown the utmost anxiety to prevent a riot or a rescue. Life Guards were stationed in the Old Bailey, Newgate Street, and Ludgate Hill, and one hundred artillerymen and six pieces of artillery were placed in the centre of Blackfriars Bridge. The scaffold was lined with black cloth, and near the drop were five plain coffins, and a block for the decapitation of the criminals. Thistlewood was the first to ascend the scaffold. He was collected and calm, and bowed twice to the crowd. When Mr. Cotton exhorted him to pray, and asked him if he repented of his crime, he exclaimed, several times, "No, not at all!" and was also heard to say, "I shall soon know the last grand secret." Tidd ran up the steps, and bowed on all sides. There was a slight cheering when he appeared, in which he made a faint attempt to join. Ings seemed mad with excitement. He moved his head to and fro, cried "Huzza!" three times, and commenced singing, "Oh, give me death or liberty!" There was partial cheering. He exclaimed, from time to time, "Here we go, my lads! You see the last remains of James Ings. Remember, I die the enemy of tyranny, and would sooner die in chains than live in slavery." When the chaplain exhorted him, the reckless ruffian said, with a coarse laugh, "I am not afraid to go before God or man." Then he shouted to the silent executioner, "Now, old man, finish me tidy. Pull the halter a little tighter: it might slip." He then waved a handkerchief three times, and said he hoped the chaplain would give him a good character. Davidson, a man of colour, who had just received the sacrament, prayed with great fervency, and expressed penitence for his crimes. All he said was, "God bless you all! Good-bye!" and after the Lord's Prayer, he exclaimed, "God save the king!"

Brunt, the last who came out, requested some bystander to get him some snuff out of his pocket, as his hands were tied. He took it with great coolness, and said he wondered where the gaoler would put him, but he supposed it would be somewhere where he should sleep well. He would make a present of his body to King George the Fourth.

Thistlewood, just before he was turned off, said in a low tone to a person under the scaffold, "I have now but a few moments to live, and I hope the world will think that I have at least been sincere in my endeavours." At the last moment, Tidd cried out to Ings, "How are you, my hearty?"

At a signal given by the Rev. Mr. Cotton the platform fell. At the very instant Ings was observed to join Davidson in prayer. Half an hour after, a "resurrection-man," who received a fee of twenty guineas, disguised in a rough jacket and trousers, and a mask on his face, appeared with an amputating-knife, and severed Thistlewood's head from his body. The hangman's man then held up the head by the hair, and exclaimed three times,

"This is the head of Arthur Thistlewood, a traitor." The same ceremony was then performed with skill on Tidd, Ings, Davidson, and Brunt. The mob loudly hissed, and there was a deep groan from the crowd, and shrieks from the women, when Thistlewood's head was removed. When the conspirators appeared on the scaffold, the troops were ordered as close as possible to the scene of execution; but no disorder took place. Five of the remaining conspirators were transported for life.

The execution of Fauntleroy, the great banker, of 6, Berners Street, took place at Newgate, in 1824. It was supposed that this man, by forged powers of attorney, had disposed of about £400,000 worth of Bank of England stock; the Bank, however, prosecuted for only £170,000 worth. Such was Fauntleroy's audacity, that it is said he would sometimes forge the name of a man with whom he was conversing, and then send it, still wet, into the clerks' room, to show that it had just been written by his visitor. Singularly enough, a tin box was found in his possession, with a list of the greater part of his frauds, and this formal statement at the bottom of all:—"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payments of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books. *The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and destroy the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it.*" It was known that Fauntleroy was an epicure and a voluptuary, but his hospitality had won many friends, and no one doubted his honour. He attributed his losses to building speculations. He denied embezzling one shilling. Sixteen respectable witnesses vouched for his honour and integrity. The crowd at his execution, on the 30th of November, was unprecedented. Every window and house-roof near Newgate was crowded with well-dressed men. Nothing had been seen like the mob since Thistlewood and his gang were decapitated. When the sheriffs entered the banker's cell, at a quarter before eight, he lifted his eyes sadly, bowed, but said nothing. The felon was still a gentleman. He was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with silk stockings, and dress shoes. He was perfectly calm and composed. The terrible procession formed quickly. Two friends gave him their arms, and he followed the sheriffs and the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate. The moment he appeared every hat was taken off. Two minutes more, and his body swayed in the thick November air.

Only two other executions for forgery ever took place in England; and in 1837 the capital punishment for that crime was abolished. The late Mr. Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy. His elegant dinners had always been enriched by some remarkable and matchless curaçoa. Three of his boon companions had a parting interview with him in the condemned cell. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said, "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curaçoa?"

It was long rumoured in London, of course absurdly, that Fauntleroy, by means of his vast wealth and acquaintance, had bribed the hangman to slip a silver tube down his throat, which saved his life. More resolute people declared he had escaped to America, and had actually been seen in Paris. So legends, even in our own days, spring up and take root.

The murder of a poor Italian boy, by a body-snatcher named Bishop, and another scoundrel called Williams, excited the utmost horror and alarm in London, in the year 1831. Upwards of 30,000 persons assembled to witness their execution, on the 5th of December, at Newgate. These men had decoyed the poor boy to a hovel in Nova Scotia Gardens, Bethnal Green, and had then drugged him with rum and laudanum, and drowned him in a well. At King's College they had asked twelve guineas for the body, and Bishop owned to having sold from 500 to 1,000 bodies, and to two other murders. The "Fortune of War" public-house, in Giltspur Street, seems to have been the rendezvous of these monsters. A great many persons were maimed and bruised at these executions, and the moment the murderers were turned off, the barriers between the gallows and Ludgate Hill were simultaneously broken asunder and torn up by the crowd.

In 1837 the execution of James Greenacre lent an additional horror to Newgate. This man had murdered Hannah Brown, a woman to whom he had been engaged to be married, and had then cut the body in pieces, and hidden portions of it in various parts of London, the trunk being placed in a sack, and concealed behind some flagstones, near the "Pine Apple" toll-bar, Edgware Road. He confessed at last that Hannah Brown had deceived him, by pretending to have property, and that one night, when she called at his lodgings, in Carpenters' Buildings, Lambeth, she laughed at her

trick. In a rage at this, he struck her with a silk-roller a blow which proved mortal, and he then formed the resolution of cutting up and concealing the body.

The night of the execution of this wretch, hundreds of persons slept on the steps of the prison and of St. Sepulchre's Church, and boys remained all night clinging to the lamp-posts. The crowds in the streets spent the night in ribald jokes and drunken scuffles. Greenacre, when he passed to the gallows, was totally unmanned. He could not

commanding a sight of the drop were filled with spectators, who paid for places, at prices ranging from five or seven shillings to a couple of guineas a head. In some instances a first-floor was let for £12. The visitors (not always of the lower description) spent the night playing at cards and singing choruses. To one of the exhortations to confession from those who visited him, Müller turned away, with the remark, "Man has no power to forgive sins, and there is no use in confessing them to him." As he approached the gallows he looked



CATO STREET. (*From a View published in* 1820.)

articulate the responses to the ordinary, and was obliged to be supported, or he would have fallen. His last words, with a look of contempt at the yelling and hissing crowd, were, "Don't leave me long in the concourse."

Another of the celebrated executions at Newgate was that of Franz Müller, a young German tailor, in 1864. This man, in order, it is supposed, to obtain money to get to America, murdered a Mr. Briggs, in a carriage on the North London Railway, between Bow station and Hackney Wick. The murdered man's hat, watch, and chain had been seen in the possession of the murderer, who had fled to New York. Müller denied his guilt to the last. The night before the execution there was a most disgraceful scene round Newgate. The houses

up at the chain with perfect self-possession. The final conversation with the German minister of the Lutheran Church in Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, was to the following effect:—

Dr. Cappel: Muller, in a few moments you will stand before God. I ask you again, and for the last time, are you guilty, or not guilty?

Müller: Not guilty.

Dr. Cappel: You are not guilty?

Müller: God knows what I have done.

Dr. Cappel: God knows what you have done. Does He also know that you have committed this crime?

Müller: Yes, I have done it.

Dr. Cappel was actually leaning forward and listening when the drop fell. The Germans of London had exerted themselves warmly to obtain a reprieve for Müller, and even the King of Prussia

telegraphed to the Queen to request her intervention to save Müller's life.

The execution of François Benjamin Courvoisier, a Swiss valet, found guilty of the murder of his master, Lord William Russell, took place at Newgate in 1840. Lord William, who was in his seventy-



MRS. BROWNRIGG. (*From the Original Print.*)

third year, lived alone in his house, in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, his establishment consisting of two women-servants and Courvoisier, a Swiss valet. On the morning of the murder the housemaid, rising as usual, found the papers in her master's writing-room scattered about, and in the hall an opera-glass, a cloak, and some other articles of dress wrapped up, as if ready to be carried off. She instantly went up-stairs and called Courvoisier, who was almost dressed, and he at once ran down, saying, "Some person has been robbing; for God's sake go and see where his lordship is!" They went into the room, and found Lord William on his bed murdered, and his head nearly severed from his body. When the policeman came, and asked Courvoisier to assist him, he fell back in a chair, and said, "This is a shocking job. I shall lose my place, and lose my character." The premises having been searched, two bank-notes for £10 and £5, supposed to have been taken from Lord Russell's box, and several rings, were found concealed behind the skirting-board of the butler's pantry. Suspicion at once fell on Courvoisier; and on being tried and found guilty, he confessed the murder. He said that, disliking his place, he stole some plate, and had subsequently resolved to

rob the house. Then before midnight his master found him in the dining-room, and suspected him of theft. On Lord William's return to his room, the thought of murder first entered Courvoisier's mind. His character was gone, and he said he thought the only way to cover his fault was the murder of his master. He went into the dining-room, and took a carving-knife from the side-board. He then went up-stairs and opened his master's bed-room door. There was a rushlight burning, and Lord William was asleep. Courvoisier accomplished the murder, the old man never speaking a word, and only moving his arm a little. Courvoisier then opened a Russia leather case, took several things, and also a £10 note, which he hid behind the skirting-board. After he had committed this foul murder, Courvoisier went to bed, as usual, having first made marks on the outer door, as if there had been thieves there. The execution of Courvoisier took place on the 6th of July, 1840. His constant exclamation in prison had been, "O God! how could I have committed so dreadful a crime? It was madness. When I think of it I can't believe it." He also confessed that he had contemplated self-destruction. Upwards of 20,000 persons had gathered to witness the murderer's end. Several hundreds had waited all night at the debtors' door of the Old Bailey, and high fees had been paid for windows, and even the roofs of the houses opposite Newgate were crowded. There was a sprinkling of women and boys in the crowd, and a distinguishable number of men-servants. As the bell began to toll, at five minutes to eight o'clock, the vast multitude uncovered, and at two minutes after the hour Courvoisier ascended the steps leading to the drop, followed by the executioner and the ordinary of the prison. A few yells were uttered, but the mass of the spectators were silent. Courvoisier's step was steady and collected, his face pale, but calm and unmoved. When on the drop he waved his bound hands up and down two or three times, and this was the only visible symptom of emotion. When the noose was adjusted, he lifted up his hands to his breast, as if in fervent prayer. He died without any violent struggle, his raised hands gradually sinking. His counsel, Mr. C. Phillips, was afterwards much blamed for trying to prove the police guilty of conspiracy, to obtain the large reward, when, as it was said, Courvoisier had already confessed to him his guilt; but the confession of Courvoisier was really of a much later date.

There is still an old print extant (of which we give a copy on page 457), representing that cruel old hag, Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, in the condemned cell at Newgate. This celebrated murderess, who was nearly torn to pieces by the mob, on her way to Tyburn, was a parish midwife, living in Flower-de-Luce Court, Fetter Lane. Her cruelties to her apprentices we have before related.

Of the cruelties of the old press-yard we have a terrible instance, in the case of Edward Burnworth, in 1726. This man, a most daring highwayman and murderer, having refused to plead, was loaded with boards and weights. He continued an hour and three minutes, with a mass of metal upon him weighing three hundred, three quarters, and two pounds. He then prayed he might be put to the bar again, which the court granted, and he was arraigned, and pleaded "not guilty." He was, however, found guilty, and received sentence of death.

There is an interesting story of Mr. Akerman, one of the old governors of Newgate, with whom Boswell contracted a friendship. On one occasion, says Boswell, a fire broke out in Newgate. The prisoners were turbulent and in much alarm. Mr. Akerman, addressing them, told them there was no fear, for the fire was not in the stone prison; and that if they would be quiet, he then promised to come in among them, and lead them to a further end of the building; offering, in addition, not to leave them till they were reassured, and gave him leave. To this generous proposal they agreed. Mr. Akerman then, having first made them fall back from the gate, lest they should be tempted to break out, went in, closed the gate, and, with the determined resolution of an ancient Roman, ordered the outer turnkey upon no account to unbar the gate, even though the prisoners should break their word (which he trusted they would not), and by force bring him to order it. "Never mind me," said he, "should that happen." The prisoners then peaceably followed him though passages of which he had the keys, to a part of the gaol the farthest from the fire. Having, by this judicious conduct, says Boswell, fully satisfied them that there was no immediate risk, if any at all, he then addressed them: "Gentlemen, you are now convinced that I told you true. I have no doubt that the engines will soon extinguish this fire. If they should not, a sufficient guard will come, and you shall be all taken out and lodged in the compters. I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I have not a farthing insured. I have left my house that I might take care of you. I will keep my promise, and stay with you, if you insist upon it; but if you will allow me to go out and look after my family and property, I shall be obliged to you." Struck with his courage, truthfulness, and honourable sense of duty, the felons shouted: "Master Akerman, you have done bravely. It was very kind of you. By

all means go and take care of your own concerns." He did so accordingly; and they remained, and were all preserved. Dr. Johnson said of this man, whom Wellington would have esteemed: "Sir, he who has long had constantly in view the worst of mankind, and is yet eminent for the humanity of his disposition, must have had it originally in a high degree, and continued to cultivate it very carefully."

Great good was effected in Newgate by the Ladies' Prison Visiting Association, which commenced its labours among the female prisoners of Newgate in 1817. The Quakers had originated the movement, and it soon produced its effects. Mrs. Fry was the indefatigable leader of these philanthropists. The female prisoners in Newgate, before the good work began, were idle, abandoned, riotous, and drunken. There was no attempt at general inspection; the only distinction was between the tried and the untried. They slept promiscuously in large companies. Frequent communication was allowed them, through an iron grating, with visitors of both sexes, many of them more degraded and desperate than themselves. The good effected was rapid and palpable. The worst women became quiet, orderly, and industrious; the whole of them grew neater and cleaner; many learned to read; others sat for hours knitting with the ladies who visited Newgate. Two of the committee, if possible, visited the prison daily, and observed the cases of the individual prisoners. The prisoners' patchwork, spinning, and knitting were sold for them, and, if possible, part of their earnings was put by, to accumulate for their benefit when they returned to the outer world. Schools were started for the children and the grown-up women. The governesses were chosen from the most intelligent, steady, and persevering of the prisoners. A careful system of supervision was also established. Over every twelve or thirteen women a matron was placed, who was answerable for their work, and kept an account of their conduct. A ward woman attended to the cleanliness of the wards. A yard woman maintained good order in the yard, and the sick room was ruled by a nurse and an assistant. These managers were all prisoners, selected from their orderly and respectable habits, and these situations became the best badge for good conduct. The female prisoners assembled every day in the committee-room, to hear the Bible read, or a prayer delivered, by the matron or one of the visitors. The women, on being dismissed, says Mr. J. J. Gurney, returned to their several employments, with perfect order and obedience. The women grew very honest among themselves. In no less than 100,000 manufactured articles of work not one article was stolen. The best proof of amelioration was the fact of the great decrease of re-commitments between 1817 and 1819. Many of the women kept under supervision by the committee preserved good characters as servants, or earned an honest livelihood at home. Several of the women, on discharge, received small loans, to help them on, and these loans they repaid by most punctual weekly instalments. At the end of 1817, Sir T. F. Buxton obtained a return of the re-commitments on the male side of Newgate, and it appeared that out of 203 men 47 of those convicted had been confined there before within the two previous years. The returns on the female side, since the Ladies' Association had reformed the prison, were not more, as compared with the male side, than as 4 to 47. It had at one time been as 3 to 5. Can anything more be said to prove what a great good women may effect, who look upon female prisoners not as brute beasts, to be punished and despised, but as souls, to be won back and reclaimed? They softened these women's hearts, and tenderly restored them to humanity. The object of justice, in their eyes, was to reform, not merely to punish. Hence the kind look did more than the lash—the soft word than the hard fetter. The good work has, since those days, been carried further, and there is still much to do.

The first memorable escape from Newgate was that of Jack Sheppard, a thievish young London carpenter, in 1724. This hero of modern thieves (mischievously immortalised by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth) had been condemned to death with a rogue named Blueskin, for stealing cloth from a Mr. Kneebone, a draper in the Strand, to whom Sheppard had formerly been apprenticed. The whole story of his adventures shows the loose discipline of Newgate at the time. Considering the lad was a practical carpenter and locksmith, and probably bribed the gaolers heavily, we see no great miracles in his escapes, which only needed cleverness, knowledge of wood and iron work, and steady perseverance. On the first occasion Jack, during an interview with two female friends in the lodge at Newgate, broke a spike off the hatch, and, by the assistance of the two women, being slim and flexible, was pulled through the opening, and so escaped. Retaken at Finchley, the angry turnkeys gripped the young thief with handcuffs, loaded him with heavy irons (such as are still fastened above the side doors of the prison), and chained him to a stout staple in the floor of a strong room called "The Castle." There people of all ranks came to

see him, and all gave money to the young lion of the hour, but extreme care was taken that no sympathisers should pass him a chisel or a file. Jack was, however, eager for notoriety, and resolute to baffle the turnkeys. He chose a quiet afternoon, when most of the keepers were away with their amiable charges at the Old Bailey Sessions. With a small nail he had found he loosened his chain from the floor-staple, then slipped his small thievish hands through his handcuffs, and tied up his fetters as high as he could with his garters. With a piece of his broken chain he worked out of the chimney a transverse iron bar that stopped his upward progress. The keepers smoked and drank, and left Jack alone with mischief. Once on the airy roof, Jack, quick at breaking out of prisons, now tried his hand at breaking in, for, to force a way to the chapel, Jack broke into the Red Room, over the Castle, having found a large nail, with which he could work wonders. The Red Room door had not been unbolted for seven long years. Jack forced off the lock in seven short minutes, and got into a passage leading to the chapel. To force a strong bolt here, he broke a hole through the wall, and, with an iron spike from the chapel door, opened a way between the chapel and the lower leads. Three more doors flew open before him; over a wall, and he was on the upper leads. At this crisis, requiring a blanket, to tear up and make a rope for his descent, he had the courage to go back for it, all the way to his cell, and then, making a tough rope, he fastened it with the chapel spike, and let himself down on the leads of a turner, who lived adjoining the prison. Slipping in at a garret window, he stole softly down-stairs, and let himself out (a woman who heard his irons clink thought it was the cat). Passing the watch-house of St. Sepulchre, he went up Gray's Inn Lane, and hid himself in a cow-house, near Tottenham Court. The next day he bribed a shoemaker to procure him a smith's hammer and a punch, and rid himself of his irons, the last souvenirs of Newgate. A few nights after, this incorrigible scamp broke into a pawnbroker's shop in Drury Lane, stole a sword and some coats, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches, and rigged himself out in black, with ruffled shirt, diamond ring, silver-hilted sword, gold watch, and other suitable garnishings. Two nights afterwards, getting drunk with his mother near his old haunts, the young thief was seized and thrown again into Newgate, no more to escape. Sir James Thornhill painted his portrait in prison, and, after an unsuccessful plot to rescue him at Turnstile, he was hung at Tyburn. An opera and a farce were founded upon his adventures, and a preacher in the City is said to have thus spiritualised his career:—

"Now, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is, that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor, perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! Oh, what care, what pains, what diligence, and what contrivances are made use of for, and laid out upon, these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay, when, alas! the nobler part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concern, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it.

"We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor, well known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome! what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcase, hardly worth hanging! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! How manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison! And then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street-door!

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard! Mistake me not, my brethren; I don't mean in a carnal, but a spiritual sense; for I purpose to spiritualise these things. What a shame it would be, if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains, and employ as many deep thoughts, to save our souls, as he has done to preserve his body! Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope, take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the Church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the devil, who 'goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'"

The condition of things in ancient Newgate was deplorable. When the contagious fever broke out,

there were no less than 800 prisoners crowded within the walls. It was not till 1810 that, through the exertions of Sir Richard Phillips, a Committee of the Common Council passed a resolution for building a new prison for debtors, and in 1815 the debtors were transferred from Newgate to the Giltspur Street Compter. In a Parliamentary Report of 1814, the following statement appeared of the way in which the chaplain's duties were performed:—"Beyond his attendance at chapel, and on those who are sentenced to death Dr. Ford feels but few duties to be attached to his office. He knows nothing of the state of morals in the prison; he never sees any of the prisoners in private. Though fourteen boys and girls from nine to thirteen years old were in Newgate in April last, he does not consider attention to them a point of his duty. He never knows that any have been sick till he gets a warning to attend their funeral; and does not go to the infirmary, for it is not in his instructions." The prisoners were allowed to drink and gamble, and their amusement was the repeating stories of past villany and debauchery. "I scruple not to affirm," says Howard, "that half the robberies committed in and around London are planned in the prisons by that dreadful assemblage of criminals, and the number of idle people who visit them." Those who refused to associate with the criminals were submitted to mock trial, in which the oldest thief acted as judge, with a towel, tied in knots on each side of his head, for a wig; and he had officers to put his sentences into execution. "Garnish," "footing," or "chummage," was demanded of all new prisoners. "Pay, or strip," was the order; and the prisoner without money had to part with some of his clothes, to contribute towards the expense of a revel, the older prisoners adding something to the "garnish" paid by the new comer. The practice of the prisoners cooking their own food had not been long discontinued in 1818.

Even in 1836 the Inspector of Prisons found fault with the system within the prison. The prisoners were allowed to amuse themselves with gambling, card-playing, and draughts; sometimes they obtained, by stealth, says a writer in Knight's "London," the luxury of tobacco, and a newspaper. Sometimes they could get drunk. Instruments to facilitate prison-breaking were found in the prison. Combs and towels were not provided, and the supply of soap was insufficient. In their Report of 1843, the inspectors say, "It has been our painful duty, again and again, to point attention to the serious evils resulting from gaol association, and consequent necessary contamination in this prison. The importance of this prison, in this point of view, is very great. As the great metropolitan prison for the untried, it is here that those most skilled in crime of every form, those whom the temptations, the excesses, and the experience of this great city have led through a course of crime to the highest skill in the arts of depredation, and the lowest degradation of infamy, meet together with those who are new to such courses, and who are only too ready to learn how they may pursue the career they have just entered upon with most security from detection and punishment, and with greater success and indulgence. The numbers committed (nearly 4,000 per annum), which are still increasing, render this a subject of still greater moment."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE OLD BAILEY.

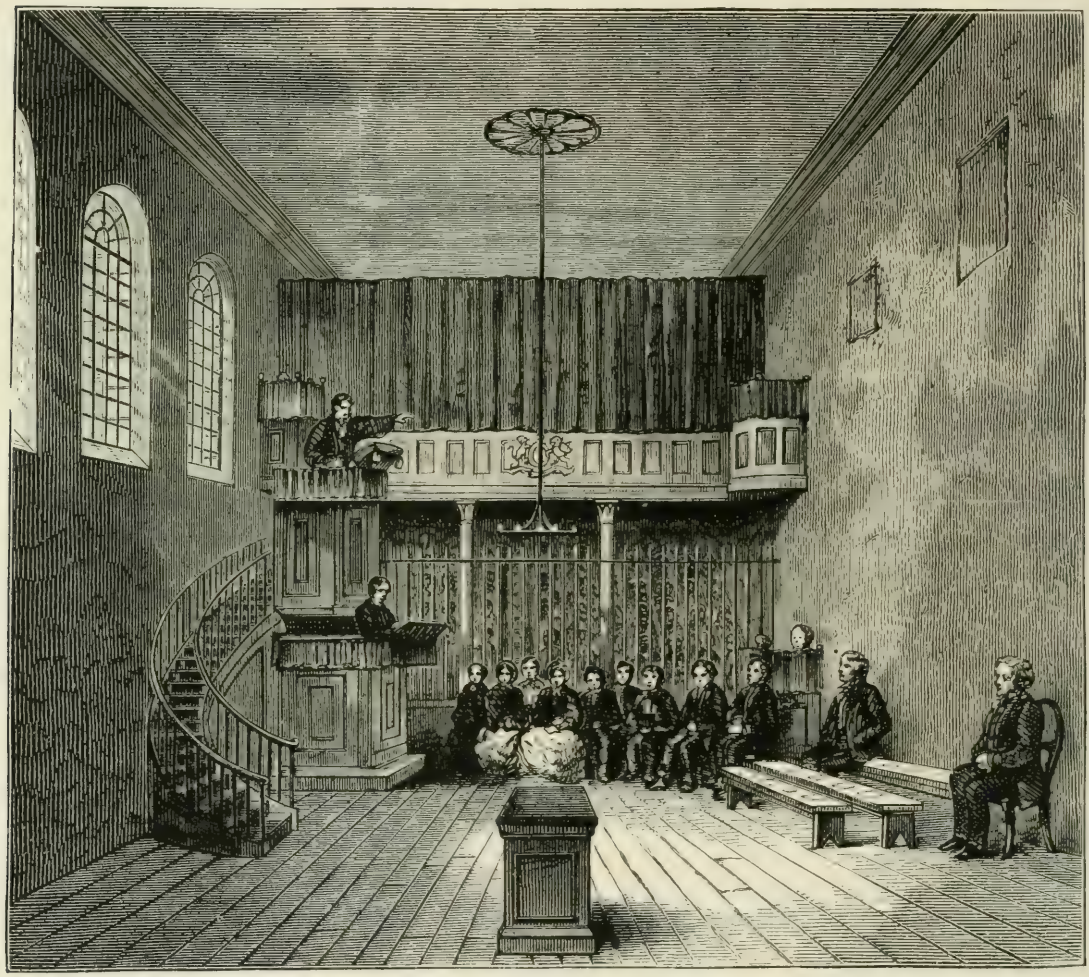
Origin of the Name—The Old Sessions House—Constitution of the Court in Strype's time—The Modern Central Criminal Court—Number of Persons tried here annually—Old Bailey Holidays—Speedy Justice—A Thief's Defence—The Interior of the Old Court—Celebrated Criminals tried here—Trial of the Regicides—Trial of Lord William Russell—The Press-yard—The Black Sessions of 1750—Sprigs of Rue in Court—Old Bailey Dinners—The Gallows in the Old Bailey—The Cart and the New Drop—Execution Statistics—Execution Customs—Memorable Executions—A Dreadful Catastrophe—The Pillory in the Old Bailey—The Surgeons' Hall—A Fatal Experiment—The Dissection of Lord Ferrers—Goldsmith as a Rejected Candidate—Famous Inhabitants—The Little Old Bailey—Sydney House—Green Arbour Court and Breakneck Steps—Goldsmith's Garret—A Region of Washerwomen—Percy's Visit to Goldsmith.

THERE is some dispute as to the origin of the name "Old Bailey," for while some think it implies the Ballium, or outer space beyond the wall, Maitland refers it to Bail Hill, an eminence where the bail, or bailiff, lived and held his court. Stow thinks the street was called from some old court held there, as, in the year 1356, the tenement and ground upon Houndsditch, between Ludgate on the south and Newgate on the north, was appointed to John Cambridge, fishmonger and Chamberlain of London, "whereby," he says, "it seems that the Chamberlains of London have there kept their courts as now they do by the Guildhall; and to this day the mayor and justices of this City kept

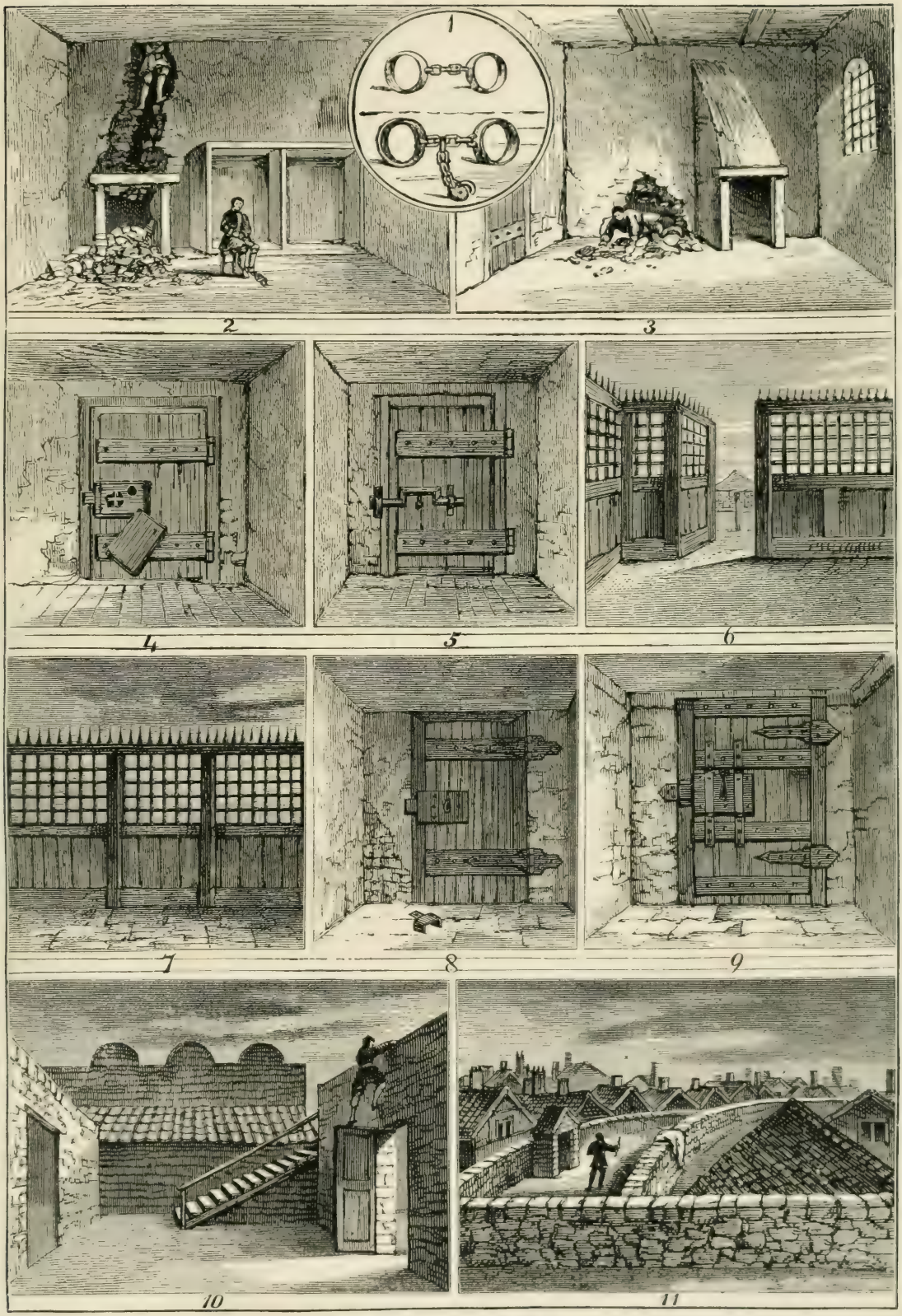
their sessions in a part thereof now called the Sessions Hall, both for the City of London and Shire of Middlesex."

Strype describes the Old Sessions House as a fair and stately building, very commodious, and with large galleries on both sides for spectators, "the court-room," he remarks, "being advanced by stone steps from the ground, with rails and banisters, enclosed from the yard before it; and the bail-dock, which fronts the court where the prisoners are kept until brought to their trials, is also inclosed. Over the court-room is a stately dining-room, sustained by ten stone pillars, and over it a platform, headed with rails and banisters. There be five lodging-rooms, and other conveniences, on either side the court. It standeth backwards, so it hath no front toward the street; only the gateway leadeth into the yard before the house, which is spacious. It cost above £6,000 the building." A Court-house was erected here in 1773. It was destroyed in the "No Popery" Riots of 1780, but was rebuilt and enlarged in 1809 by the addition of the site of the old Surgeons' Hall.

The old constitution of this court for malefactors is given by "R. B.," in Strype (v. 384). "It," he says, "is called the King's Commission on the Peace of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery of Newgate, for the City of London and County of Middlesex, which court is held at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey, commonly called the Sessions House, and generally eight times, or oftener, every year. The judges are the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and others of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace of the City of London, the two Sheriffs of London being always present; and oftentimes the judges (being always in these commissions) come, and sit to give their assistance. The jurors, for all matters committed in London, are citizens of London, . . . and the jurors for crimes and misdemeanors committed in Middlesex, are freeholders of the said county."



THE CHAPEL IN NEWGATE.



JACK SHEPPARD'S ESCAPES.

1 Handcuffs and Feetlocks, and Padlock to Ground. 2. Cell over the Castle, Jack Sheppard fastened to the floor. Climbing up the Chimney, where he found a bar of iron. 3. Red Room over the Castle, into which he got out of the Chimney. 4. Door of the Red Room, the lock of which he put back. 5. Door of the Entry between the Red Room and the Chapel. 6. Door going into the Chapel, which he burst open. 7. Door going out of the Chapel towards the Leads. 8. Door with a Spring Lock, which he opened. 9. Door over the same Passage. 10. The Lower Leads. 11. The Higher Leads, the walls of which he got over, and descended by the staircase off the roof of a turner's house into the street.

Under the general title, "The Central Criminal Court," are joined both what are called the Old Court and the New. The former deals with the more weighty cases—those of deepest dye—and has echoed, without doubt, to more tales of the romance of crime than any other building in the kingdom.

"The judges of the Central Criminal Court," says Mr. Timbs (1868), "are the Lord Mayor (who opens the court), the Sheriffs, the Lord Chancellor (such is the order of the Act), the Judges, the Aldermen, Recorder, Common Serjeant of London, Judge of the Sheriff's Court, or City Commissioner, and any others whom the Crown may appoint as assistants. Of these the Recorder and Common Serjeant are in reality the presiding judges; a judge of the law only assisting when unusual points of the law are involved, or when conviction affects the life of the prisoner. Here are tried crimes of every kind, from treason to the pettiest larceny, and even offences committed on the high seas. The jurisdiction comprises the whole of the metropolis as now defined; with the remainder of Middlesex; the parishes of Richmond and Mortlake, in Surrey; and great part of Essex."

The court is regulated by Act of Parliament 4 and 5 Will. IV., c. 36.

As to the number of persons who are brought here into public notice, Mr. Sheriff Laurie, writing to the *Times* of November 28th, 1845, says, "I find upon investigation that upwards of two thousand persons annually are placed at the bar of the Old Bailey for trial. About one-third are acquitted, one-third are first offences, and the remaining portion have been convicted of felony before."

Trials are going on at the Old Bailey almost all the year round. Frequent, however, as they are, there are occasional pauses. Justice, it has been said, must nod sometimes, and therefore it is as well to provide for fitting repose elsewhere than on the judgment-seat. The sittings of the Central Criminal Court are held monthly, but as the whole of the month is not occupied in the trial of the prisoners on the calendar, the spare time forms a vacation, and such are the only vacations at the Old Bailey. In consequence of these frequent sittings, trials are often conducted and prisoners rewarded according to their merits, with surprising swiftness. A criminal may be guilty of theft in the morning, be apprehended before night, be committed by a magistrate the next day, and the day after that be tried, convicted, and sentenced at the Old Bailey—a speedy administration of justice, which must be highly gratifying to all concerned.

"The usual defence of a thief, especially at the Old Bailey," says Fielding, writing of the increase of robbers, "is an *alibi*. To prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon, within this twelvemonth, to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time when the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar, when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London, at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery I think he was tried and executed."

The interior of the Old Court, which, naturally enough, from every point of view is more interesting than that of the New one, has been described in a lively manner by a writer in Knight's "Cyclopædia of London" (1851). "Passing," he says, "through a door in the wall which encloses the area between Newgate and the courts, we find a flight of steps on our right, leading up into the Old Court. This is used chiefly for prosecutors and witnesses. Farther on in the area, another flight of steps leads to a long passage into a corridor at the back of the court, with two doors opening into the latter, by one of which the judges and sheriffs reach the bench, and by the other, the barristers their place in the centre at the bottom. Both doors also lead to seats reserved for visitors. We enter, pause, and look round. The first sentiment is one of disappointment. The great and moral power and pre-eminence of the court makes one, however idly and unconsciously, anticipate a grander physical exhibition. What does meet our gaze is no more than a square hall of sufficient length, and breadth, and height, lighted up by three large square windows on the opposite wall, showing the top of the gloomy walls of Newgate, having on the left a gallery close to the ceiling, with projecting boxes, and on the right, the bench, extending the whole length of the wall, with desks at intervals for the use of the judges, whilst in the body of the court are, first, a dock for the prisoners below the gallery, with stairs descending to the covered passage by which prisoners are conveyed to and from the prison; then, just in advance of the left-hand corner of the dock, the circular witness-box, and in a similarly relative position to the witness-box, the jury-box, below the windows of the court, an arrangement that enables the jury to see clearly and without turning, the faces of the witnesses and of the prisoners; that enables the witness to identify the prisoner; and lastly, that enables the judges on the bench, and the counsel in the centre of the court below, to keep jury, witnesses, and prisoners

all at once within the same, or nearly the same, line of view. We need only add to these features of the place the formidable row of law-books which occupies the centre of the green-baized table, around which are the counsel, reminding us of the passage in the 'Beggars' Opera'—

> 'The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
> The judges all ranged, a terrible show;'

the double line of reporters occupying the two seats below us; the sheriff in attendance for the day, looking so spruce in his court suit, stepping noiselessly in and out; and lastly the goodly personage in the blue and furred robes and gold chain, who sits in the centre on the chief seat, with the gilded sword of justice suspended over his head against the crimson-lined wall. Some abstruse document, apparently, just now engages his attention, for he appears utterly absorbed in it, bending over his desk. 'It must surely be the Lord Chancellor come to try some great case,' thinks many an innocent spectator; but he rises, and we perceive it is only an ex-mayor reading the newspaper of the day. But we forgot: Hazlitt said that a City apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world, would come some day to be hanged; and here everybody apparently is of the same opinion. 'Who, then, is the judge?' one naturally asks; when, looking more attentively, we perceive for the first time, beyond the representative of civic majesty, which thus asserts its rights, some one writing, taking frequent but brief glances at the prisoners or the witnesses, but never turning his head in any other direction, speaking to no one on the bench, unspoken to. That is a judge of the land, quietly doing the whole business of the court." The court formerly sat at the early hour of 7 a.m.

In 1841, both the Old Court and the New Court were ventilated, upon Dr. Reid's plan, from chambers beneath the floors, filled with air filtered from an apartment outside the building, the air being drawn into them by an enormous discharge upon the highest part of the edifice, or propelled into them by a fanner. From the entire building the vitiated air is received in a large chamber in the roof of the Old Court, whence it is discharged by a gigantic iron cowl, fifteen feet in diameter, weighing two tons, and the point of the arrow of the guiding vane weighing 150 pounds. The subterrannean air-tunnels pass through a portion of the old City wall.

It was at the Old Bailey, in 1727, that Richard Savage, the dissolute poet, for whom Dr. Johnson seems to have felt an affection, was tried. The poet was out, one night, drinking and rioting with two gentlemen named Merchant and Gregory, when they agreed to turn in at "Robinson's" Coffee House, near Charing Cross. Merchant, demanding a room in a bullying way, was told there was a fire ready-made in the next partition, where the company were about to leave. The three men at once rushed in, and placed themselves between the fire and the persons who were there, and kicked down a table. A fight ensued, and Savage ran a Mr. James Sinclair through the body. He also wounded a servant-girl who tried to hold him, and broke his way out of the house. He was taken, however, in a back court, where some soldiers had come to his assistance. The next morning the three revellers were carried before the justices, who sent them to the Gate House, and on the death of Mr. Sinclair they were removed to Newgate. They were not, however, chained, and were placed apart from the vulgar herd in the press-yard. It was proved that the fatal stab was given by Savage, and he was consequently found guilty of murder. It is said that his supposed mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, did all she could to bring Savage to the gallows; but the Countess of Hertford, Lord Tyrconnel, and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, obtained for him at last the king's pardon.

Among other celebrated criminals who have been tried at the Old Bailey and Central Criminal Courts, may be briefly mentioned the following:—Major Strangways, the assassin, in 1659; Colonel Turner and his family, for burglary in Lime Street, 1663; Green, Berry, and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, 1678; Count Koningsmark and three others for the assassination of Mr. Thynne, 1681; Rowland Walters and others, for the murder of Sir Charles Pym, Bart., 1688; Harrison, for the murder of Dr. Clenche, 1692; Beau Fielding, for bigamy, 1706; Richard Thornhill, Esq., for killing Sir Cholmeley Deering in a duel, 1711; the Marquis di Paleotti, for the murder of his servant in Lisle Street, 1718; Major Oneby, for killing in a duel, 1718 and 1726; Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker, 1725; the infamous Colonel Charteris, 1730; Elizabeth Canning, an inexplicable mystery, 1753; Baretti, for stabbing, 1769; the two Perraus, for forgery, 1776; the Rev. Mr. Hackman, for shooting Miss Reay, 1779; Ryland, the engraver, for forgery, 1783; Barrington, the pickpocket, 1790; Renwick Williams, for stabbing, 1790; Theodore Gardelle, for murder, 1790; Hadfield, for shooting at George III., 1800; Captain Macnamara, for killing Colonel Montgomery in a duel, 1803; Aslett, the Bank clerk, for forgery on the Bank to the extent of £320,000,

1803; Holloway and Haggerty, for murder, 1807; Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Spencer Percival, 1812; Cashman, the sailor, for riot on Snow Hill (where he was hanged), 1817; Richard Carlile, for blasphemy, 1819 and 1831; St. John Long, the counter-irritation surgeon, for manslaughter, 1830 and 1831; Bishop and Williams, for murder by "burking," 1831; Greenacre, for murder, 1837; G. Oxford, for shooting at the Queen, 1840; Blakesley, for murder in Eastcheap, 1841; Beaumont Smith, for forgery of Exchequer bills, 1841; J. Francis, for an attempt to shoot the Queen, 1842; McNaughten, who shot Mr. Drummond in mistake for Sir R. Peel, 1843; Dalmas, for murder on Battersea Bridge, 1844; Barber, Fletcher, &c., for will-forgeries, 1844; Manning and his wife, for murder, 1849; Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, whose trial lasted a fortnight, 1856; and seven pirates, convicted of murder on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, 1864.

But besides those criminals, outcasts of society, and notorious for their evil deeds, the Old Bailey has disposed of another class, distinguished by their noble and elevated principles, and famed for their patriotism. Here were tried, in 1660, immediately after the Restoration, those of the judges of Charles I. who were still alive, and, relying on the promised bill of indemnity, had remained in England; and twenty-three years later, in the same reign, a nobleman whose name has become a household word—in connection with his illustrious friend, Sidney—Lord William Russell.

The trial of the regicides commenced on the 9th of October, 1660, before a court of thirty-four commissioners, of whom some were old royalists; others, such as Manchester, Say, Annesley, and Hollis, had been all members of the Long Parliament; and with these sat Monk, Montague, and Cooper, the associates of Cromwell, who, one would think, from motives of delicacy, would have withheld from the tribunal. The prisoners were twenty-nine in number, and included Sir Hardress Waller, Major-General Harrison, Colonel Carew, Cook, Hugh Peters, Scott, Harry Marten, and Scroop, among other scarcely less noticeable names. Waller was first called; he pleaded guilty, and thus escaped the scaffold. Harrison's turn came next. Animated by a fervid spirit of enthusiasm, perfectly free from all alloy of worldly motives, he spoke boldly in his defence. "Maybe I might be a little mistaken," said he, "but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in His Holy Scriptures as a guide to me. I humbly conceive that what was done was done in the name of the Parliament of England—that what was done was done by their power and authority; and I do humbly conceive it is my duty to offer unto you in the beginning, that this court, or any court below the High Court of Parliament, hath no jurisdiction of their actions." His boldness could not save him; he was sentenced to death, and retired saying he had no reason to be ashamed of the cause in which he had been engaged. Colonel Carew's frame of mind was in tune with that of Harrison, and he also was condemned to death. Harry Marten began a most ingenious and persevering defence by taking exception to the indictment. He declared he was not even mentioned in it! It certainly included a name, Henry Marten, but that was not his—his was *Harry* Marten. This was overruled, and the trial proceeded. The Solicitor-General having said, "I am sorry to see in you so little repentance," Marten replied, "My lord, if it were possible for that blood to be in the body again, and every drop that was shed in the late wars, I could wish it with all my heart; but, my lord, I hope it is lawful to offer in my defence that which, when I did it, I thought I might do. My lord, there was a House of Commons as I understood it: perhaps your lordship thinks it was not a House of Commons, but it was then the supreme authority of England; it was so reputed both at home and abroad." He then went on to plead that the statute of Henry VIII. exempted from high treason any one acting under a king *de facto*, though he should not be a king *de jure*. No arguments would move the Old Bailey judge and jury of that day. Marten also was condemned. As for the other prisoners, all of them were found guilty, but those who had surrendered themselves voluntarily were, with one exception, that of Scroop, respited. Ten were executed. All, it has been remarked, died with the constancy of martyrs, and it is to be observed that not a single man of those who had a share in the death of the late king seems to have voluntarily repented of the deed.

It was at the trial of the regicides that the ridiculous story was first given in evidence by a soldier, who declared that when Harry Marten and Cromwell signed the death-warrant of the king, they wiped their pens on each other's faces.

The trial of Lord William Russell for his alleged connection with the Rye House Plot commenced at the Old Bailey on the 13th of July, 1683. He was charged with conspiring the death of the king, and consulting how to levy war against him. As was the case in the trial of the regicides, there is no doubt that the jury was packed by the sheriffs. Lord Russell desired the postponement of the trial

till the afternoon, on account of an error in the list of the jury, and of the non-arrival of some witnesses from the country. The Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, corruptly assuming his guilt as already proven, answered harshly, "You would not have given the king an hour's notice for saving his life; the trial must proceed." Desiring to take notes of the evidence, the prisoner asked if he might have assistance. "Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert D. Pemberton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who presided, adding, "any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you." "My lord," was the answer, "my wife is here to do it." No wonder that a thrill ran through the crowd of spectators when they saw the daughter of the excellent and popular Lord Southampton thus bravely aiding her husband in his defence! The incident was not likely to be forgotten, and both painters and poets have long delighted to dwell on the image

"Of that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side."

Every one knows how the trial ended, and how the unfortunate but noble-minded Russell was, on the 21st of July, executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Press-Yard at the Old Bailey still, by its name, commemorates one of the cruelties of our old statute-book. In all cases where a criminal refused to plead at the bar, in order to preserve his property from being forfeited to the Crown, the *peine forte et dure* was used. The most celebrated case of the application of this torture was in 1659, when Major Strangways endured it, to save his estate. He and his elder sister had shared a farm peacefully enough, till the sister married a lawyer named Fussell, whom Strangways disliked. He had been, indeed, heard to say that if ever his sister married Fussell, he would be the death of him in his study, or elsewhere. One day Fussell was shot at his lodgings in London, and suspicion fell on Strangways, who consented to the ordeal of touch. At his trial Strangways refused to plead. He wished to bestow his estate on his best friends, and he hoped to escape the ignominy of the gibbet. Lord Chief Justice Glynn then passed the sentence, "That he be put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, the one to one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs be used; and that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more. The first day he shall have three morsels of barley bread, and the next he shall drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison door, but of no spring or fountain water; and this shall be his punishment till he die."

On the Monday following Strangways was clothed in white from top to toe, and wearing a mourning cloak (for indeed it was his own funeral to which he was going). His friends placed themselves at the corner of the press, and when he gave the word, put on the weights. This was done till he uttered the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," but the weight being too light to produce instant death, those present stood on the board, as a ghastly and last act of friendship. The poor fellow bore this some eight or ten minutes.

After the almost entire abolition of this cruel practice, it was the custom to force the prisoners to plead, if possible, by screwing the thumb with whipcord, a sort of buccaneer form of cruelty. In 1721, Mary Andrews was tortured thus. The first three whipcords broke, but she gave way with the fourth. The same year (for the press was still partially continued) the cord was tried first on a criminal named Nathaniel Hawes, who then was pressed under a weight of 250 pounds, and he consented to plead. According to one writer on the subject, the cord torture was last used about 1734.

A tragic episode in the history of the administration of justice in the Old Bailey was the invasion of the court by the gaol-fever during the sessions of May, 1750. The gaol-fever raged so violently in the neighbouring prison that the effluvia, entering the court, caused the death of the Judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Abney, Baron Clark, Pennant the historian's "respected kinsman," Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor, and several members of the Bar and of the jury.

The occasion of this misadventure, and a few particulars concerning it, have been recorded for the benefit of posterity. A Captain Clarke was being tried for killing a Captain Turner, and the court was unusually crowded. About one hundred prisoners were tried, and they were kept all day cooped up in two small rooms 14 feet by 11 feet each way, and only 7 feet high. It was remarked that the Lord Chief Justice and the Recorder, who sat on the Lord Mayor's right hand, caught, while the rest of the bench, on the left, escaped, the infection. This was attributed to the draught, that carried the infected air in that direction. Every precaution was afterwards taken, says Pennant, to keep the court airy; but as several of these fatal accidents had already happened in the kingdom, it was rather surprising "that the neglect of the salutary precautions was continued till the time of this awakening call." The disease again proved fatal to several in 1772.

Upon the first outbreak of the gaol-fever the custom arose of placing rue in front of the dock of the Old Bailey to prevent infection: so it is stated in Lawrence's "Life of Fielding" (1855). At the trial of Manning and his wife for murder, it will be remembered that at the conclusion of a speech by one of the counsel, Mrs. Manning gathered some of "the sprigs of rue placed on the dock," and threw them vehemently over the wigged heads of the "learned" gentlemen.

Over the court-room is a dining-room, where the judges have long been in the habit of dining when the court was over—a practice commemorated by a well-known line —

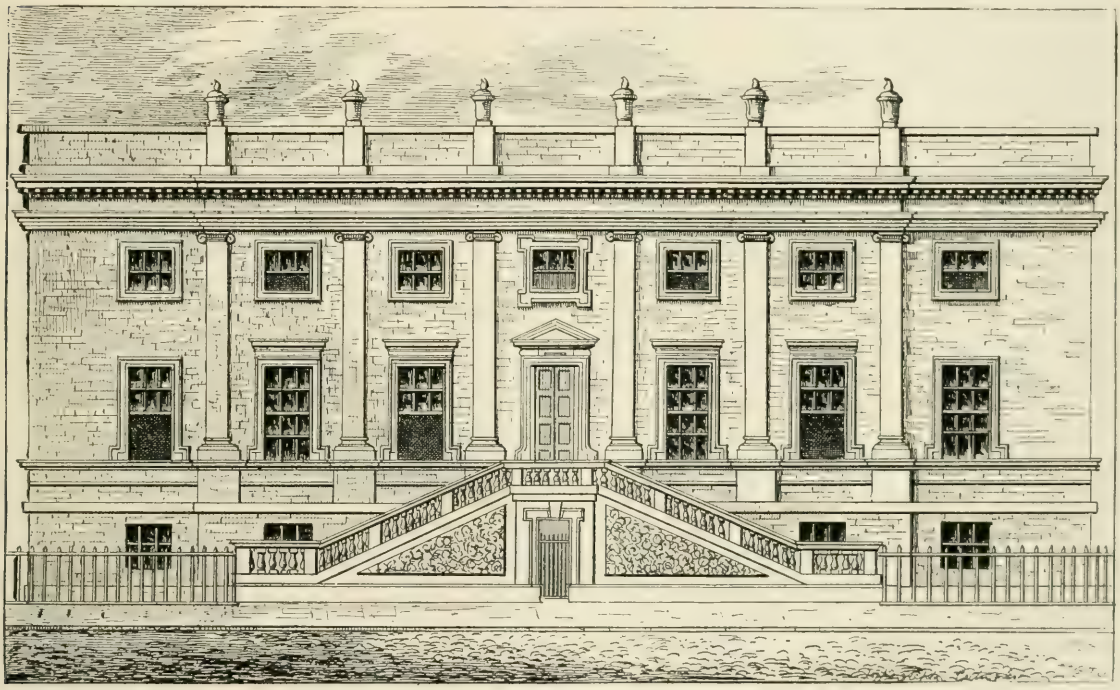
"And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

"If we are not misinformed," says an amusing writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1836, "the fiat has gone forth already against one class of City dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinner given by the sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the Recorder, Common Serjeant, City pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the Bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow-puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beef-steaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other it was impracticable for them to partake of both; but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty, till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence, that the vigour of his attack on the beef-steaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before. The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were Mr. Justice Park



FRONT OF NEWGATE FROM THE OLD BAILEY.

and Mr. Baron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily, the beef-steaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of being challenged for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation, to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a dull, dead lull, which, to the experienced in such matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather stomachs, of the jury can endure. The trial had, unfortunately, taken place upon a Saturday, and it became a serious question in what manner the refractory jurymen were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *dies non* in law, and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge. He consequently declared his intention of waiting till what he deemed a reasonable hour—namely, about ten—and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine. We are sorry to be obliged to add that the worthy chaplain's digestion has at length proved unequal to the double burthen imposed upon it; but the Court of Aldermen, considering him a martyr to their cause, have very properly agreed to grant him an adequate pension for his services."



SURGEONS' HALL, OLD BAILEY, 1800.

In 1807-8 the dinners for three sessions, nineteen days, cost Sheriff Phillips and his colleague £35 per day—£665; 145 dozen of wine was consumed at these dinners, costing £450, so that the total of the bill came to £1,115.

And now we take leave of the Central Criminal Court, according to Garth, in his "Dispensary,"

> "——That most celebrated place,
> Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

The Old Bailey—that part of the street opposite to Newgate—became the scene of public executions in 1783, on the 9th of December in which year the first culprit suffered here the extreme

penalty of the law. Before that time the public executions ordinarily took place at Tyburn. The gallows of the Old Bailey was built with three cross-beams for as many rows of victims, and between February and December, 1785, ninety-six persons suffered by the "new drop," an ingenious invention which took the place of the cart. On but one occasion the old mode of execution was revived; a triangular gallows was set up in the road, opposite Green Arbour Court, and the cart was drawn from under the criminal's feet.

The front of Newgate continued to be the place of execution in London from 1783 to 1868, when an Act was passed directing executions to take place within the walls of prisons. This Act was the result of a commission on capital punishments, appointed in 1864, which, in their report issued in 1865, recommended, amongst other things, that executions should not be public. The number of executions throughout the country has been gradually decreasing for many years, as our laws have become less severe. In 1820 there were forty-three executions in London; in 1825, seventeen; in 1830, six; in 1835, none; in 1836, none; in 1837, two; in 1838, none; in 1839, two; in 1840, one; in 1842, two; in 1843, none; in 1844, one; in 1845, three; in 1846, two; and from 1847 to 1871 the average has been 1·48 per annum. What a contrast this presents to the stern old times when the law of the gallows and the scaffold kept our forefathers in order! In the reign of Henry VIII. —thirty-eight years—it is said that no fewer than 72,000 criminals were executed in England!

It used to be occasionally the usage to execute the criminal near the scene of his guilt. Those who were punished capitally for the riots of 1780 suffered in those parts of the town in which their crimes were committed; and in 1790 two incendiaries were hanged in Aldersgate Street, at the eastern end of Long Lane, opposite the site of the house to which they had set fire. "Since that period," Mr. Timbs observes, "there have been few executions in London except in front of Newgate. The last deviation from the regular course was in the case of the sailor Cashman, who was hung in 1817, in Skinner Street, opposite the house of Mr. Beckwith, the gunsmith, which he had plundered."

About 1786 was witnessed in the Old Bailey the end of an old practice: the body of the criminal just executed was burned for the last time. A woman was the sufferer in this case. She was hung on a low gibbet, and on life being extinct, fagots were heaped around her and over her head, fire was set to the pile, and the corpse was burned to ashes.

The memorable executions at the Old Bailey include those of Mrs. Phepoe, for murder, December 11, 1797; Holloway and Haggerty, February 23rd, 1807; Bellingham, May 18th, 1812; Joseph Hunton (Quaker), December 8th, 1828; Bishop and Williams, December 5, 1831; John Pegsworth, March 7th, 1837; James Greenacre, May 2, 1837; besides several others already mentioned by us as having undergone trial at the adjoining court of justice.

A dreadful accident took place here at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty, on the 23rd of February, 1807, for the murder of Mr. Steele, on Hounslow Heath, in 1802. Twenty-eight persons were crushed to death. We have already alluded to the circumstances, and to our previous notice the following account of the catastrophe, by a writer in the *Annual Register*, must be regarded as supplementary:—"On the north side of the Old Bailey, the multitude to see the execution was so immensely great that, in their movements, they were not inaptly compared to the flow and reflow of the waves of the sea, when in troubled motion. In the centre of this vast concourse of people was placed a cart, in which persons were accommodated with standing-places to see the culprits; but, it is supposed from the circumstance of too many being admitted into it, the axle-tree gave way, and by the concussion many persons were killed. Unhappily, the mischief did not stop here. A temporary chasm in the crowd being thus made by the fall of the cart, many persons rushed forward to get upon the body of it, which formed a kind of platform, from which they thought they could get a commanding view over the heads of the persons in front. All those who, from choice or necessity, were nearest to the cart, strove to get upon it; and in their eagerness drove those in front headforemost among the crowd beneath, by whom they were trampled under foot, without the power of relieving them. The latter in turn were in like manner assailed, and shared the same fate. This dreadful scene continued for some time. The shrieks of the dying men, women, and children were terrific beyond description, and could only be equalled by the horror of the event." The most affecting scene of distress was seen at Green Arbour Court, nearly opposite the Debtors' Door.

Offenders frequently stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey, and there, no doubt, were often, as was customary, stoned by the mob, and pelted with rotten eggs, and other equally offensive missiles. The pillory generally consisted of a wooden frame, erected on a scaffolding, with holes

and folding boards for the admission of the head and hands of him whom it was desired to render thus publicly infamous. Rushworth says that it was invented for the special benefit of mountebanks and quacks, "who having gotten upon banks and forms to abuse the people, were exalted in the same kind," but it seems to have been freely used for cheats of all description. Bakers for making bread of light weight, and "dairymen for selling mingled butter," were in the olden time "sharply corrected" upon it. So also were fraudulent corn, coal, and cattle dealers, cutters of purses, sellers of sham gold rings, keepers of infamous houses, forgers of letters, bonds, and deeds, counterfeits of papal bulls, users of unstamped measures, and forestallers of the markets. But just as the Old Bailey Court witnessed occasionally the persecution of the innocent, so the pillory had at one time other heroes than cheats, thieves, scandalmongers, and perjurers. "Thanks to Archbishop Laud, and Star Chamber tyrants," says the late Dr. Robert Chambers, "it figured so conspicuously in the political and polemical disputes which heralded the downfall of the monarchy, as to justify a writer of our own time in saying, 'Noble hearts had been tried and tempered in it; daily had been elevated in it mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust, athletic endurance. All from within that has undying worth it had but more plainly exposed to public gaze from without.'" Many a courageous and outspoken thinker will occur to every reader of English history as having been set on this scaffold of infamy, to the lasting disgrace of narrow-minded tyranny.

The last who stood in the pillory of London was Peter James Bossy, tried for perjury, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. Previous to being transported he was to be kept for six months in Newgate, and to stand for one hour in the pillory in the Old Bailey. The pillory part of the sentence was executed on the 24th of June, 1830.

An Act of the British Parliament, dated June 30, 1837, put an end to the use of the pillory in the United Kingdom. In 1815 it had been abolished as a punishment except for perjury.

The Surgeons' Hall stood in the Old Bailey, on the site of the New Sessions House, till 1809. Pennant, in his "London," remarks, in connection with the old Court of Justice, that the erection of the Surgeons' Hall in its neighbourhood was an exceedingly convenient circumstance. "By a sort of second sight," he says, "the Surgeons' Theatre was built near this court of conviction and Newgate, the concluding stage of the lives forfeited to the justice of their country, several years before the fatal tree was removed from Tyburn to its present site. It is a handsome building, ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and with a double flight of steps to the first floor. Beneath is a door for the admission of the bodies of murderers and other felons, who, noxious in their lives, make a sort of reparation to their fellow-creatures by becoming useful after death."

The bodies of murderers, after execution, were dissected in the Surgeons' Theatre, according to an Act passed in 1752, and which was only repealed in the reign of William IV. A curious experiment was performed here, in the beginning of the century, on the body of one Foster, who was executed for the murder of his wife. It was "lately," says a writer in the *Annual Register* for 1803, "subjected to the galvanic process, by Mr. Aldini (a nephew of Galvani), in presence of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye actually opened. In a subsequent course of the experiment, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion; and it appeared to all the bystanders that the wretched man was on the point of being restored to life! The object of these experiments was to show the excitability of the human frame when animal electricity is duly applied; and the possibility of its being efficaciously used in cases of drowning, suffocation, or apoplexy, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality." But the most curious part of the proceedings remains to be told. According to Mr. J. Saunders, in Knight's "London," 1842, when the right arm was raised, as mentioned above, it struck one of the officers of the institution, who died that very afternoon of the shock.

In April, 1760, Laurence Earl Ferrers was tried before the House of Lords, for the murder of his steward. He was found guilty, and sentenced "to be hanged by the neck till he was dead; after which his body was to be delivered to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected and anatomised." At the latter part of the sentence, we are told, his lordship cried out, "God forbid!" but, soon recollecting himself, added, "God's will be done!" On Monday, the 5th of May, he was hanged at Tyburn, and the body was conveyed, with some state, in his own landau and six, to the Surgeons' Hall, in the Old Bailey, to undergo the remainder of the sentence. A print of the time shows the corpse as it lay here.

It was at this hall that Goldsmith presented him-

self in a new suit—not paid for—to be examined as to his qualifications for being a surgeon's mate, on the 21st of December, 1758. "The beadle called my name," says Roderick Random, when he found himself in a similiar condition at that place of torture, "with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet. However, there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table, one of whom bade me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses."

"Whether the same process," says Mr. John Forster, "conducted through a like memorable scene, bereft poor Goldsmith altogether of his, cannot now be ascertained. All that is known is told in a dry extract from the books of the College of Surgeons: 'At a Court of Examiners, held at the Theatre, 21st December, 1758, present'—the names are not given, but there is a long list of the candidates who passed, in the midst of which these occur: 'James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, not qualified for ditto.'

"A harder sentence," continues Goldsmith's biographer, "a more cruel doom than this, at the time, must have seemed, even the Old Bailey has not often been witness to; yet, far from blaming that worthy court of examiners, should we not rather feel that much praise is due to them? That they did their duty in rejecting the short, thick, dull, ungainly, over-anxious, over-dressed, simple-looking Irishman who presented himself that memorable day, can hardly, I think, be doubted; but unconsciously they also did a great deal more. They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, but left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world. They found him querulous with adversity, given up to irresolute fears, too much blinded with failures and sorrows to see the divine uses to which they tended still; and from all this their sternly just and awful decision drove him resolutely back. While the door of the Surgeons' Hall was shut upon him that day, the gate of the beautiful mountain was slowly opening."

At what used to be No. 68 of the Old Bailey, "the second door south of Ship Court," lived Jonathan Wild, the famous thief-taker, who had a very intimate acquaintance with the Sessions House.

A description of the Old Bailey would be decidedly incomplete were we to omit giving a sketch of the career of this noted inhabitant. Almost every great man arrives at eminence by zeal and energy, devoted to some particular calling; and it may be worth our pains to look for a little at that which Jonathan made peculiarly his own. His occupation was the restoration of stolen goods, carried on from about the year 1712, through a secret confederacy with all the regular thieves, burglars, and highwaymen of the metropolis, whose depredations he prompted and directed. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1717, tended rather to check the display of his peculiar talents. By this Act persons convicted of receiving or buying goods, knowing them to be stolen, were made liable to transportation for fourteen years; and by another clause, with a particular view to Wild's proceedings, a heavy punishment was awarded to all who trafficked in such goods and divided the money with felons. Wild's ingenuity and audacity, however, long enabled him to elude this new law. He was one of the cleverest of rogues, and it has been well said, in one sense, merited the name of "great," bestowed upon him by Fielding, in whose history of him, although the incidents are fictitious, there is no exaggeration of his talents or courage, any more than of his unscrupulousness and want of all moral principle. The plan upon which he conducted his extensive business operations was this. When thieves made prizes of any sort, they delivered them up to him, instead of carrying them to the pawnbroker, and Wild restored the goods to the owners, for a consideration, by which means large sums were raised, and the thieves remained secure from detection. To manage this, he would apply to persons who had been robbed, and pretend to be greatly concerned at their misfortunes, adding that some suspected goods had been stopped by a friend of his, a broker, who would be willing to give them up; and he did not fail to throw out a hint that the broker merited some reward for his disinterested conduct and his trouble, and to exact a promise that no disagreeable consequences should follow on account of the broker's having omitted to secure the thieves as well as the property. The person whose goods had been carried off was generally not unwilling by this means to save himself the trouble and expense of a prosecution, and the money paid was usually sufficient to remunerate the "broker," as well as his agent.

At last, after he had amassed a considerable sum, he adopted another and a safer plan. He opened an office, to which great numbers resorted, in the hope of obtaining the restitution of their property. His light was by no means hid under a bushel, and he kept it burning with the greatest credit and profit to himself. Let us suppose some one to have had goods stolen of a considerable value. He calls upon Mr. Wild, at his office, and pays half-a-crown for advice. Wild enters his name

and address in his books, inquires particularly about the robbery, and sounds his client as to the reward he will give in the event of the restitution being made. "If you call again," he says, "I hope I shall be able to give you some agreeable information." He calls again. Wild says that he has heard about the goods, but the agent he has employed tells him that the robbers pretend that by pawning them they can raise more money than the amount of the reward. Would it not, he suggests, be a good plan to increase the reward? The client consents, and retires. He calls the third time. He has the goods placed in his hands: he pays the reward over to Jonathan, and there is the end of the transaction.

In the course of this business it will readily be perceived that Wild became possessed of the secrets of every notorious thief about London. All the highwaymen, shoplifters, and housebreakers knew that they were under the necessity of complying with whatever he thought fit to demand. Should they oppose his inclination, they were certain, ere long, to be placed within reach of the clutches of justice, and be sacrificed to the injured laws of their country. Wild led two lives, so to speak; one amongst ruffians, and the other as a man of consequence, with laced clothes and a sword, before the public eye; and the latter life was as unlike the former as any two lives could well be.

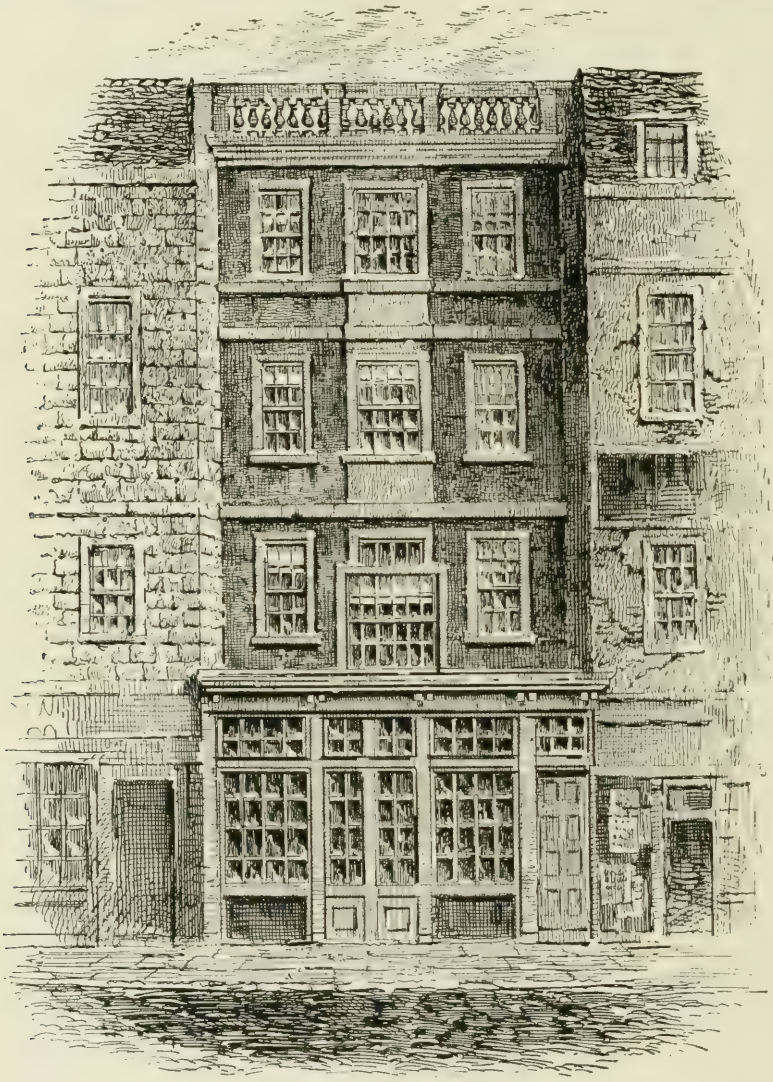
He professed, in public, to be the most zealous of thief-takers; and to ordinary observation his life and strength seemed devoted to the pursuit and apprehension of felons. At his trial—for his trial came at last—he had a printed paper handed to the jury, entitled, "A List of Persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted of several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and housebreaking, and also for returning from transportation, by Jonathan Wild;" and it contained the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he had been instrumental in getting hanged. This statement was probably true enough. In the records of the trials at the Old Bailey, for many years before it came to his own turn, he repeatedly appeared, figuring in the witness-box, and giving evidence for the prosecution, and in many cases he seems to have taken a leading part in the apprehension of the prisoner.

In carrying on his trade of blood, Wild, of course, was occasionally turned upon by his betrayed and desperate victim. But, when this happened, his brazen-faced effrontery carried everything before it. In a trial, for example, of three unfortunate wretches indicted for several robberies in January, 1723, he gave the following account of his proceedings:—"Some coming (I suppose from the prosecutors) to me about the robbery, I made it my business to search after the prisoners, for I had heard that they used to rob about Hampstead; and I went about it the more willingly, because I had heard they had threatened to shoot me through the head. I offered £10 a head for any person who would discover them; upon which a woman came and told me that the prisoners had been with her husband, to entice him to turn out with them; and if I would promise he should come and go safely he would give me some intelligence. I gave her my promise; and her husband came accordingly, and told me that Levee and Blake, two of the party, were at that time cleaning their pistols at a house in Fetter Lane. I went thither and seized them both." The husband of the woman, it appears, had really taken part in one of the robberies, though he now came forward to convict his associates, having been, no doubt, all along in league with Wild; and Blake (better known to fame as Blueskin) also figured as king's evidence on this occasion, and frankly admitted that he had been out with the prisoners. The three unlucky characters in the dock, while their comrades thus figured in a freer and more pleasant situation, "all," says the account of the trial, vehemently "exclaimed against Jonathan Wild;" but they were found guilty, and had the pleasure of swinging in company on Tyburn-tree a few days afterwards.

But, in all fairness to Jonathan, it must be said that he did not, till the last moment, desert his friends, and that he only sacrificed them for the general good of the concern, and from a bold and comprehensive view of the true policy of trade. Blueskin's turn to be tried, convicted, and hanged, came about a couple of years after the affair just mentioned. Wild was to have been a witness against him; but a day or two before the trial, when he went to pay a visit to his intended victim, Blueskin drew out a clasp-knife, and, in a twinkling, fell upon Jonathan, and cut his throat. The blade was too blunt, however, and the thief-taker received no lasting damage. When the verdict was given, Blueskin addressed the court, and told them of an exceedingly kindly promise his late partner had made him. "On Wednesday last, Jonathan Wild said to Simon Jacobs (another prisoner soon after transported), 'I believe you will not bring £40 this time; I wish Joe (meaning me) was in your case; but I'll do my endeavour to bring you off as a single felon'" (crimes punishable only by transportation, whipping, imprisonment, &c., were denominated single felonies). "And then, turning to me, he said, 'I believe you must die; *I'll send you a good book*

or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomised!'"

The reward of £40, it has been explained, which Wild could not manage to make Jacobs bring "this time," was part of a system established by various Acts of Parliament, which assigned certain money payments to be made to persons apprehending and prosecuting to conviction highway robbers, coiners, and other delinquents.



JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE.

We come now to the end of Wild's career. He was committed to Newgate on the 15th of February, 1725, on a charge of having assisted a criminal in his escape from prison. In the course of a few days he moved to be either admitted to bail or discharged, but a warrant of detainer was produced against him in court, the first of several articles of information affixed to the warrant being, "That for many years past he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves;" and the eleventh and last, that it appeared "he had often sold human blood by procuring false evidence to swear persons into facts of which they were not guilty." On Saturday, the 15th of May, he was brought to trial on two separate indictments. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be executed at Tyburn on Monday, the 24th of May, 1725. On the morning of the execution the wretched man swallowed a dose of poison, but it failed to end his life, and in a state of half-insensibility he was placed in the cart that was to convey him to the gallows. On the way he was pelted by the populace with stones and dirt, and, altogether, this

arch-villain made rather a pitiable exit from this world. At the foot of the gallows he remained so long drowsy in the cart, that the mob called out to the hangman that they would knock him on the head if the hanging was not at once proceeded with. from them. The body of this infamous fellow was secretly buried.

Jonathan Wild's skeleton, says Mr. Timbs, in 1868, was some years since in the possession of a surgeon at Windsor. And a relic of him was



JONATHAN WILD IN THE CART. (*From a Contemporary Print.*)

The amiable Jonathan had five wives. His eldest son, soon after his father's execution, sold himself for a servant to the plantations. A skull claiming to be the great thief-taker's was exhibited, some years ago, in St. Giles's, but as it was not fractured in several places, it was probably spurious. Wild boasted in prison of the numerous robbers he had captured, and the wounds he had received judged of sufficient interest to be exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries in 1866. It was a musketoon given by Jonathan Wild to Blueskin, which had fallen into the hands of the well-known magistrate, Sir John Fielding, and by him had been given to his half-brother, Henry Fielding.

In 1841 a curious letter was found in the Town Clerk's Office of the City of London, from Jonathan

Wild, asking for remuneration for services he had rendered to the cause of justice. In the same letter, written in 1723, he also prayed the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen "to be pleased to admit him into the freedom of this honourable City," in consideration of his valuable services. There is a record that Jonathan Wild's petition was read by the Court of Aldermen, but we do not find evidence that the coveted freedom was awarded to him. Wild's house was long distinguished by the sign of the head of Charles I.

In the Old Bailey stood Sydney House, occupied, in the time of Pennant, by a coachmaker. Once it was the proud mansion of the Sydneys. They occupied it till their removal to Leicester House, at the north-east corner of Leicester Square.

The names of several eminent persons—altogether independent of the "Old Bailey Sessions House"—occur to us as we perambulate this interesting locality. William Camden, the "nourrice of antiquitie," was born in the Old Bailey, in 1550. His father was a paper-stainer here. In Ship Court, on the west side, Hogarth's father, Richard Hogarth, kept a school. He seems to have come early from the North of England, and was employed in London as a teacher and as a corrector of the press. He was a man of some learning; and Chalmers, writing in 1814, mentions that a dictionary in Latin and English, which he compiled for the use of schools, was then extant in manuscript. At No. 67, at the corner of Ship Court, William Hone, in 1817, gave to the world his three celebrated political parodies on the Catechism, the Litany, and the Creed, for which he was three times tried at Guildhall, and acquitted.

Peter Bales, the celebrated penman of the time of Queen Elizabeth, kept a writing-school, in 1590, at the upper end of the Old Bailey, and published his "Writing Schoolmaster" here. In a writing competition he once won a golden pen, of the value of £20, and in addition had the "arms of caligraphy—viz., azure, a pen or—given him as a prize." This clever writer had a steady hand, and wrote with such minuteness, that, remarks D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," he astonished the eyes of beholders, by showing them what they could not see. In the Harleian MSS. (530) we have a narrative of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the Chancery," which seems, by the description, to have been the whole Bible "in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut," the account goes on to say, "holdeth the book. There are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible; and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as in a great leaf of the Bible." It is added that this wonderfully unreadable volume was "seen by thousands."

Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge," was printed "for Michael Sparke, and sold at the 'Blue Bible,' in Green Arbour, in Little Old Bailey, 1633." This Little Old Bailey was a kind of Middle Row in the Old Bailey. It has long been removed.

One of the courts leading out of the Old Bailey was Green Arbour Court, which ran from the upper end of the street into Seacoal Lane. Here were the famous Breakneck Steps referred to by Ward in his "London Spy," when he speaks of "returning down-stairs with as much care and caution of tumbling head foremost as he that goes down Green Arbour Court steps in the middle of winter." This court, now destroyed, was specially interesting as the residence of Oliver Goldsmith, about 1758, a time when the poet was making shift to exist. As to his sojourn here we shall take the liberty of quoting a graphic passage from Mr. John Forster, one of the best of Goldsmith's numerous biographers.

"With part of the money," he says, "received from Hamilton"—the proprietor of the *Critical Review*, to which the poet was at this time contributing—"he moved into fresh lodgings; took unrivalled possession of a fresh garret, on a first floor. The house was No. 12, Green Arbour Court, Fleet Street, between the Old Bailey and the site of Fleet Market; and stood in the right-hand corner of the court, as the wayfarer approached it from Farringdon Street by the appropriate access of 'Breakneck Steps.' Green Arbour Court is now gone for ever; and of its miserable wretchedness, for a little time replaced by the more decent comforts of a stable, not a vestige remains. The houses, crumbling and tumbling in Goldsmith's day, were fairly rotted down some nineteen years since" (Mr. Forster is writing in 1854), "and it became necessary, for safety sake, to remove what time had spared. But Mr. Washington Irving saw them first, and with reverence had described them for Goldsmith's sake. Through alleys, courts, and blind passages traversing Fleet Market, and thence turning along a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, he made good his toilsome way up into Green Arbour Court. He found it a small square of tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. 'It appeared,' he says, in his 'Tales of a Traveller,' 'to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched

about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.' The disputed right to a wash-tub was going on when he entered; heads in mob-caps were protruded from every window; and the loud clatter of vulgar tongues was assisted by the shrill pipe of swarming children, nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of the hive. The whole scene, in short, was one of whose unchanged resemblance to the scenes of former days I have since found curious corroboration in a magazine engraving of the place nigh half a century old.* Here were the tall faded houses, with heads out of window at every storey; the dirty neglected children; the bawling slipshod women; in one corner, clothes hanging to dry, and in another the cure of smoky chimneys announced. Without question, the same squalid squalling colony as it then was, it had been in Goldsmith's time. He would compromise with the children for occasional cessation of their noise, by occasional cakes or sweetmeats, or by a tune upon his flute, for which all the court assembled; he would talk pleasantly with the poorest of his neighbours, and was long recollected to have greatly enjoyed the talk of a working watchmaker in the court. Every night he would risk his neck at those steep stone stairs; every day—for his clothes had become too ragged to submit to daylight scrutiny—he would keep within his dirty, naked, unfurnished room, with its single wooden chair and window bench. And that was Goldsmith's home."

It was in this lodging that the poet received a visit from Percy, then busily engaged in collecting material for his famous "Reliques of English Poetry." The grave church dignitary discovered Goldsmith in his wretched room busily writing. There being but one chair it was, out of civility, offered to the visitor, and Goldsmith was himself obliged to sit in the window. Whilst the two were sitting talking together—Percy relates in his memoir—some one was heard to rap gently at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a curtsey, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a pot-full of coals."

CHAPTER LV.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Early History of St. Sepulchre's—Its Destruction in 1666—The Exterior and Interior—The Early Popularity of the Church—Interments here—Roger Ascham, the Author of the "Schoolmaster"—Captain John Smith, and his Romantic Adventures—Saved by an Indian Girl—St. Sepulchre's Churchyard—Accommodation for a Murderess—The Martyr Rogers—An Odd Circumstance—Good Company for the Dead—A Leap from the Tower—A Warning Bell and a Last Admonition—Nosegays for the Condemned—The Route to the Gallows-tree—The Deeds of the Charitable—The "Saracen's Head"—Description by Dickens—Giltspur Street—Giltspur Street Compter—A Disreputable Condition—Pie Corner—Hosier Lane—A Spurious Relic—The Conduit on Snow Hill—A Ladies' Charity School—Turnagain Lane—Poor Betty!—A Schoolmistress Censured—Skinner Street—Unpropitious Fortune—William Godwin—An Original Married Life.

MANY interesting associations—principally, however, connected with the annals of crime and the execution of the laws of England—belong to the Church of St. Sepulchre, or St. 'Pulchre. This sacred edifice—anciently known as St. Sepulchre's in the Bailey, or by Chamberlain Gate (now Newgate)—stands at the eastern end of the slight acclivity of Snow Hill, and between Smithfield and the Old Bailey. The genuine materials for its early history are scanty enough. It was probably founded about the commencement of the twelfth century, but of the exact date and circumstances of its origin there is no record whatever. Its name is derived from the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem, to the memory of which it was first dedicated.

The earliest authentic notice of the church, according to Maitland, is of the year 1178, at which date it was given by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, to the Prior and Canons of St. Bartholomew. These held the right of advowson until the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII., and from that time until 1610 it remained in the hands of the Crown. James I., however, then granted "the rectory and its appurtenances, with the advowson of the vicarage," to Francis Phillips and others. The next stage in its history is that the rectory was purchased by the parishioners, to be held in fee-farm of the Crown, and the advowson was obtained by the President and Fellows of St. John the Baptist College, at Oxford.

The church was rebuilt about the middle of the fifteenth century, when one of the Popham family, who had been Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's Household, with distinguished

* See the frontispiece to vol. xliii. of the *European Magazine*.

liberality erected a handsome chapel on the south side of the choir, and the very beautiful porch still remaining at the south-west corner of the building. "His image," Stow says, "fair graven in stone, was fixed over the said porch."

The dreadful fire of 1666 almost destroyed St. Sepulchre's, but the parishioners set energetically to work, and it was "rebuilt and beautified both within and without." The general reparation was under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, and nothing but the walls of the old building, and these not entirely, were suffered to remain. The work was done rapidly, and the whole was completed within four years.

"The tower," says Mr. Godwin, "retained its original aspect, and the body of the church, after its restoration, presented a series of windows between buttresses, with pointed heads filled with tracery, crowned by a string-course and battlements. In this form it remained till the year 1790, when it appears the whole fabric was found to be in a state of great decay, and it was resolved to repair it throughout. Accordingly the walls of the church were cased with Portland stone, and all the windows were taken out and replaced by others with plain semi-circular heads, as now seen—certainly agreeing but badly with the tower and porch of the building, but according with the then prevailing spirit of economy. The battlements, too, were taken down, and a plain stone parapet was substituted, so that at this time (with the exception of the roof, which was wagon-headed, and presented on the outside an unsightly swell, visible above the parapet) the church assumed its present appearance." The ungainly roof was removed, and an entirely new one erected, about 1836.

At each corner of the tower—"one of the most ancient," says the author of "Londinium Redivivum," "in the outline of the circuit of London"—there are spires, and on the spires there are weathercocks. These have been made use of by Howell to point a moral: "Unreasonable people," says he, "are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never look all four upon one point of the heavens." Nothing can be said with certainty as to the date of the tower, but it is not without the bounds of probability that it formed part of the original building. The belfry is reached by a small winding staircase in the south-west angle, and a similar staircase in an opposite angle leads to the summit. The spires at the corners, and some of the tower windows, have very recently undergone several alterations, which have added much to the picturesqueness and beauty of the church.

The chief entrance to St. Sepulchre's is by a porch of singular beauty, projecting from the south side of the tower, at the western end of the church. The groining of the ceiling of this porch, it has been pointed out, takes an almost unique form; the ribs are carved in bold relief, and the bosses at the intersections represent angels' heads, shields, roses, &c., in great variety.

Coming now to the interior of the church, we find it divided into three aisles, by two ranges of Tuscan columns. The aisles are of unequal widths, that in the centre being the widest, that to the south the narrowest. Semi-circular arches connect the columns on either side, springing directly from their capitals, without the interposition of an entablature, and support a large dental cornice, extending round the church. The ceiling of the middle aisle is divided into seven compartments, by horizontal bands, the middle compartment being formed into a small dome.

The aisles have groined ceilings, ornamented at the angles with doves, &c., and beneath every division of the groining are small windows, to admit light to the galleries. Over each of the aisles there is a gallery, very clumsily introduced, which dates from the time when the church was built by Wren, and extends the whole length, excepting at the chancel. The front of the gallery, which is of oak, is described by Mr. Godwin as carved into scrolls, branches, &c., in the centre panel, on either side, with the initials "C. R.," enriched with carvings of laurel, which have, however, he says, "but little merit."

At the east end of the church there are three semicircular-headed windows. Beneath the centre one is a large Corinthian altar-piece of oak, displaying columns, entablatures, &c., elaborately carved and gilded.

The length of the church, exclusive of the ambulatory, is said to be 126 feet, the breadth 68 feet, and the height of the tower 140 feet.

A singularly ugly sounding-board, extending over the preacher, used to stand at the back of the pulpit, at the east end of the church. It was in the shape of a large parabolic reflector, about twelve feet in diameter, and was composed of ribs of mahogany.

At the west end of the church there is a large organ, said to be the oldest and one of the finest in London. It was built in 1677, and has been greatly enlarged. Its reed-stops (hautboy, clarinet, &c.) are supposed to be unrivalled. In Newcourt's time the church was taken notice of as "remarkable for possessing an exceedingly fine organ, and the playing is thought so beautiful, that large

congregations are attracted, though some of the parishioners object to the mode of performing divine service."

On the north side of the church, Mr. Godwin mentions, is a large apartment known as "St. Stephen's Chapel." This building evidently formed a somewhat important part of the old church, and was probably appropriated to the votaries of the saint whose name it bears.

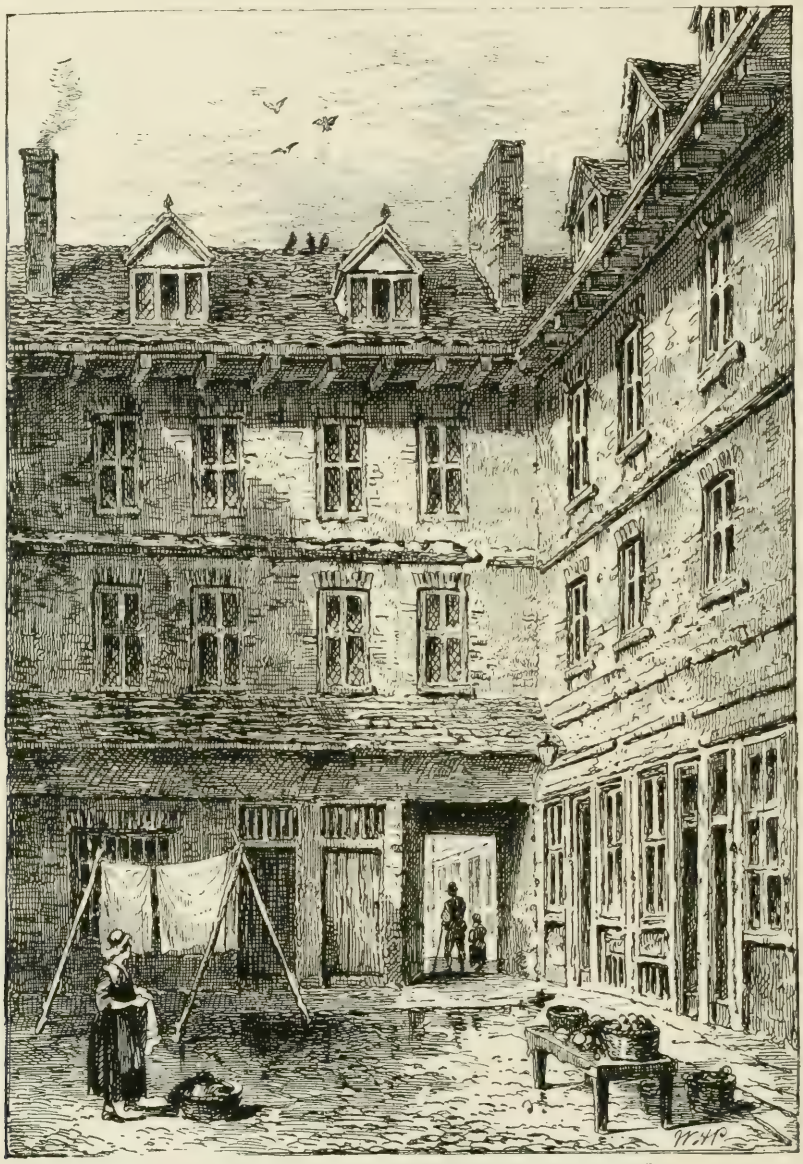
Between the exterior and the interior of the church there is little harmony. "For example," says Mr. Godwin, "the columns which form the south aisle face, in some instances, the centre of the large windows which occur in the external wall of the church, and in others the centre of the piers, indifferently." This discordance may likely enough have arisen from the fact that when the church was rebuilt, or rather restored, after the Great Fire, the works were done without much attention from Sir Christopher Wren.

St. Sepulchre's appears to have enjoyed considerable popularity from the earliest period of its history, if one is to judge from the various sums left by well-disposed persons for the support of certain fraternities founded in the church—namely, those of St. Katherine, St. Michael, St. Anne, and Our Lady—and by others, for the maintenance of chantry priests to celebrate masses at stated intervals for the good of their souls. One of the fraternities just named—that of St. Katherine—originated, according to Stow, in the devotion of some poor persons in the parish, and was in honour of the conception of the Virgin Mary. They met in the church on the day of the Conception, and there had the mass of the day, and offered to the same, and provided a certain chaplain daily to celebrate divine service, and to set up wax lights before the image belonging to the fraternity, on all festival days.

The most famous of all who have been interred in St. Sepulchre's is Roger Ascham, the author of the "Schoolmaster," and the instructor of Queen Elizabeth in Greek and Latin. This learned old worthy was born in 1515, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. He was educated at Cambridge University, and in time rose to be the university orator, being notably zealous in promoting what was then a novelty in England—the study of the Greek language. To divert himself after the fatigue of severe study, he used to devote himself to archery. This drew down upon him the censure of the all-work-and-no-play school; and in defence of himself, Ascham, in 1545, published "Toxophilus," a treatise on his favourite sport. This book is even yet well worthy of perusal, for its enthusiasm, and for its curious descriptions of the personal appearance and manners of the principal persons whom the author had seen and conversed with. Henry VIII. rewarded him with a pension of £10 per annum, a considerable sum in those days. In 1548, Ascham, on the death of William Grindall, who had been his pupil, was appointed instructor in the learned languages to Lady Elizabeth, afterwards the good Queen Bess. At the end of two years he had some dispute with, or took a disgust at, Lady Elizabeth's attendants, resigned his situation, and returned to his college. Soon after this he was employed as secretary to the English ambassador at the court of Charles V. of Germany, and remained abroad till the death of Edward VI. During his absence he had been appointed Latin secretary to King Edward. Strangely enough, though Queen Mary and her ministers were Papists, and Ascham a Protestant, he was retained in his office of Latin secretary, his pension was increased to £20, and he was allowed to retain his fellowship and his situation as university orator. In 1554 he married a lady of good family, by whom he had a considerable fortune, and of whom, in writing to a friend, he gives, as might perhaps be expected, an excellent character. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, she not only required his services as Latin secretary, but as her instructor in Greek, and he resided at Court during the remainder of his life. He died in consequence of his endeavours to complete a Latin poem which he intended to present to the queen on the New Year's Day of 1569. He breathed his last two days before 1568 ran out, and was interred, according to his own directions, in the most private manner, in St. Sepulchre's Church, his funeral sermon being preached by Dr. Andrew Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. He was universally lamented; and even the queen herself not only showed great concern, but was pleased to say that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor Ascham, which, from that somewhat close-handed sovereign, was truly an expression of high regard.

Ascham, like most men, had his little weaknesses. He had too great a propensity to dice and cock-fighting. Bishop Nicholson would try to convince us that this is an unfounded calumny, but, as it is mentioned by Camden, and other contemporary writers, it seems impossible to deny it. He died, from all accounts, in indifferent circumstances. "Whether," says Dr. Johnson, referring to this, "Ascham was poor by his own fault, or the fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been rich with

less merit. His philological learning would have gained him honour in any country; and among us it may justly call for that reverence which all nations owe to those who first rouse them from ignorance, short time, and with small pains, recover a sufficient habilitie to understand, write, and speak Latin: by Roger Ascham, ann. 1570. At London, printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate," a printer,



GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE, GREEN ARBOUR COURT, ABOUT 1800.

and kindle among them the light of literature." His most valuable work, "The Schoolmaster," was published by his widow. The nature of this celebrated performance may be gathered from the title: "The Schoolmaster; or a plain and perfite way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue. . . . And commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin tongue, and would by themselves, without a schoolmaster, in

by the way, already mentioned by us a few chapters back (see page 208), as having printed several noted works of the sixteenth century.

Dr. Johnson remarks that the instruction recommended in "The Schoolmaster" is perhaps the best ever given for the study of languages.

Here also lies buried Captain John Smith, a conspicuous soldier of fortune, whose romantic adventures and daring exploits have rarely been

surpassed. He died on the 21st of June, 1631. This valiant captain was born at Willoughby, in the county of Lincoln, and helped by his doings to enliven the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He had a share in the wars of Hungary in 1602, and in three single combats overcame three Turks, and cut off their heads. For this, and other equally brave deeds, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, with a pension of three hundred ducats; and allowed him to bear three Turks' heads proper as his shield of arms. He afterwards went to America, where he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Indians. He escaped from them, however, at last, and resumed his brilliant career by hazarding his life in naval engagements with pirates and Spanish men-of-war. The most important act of his life was the share he had in civilising the natives of New England, and reducing that province to obedience to Great Britain. In connection with his tomb in St. Sepulchre's, he is mentioned by Stow, in his "Survey," as "some time Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England."

Certainly the most interesting events of his chequered career were his capture by the Indians, and the saving of his life by the Indian girl Pocahontas, a story of adventure that charms as often as it is told. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, relates how, during the early settlement of Virginia, Smith left the infant colony on an exploring expedition, and not only ascended the river Chickahominy, but struck into the interior. His companions disobeyed his instructions, and being surprised by the Indians, were put to death. Smith preserved his own life by calmness and self-possession. Displaying a pocket-compass, he amused the savages by an explanation of its power, and increased their admiration of his superior genius by imparting to them some vague conceptions of the form of the earth, and the nature of the planetary system. To the Indians, who retained him as their prisoner, his captivity was a more strange event than anything of which the traditions of their tribes preserved the memory. He was allowed to send a letter to the fort at Jamestown, and the savage wonder was increased, for he seemed by some magic to endow the paper with the gift of intelligence. It was evident that their captive was a being of a high order, and then the question arose, Was his nature beneficent, or was he to be



ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH IN 1737. (*From a View by Toms.*)

dreaded as a dangerous enemy? Their minds were bewildered, and the decision of his fate was referred to the chief Powhatan, and before Powhatan Smith was brought. "The fears of the feeble aborigines," says Bancroft, "were about to prevail, and his immediate death, already repeatedly threatened and repeatedly delayed, would have been inevitable, but for the timely intercession of Pocahontas, a girl twelve years old, the daughter of Powhatan, whose confiding fondness Smith had easily won, and who firmly clung to his neck, as his head was bowed down to receive the stroke of the tomahawks. His fearlessness, and her entreaties, persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who could make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favourite child. The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence. Thus the captivity of Smith did itself become a benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between the James and the Potomac, and had gained some knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, but he now established a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan."

On the monument erected to Smith in St. Sepulchre's Church, the following quaint lines were formerly inscribed:—

"Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings,
Subdued large territories, and done things
Which to the world impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former service done,
In honour of his God, and Christendom?
How that he did divide, from pagans three,
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry?—
For which great service, in that climate done,
Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,
Did give him, as a coat of arms, to wear
These conquered heads, got by his sword and spear.
Or shall I tell of his adventures since
Done in Virginia, that large continent?
How that he subdued kings unto his yoke,
And made those heathens flee, as wind doth smoke;
And made their land, being so large a station,
An habitation for our Christian nation,
Where God is glorified, their wants supplied;
Which else, for necessaries, must have died.
But what avails his conquests, now he lies
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?
Oh! may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
Return to judgment; and that after thence
With angels he may have his recompense."

Sir Robert Peake, the engraver, also found a last resting-place here. He is known as the master of William Faithorne—the famous English engraver of the seventeenth century—and governor of Basing House for the king during the Civil War under Charles I. He died in 1667. Here also was interred the body of Dr. Bell, grandfather of the originator of a well-known system of education.

"The churchyard of St. Sepulchre's," we learn from Maitland, "at one time extended so far into the street on the south side of the church, as to render the passage-way dangerously narrow. In 1760 the churchyard was, in consequence, levelled, and thrown open to the public. But this led to much inconvenience, and it was re-enclosed in 1802."

Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, was buried in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's in 1733. This cold-hearted and keen-eyed monster in human form has had her story told by us already. The parishioners seem, on this occasion, to have had no such scruples as had been exhibited by their predecessors a hundred and fifty years previous at the burial of Awfield, a traitor. We shall see presently that in those more remote days they were desirous of having at least respectable company for their deceased relatives and friends in the churchyard.

"For a long period," says Mr. Godwin (1838), "the church was surrounded by low mean buildings, by which its general appearance was hidden; but these having been cleared away, and the neighbourhood made considerably more open, St. Sepulchre's now forms a somewhat pleasing object, notwithstanding that the tower and a part of the porch are so entirely dissimilar in style to the remainder of the building." And since Godwin's writing the surroundings of the church have been so improved that perhaps few buildings in the metropolis stand more prominently before the public eye.

In the glorious roll of martyrs who have suffered at the stake for their religious principles, a vicar of St. Sepulchre's, the Reverend John Rogers, occupies a conspicuous place. He was the first who was burned in the reign of the Bloody Mary. This eminent person had at one time been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and while residing in that city had aided Tindal and Coverdale in their great work of translating the Bible. He married a German lady of good position, by whom he had a large family, and was enabled, by means of her relations, to reside in peace and

safety in Germany. It appeared to be his duty, however, to return to England, and there publicly profess and advocate his religious convictions, even at the risk of death. He crossed the sea; he took his place in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross; he preached a fearless and animated sermon, reminding his astonished audience of the pure and wholesome doctrine which had been promulgated from that pulpit in the days of the good King Edward, and solemnly warning them against the pestilent idolatry and superstition of these new times. It was his last sermon. He was apprehended, tried, condemned, and burned at Smithfield. We described, when speaking of Smithfield, the manner in which he met his fate.

Connected with the martyrdom of Rogers an odd circumstance is quoted in the "Churches of London." It is stated that when the bishops had resolved to put to death Joan Bocher, a friend came to Rogers and earnestly entreated his influence that the poor woman's life might be spared, and other means taken to prevent the spread of her heterodox doctrines. Rogers, however, contended that she should be executed; and his friend then begged him to choose some other kind of death, which should be more agreeable to the gentleness and mercy prescribed in the gospel. "No," replied Rogers, "burning alive is not a cruel death, but easy enough." His friend hearing these words, expressive of so little regard for the sufferings of a fellow-creature, answered him with great vehemence, at the same time striking Rogers' hand, "Well, it may perhaps so happen that you yourself shall have your hands full of this mild burning." There is no record of Rogers among the papers belonging to St. Sepulchre's, but this may easily be accounted for by the fact that at the Great Fire of 1666 nearly all the registers and archives were destroyed.

A noteworthy incident in the history of St. Sepulchre's was connected with the execution, in 1585, of Awfield, for "sparcinge abrood certen lewed, sedicious, and traytorous bookes." "When he was executed," says Fleetwood, the Recorder, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, July 7th of that year, "his body was brought unto St. Pulcher's to be buryed, but the parishioners would not suffer a traytor's corpse to be laid in the earth where their parents, wives, children, kindred, masters, and old neighbours did rest; and so his carcass was returned to the burial-ground near Tyburn, and there I leave it."

Another event in the history of the church is a tale of suicide. On the 10th of April, 1600, a man named William Dorrington threw himself from the roof of the tower, leaving there a prayer for forgiveness.

We come now to speak of the connection of St. Sepulchre's with the neighbouring prison of Newgate. Being the nearest church to the prison, that connection naturally was intimate. Its clock served to give the time to the hangman when there was an execution in the Old Bailey, and many a poor wretch's last moments must it have regulated.

On the right-hand side of the altar a board with a list of charitable donations and gifts used to contain the following item:—"1605. Mr. Robert Dowe gave, for ringing the greatest bell in this church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed, and for other services, for ever, concerning such condemned prisoners, for which services the sexton is paid £1 6s. 8d.—£50.

It was formerly the practice for the clerk or bellman of St. Sepulchre's to go under Newgate, on the night preceding the execution of a criminal, ring his bell, and repeat the following wholesome advice:—

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!"

This practice is explained by a passage in Munday's edition of Stow, in which it is told that a Mr. John Dowe, citizen and merchant taylor of London, gave £50 to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's, under the following conditions:—After the several sessions of London, on the night before the execution of such as were condemned to death, the clerk of the church was to go in the night-time, and also early in the morning, to the window of the prison in which they were lying. He was there to ring "certain tolls with a hand-bell" appointed for the purpose, and was afterwards, in a most Christian manner, to put them in mind of their present condition and approaching end, and to exhort them to be prepared, as they ought to be, to die. When they were in the cart, and brought before the walls of the church, the clerk was to stand there ready with the same bell, and, after certain tolls, rehearse a prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for the unfortunate criminals. The beadle, also, of Merchant Taylors' Hall was allowed an "honest stipend" to see that this ceremony was regularly performed.

The affecting admonition—"affectingly good," Pennant calls it—addressed to the prisoners in

Newgate, on the night before execution, ran as follows :—

"You prisoners that are within,
Who, for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shown you, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon; give ear and understand that, to-morrow morning, the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death; to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you, whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer, to the salvation of your own souls while there is yet time and place for mercy; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to Him."

And the following was the admonition to condemned criminals, as they were passing by St. Sepulchre's Church wall to execution :—"All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears; ask mercy of the Lord, for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

"Lord have mercy upon you;
Christ have mercy upon you.
Lord have mercy upon you;
Christ have mercy upon you."

The charitable Mr. Dowe, who took such interest in the last moments of the occupants of the condemned cell, was buried in the church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.

Another curious custom observed at St. Sepulchre's was the presentation of a nosegay to every criminal on his way to execution at Tyburn. No doubt the practice had its origin in some kindly feeling for the poor unfortunates who were so soon to bid farewell to all the beauties of earth. One of the last who received a nosegay from the steps of St. Sepulchre's was "Sixteen-string Jack," *alias* John Rann, who was hanged, in 1774, for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell of his watch and eighteen pence in money, in Gunnersbury Lane, on the road to Brentford. Sixteen-string Jack wore the flowers in his button-hole as he rode dolefully to the gallows. This was witnessed by John Thomas Smith, who thus describes the scene in his admirable anecdote-book, "Nollekens and his Times :"—"I remember well, when I was in my eighth year, Mr. Nollekens calling at my father's house, in Great Portland Street, and taking us to Oxford Street, to see the notorious Jack Rann, commonly called Sixteen-string Jack, go to Tyburn to be hanged. . . . The criminal was dressed in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in the button-hole, which had been presented to him at St. Sepulchre's steps; and his nankeen small-clothes, we were told, were tied at each knee with sixteen strings. After he had passed, and Mr. Nollekens was leading me home by the hand, I recollect his stooping down to me and observing, in a low tone of voice, 'Tom, now, my little man, if my father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welch, had been high constable, we could have walked by the side of the cart all the way to Tyburn.'"

When criminals were conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn, the cart passed up Giltspur Street, and through Smithfield, to Cow Lane. Skinner Street had not then been built, and the Crooked Lane which turned down by St. Sepulchre's, as well as Ozier Lane, did not afford sufficient width to admit of the cavalcade passing by either of them, with convenience, to Holborn Hill, or "the Heavy Hill," as it used to be called. The procession seems at no time to have had much of the solemn element about it. "The heroes of the day were often," says a popular writer, "on good terms with the mob, and jokes were exchanged between the men who were going to be hanged and the men who deserved to be."

"On St. Paul's Day," says Mr. Timbs (1868), "service is performed in St. Sepulchre's, in accordance with the will of Mr. Paul Jervis, who, in 1717, devised certain land in trust that a sermon should be preached in the church upon every Paul's Day upon the excellence of the liturgy o the Church of England; the preacher to receive 40s. for such sermon. Various sums are also bequeathed to the curate, the clerk, the treasurer, and masters of the parochial schools. To the poor of the parish he bequeathed 20s. a-piece to ten of the poorest householders within that part of the parish of St. Sepulchre commonly called Smithfield quarter, £4 to the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and 6s. 8d. yearly to the clerk, who

shall attend to receive the same. The residue of the yearly rents and profits is to be distributed unto and amongst such poor people of the parish of St. Sepulchre's, London, who shall attend the service and sermon. At the close of the service the vestry-clerk reads aloud an extract from the will, and then proceeds to the distribution of the money. In the evening the vicar, churchwardens, and common councilmen of the precinct dine together."

In 1749, a Mr. Drinkwater made a praiseworthy bequest. He left the parish of St. Sepulchre £500 to be lent in sums of £25 to industrious young tradesmen. No interest was to be charged, and the money was to be lent for four years.

Next to St. Sepulchre's, on Snow Hill, used to stand the famous old inn of the "Saracen's Head." It was only swept away within the last few years by the ruthless army of City improvers: a view of it in course of demolition was given on page 439. It was one of the oldest of the London inns which bore the "Saracen's Head" for a sign. One of Dick Tarlton's jests makes mention of the "Saracen's Head" without Newgate, and Stow, describing this neighbourhood, speaks particularly of "a fair large inn for receipt of travellers" that "hath to sign the 'Saracen's Head.'" The courtyard had, to the last, many of the characteristics of an old English inn; there were galleries all round leading to the bedrooms, and a spacious gateway through which the dusty mail-coaches used to rumble, the tired passengers creeping forth "thanking their stars in having escaped the highwaymen and the holes and sloughs of the road." Into that courtyard how many have come on their first arrival in London with hearts beating high with hope, some of whom have risen to be aldermen and sit in state as lord mayor, whilst others have gone the way of the idle apprentice and come to a sad end at Tyburn! It was at this inn that Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle waited upon the Yorkshire schoolmaster Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. Mr. Dickens describes the tavern as it existed in the last days of mail-coaching, when it was a most important place for arrivals and departures in London:—

"Next to the jail, and by consequence near to Smithfield also, and the Compter and the bustle and noise of the City, and just on that particular part of Snow Hill where omnibus horses going eastwards seriously think of falling down on purpose, and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westwards not unfrequently fall by accident, is the coach-yard of the 'Saracen's Head' inn, its portals guarded by two Saracen's heads and shoulders, which it was once the pride and glory of the choice spirits of this metropolis to pull down at night, but which have for some time remained in undisturbed tranquillity, possibly because this species of humour is now confined to St. James's parish, where door-knockers are preferred as being more portable, and bell-wires esteemed as convenient tooth-picks. Whether this be the reason or not, there they are, frowning upon you from each side of the gateway; and the inn itself, garnished with another Saracen's head, frowns upon you from the top of the yard; while from the door of the hind-boot of all the red coaches that are standing therein, there glares a small Saracen's head with a twin expression to the large Saracen's head below, so that the general appearance of the pile is of the Saracenic order."

To explain the use of the Saracen's head as an inn sign various reasons have been given. "When our countrymen," says Selden, "came home from fighting with the Saracens and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the 'Saracen's Head' is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit." Or the sign may have been adopted by those who had visited the Holy Land either as pilgrims or to fight the Saracens. Others, again, hold that it was first set up in compliment to the mother of Thomas à Becket, who was the daughter of a Saracen. However this may be, it is certain that the use of the sign in former days was very general.

Running past the east end of St. Sepulchre's, from Newgate into West Smithfield, is Giltspur Street, anciently called Knightriders Street. This interesting thoroughfare derives its name from the knights with their gilt spurs having been accustomed to ride this way to the jousts and tournaments which in days of old were held in Smithfield.

In this street was Giltspur Street Compter, a debtors' prison and house of correction appertaining to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. It stood over against St. Sepulchre's Church, and was removed hither from the east side of Wood Street, Cheapside, in 1791. At the time of its removal it was used as a place of imprisonment for debtors, but the yearly increasing demands upon the contracted space caused that department to be given up, and City debtors were sent to Whitecross Street. The architect was Dance, to whom we are also indebted for the grim pile of Newgate. The Compter was a dirty and appropriately convict-looking edifice. It was pulled down in 1855. Mr. Hepworth Dixon gave an interesting account of this City House of Correction, not long before its demolition, in his "London Prisons" (1850). "Entering," he says, "at the door facing St. Sepulchre's,

the visitor suddenly finds himself in a low dark passage, leading into the offices of the gaol, and branching off into other passages, darker, closer, more replete with noxious smells, than even those of Newgate. This is the fitting prelude to what follows. The prison, it must be noticed, is divided into two principal divisions, the House of Correction and the Compter. The front in Giltspur Street, and the side nearest to Newgate Street, is called the Compter. In its wards are placed detenues of various kinds—remands, committals from the police-courts, and generally persons waiting for trial, and consequently still unconvicted. The other department, the House of Correction, occupies the back portion of the premises, abutting on Christ's Hospital. Curious it is to consider how thin a wall divides these widely-separate worlds! And sorrowful it is to think what a difference of destiny awaits the children—destiny inexorable, though often unearned in either case—who, on the one side of it or the other, receive an eleemosynary education! The collegian and the criminal! Who shall say how much mere accident—circumstances over which the child has little power—determines to a life of usefulness or mischief? From the yards of Giltspur Street prison almost the only objects visible, outside of the gaol itself, are the towers of Christ's Hospital; the only sounds audible, the shouts of the scholars at their play. The balls of the hospital boys often fall



PORCH OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

within the yards of the prison. Whether these sights and sounds ever cause the criminal to pause and reflect upon the courses of his life, we will not say, but the stranger visiting the place will be very apt to think for him. . . .

"In the department of the prison called the House of Correction, minor offenders within the City of London are imprisoned. No transports are sent hither, nor is any person whose sentence is above three years in length." This able writer

A large section of the prison used to be devoted to female delinquents, but lately it was almost entirely given up to male offenders.

"The House of Correction, and the Compter portion of the establishment," says Mr. Dixon, "are kept quite distinct, but it would be difficult to award the palm of empire in their respective facilities for demoralisation. We think the Compter rather the worse of the two. You are shown into a room, about the size of an apartment in an ordinary



GILTSPUR STREET COMPTER, 1840.

then goes on to tell of the many crying evils connected with the institution—the want of air, the over-crowded state of the rooms, the absence of proper cellular accommodation, and the vicious intercourse carried on amongst the prisoners. The entire gaol, when he wrote, only contained thirty-six separate sleeping-rooms. Now by the highest prison calculation—and this, be it noted, proceeds on the assumption that *three* persons can sleep in small, miserable, unventilated cells, which are built for only *one*, and are too confined for that, being only about one-half the size of the *model cell* for one at Pentonville—it was only capable of accommodating 203 prisoners, yet by the returns issued at Michaelmas, 1850, it contained 246!

dwelling-house, which will be found crowded with from thirty to forty persons, young and old, and in their ordinary costume; the low thief in his filth and rags, and the member of the swell-mob with his bright buttons, flash finery, and false jewels. Here you notice the boy who has just been guilty of his first offence, and committed for trial, learning with a greedy mind a thousand criminal arts, and listening with the precocious instinct of guilty passions to stories and conversations the most depraved and disgusting. You regard him with a mixture of pity and loathing, for he knows that the eyes of *his peers* are upon him, and he stares at you with a familiar impudence, and exhibits a devil-may-care countenance, such as is only to be met with in the

juvenile offender. Here, too, may be seen the young clerk, taken up on suspicion—perhaps innocent—who avoids you with a shy look of pain and uneasiness: what a hell must this prison be to him! How frightful it is to think of a person really untainted with crime, compelled to herd for ten or twenty days with these abandoned wretches!

"On the other, the House of Correction side of the gaol, similar rooms will be found, full of prisoners communicating with each other, laughing and shouting without hindrance. All this is so little in accordance with existing notions of prison discipline, that one is continually fancying these disgraceful scenes cannot be in the capital of England, and in the year of grace 1850. Very few of the prisoners attend school or receive any instruction; neither is any kind of employment afforded them, except oakum-picking, and the still more disgusting labour of the treadmill. When at work, an officer is in attendance to prevent disorderly conduct; but his presence is of no avail as a protection to the less depraved. Conversation still goes on; and every facility is afforded for making acquaintances, and for mutual contamination."

After having long been branded by intelligent inspectors as a disgrace to the metropolis, Giltspur Street Compter was condemned, closed in 1854, and subsequently taken down.

Nearly opposite what used to be the site of the Compter, and adjoining Cock Lane, is the spot called Pie Corner, near which terminated the Great Fire of 1666. The fire commenced at Pudding Lane, it will be remembered, so it was singularly appropriate that it should terminate at Pie Corner. Under the date of 4th September, 1666, Pepys, in his "Diary," records that "W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes home late, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned, so that the fire is got so far that way." The figure of a fat naked boy stands over a public house at the corner of the lane; it used to have the following warning inscription attached:—"This boy is in memory put up of the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." According to Stow, Pie Corner derived its name from the sign of a well-frequented hostelry, which anciently stood on the spot. Strype makes honourable mention of Pie Corner, as "noted chiefly for cooks' shops and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair." Our old writers have many references—and not all, by the way, in the best taste—to its cook-stalls and dressed pork. Shadwell, for instance, in the *Woman Captain* (1680) speaks of "meat dressed at Pie Corner by greasy scullions;" and Ben Jonson writes in the *Alchemist* (1612)—

> "I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,
> Taking your meal of steam in from cooks' stalls."

And in "The Great Boobee" ("Roxburgh Ballads"):

> "Next day I through Pie Corner passed;
> The roast meat on the stall
> Invited me to take a taste;
> My money was but small."

But Pie Corner seems to have been noted for more than eatables. A ballad from Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," describing Bartholomew Fair, eleven years before the Fire of London, says:—

> "At Pie-Corner end, mark well my good friend,
> 'Tis a very fine dirty place;
> Where there's more arrows and bows. . . .
> Than was handled at Chivy Chase."

We have already given a view of Pie Corner in our chapter on Smithfield, page 361.

Hosier Lane, running from Cow Lane to Smithfield, and almost parallel to Cock Lane, is described by "R. B.," in Strype, as a place not over-well built or inhabited. The houses were all old timber erections. Some of these—those standing at the south corner of the lane—were in the beginning of this century depicted by Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Ancient Topography of London." He describes them as probably of the reign of James I. The rooms were small, with low, unornamented ceilings; the timber, oak, profusely used; the gables were plain, and the walls lath and plaster. They were taken down in 1809.

In the corner house, in Mr. Smith's time, there was a barber whose name was Catchpole; at least, so it was written over the door. He was rather an odd fellow, and possessed, according to his own account, a famous relic of antiquity. He would gravely show his customers a short-bladed instrument, as the identical dagger with which Walworth killed Wat Tyler.

Hosier Lane, like Pie Corner, used to be a great resort during the time of Bartholomew Fair, "all the houses," it is said in Strype, "generally being made public for tippling."

We return now from our excursion to the north of St. Sepulchre's, and continue our rambles to the west, and before speaking of what is, let us refer to what has been.

Turnagain Lane is not far from this. "Near unto this Seacoal Lane," remarks Stow, "in the turning towards Holborn Conduit, is Turnagain Lane, or rather, as in a record of the 5th of Edward III., Windagain Lane, for that it goeth down west to Fleet Dyke, from whence men must

turn again the same way they came, but there it stopped." There used to be a proverb, "He must take him a house in Turnagain Lane."

A conduit formerly stood on Snow Hill, a little below the church. It is described as a building with four equal sides, ornamented with four columns and pediment, surmounted by a pyramid, on which stood a lamb—a rebus on the name of Lamb, from whose conduit in Red Lion Street the water came. There had been a conduit there, however, before Lamb's day, which was towards the close of the sixteenth century.

At No. 37, King Street, Snow Hill, there used to be a ladies' charity school, which was established in 1702, and remained in the parish 145 years. Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale were subscribers to this school, and Johnson drew from it his story of Betty Broom, in "The Idler." The world of domestic service, in Betty's days, seems to have been pretty much as now. Betty was a poor girl, bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The patronesses visited the school from time to time, to see how the pupils got on, and everything went well, till "at last, the chief of the subscribers having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants; that scarcely a girl could be got for *all-work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls. Those who were to live by their hands should neither read nor write out of her pocket. The world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

"She was for a long time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen, without a desire of conviction, to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily; and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write." So the school was dissolved, and Betty with the rest was turned adrift into the wide and cold world; and her adventures there any one may read in "The Idler" for himself.

There is an entry in the school minutes of 1763, to the effect that the ladies of the committee censured the schoolmistress for listening to the story of the Cock Lane ghost, and "desired her to keep her belief in the article to herself."

Skinner Street—now one of the names of the past—which ran by the south side of St. Sepulchre's, and formed the connecting link between Newgate Street and Holborn, received its name from Alderman Skinner, through whose exertions, about 1802, it was principally built. The following account of Skinner Street is from the picturesque pen of Mr. William Harvey ("Aleph"), whose long familiarity with the places he describes renders doubly valuable his many contributions to the history of London scenes and people:—"As a building speculation," he says, writing in 1863, "it was a failure. When the buildings were ready for occupation, tall and substantial as they really were, the high rents frightened intending shopkeepers. Tenants were not to be had; and in order to get over the money difficulty, a lottery, sanctioned by Parliament, was commenced. Lotteries were then common tricks of finance, and nobody wondered at the new venture; but even the most desperate fortune-hunters were slow to invest their capital, and the tickets hung sadly on hand. The day for the drawing was postponed several times, and when it came, there was little or no excitement on the subject, and whoever rejoiced in becoming a house-owner on such easy terms, the original projectors and builders were understood to have suffered considerably. The winners found the property in a very unfinished condition. Few of the dwellings were habitable, and as funds were often wanting, a majority of the houses remained empty, and the shops unopened. After two or three years things began to improve; the vast many-storeyed house which then covered the site of Commercial Place was converted into a warehousing depôt; a capital house opposite the 'Saracen's Head' was taken by a hosier of the name of Theobald, who, opening his shop with the determination of selling the best hosiery, and nothing else, was able to convince the citizens that his hose was first-rate, and, desiring only a living profit, succeeded, after thirty years of unwearied industry, in accumulating a large fortune. Theobald was possessed of literary tastes, and at the sale of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts was a liberal purchaser. He also collected a library of exceedingly choice books, and when aristocratic customers purchased stockings of him, was soon able to interest them in matters of far higher interest. . .

"The most remarkable shop—but it was on the left-hand side, at a corner house—was that esta-

blished for the sale of children's books. It boasted an immense extent of window-front, extending from the entrance into Snow Hill, and towards Fleet Market. Many a time have I lingered with loving eyes over those fascinating story-books, so rich in gaily-coloured prints; such careful editions of the marvellous old histories, 'Puss in Boots,' 'Cock Robin,' 'Cinderella,' and the like. Fortunately the front was kept low, so as exactly to suit the capacity of a childish admirer. . . . . But Skinner Street did not prosper much, and never could compete with even the dullest portions of Holborn. I have spoken of some reputable shops; but you know the proverb, 'One swallow will not make a summer,' and it was a declining neighbourhood almost before it could be called new. In 1810 the commercial depôt, which had been erected at a cost of £25,000, and was the chief prize in the lottery, was destroyed by fire, never to be rebuilt—a heavy blow and discouragement to Skinner Street, from which it never rallied. Perhaps the periodical hanging-days exercised an unfavourable influence, collecting, as they frequently did, all the thieves and vagabonds of London. I never sympathised with Pepys or Charles Fox in their passion for public executions, and made it a point to avoid those ghastly sights; but early of a Monday morning, when I had just reached the end of Giltspur Street, a miserable wretch had just been turned off from the platform of the debtors' door, and I was made the unwilling witness of his last struggles. That scene haunted me for months, and I often used to ask myself, 'Who that could help it would live in Skinner Street?' The next unpropitious event in these parts was the unexpected closing of the child's library. What could it mean? Such a well-to-do establishment shut up? Yes, the whole army of shutters looked blankly on the inquirer, and forbade even a single glance at 'Sinbad' or 'Robinson Crusoe.' It would soon be re-opened, we naturally thought; but the shutters never came down again. The whole house was deserted; not even a messenger in bankruptcy, or an ancient Charley, was found to regard the playful double knocks of the neighbouring juveniles. Gradually the glass of all the windows got broken in, a heavy cloud of black dust, solidifying into inches thick, gathered on sills and doors and brickwork, till the whole frontage grew as gloomy as Giant Despair's Castle. Not long after, the adjoining houses shared the same fate, and they remained from year to year without the slightest sign of life—absolute scarecrows, darkening with their uncomfortable shadows the busy streets. Within half a mile, in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, there are (1863) seven houses in a similar predicament—window-glass demolished, doors cracked from top to bottom, spiders' webs hanging from every projecting sill or parapet. What can it mean? The loss in the article of rents alone must be over £1,000 annually. If the real owners are at feud with imaginary owners, surely the property might be rendered valuable, and the proceeds invested. Even the lawyers can derive no profit from such hopeless abandonment. I am told the whole mischief arose out of a Chancery suit. Can it be the famous 'Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce' case? And have all the heirs starved each other out? If so, what hinders our lady the Queen from taking possession? Any change would be an improvement, for these dead houses make the streets they cumber as dispiriting and comfortless as graveyards. Busy fancy will sometimes people them, and fill the dreary rooms with strange guests. Do the victims of guilt congregate in these dark dens? Do wretches 'unfriended by the world or the world's law,' seek refuge in these deserted nooks, mourning in the silence of despair over their former lives, and anticipating the future in unappeasable agony? Such things have been—the silence and desolation of these doomed dwellings make them the more suitable for such tenants."

A street is nothing without a mystery, so a mystery let these old tumble-down houses remain, whilst we go on to tell that, in front of No. 58, the sailor Cashman was hung in 1817, as we have already mentioned, for plundering a gunsmith's shop there. William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," kept a bookseller's shop for several years in Skinner Street, at No. 41, and published school-books in the name of Edward Baldwin. On the wall there was a stone carving of Æsop reciting one of his fables to children.

The most noteworthy event of the life of Godwin was his marriage with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, authoress of a "Vindication of the Rights of Women," whose congenial mind, in politics and morals, he ardently admired. Godwin's account of the way in which they got on together is worth reading:—"Ours," he writes, "was not an idle happiness, a paradise of selfish and transitory pleasures. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention, that influenced by ideas I had long entertained, I engaged an apartment about twenty doors from our house, in the Polygon, Somers Town, which I designed for the purpose of my study and literary occupations. Trifles, however, will be interesting to some readers, when they relate to the last period of the life of such a person as Mary. I will add, therefore, that we were both

of us of opinion, that it was possible for two persons to be too uniformly in each other's society. Influenced by that opinion, it was my practice to repair to the apartment I have mentioned as soon as I rose, and frequently not to make my appearance in the Polygon till the hour of dinner. We agreed in condemning the notion, prevalent in many situations in life, that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than of complying with this rule. By this means, though, for the most part, we spent the latter half of each day in one another's society, yet we were in no danger of satiety. We seemed to combine, in a considerable degree, the novelty and lively sensation of a visit with the more delicious and heartfelt pleasure of a domestic life."

This philosophic union, to Godwin's inexpressible affliction, did not last more than eighteen months, at the end of which time Mrs. Godwin died, leaving an only daughter, who in the course of time became the second wife of the poet Shelley, and was the author of the wild and extraordinary tale of "Frankenstein."

CHAPTER LVI.

THE METROPOLITAN MEAT-MARKET.

History of the Metropolitan Meat Market—Newgate Market and its Inconvenience—The Meat Market described—The Ceremony of Opening—A Roaring Trade—The Metropolitan Poultry Market—London Trade in Poultry and Game—French Geese and Irish Geese—Packed in Ice—Plover's Eggs for the Queen.

BEFORE the establishment of the new meat and poultry market in Smithfield, London was behind every city of Europe in respect of public markets. For seven centuries, dating from 1150, Smithfield has been used as a market for live stock. Latterly, the dirt and crowd, and the rushes of horned beasts, had become intolerable, and after much opposition from vested interests, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1852, under the provisions of which a new and convenient cattle-market was constructed by the Corporation out to the quiet north, in Copenhagen Fields, once the resort of Cockney lovers, Cockney duellists, and Cockney agitators.

"At the opening of the Meat-market by the Prince Consort, in 1855," says the *Times* of November 25, 1868, "Smithfield became waste ground. The arrangements at Copenhagen Fields are about as good for their purpose as any that could have been desired; but since the time the market there was laid out there have been very great changes in respect of the supply of animal food for the population of the metropolis. Then most of the beasts and sheep converted into meat for sale in the shops of London butchers were brought to London alive and slaughtered by the retailers. With the development of our railway system, and the additions to the great main lines by extensions which brought them into the business parts of the metropolis, the dead meat traffic from the provinces exhibited year by year a heavier tonnage. But the Cattle Plague, and the consequent restrictions to the removal from one county to another of live stock which might communicate or become infected with the disease, brought about something like a revolution in our food supply; and at the present time not less than about 100,000 tons of dead meat are brought into the London market from all parts of the country. The centre to which all this immense quantity of meat has hitherto been consigned is Newgate Market. Here has been conducted an enormous wholesale trade between the salesmen, to whom the country dealers, nearly 300 in number, consign their meat, and retail butchers scattered all over London and its suburbs who do not slaughter for themselves. In addition, Newgate Market has been from time immemorial the principal retail meat market—a circumstance which may be attributed to the fact that it has the reputation of being cheaper than all others by 1d. or 2d. in the pound. Now, in modern London, it would be difficult to find any site more inconvenient for such a double trade than that of Newgate Market. The whole business has had to be done within the very limited space of which Paternoster Row, Ivy Lane, Newgate Street, and the Old Bailey are the boundaries. Last Christmas week 800 tons of meat were brought to London for the Newgate Market by the Great Eastern, the Great Northern, and the Midland railways. This, and the consignments by all the other lines, had to be conveyed to the market from the railway stations in wagons and vans. These vehicles, and the butchers' carts, completely block up Giltspur Street, Newgate Street, and the Old Bailey on several days in the week, Mondays and Fridays especially."

Through the filthy lanes and alleys no one could



MAP OF FARRINGDON WARD WITHOUT, 1750.

pass without being either butted with the dripping end of a quarter of beef, or smeared by the greasy carcase of a newly-slain sheep. In many of the narrow lanes there was hardly room for two persons to pass abreast. Nevertheless, till the extension of the railway system, there was a difficulty in constructing a meat-market worthy of London, from the size of the great city. A good meat-market must be open to access from all quarters. Some



THE METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.

years ago, when beef and mutton were far dearer in outlying shops than in Newgate Market itself, the inconvenient position, and the difficulty of reaching it, compelled persons of moderate means to be taxed elsewhere, rather than face the dirt and bustle of Newgate. The Corporation, therefore, at last resolved on providing a new market in Smithfield, in order to utilise a waste, and develop the meat trade throughout the kingdom.

In 1860 the Corporation obtained an Act for erecting market buildings on the site of Smithfield, and the following year procured another, giving them power to abolish Newgate Market. The Markets Improvement Committee then took the matter in hand, and Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, prepared a fitting design. Their parliamentary powers enabled the committee to raise a sum of £235,000 for the purchase of property, and £200,000 for the erection of buildings. The Markets Improvement Committee concluded their contract with Messrs. Browne and Robinson for a sum within the estimated amount of £200,000. The chief element of the design was that the basement storey of the market was to be a "through" railway-station, with communication not only from all parts of the country, but also with all the suburban lines.

The tremendous excavations soon began on a Roman scale of grandeur. About 3,500,000 loads of earth, weighing about 172,000 tons, had to be loosened and removed. Twenty-one main girders, of Titanic strength, were carried across the entire width of the excavation, 240 feet, on wrought-iron stanchions. On these main girders cross girders were laid, 2 feet 6 inches deep, and 7 feet 6 inches apart. Between the latter brick arches were turned, and concrete and asphalte were set in stone, to form a roof for the railway, and a bedding for the wood pavement of the building.

In these foundations were five miles of iron girding, carried on no fewer than 180 wrought-

iron stanchions, while substantial retaining walls rose all around.

The first stone of this well-planned market was laid on the 5th of June, 1867, by Mr. Lowman Taylor, the chairman of the committee. In March the central area was given up to the contractors. The market is a huge parallelogram, 631 feet long and 246 feet wide, and covers three and a half acres. It is not over-beautiful, but then its necessities were peculiar and imperative. The style would probably be called Italian, but it resembles more the Renaissance of France, that style which mediævalists shudder at, but which is more elastic in the architect's hands than the Gothic. The prevailing feature of the style is a series of arcaded recesses between Doric pilasters, fluted on the upper two triads, and elevated on pedestals. The entablature is returned and ornamented over the pilasters, with vase-like finials. The external wall is 32 feet high. Between the Portland stone pilasters are recesses of red brickwork. The semi-circular heads of the arches are filled in with rich iron scrolls, which let in the light and air freely.

The keystones of the arches are richly carved, especially those over the twelve side entrances. Under the iron openings are windows, with stone sills, trusses, architraves, and cornices. At the angles of the building rise four handsome towers of Portland stone. The lower storey of each octagonal tower is a square, with double pilasters at the corners, and a carved pediment on each face. Above this height the towers are octagonal. The square and the octagonal portions are joined by the huge couchant stone griffins of the City arms. On each side of the octagon are windows, with carved friezes. The dome of each tower is pierced on four sides by dormer windows, and above is a lantern, surrounded by an ornamental railing. The finest *coup d'œil* of the building, architectural critics think, are the two façades of the fine public roadway which runs across the market, and divides it into equal parts. The roadway is 50 feet wide between the double piers, which carry a richly-moulded elliptical arch and cast-iron pediment, and over each double pier is an emblematic figure in Portland stone, representing one of the four principal cities of the United Kingdom. At the south front London and Edinburgh stand confessed, and on the north are Dublin and Liverpool. The sides of the outer roadway are shut off from the market by an elaborate open iron-work screen, 14 feet high, and at the intersection of the central avenue, east and west, the market is closed by ornamented iron gates, with iron spandrils and semi-circular heads, similar to those in the arcade. Towards the north a gate gives access, by a double staircase, to the railway department below. The gates at the east and west entrances (the chief) are 25 feet high, and 19 feet wide, and each pair weighs 15 tons. They are formed of wrought ironwork, elaborately scrolled. The central avenue, a large inner street, is 27 feet wide, and has six side avenues. The shops are ranged on either side of this great thoroughfare. There is one bay at the east end of the market for game and poultry, but no fish or vegetables can be sold. The shops are of cast-iron, with light columns and lattice girders, and which, by brackets, serve to carry the rails and meat-hooks. There are about 162 shops in the market, each about 36 feet by 15 feet, and behind every shop is an enclosed counting-house, with private apartments overhead. To secure light and air the Mansard roof has been used. The broad glass louvres of this system let in the air and keep out the sun; the result is that the interior of the building is generally ten degrees cooler than the temperature in the shade outside. There are twelve hydrants on the floor-level. It was planned that when the meat which arrived by rail reached the depôt underneath the market, it should be raised to the level of the floorway by powerful hydraulic lifts. The Metropolitan, the Midland, the London, Chatham, and Dover, and the Great Western Railways have direct communication with the depôt. The passenger trains of the Metropolitan, Great Northern, Midland, and Chatham and Dover Companies rush through every two minutes, and the Great Western Company have an extensive receiving-store there. It was thought that if it were deemed desirable there would be no difficulty in making a passenger station right under the market.

For the ceremony of opening, in November, 1868, a raised daïs was erected in the eastern nave, and the public roadway dividing the market was fitted up as a magnificent banqueting-room. On both sides and at either end streamed rich scarlet draperies, and within the gate there were paintings and ornaments in white and gold-work. The temporary entrance was at the end of the eastern avenue. Opposite it was a scarlet sideboard, glowing with gold plate, and crowned with a trophy of lances. A table for the Lord Mayor and chief guests was placed in front of the sideboard, and twenty-four other tables, on which there were flowers and fruit, and covers for 1,200 people, ran in a transverse direction from the Lord Mayor's seat. Over the entrance was an orchestra for the band of the Grenadier Guards, led by that enthusiast of good time, Mr. Dan Godfrey. Jets of gas were

carried along the elliptical roof girders, in simple lines, and in arches over the screen of open iron-work that shuts off the market from the roadway. Three thousand yards of gas-piping fed a number of candelabra and a centre star-light. There were four carvers, in Guildhall dignity, who, mounted on high pedestals, carved barons of beef and boars' heads. The Lord Mayor's footmen shone in gold lace, and the City trumpeter and toastmaster also dignified the feast by their attendance. The ceremony of opening the market was simple enough. The Lord Mayor arrived in state from the Mansion House, and was received by Mr. H. Lowman Taylor and the Markets Improvement Committee, at the east end of the building, and conducted to the dais, where his lordship received a number of provincial mayors, members of Parliament, &c. The speakers at the banquet congratulated each other on the rapidity with which the market had been built, and hoped it would bring tolls to the Corporation, cheap meat to the people, and fair profits to the salesmen. Mr. Lowman Taylor considered the old market well replaced by the new building, with its ample thoroughfares, and trusted that the new rents and tolls would bring the Corporation exchequer a fair return for the £200,000 which the new building had cost. It was designed to supply 3,000,000 with food.

"The interior of the market," says a writer at the time of the opening, "has been of necessity even more subservient to the purposes of the building than the exterior. One of the leading features in the arrangements is that for securing light without sunshine, and free ventilation without exposure to rain. During the excessive heat of last summer the effect was tested by thermometers placed in various parts of the building, and the result found to be highly satisfactory. The upper parts of the roof all over the building are of wood, and communicate with other portions of the fabric, which are also of wood. In the event of fire it would probably spread with terrific rapidity through the building. The wooden portions of the roof have also the effect of throwing the avenues somewhat into shade. The shops are arranged on each side of the side avenues which cross the market from north to south, and intersect the central avenue. The latter is 27 feet wide, and the six side avenues 18 feet wide each. The backs of the shops are closed in, but at the sides are screened by light ironwork to ensure ventilation. The floor of the market is paved with blocks. Twelve hydrants, always at high pressure, will supply ample means of washing out the market avenues and stalls, and could be used in case of fire."

This great market has proved a decided success. An official report issued this year (1874) shows that the total amount of toll paid for all descriptions of produce brought into the market has risen from £14,220 3s. 6½d. in 1869 to £16,818 10s. 10½d. in 1873. The total receipts for both tolls and rentals were £51,165 18s. 1½d. in 1873 as against £51,089 1s. 3d. during 1872. There is a large and increasing demand for accommodation; so much so, indeed, that whenever there is a vacant shop, it is besieged by twenty or thirty tradesmen, eager to become tenants, and a place in the market is considered quite a prize amongst salesmen. It is anticipated that there will soon be a farther demand on the space at Smithfield, in consequence of the Act prohibiting private slaughter-houses coming into operation, as many of the Whitechapel butchers will then desire to come here. This being the case, it was some time since resolved to erect a new market immediately west of the Meat Market, to be devoted to the poultry, game, and cognate trades.

This new structure which the Fathers of the City propose to bestow upon their children is rapidly approaching completion. It is, as regards architecture, in harmony with the Meat Market, and that it will be as successful as regards trade can hardly be doubted. The traffic in London in poultry and game possesses many features of interest, and a few facts respecting the business done at Smithfield in these luxuries of the table may be worth noting. The following newspaper account may be rescued, on account of its merits, from that oblivion which so generally attends most of the ephemeral productions of the press:—"The 'foreign' branch of the poultry and game business is the most curious. The greater part of the eatable ornithology of Smithfield, in this department, is derived from Ireland and France. The Belgian pig, as an eatable subject, has lately been beating his Irish brother, and it may be made another subject for an Irish grievance that the French goose has of late years become a formidable rival of his fellow-geese from the Emerald Isle. Formerly there was a prejudice against French geese; the trade would not look at them, and the public would not eat them. But gastronomical prejudices are short-lived. Whether it is due to the soothing influence of sage and onions or to the quality of the noble bird itself, it is certain now that the French goose is very popular on this side of the Channel, for the poulterers say that they sell large numbers of them at good prices. Indeed, so successful is the French goose, that large numbers of his race are imported into England in an attenuated condition during the summer, and are sent

into the country to be fattened for the London market at Michaelmas. But remoter lands than France supply us with birds for the table. We get an abundance of prairie hens and canvas-back ducks from the United States. These are frozen by machinery on the other side of the Atlantic, packed in barrels, and brought over in capital condition. From Norway we receive ptarmigan, black-cock, and that eatable eagle, the capercailzie. They are sent over in the winter, frozen naturally, in cases containing from eighty to a hundred each, being shipped at Christiansund, landed at Hull, and brought up to town by rail. Holland is good enough to send us, sometimes by forty or fifty baskets of two hundred each in one steamer, her delicious wild ducks, and those curious little birds called ruffs and rees, which are about the size of godwits, and the male of which has most wonderful plumage, with a pretty crown of grey feathers on his head, given him to make him look handsome at courting time. But our most curious importation is the quail from Egypt, which feeds us to this day, as it fed the Israelites in the desert, and is brought over alive, in consignments of from thirty to fifty thousand. These birds are shipped at Alexandria, and are sent to Marseilles in charge of a native attendant to minister to their bodily wants. Thence they are 'railed' across France in cages, lodged for a time in Smithfield, and then dispersed to all parts of the kingdom. So carefully are they transported, that not more than seven per cent. of them perish by the way. From birds it is a natural transition to eggs, and there is an enormous market for plovers' eggs at Smithfield. They come chiefly from Holland — the home produce being very small—and they are received during the spring and summer from March to June. The first plovers' eggs of the season invariably go to the Queen's poulterer, for Her Majesty's table, and fetch from seven to ten shillings apiece.

"Besides all this foreign produce, there is, of course, an immense home trade, and of the English poultry, which comes principally from Surrey, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, and Suffolk, much might be said. No wonder the poulterers are getting crowded out of their small corner of Smithfield Market, and are eager for a market of their own where they will have some scope for the development of their business. The trade generally is favourable to removal, and it is likely to act as a severe drain on Leadenhall, if not to shut it up altogether, although it is said there is a knot of very conservative poulterers who vow that they will never desert the old place, come what may."

CHAPTER LVII.

FARRINGDON STREET, HOLBORN VIADUCT, AND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Farringdon Without—A Notorious Alderman—Farringdon Within—Farringdon Street—Fleet Market—Farringdon Market—Watercress Sellers—On a November Morning—The Congregational Memorial Hall—Holborn Viaduct described—The City Temple—Opening of the Viaduct by the Queen—St. Andrew's, Holborn—Its Interior—Its Exterior—Emery the Comedian—The Persecuting Lord Chancellor Wriothesley—Sacheverel: a Pugnacious Divine—The Registers of St. Andrew's—Marriages cried by the Bellman—Edward Coke's Marriage—Coke catches a Tartar—Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson's Marriage—A Courtship worth reading—Christening of Richard Savage—The Unfortunate Chatterton—Henry Neele, the Poet—Webster, the Dramatist, and his White Devil—A Funeral Dirge—Tomkins, the Conspirator—Strutt, and "Sports and Pastimes"—"Wicked Will" Whiston—A Queen's Faults—Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry—A Surprise for Dissenters—Stillingfleet: A Controversial Divine—Looking People in the Face—The Rev. Charles Barton—An Agreeable Surprise—St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, and St. Andrew's—St. Andrew's Grammar School.

It is convenient here to devote a paragraph to the general subject of the ward—that of Farringdon Without—in which we now find ourselves. "The whole great Ward of Farindon," says Stow, "both intra and extra (*i.e.*, within and without the walls), took name of W. Farindon, goldsmith, alderman of that ward, and one of the sheriffs of London in the year 1281, the 9th of Edward I. He purchased the aldermanry of this ward." Farringdon Without is by far the largest of all the twenty-six wards of London. Its general boundaries are—on the north, Holborn and Smithfield; on the south, the Thames, between Blackfriars Bridge and the Temple Stairs; on the east, New Bridge Street and the Old Bailey; and on the west, Temple Bar and Chancery Lane. The notorious John Wilkes was chosen alderman of this ward on the 27th of January, 1769, "while yet," says Walpole, "a criminal of State and a prisoner." He was at this time immensely popular with a large party in the City of London, and the election established that connection with the metropolis which was afterwards so profitable to him. This violent politician seems to have exercised a powerful fascination over those he met, by his wit, happy temperament, and tact, and no doubt much of his success with the clear-headed mercantile community of London arose from this. Lord Mansfield, who

had no reason to like him, was once heard to remark, "that he was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew." He excited great admiration by his fertility in expedients. "If," said one who knew him, "he were stripped and thrown over Westminster Bridge one day, you would meet him the next in Pall Mall, dressed in the height of fashion, and with money in his pocket."

Farringdon Without has been famous for its banking connections. The founders of the three rich banking-houses in Fleet Street—the Childs, the Hoares, and the Goslings—filled at various periods the office of alderman of this ward.

The companion ward of Farringdon Within, out of which we passed when we left speaking of Christ's Hospital, has for its general boundaries, on the north, Christ's Hospital (in the hall of which the wardmotes are held), and part of Cheapside; on the south, the Thames; on the east, Cheapside; and on the west, New Bridge Street.

Farringdon Street, which runs from Bridge Street northward to the line of Holborn, is constructed over the celebrated Fleet Ditch. In this street stood Fleet Market. To understand the history of this market the reader must recall what we said when speaking of the Mansion House, that it was erected on the site of the old Stocks Market (*see* Vol. I., p. 436). When that happened, about 1737, and Fleet Ditch was arched over, the business of the Stocks Market was transferred to the ground above the ditch, now called, as we have mentioned, Farringdon Street. Such was the origin of Fleet Market. It was opened for the sale of meat, fish, and vegetables on the 30th of September, 1737; but it did not complete a century of existence here.

In 1829 it was found necessary to widen the thoroughfare from Holborn to Blackfriars Bridge; so Fleet Market was removed from Farringdon Street, and Farringdon Market, in the immediate vicinity, but off the line of the street, was opened in its stead. The site of this comparatively neglected mart covers an acre and a half of ground, and was built by William Montague, the City architect. It has Stonecutter Street for its southern boundary. The cost of the site and buildings was about £250,000. The following description of the market is of the date of its being opened for business, on the 20th of November, 1829:—"It forms a handsome and elevated quadrangle, of 232 feet by 150 feet. The purchase of the ground, and the buildings which stood thereon, is estimated in round numbers at £200,000; the building of the market, including paviours' accounts, &c., is stated at £80,000. The avenue under which are the shops of the dealers, and which extends round three sides of the building, is 25 feet high, to what are technically termed the tie-beams, with ventilators ranged at equal distances. . . . In the centre of the roof of the principal avenue a turret and clock have been placed. . . . The chief entrance to the market is by two gates, for wagons, &c., in Stonecutter Street, which has been made double its former width, and two smaller ones for foot-passengers; besides these, on each side of the quadrangle, massive oak doors are to be thrown open, from morning till the close of public business."

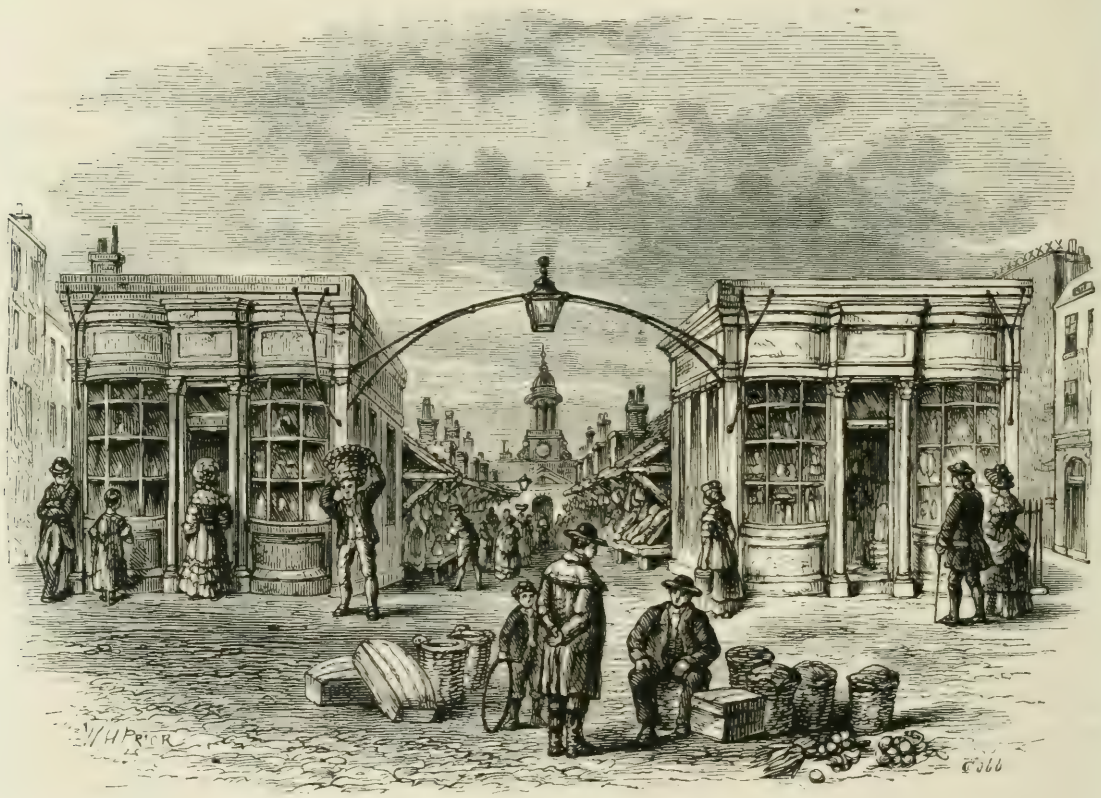
But careful building and liberal outlay seemed only thrown away. At a meeting of the Court of Common Council, held on the 29th of June, 1874, to consider the advisability of reconstructing the market, it was stated that the receipts during the last five years had only averaged £225. No wonder, then, that the court exhibited very little inclination to expend more money on a site which, exceedingly valuable as it would prove for other purposes, seems little suited for that of a market.

"Many persons," says a recent writer, "are of opinion that it is desirable to maintain the old Farringdon Market. In fact, the Corporation lately invited designs for its improvement, and have actually awarded prizes for the best. There can be no doubt that Farringdon Market, as it stands, is in a very bad position. It is quite behind the times in the matter of accommodation, and the gradients by which access to it is gained are so steep that accidents to carts and horses not unfrequently happen. It may be open to improvement by the alteration of the levels as proposed, but the latest disposition of the Corporation appears to be to leave the old market to its fate, and build a new one west of that now in process of construction at Smithfield, a course which certainly would have many advantages. As regards the existing market, it may be said to do a fairish middle-class trade. Its produce, however, is very humble, and rarely rises above the rank of the modest onion, the plebeian cabbage, the barely respectable cauliflower, the homely apple, and other unpretending fruits and vegetables. Pine-apples and hot-house grapes are unknown to its dingy sheds, and, as a sorrowing tradesman remarked, 'We never see such things as pears at 5s. a dozen!' The market for vegetables, in fact, is supplied chiefly from the gardens in the immediate vicinity of London, say within a ten or twelve miles' radius, while the fruit comes almost exclusively from Kent. The more important supplies, from distant parts of the country, go to Covent

Garden and the Borough. It is supposed that a better class trade would be done at Smithfield, but this is a disputed point.

"In one commodity Farringdon does a great business. It is *the* market, *par excellence*, for watercresses. Of these there are about a score of vendors in the market, and sometimes as much as twenty tons a week are brought up for sale. The general market opens at four a.m., but the retailers of the watercress are allowed to enter an hour earlier, and they flock thither—men, women, boys, and girls—by hundreds at a time. The 'watercreases' are brought in hampers, and in smaller baskets, called pads and flats. The toll for a hamper is twopence, and for a pad or flat one penny. The pleasant vegetable is sold by the 'end,' the 'middle,' and the 'side' of the basket—those in the middle, as they are, of course, fresher than the rest, fetching the best price. The value of a hamper of watercresses is sometimes as high as twenty shillings, and as low as five, that of a pad or flat being half as much. But the most popular way of buying watercresses is 'by the hand;' that is, the salesman sells as many handfuls—of his *own* hand, of course—as may be equivalent to the market value of a shilling. The price ranges from twelve to eighteen hands; but the buyer is always careful to see that he or she gets proper measure, calculated in a rough-and-ready sort of fashion, and one often hears the admonition, 'Don't pinch your hand, governor.'"

A visit to Farringdon Market in early morning, Mr. Henry Mayhew holds, is the proper way to form an estimate of the fortitude, courage, and perseverance of the poor. These watercress sellers are members of a class so poverty-stricken that their extreme want alone would almost justify them in taking to thieving, yet they can be trusted to pay the few pence they owe, even though hunger should pinch them for it. As Douglas Jerrold has truly said, "there is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks and corners of the earth." It must require no little energy of conscience on the part of the lads to make them resist the temptations around them, and refuse the cunning advice of the young thieves they meet at their cheap lodging-houses. Yet they prefer the early rising, the walk to market with naked feet over the cold stones, and the chance of earning a few pence by a day of honest labour, to all the comparative ease



FLEET MARKET. (*From a Drawing in Mr. Gardiner's Collection.*)



FIELD LANE ABOUT 1840.

of a career of fraud. "The heroism of the unknown poor," adds Mr. Mayhew, "is a thing to set even the dullest marvelling, and in no place in all London is the virtue of the humblest—both young and old—so conspicuous as amongst the watercress buyers at Farringdon Market."

Mr. Mayhew visited it one November morning. The poor, he says, were there, in every style of rags, laying in the necessary stock for their trade. "As the morning twilight drew on, the paved court was crowded with customers. The sheds and shops at the end of the market grew every moment more distinct, and a railway van, laden with carrots, came rumbling into the yard. The pigeons, too, began to fly into the sheds, or walk about the paving-stones, and the gas-man came round with his ladder to turn out the lamps. Then every one was pushing about, the children crying as their naked feet were trodden upon, and the women hurrying off with their baskets or shawls filled with cresses, and the bunch of rushes in their hands. In one corner of the market, busily tying up their bunches, were three or four girls, seated on the stones, with their legs curled up under them, and the ground near them was green with the leaves they had thrown away. A saleswoman, seeing me looking at the group, said, 'Ah, you should come here of a summer's morning, and then you'd see 'em, sitting tying up, young and old, upwards of a hundred poor things, as thick as crows in a ploughed field.'"

On the east side of Farringdon Street, and on a part of the site of the old Fleet Prison, stands the Congregational Memorial Hall and Library, a handsome new building, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 10th of May, 1872. This hall has been erected by the Congregationalists of England and Wales, in commemoration of the ejection from their charges, two hundred years ago—it was on the 24th of August, 1662—of more than two thousand ministers of the Church of England, because they could not conscientiously subscribe to the Act of Uniformity. The ground purchased in Farringdon Street consisted of 9,000 feet of freehold land, with 84 feet frontage to the main road, and 32 feet to old Fleet Lane, and having a depth of about 100 feet. It cost £28,000. The design for the memorial building, prepared by Mr. Tarring, comprised a hall capable of holding 1,200 to 1,500 people; a library, with accommodation for 300; a board-room, and twenty-five other offices, which it was calculated would be amply sufficient for all the societies connected with the denomination in London.

We come now to speak of one of the greatest and most successful works ever undertaken in the city of London—the Holborn Valley improvements, an undertaking which will ever be quoted as a notable example of the energy and public spirit of our time. We have already spoken of the inconvenience and disagreeableness of the approach to the City from the west by Holborn. To avoid the dangerous descent of Holborn Hill, it was at last resolved to construct a viaduct and high-level bridge over Farringdon Street, and so to supplant Skinner Street, and form a spacious and pleasant thoroughfare connecting the City with that great Mediterranean of western traffic, Holborn and Oxford Street. This was done after long consultation, the consideration of many different schemes, and many attempts, not always successful, to reconcile conflicting interests. The works were commenced in May, 1863, and if it was more than six years before the valley was bridged over, and the viaduct opened to the public, we must consider the gigantic nature of the undertaking, and the delays in effecting the demolition of the old structures and roadway, embarrassed, too, by much litigation. The cost of the improvements considerably exceeded two millions.

The scheme was originally calculated to cost about £1,500,000, the Corporation recouping themselves to the extent of from £600,000 or £700,000, by the sale of building land on the sides of the new viaduct. It was resolved to remove the whole of the houses and shops on the south side of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, from the Old Bailey to Farringdon Street, and thence to the summit of Holborn Hill, while all the houses on the northern side were to be removed, enormous sums being paid in compensation—in one case alone about £30,000 being awarded.

The central object of this scheme was a stately and substantial viaduct across the Holborn Valley, between Hatton Garden and the western end of Newgate Street. A new street was also to open from opposite Hatton Garden, and pass by the back of St. Andrew's Church, to Shoe Lane, which was to be widened as far as Stonecutter Street. Thence another new line of street, fifty feet wide, and with easy gradients, was to be formed at the east end of Fleet Street, near its junction with Farringdon Street. The viaduct across Holborn Hill was to be eighty feet wide, and was to commence at the west end of Newgate Street.

"The impression left upon the mind after a first walk from Holborn to Newgate Street, along the Viaduct, is," says a writer in the *Builder*, "that of a wide and level thoroughfare raised above the old pavement, and of a spacious bridge crossing the

busy line of Farringdon Street below. The improvement is so grand and yet so simple, and the direction taken by the new road is so obviously the easiest and the best, that difficulties of construction and engineering details are in a manner lost sight of, and it is not until the work concealed from the eye is dived into, that the true nature of the undertaking is understood. To know what has been accomplished, and to appreciate it rightly, the observer must leave the upper level, and penetrate the interior; to comprehend his subject, he must do as all patient learners do—commence at the foundation.

"The problem that the engineer had to work out appears at first sight a simple one. The postulates were a bridge crossing the great artery of Farringdon Street, and a level causeway on either side from Holborn to Newgate Street. Then came considerations of detail that soon assumed a complex and difficult shape. Sewers, and gas, and water-pipes had to be carried, levels to be regarded, and connection with lateral thoroughfares had to be maintained. Then arose questions of modes of construction. Obviously, a solid embankment was not possible, and an open arcade would be a waste of valuable space. So the design gradually shaped itself into what may be briefly and accurately described as a plan consisting of two lateral passages, one on either side supporting the pavement, and cross arches, forming vaults between, and carrying the carriage roadway above.

"As the great depth of the Holborn Valley caused the viaduct to be of considerable height at its point of crossing Farringdon Street, the engineer took advantage of this to subdivide his vaulted passages into storeys, and these accordingly are one, two, or three, as the dip of the level permits. First is appropriated a space for areas and vaulted cellars of the houses, and then against these is at top a subway, in which are the gas, water, and telegraph pipes; then a passage, and below these a vaulted chamber constructed with damp-proof courses through its walls, and of considerable depth, at the bottom of which, resting on a concrete bed, is the sewer. . .

"The height of these subways is 11 feet 6 inches, and their width 7 feet. They are constructed of brickwork, excepting where carried over the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, at which point they are of tubular form, and are constructed of iron. . .

"The subways contain ventilating shafts, which are connected with trapped gullies in the roadway above; also with the pedestals of the lamp-posts, perforated for the purpose, and with flues expressly directed to be left in party-walls of buildings; all these contrivances being made for the carrying off gases that may escape, especially from leakage from the gas-mains. Provision is made for the easy ingress of workmen and materials, and the subways are lighted by means of gratings filled with globules of thick glass."

The great ornamental feature of the Viaduct is the bridge across Farringdon Street. Unfortunately for the effect, it is a skew-bridge—that is, it crosses the street obliquely—but the design is rich and striking. It is a cast-iron girder-bridge, in three spans, divided by the six granite piers which carry the girders. These piers are massive hexagonal shafts of polished red granite, resting on bases of black granite, and having capitals of grey granite with bronze leaves, the outer piers being, however, carried above the railing on the parapet of the bridge, and terminating in pedestals, on which are placed colossal bronze statues. These statues represent Commerce and Agriculture on the south, and Science and Fine Art on the north side. The iron palisading consists of circular panels united by scrolls, and bearing emblazonings of civic crests and devices, with the City arms on a larger scale. At the four corners of the bridge, and forming an intrinsic part of the design, are lofty houses, of ornate Renaissance character, within which are carried flights of steps, giving means of communication to pedestrians between the level of the Viaduct and that of Farringdon Street. The fronts of these houses are adorned with the statues of four civic worthies of the olden time. On the north are Sir Hugh Middleton (born 1555, died 1631) and Sir William Walworth (Mayor 1374 and 1380); and on the south are Henry Fitz-Eylwin (Mayor 1189 to 1212) and Sir Thomas Gresham (born 1519, died 1579).

On the south side of the Viaduct are the new station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and the new Congregational City Temple, erected by the congregation of Dr. Joseph Parker. The latter is in a light Italian style of architecture. The chapel has its floor on a level with the roadway of the Viaduct, and is seated for 2,500 persons. Underneath it are spacious school and class-rooms, entering from Shoe Lane. Dr. Parker's congregation used to meet in the old chapel in the Poultry, but that building was found too small; it was therefore sold, and the present one was erected, at a cost of £60,000, including the price (£25,000) paid for the site.

The length of the Viaduct from Newgate Street to Holborn is about 1,400 feet, and the width between the building-line 80 feet, affording space for a 50-feet carriage-way in the centre, and two pavements, each 15 feet wide, at either side. The

surface of the carriage-way is paved with cubes of granite 9 inches by 3 inches, and the side pavements are laid with York flags, with perforated gratings to light the subways.

During the demolition of the old streets and houses, for the purpose of clearing the ground for the Viaduct, nothing of any special value or interest was brought to light. The most noteworthy incidents, says a writer in the *Builder*, of April 24th, 1869, were "the frequent discovery of all sorts of concealed passages for escape, and nooks for hiding plunder in the villainous old houses of Field Lane and its unsavoury neighbourhood, the removal of which alone should cause the Holborn Valley Improvement to be considered a blessing to this part of London. In carrying the new road through St. Andrew's Churchyard, a large slice of the ground was required, and this compelled the removal of a great number of human remains; between 11,000 and 12,000 were therefore decorously transferred to the City Cemetery at Ilford."

The opening of Holborn Viaduct by the Queen took place on the 6th of November, 1869, the same day as that on which Her Majesty opened the new bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars. The ceremony was an imposing one, and excited uncommon interest and enthusiasm amongst all classes in the metropolis. The day fortunately was bright and fair, and, leaving out of account a momentary interruption of its sunshine, was as good as could have been looked for in November. Blackfriars Bridge having been opened, and a loyal address from the Corporation of London having previously been presented, the combined royal and civic processions passed up Farringdon Street amidst an immense assemblage of people, the roadway in the middle being kept clear by soldiers and policemen. The Queen's carriage stopped for a moment before the Viaduct Bridge, that Her Majesty might observe the structure from below. She then passed under it, and turned up Charterhouse Street into Smithfield, which she traversed on the west side of the Meat Market. Her attention was particularly directed to the market-building, which was gorgeously decorated with flags and streamers. From West Smithfield the procession turned into Giltspur Street, and soon the neighbourhood re-echoed with the cheering of the Bluecoat boys, who, to the number of 750, were assembled in their playground, to give their sovereign a loyal welcome. Under St. Sepulchre's Church were ranged several hundreds of the boys and girls of the parish and charity schools; and what with their shrill acclamations, and those of the Bluecoat boys opposite, the effect is said to have been startling.

"Here was the east end of the Holborn Valley Viaduct, close to Newgate Prison and St. Sepulchre's Church. Two colossal plaster statues, one bearing the palm of Victory, the other the olive-branch of Peace, were set up at the entrance, and numerous banners helped the general effect. Along the level approach to the Viaduct, which was from end to end strewn with yellow sand, seats were placed under cover, and in well-arranged blocks, for the guests of the Corporation. Above these streamed in the fresh breeze bannerets of the dagger and St. George's Cross on a white ground, from days immemorial the arms of the City of London; and the masts to which they were attached were painted and gilt. The pavilion, which had seats for 600 spectators, was constructed of red and white striped canvas at the sides, but of gold-coloured hangings, with devices in colour at the end, and with curtains of maroon to keep out the draughts. The royal arms, in rich gilding, surmounted the main entrance, supported on each hand by the City arms above the side divisions. Four female figures, bearing golden baskets of fruit, were placed against the gilt divisions of the pavilion; and between each couple of fruit-bearers was a large statue, chosen from the best works in the possession of the Crystal Palace Company." In the centre of the pavilion the roadway was narrowed, so that the daïs might be carried close to the royal carriage, and at this point were assembled as a deputation to receive Her Majesty, Mr. Deputy Fry, the chairman of the Improvement Committee, Alderman Carter, Sir Benjamin Phillips, and several members of the Common Council.

The visitors accommodated in the reserved places all rose as they heard the welcome of the boys and children at Christ's Hospital and St. Sepulchre's, and then took up the cheering. The procession slowly passed along the viaduct. More than once it came to a stop as the carriage of the Lord Mayor or an alderman halted at the platform in the pavilion, and its occupants alighted. When Her Majesty reached the platform and the carriage halted, the Lord Mayor presented Mr. Deputy Fry and Mr. Haywood, the engineer of the viaduct. Mr. Fry then handed to the Queen a volume elaborately bound in cream-coloured morocco, relieved with gold, and ornamented with the Royal arms of England, in mosaic of leather and gold; and Her Majesty declared the viaduct open for public traffic. The Lord Mayor and the other civic dignitaries then took leave of Her Majesty and returned to their carriages, and the procession again got under weigh. But it broke up immediately on passing through the gates of the temporary barrier, and

the Lord Mayor and his company turned towards the City, whilst Her Majesty drove quickly up Holborn, and so by Oxford Street to Paddington Station, from whence she returned by special train to Windsor.

No sooner was this gigantic undertaking completed, and the viaduct open for traffic, than an alarm was raised—cracks had appeared in some of the great polished granite pillars which supported the bridge over Farringdon Street. A lively newspaper correspondence was the result, and many wise things were said on both sides; but the pillars have borne heavy traffic and all the changes of temperature since then without any perceptible extension of the flaw, and the safety of the work is no longer, if it ever was seriously, in doubt.

The present church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was erected by Wren, in 1686, on the site of the old church, in the Ward of Farringdon Without. Let us begin by speaking of the history of the old building. The exact date of its foundation is uncertain, but in 1297 we find it given by one Gladerinus to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's; it being stipulated at the same time that the church should be held of them by the Abbot and Convent of Bermondsey. The monasteries being dissolved in the reign of Henry VIII., the right of presentation devolved to the Crown, and the king made it over to Thomas Lord Wriothesley, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Southampton, who died July 30th, 1550, and was buried in St. Andrew's. At a later date the right of presentation became vested in the Duke of Buccleugh. The first vicar mentioned by Newcourt goes under the name of Richard de Tadeclowe; he was appointed before the year 1322, and among those who succeeded him in the old church were Thomas de Cottingham, in 1343, keeper of the Great Seal, and Gilbert Worthington, in 1443.

As to the appearance of the original building, we learn from the will of Gilbert Worthington, printed by Strype, that there were four altars in it, if not more. The steeple was commenced in 1446, but from some cause or other it was not finished till 1468. During the interval the north and south aisles were rebuilt. At the general clearance of the Reformation St. Andrew's fared no better than its neighbours: in the first year of Edward VI. many of the altars and statues were removed, and in that year and in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth the numerous monumental brasses of this church were converted into current coin of the realm.

When the Great Fire ravaged the City, the church escaped; but being in a hopelessly ruinous condition it was taken down, with the exception of the tower, about ten years after that event, and a new building was in course of time erected in accordance with designs furnished by the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

The interior of this new church consisted of a nave, two aisles, and chancel; and has been praised by many writers for its magnificence and beauty. Mr. Godwin, however, remarks that "an alteration in taste, as regards architectural productions, has been produced. The value of simplicity and breadth of parts, in opposition to minute divisions and elaborate ornament, has been admitted; and therefore, although it may be regarded as a large and commodious church—a good specimen of the style in which it is built, and as a construction well executed—it will not again obtain the unconditional praise which was formerly bestowed upon it.

"Pillars," adds Mr. Godwin, describing the church interior as it appeared when he wrote, in 1839, "cased with wainscot, support a gallery on either side; and at the west end, and from the top of the gallery-front, rise diminutive Corinthian columns bearing small blocks intended to represent an entablature, reminding one of the columns with the two chapiters or capitals, called Jachin and Boaz, mentioned in the description of Solomon's Temple. A wagon-headed ceiling of large span, in panels, supported on these blocks, and adorned with festoons of flowers and fruit, covers the body of the church. The ceiling of the aisles is groined, and opens into the wagon-headed ceiling, forming an arch between each of the columns. At the west end of the church there is a second gallery, at a great height from the ground, which is appropriated to the children of the Sunday schools. On the wall behind it were formerly some large paintings, but these have been obliterated.

"The chancel is somewhat richly adorned with paintings, gilding, and stained glass; and the walls are covered with wainscot, which is veined to imitate Sienna marble, as high as the ceiling. Above the carved altar-piece is a large Palladian window in two storeys, containing in stained glass a representation of the Last Supper, and of the Ascension, executed by Price of York, in 1718. The colours are for the most part brilliant; but as a work of art, the window is not deserving of commendation. On either side of it are two large paintings (apparently in fresco) of St. Andrew and St. Peter, and two smaller panels representing the Holy Family and the infant St. John. In the ceiling of the chancel is introduced a glazed light, whereon is painted the dove. There are two other windows at the east end of the church which

are filled with stained glass, namely, one in the north aisle containing the royal arms, and those of the donor, inscribed: '1687. Ex dono Thomæ Hodgson de Bramwill in Agro Eboracen. Militis;' and another, at the end of the south aisle, representing the arms of John Thavie, Esq., who, in the year 1348, 'left a considerable estate towards the support of this fabric for ever.'"

Towards the close of 1872, St. Andrew's underwent a most thorough overhauling, and was re-opened for public worship on Sunday, the 13th of October of that year. The ancient tower, which used to be separated from the nave of the church by a screen-wall, with a gallery in front, was thrown open to the nave by the removal of the wall and gallery.

A ritual chancel was formed at the east end, the floor-level of which was raised two feet above the floor-line of the nave, and choir-stalls were arranged north and south of the same. The old high-backed square pewing was removed, and in its place new low oak seating was substituted. The old windows were done away with, and new iron ones took their place, glazed with tinted cathedral glass.

In addition to these alterations, the church was re-decorated. The nave ceiling and groined ceilings of the galleries were painted in panels of a tempered turquoise blue as a ground-colour, with margins in stone and vellum, the enrichments being in white. The blue grounds were filled with a classic diaper, in self-colouring and white, the walls being a neutral of silver grey. The shafts of columns were finished in Indian red. The chancel ceiling was treated in the same manner as that of the nave, with this exception, that the enrichments to the panels were gilded.



THE WEST END OF ST. ANDREW'S, SHOWING THE GOTHIC ARCH.

A new organ was also constructed. It spans over the Gothic arch, and rests upon the galleries on either side.

The church contains a carved oak pulpit, and a sculptured marble font, displaying four cherubim. The whole length of the building is stated as 105 feet, the breadth 63 feet, and the height 43 feet.

The old organ of St. Andrew's, made by Harris, was celebrated as being part of the discarded instrument in the contest for superiority between Father Schmydt and Harris, at the Temple Church. This contest has been described by us at page 145

Vol. I. When Dr. Sacheverell entered upon the living of St. Andrew's, he found that the organ, not having been paid for, had, from its erection in 1699, been shut up; he therefore had a collection made among his parishioners, raised the amount, and paid for the instrument.

There are no remarkable features to be pointed out in connection with the exterior of the church. It is divided into two storeys, and terminates with a cornice and balustrade. "The old Gothic tower," says Mr. Godwin, "notwithstanding it was re-cased and adorned with vanes and pine-apples at the four corners, is still to be detected by the large buttresses left standing at the angles, and the small pointed windows remaining in the lower storey. The windows in the belfrey are singularly confused and ugly." The height of the tower is reported to be 110 feet; there are 188 steps from the bottom of it to the top.

St. Andrews, says Mr. Godwin, is one of the best-placed churches in London, "for as the west end is nearly at the summit of Holborn Hill, the foundation was necessarily continued throughout on this level, to the east end in Shoe Lane; so that the basement is there considerably elevated above the houses."

Among the tablets in the church is one mentioned by Godwin as affixed to the north wall, and inscribed to Mr. John Emery, the famous comedian, who died on the 25th of July, 1822. It bears the following couplet:—

> "Each part he shone in, but excelled in none
> So well as husband, father, friend, and son."



INTERIOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Emery was born at Sunderland, on the 22nd of December, 1777, and was educated at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and it was there doubtless that he acquired that knowledge of the Yorkshire dialect which obtained for him so much celebrity. His first appearance on the stage was at Brighton, in "Crazy" ("Peeping Tom"). He was excellent in his representation of the stupid dolt, and the arch, unsophisticated child of nature. "His *forte*," says Talfourd, "lay in showing the might of human passion and affection, not only unaided by circumstance, but attended by everything which could tend to associate them with the ludicrous or the vulgar. The parts in which he displayed this prodigious power were as far as pos-

sible removed from the elegant and romantic, and his own stout frame and broad iron countenance did not give him any extrinsic aid to refine or exalt them. But in spite of all these obstacles, the energy of passion or the strength of agony was triumphant. Every muscle was strained to bursting, and every fibre informed with sense and feeling; every quiver of the lip, and involuntary action of the hands, spoke the might of that emotion which he was more than counterfeiting; and all little provincialisms, all traits of vulgarity, were forgotten in wonder and sympathy. . . . His 'Tyke' was the grandest specimen of the rude sublime; his 'Giles,' in the *Miller's Man*, was almost as intense, and the whole conception of a loftier cast."

A fiery zealot of the days of English history lies buried here—Thomas Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. This influential statesman was no wiser than his generation in respect to persecution. "Not content with seeing the amiable Anne Askew put to the torture," says Pennant, "for no other crime than difference in faith, he flung off his gown, degraded the Chancellor into the Bourreau, and with his own hands gave force to the rack. He was created Earl of Southampton just before the coronation of Edward VI., but obstinately adhering to the old religion, he was dismissed from his post, and confined to Southampton House, where he died in 1550."

One of the congenial tasks Wriothesley had to perform during the reign of Henry VIII., was to impeach and arrest the queen, Catherine Parr, for her supposed heterodoxy. When he arrived, however, to take her into custody, the king had made friends again with his sixth and last wife, and the chancellor was dismissed, his Majesty calling him knave, an arrant knave, a fool, a beast, and such-like complimentary names. It was the influence of Wriothesley which chiefly led to the execution of the Earl of Surrey, and the attainder of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1547. He was one of the executors of Henry VIII., and an opponent of the Protector Somerset.

Another of those buried in this church was Henry Sacheverell, who died in 1724. He was laid in the chancel, where there is an inscription on the pavement to his memory. It may well be left to another occasion to tell the story of this divine, and of the two famous sermons which he preached at Derby and at St. Paul's, with the object of exciting alarm for the safety of the Church, and creating hostility against the Dissenters. Being impeached in the House of Commons, in the year 1710, he was sentenced to be suspended from preaching for three years. But this prosecution established the popularity of the preacher; and the very month that his suspension terminated, he was appointed to the valuable rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Like many who owe their popularity to circumstances, rather than to any merit of their own, Sacheverell dropped, in Holborn, into comparative obscurity, and nothing worthy of note is told of him, but that his quarrels with his parishioners were by no means unfrequent—just as one might have expected from so pugnacious a character. He had the good luck, during his latter days, to inherit a considerable fortune.

There is much of interest connected with the registers of St. Andrew's. Some of the books are dated as far back as 1558, the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of the volumes, containing entries from 1653 to 1658, is wholly occupied with proclamations of marriage during the interregnum, when they were published in the market-place. For example: "An agreement and intent of marriage between John Law and Ffrances Riley, both servants to the Lady Brooke, of this parish, was published three several markett-days in Newgate Markett; and in three several weeks, that is to say, &c." In various parts of this book the church is spoken of as the "Public Meeting-place, commonly called St. Andrew's, Holborn."

The extract quoted above from the register is an illustration of a curious chapter in the history of marriage customs and laws in England. By a statute of August, 1653, the betrothed couple were allowed to choose whether they would be "asked" in church or chapel on three several Sundays, or cried in the open market on three consecutive market-days, at the town nearest their ordinary place of worship. This was the assertion with a vengeance of the civil nature of the marriage contract. If the lovers chose the latter method, their proposed union was in most cases proclaimed by the bellman, though the kind offices of that official were not legally required for making the announcement. "In the absence of conclusive evidence on the matter," says Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, the historian of "Brides and Bridals," "I have no doubt that the street banns of our forefathers, in Cromwell's England, were rarely proclaimed by clergymen. On the other hand it is certain that the bellman was, in many places, regularly employed to cry aloud for impediments to the wedding of precise lovers."

The parish register contains two interesting entries of marriage, the first of which is that of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General,"

and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton," in 1598. This lady was the relict of Sir William Hatton, and the daughter of the celebrated Thomas Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. She became Coke's second wife, his first having been a lady of the ancient and highly-connected family of the Pastons, by whom he had the large sum for those days of £30,000. By the widow of Sir William he also obtained a considerable addition to his property; but his marriage with her is but another example to be added to the list of the unfortunate matrimonial alliances of distinguished men. The celebration of the ceremony involved both parties in some difficulty. There had been, the same year, a great deal of notice taken of irregular marriages, and Archbishop Whitgift had intimated to the bishops of his province that all who offended in point of time, place, or form were to be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. Coke, however, seems to have presumed on his own and the lady's position, or on his acquaintance, if not friendship, with the prelate, and he disregarded the statute, and was married in a private house, without even having had the banns published or a licence obtained. But this act of contumacy was not passed over. Coke, the newly-married lady, the minister who officiated, Lord Burleigh, and several other persons, were prosecuted in the ecclesiastical court; but upon their submission by their proxies, the whole affair ended in smoke; they were absolved from excommunication, and the penalties consequent upon it, because, says the record, they had offended not out of contumacy, but through ignorance of the law in that point. It strikes one, at this distance of time, that the suit may have been commenced merely for the sake of public example.

Lady Elizabeth Hatton proved a Tartar. When, many years afterwards, Sir Edward Coke proposed a marriage between his younger daughter by Lady Hatton and Sir John Villiers, she raised a tempest, and resenting her husband's attempt to dispose of the daughter without asking her consent, carried the young lady off, and lodged her at Sir Edmund Withipole's, near Oatlands. Sir Edward complained to the Privy Council, and then went with his sons to Oatlands and captured his daughter, a proceeding which induced Lady Hatton to complain to the Privy Council in her turn. Much confusion followed, but at last the marriage of the young couple actually did take place. Then the ill-will between the old people broke out again, and many letters are still in existence, showing a great deal of heat and resentment in both parties. At one time Sir Edward publicly accused his wife of having purloined his plate, and substituted counterfeited *alkumy* in its place, with intent to defraud him; but she had quite as good to say about him. In about four years their reconciliation seems to have been effected, and that by no less a mediator than James I., but they never enjoyed anything like domestic happiness.

The other entry of marriage is that of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley, in 1638. And here, by way of contrast to the last, we have one of the most touching instances of womanly affection that ever was set down in writing. Mrs. Hutchinson is best known by her "Memoirs" of the life of her husband, a charming volume of biography. The account given by her of the courtship which led up to the ceremony before the altar of St. Andrew's is a narrative which all should read, and which all will enjoy.

Mr. Hutchinson fell in love with the lady before seeing her. He had been invited to go to Richmond by his music-master, a man who stood high in his profession, and had been warned by a friend to take heed of the place, for it was so fatal to love, that never any young disengaged person went thither who returned again free. He determined, however, to run the risk, and went. The musician's house was a lively one, frequented by much good company, including gentlemen and ladies connected with the court, and many of the king's musicians.

There happened to be boarded there, for the practice of the lute, and till the return of her mother, a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower. The mother had gone into Wiltshire to complete a treaty, in which some progress had been made, about the marriage of her elder daughter. "This young girl," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in a discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her.

"One day, when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's, whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions

used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not), who had ordained him, through so many providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction." Her praises continued to be daily sounded in his ears; but at last news arrived which led all the company present one day at table to conclude that Miss Lucy—or "Mrs." Lucy, as young ladies used to be called then—was really married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and had to retire from table to conceal his agitation.

But it proved a false alarm, and some little time after she made her appearance, and the lover, who had fallen in love with a shadow, met the reality. "His heart, being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding habit; she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her; yet in spite of all her indifferency, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person; he was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited, and every way answerable; in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness and such neatness, as do not often meet in one. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid; and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and, to his joy, found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable, and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her councils, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to."

It was not long before friendship on her part passed into love; but of their mutual affection in its full height Mrs. Hutchinson limits herself to saying this, "There never was a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present. But she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending, and the virtue of loving his; so, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light that admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing."

Unfortunately, the very day the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell ill of the small-pox. "First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered. Yet Mr. Hutchinson was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as well as before. . . . On the third day of July, 1638, he was married to Mrs. Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, late lieutenant of the Tower of London, at St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn." The newly-

married couple lived for some time afterwards in this neighbourhood.

Their subsequent career need only be glanced at. In 1642 Mr. Hutchinson became a lieutenant-colonel in the parliamentary army, and in 1643 was appointed governor of Nottingham Castle. He took an active part in the struggles of the civil war, and in the government of the days of the Commonwealth, and proved himself a true patriot, honest and earnest in his endeavours to serve the best interests of his country. He was an uncompromising republican, brave, high-minded, and unaffectedly pious. At the Restoration he was discharged from Parliament, and from all offices of state for ever. In October, 1663, he was arrested, imprisoned at Newark, thence carried to the Tower, and in the next year removed to Sandown Castle, where he fell ill and died on the 11th of September, 1664. His noble wife was refused permission to share his confinement.

Richard Savage, the poet, son of the unnatural Countess of Macclesfield, was, according to Dr. Johnson, christened in this church by the direction of Lord Rivers, his reputed father, in 1697–8.

In the register of burials of St. Andrew's parish, under the date August 28, 1770, appears the following entry:—"William Chatterton, Brooks Street;" to which has been added, probably by an after incumbent, "the poet," signed "J. Mill." The addition is perfectly correct, although the poet's Christian name was Thomas, not William, and this slight memorial is the only record in the church of the end of a short chapter in the annals of genius. We shall have more to say on the subject of this unfortunate bard, as well as on the equally melancholy career of Richard Savage, when we come shortly to speak of Brooke Street, Holborn, and its neighbourhood.

In the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, lie the remains of another poet, Henry Neele, author, among other works, of the "Romance of English History." He was born in the Strand, on the 29th of January, 1798, and early in life was apprenticed to a solicitor. During his clerkship—namely, in 1817—he made his first appearance as an author before the public, and from that time continued to publish occasionally, until 1828, on the 8th of February of which year, in a fit of insanity, incipient, it is true, but encouraged by excessive reading, he unhappily destroyed himself. Against the west wall of the churchyard is a gravestone commemorative of his father, and bearing an epitaph written by Henry Neele. On the same stone, together with the names of several others of the family, is the record of the poet's own premature death. The epitaph written by him is as follows:—

"Good night, good night, sweet spirit! Thou hast cast
Thy bonds of clay away from thee at last;
Broke the vile earthly fetters, which alone
Held thee at distance from thy Maker's throne.
But, oh! those fetters to th' immortal mind
Were links of love to those thou'st left behind.
For thee we mourn not; as the apostle prest
His dungeon pillow, till the angel guest
Drew nigh; and when the light that round him shone
Beamed on the pris'ner, his bands were gone:
So wert thou captive to disease and pain,
Till death, the brightest of th' angelic train,
Poured heaven's own radiance, by divine decree,
Around thy suffering soul, and it was free."

St. Andrew's has been called "the poet's church," from the sons of song who have in some way or other been connected with it. We have named three already, and have here to speak of a fourth. John Webster, the dramatist, is said to have been parish clerk in St. Andrew's, but there is, unfortunately, no confirmation of this in the register. The clerkship, however, being in the gift of the rector, the vestry register could afford no direct evidence on the subject. Webster has, to us, an obscure personal history, but by those who love an old play he will ever be remembered as the author of the *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfy*—two performances, says Hazlitt, which upon the whole, perhaps, come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have on record. Charles Lamb had a great admiration of our parish clerk's *White Devil*. "I never saw anything," he writes, "like the funeral dirge in this play for the death of Marcello, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intensity of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates." Let us, while we have the chance, repeat, in honour to the memory of Webster, the exquisite lines alluded to by Lamb:—

"Call for the robin redbreast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

The *Duchess of Malfy*, Webster's second great play, "is not," remarks the critical Hazlitt, "in my judgment, quite so spirited or effectual a performance as the *White Devil*. But it is distinguished by the same kind of beauties, clad in the same terrors.

I do not know but the occasional gleams of passion are even profounder and more Shakesperian ; but the story is more laboured, and the horror is accumulated to an overwhelming and insupportable height."

In the church register there is also entered the burial of Nathaniel Tomkins, executed for his share in Waller's plot. Tomkins was Waller's brother-in-law. The plot for which he suffered is Tomkins and Challoner were hanged, the one in Holborn, and the other in Cornhill, both within sight of their own dwelling-houses ; Blinkhorn, Hassell, White, and Waller were, by the mercy of Parliament and the Lord-General Essex, reprieved, and eventually saved. Waller, the chief of them, was detained in the Tower, but, about a year after, upon payment of £10,000, was pardoned 'and released to go travel abroad.'"



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, FROM SNOW HILL, IN 1850.

one of the noted conspiracies of history. Waller, the poet, in conjunction with Tomkins, Challoner, Blinkhorne, and a few others, had undertaken to seize the persons of the leading members of the House of Commons, and to deliver up the City of London to Charles, who had sent in a commission of array very secretly, by means of the Lady Aubigny, whose husband had fallen at Edgehill. "A servant of Tomkins overheard the conversation of the conspirators, and revealed what he knew to Pym, who presently seized their chief and brought him to trial, where he confessed everything with amazing alacrity, and crawled in the dust, in the hope of saving his life. The jury of Guildhall found a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners.

Another burial we must notice is that, in 1802, of Joseph Strutt, the author of "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," and several other works of an antiquarian character. Strutt was born at Springfield, in Essex, on the 27th of October, 1749, and was educated as an artist. In 1770 he became a student at the Royal Academy, and was successful in winning both the gold and silver medals there. He served an apprenticeship to the unfortunate Ryland, and when his term expired, began to unite literary labours of an antiquarian character with those of his artistic profession. In 1773 he published his first book, "The Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England," and subsequently a "Complete View of the Manners and



Others would Swell with Pride, if thus cares'd
But he bears humble Thoughts within his Breast



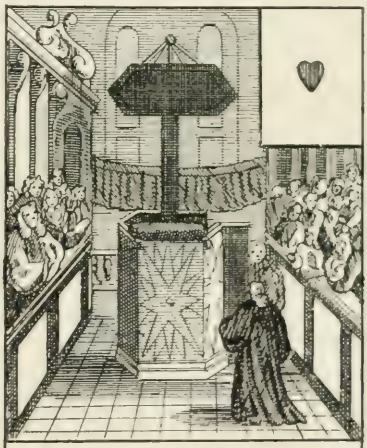
Without Concern he from his Coach alights,
To Stand a Tryal which its Hearers frights.



The College with alacrity receiv'd
Her Son return'd for whom accus'd She griev'd



St. Asaphs Bishop, for his Flocks Instruction
Allows Him Institution and Induction



From hence the Church's Restoration rose;
And made Discovery of her Secret Foes.



The Derby Sheriff doth of him request,
That his Assize Discourse may be impress.



The D__r and his Friends in Consultation,
How to reply to Commons Accusation



Into the Church the Sheriff introduces.
The D__r who laments its Foes Abuses.



At Banbury the Courteous Corporation,
Salutes him who returns the Salutation.

"SACHEVERELL" CARDS.

(Selected from a Pack illustrating the Reign of Queen Anne.)

Customs, Arms, Habits, &c., of the Inhabitants of England;" a "Chronicle of England" (a "heavy book," Chalmers says); a "Dictionary of Engravers;" "The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England;" "Queen Hoo Hall, a Romance," and several other works. He died on the 16th of October, 1802, in Charles Street, Hatton Garden. His biographer sums up his character in these words:—"The calamities incident to man were indeed his portion on this earth, and these greatly augmented by unkindnesses where he least deserved to have met with them. He was charitable without ostentation; a sincere friend, without intentional guile; a dutiful son; a faithful and affectionate husband; a good father; a worthy man; and, above all, it is humbly hoped, a sincere Christian. His natural talents were great, but little cultivated by early education. The numerous works which he gave to the world as an author and as an artist, prove that he employed his time to the best advantage."

That celebrated preacher, William Whiston, once made himself rather troublesome in connection with this church. He constantly attended and partook of the communion. On his principles becoming known he was warned by Sacheverell to forbear partaking of the sacrament. "Wicked Will" Whiston, however, persisted, and at last the rector fairly turned him out. Whiston aired his grievances in print, and then shifted his camp into another parish. Pennant says that on the occasion of his ejection from the church, he had taken it into his head to disturb Dr. Sacheverell while he was in the pulpit, giving utterance to some doctrine contrary to the opinion of that heterodox divine. His lawyer, who had no liking for Dr. Sacheverell, tried to induce Whiston to prosecute the doctor for the insult, and offered to take the business in hand without fees; but this Whiston refused, replying, "If I should give my consent, I should show myself to be as foolish and passionate as Sacheverell himself."

Whiston was born in 1667, and died in 1752. During his life he had many ups and downs, and seems to have been long tossed to and fro on a sea of religious doubt and metaphysical uncertainty. Towards the close of his career he distinguished himself by an abortive attempt to discover the longitude, and by his opinions on the Millennium and the restoration of the Jews. He was a favourite with Queen Caroline, who presented him with £50 every year from the time she became queen, which pension was continued for some time after her death. We get a glimpse of the queen and the eccentric divine in the following anecdote told by Whiston's son. The queen, who liked Whiston's free conversation, once asked him what people in general said of her. He replied that they justly esteemed her as a lady of great abilities, a patron of learned men, and a kind friend to the poor. "But," says she, "no one is without faults, pray what are mine?" Mr. Whiston begged to be excused speaking on that subject, but she insisting, he said her majesty did not behave with proper reverence at church. She replied, the king would persist in talking with her. He said, a greater than kings was there only to be regarded. She acknowledged the truth of this, and confessed her fault. "Pray," said she, "tell me what is my next?" He answered, "When your majesty has amended of that fault I will tell you of your next;" and so it ended.

But we must not be carried away, by recollection of such tales, to forget St. Andrew's. Hacket, who afterwards became a bishop, was rector here for several years. This divine was born near Exeter House in the Strand, on the 1st of September, 1592, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took orders in the year 1618, and we find him passing through various stages of advancement till in 1623 he landed in the post of chaplain to James I., with whom he became a favourite preacher. In 1624, upon the recommendation of the Lord Keeper, Dr. Williams, he was made rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn. His patron also procured him, in the course of the same year, the rectory of Cheam, in Surrey, telling him that he intended Holborn for wealth and Cheam for health.

During the time of the Civil War he was in danger, through his allegiance to the unpopular party, of getting into trouble. "One Sunday," says Cunningham, "whilst he was reading the Common Prayer in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came, clapped a pistol to his breast, and commanded him to read no farther. Not at all terrified, Hacket said he would do what became a divine, and he might do what became a soldier. He was permitted to proceed."

At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and set a noble example by exhibiting a degree of munificence worthy of his station. He expended £20,000 in repairing his cathedral, and was, besides, a liberal benefactor to the college of which he had been a member. He was the author of the Life of Archbishop Williams, a quaint and learned work, half made up of quotations, like Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

As for his character, he is described as having

been exemplary in behaviour, cheerful in conversation, hospitable, humble and affable, though subject to great eruptions of anger, but at the same time very placable and ready to be appeased, and altogether of too generous a nature to be really vindictive.

The Dissenters once got an agreeable surprise whilst Hacket was rector of St. Andrew's. Soon after the Restoration, having received notice of the interment of a Dissenter belonging to his parish, he got the burial service by heart. He was a fine elocutionist, and besides felt deeply the propriety and excellence of what he had to deliver; so he went through the service with such emphasis and grace as touched the hearts of all who were present, and particularly of the friends of the deceased, who unanimously gave it as their opinion that they had never heard a finer discourse. Their astonishment may be conceived when they learned that it was taken word for word from the Liturgy, a book which, though they had never read it, they affected to hold in contempt and detestation. Other clergymen, it is said, have been known to practise the same pious fraud as Mr. Hacket, and with a like success.

During Mr. Hacket's time St. Andrew's was old and decayed. He took in hand to rebuild it, and for that purpose got together a great sum of money, but on the breaking out of the Civil War the funds were seized by Parliament, as well as those which had been gathered for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that he was unable to carry out his praiseworthy intentions.

Another eminent rector of St. Andrew's was Stillingfleet, who was afterwards raised to the see of Worcester. Stillingfleet was truly a controversial divine, his life being one long warfare with Romanists, Nonconformists, Socinians, and the philosopher, John Locke. Among his Nonconformist opponents were Owen, Baxter, and Howe. He was born in 1635, and died in 1699. He was presented to the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1665, by Thomas, Earl of Southampton. His biographer describes his person as tall, graceful, and well-proportioned; his countenance as comely, fresh, and awful. "His apprehension was quick and sagacious; his judgment exact and profound; and his memory very tenacious; so that considering how intensely he studied, and how he read everything, it is easy to imagine him what he really was, one of the most universal scholars that ever lived."

Stillingfleet was at one time chaplain to King Charles II., and in that capacity exhibited considerable ability as a courtier. On one occasion it is told that his majesty asked him "how it came about that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he invariably preached without book elsewhere?" He told the king that "the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself." With this answer, which was not very becoming in a divine, the king was well content. "But pray," said Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question, too? Why do you read your speeches, when you have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," said the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Amongst the rectors of St. Andrew's was the Rev. Charles Barton, who died in 1805, and of whom an anecdote worth repeating is given by the historian of the churches of London. He had acted diligently as curate of the church for several years, when the previous rector died, and presuming on length of service, he waited on the Duchess-Dowager of Buccleugh to ask for the living. "You have come soon, and yet too late," said her Grace; "for having made up my mind a dozen years ago as to whom I would give St. Andrew's, I have sent my servant with the presentation." Mr. Barton bowed in silence, and returned home, where he found his wife and family rejoicing over the duchess's letter. "Ah," said he, "her Grace loves a joke," and of course went back immediately to thank her. When he died the duchess continued her kindness to the family, and presented a living to his eldest son, who was also in the Church. Mr. Charles Barton was buried in St. Andrew's, and was commemorated by a tablet in the north gallery.

Under an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Anne, and in consequence of the proceedings that took place in connection with it, the parish of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, which before had formed part of St. Andrew's, Holborn, was erected into a distinct parish for spiritual purposes, although still united with St. Andrew's as regards the poor, and other secular matters.

Newcourt informs us that a public grammar-school was among the adjuncts of the church. It was one of those erected by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry VI., and, according to Maitland, stood on the right side of the church, and was taken down in 1737.

CHAPTER LVIII.

ELY PLACE.

Ely Place: its Builders and Bishops—Its Demolition—Seventy Years ago—"Time-honoured" Lancaster's Death—A King admonished—The Earl of Sussex in Ely Place—The Hatching of a Conspiracy—Ely Place Garden—The Duke of Gloucester's Dessert of Strawberries—Queen Elizabeth's Handsome Lord Chancellor—A Flowery Lease—A Bishop Extinguished—A Broken Heart—Love-making in Ely Place—"Strange Lady" Hatton shows her Temper—An Hospital and a Prison—Festivities in Ely Place—The Lord Mayor offended—Henry VII. and his Queen—A Five Days' Entertainment—The Last Mystery in England—A Gorgeous Anti-masque—Two Bailiffs baffled, and a Bishop taken in—St. Etheldreda's Chapel—Its Interior—The Marriage of Evelyn's Daughter—A Loyal Clerk.

A LITTLE north of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and running parallel to Hatton Garden, stand two rows of houses known as Ely Place. To the public it is one of those unsatisfactory streets which lead nowhere; to the inhabitants it is quiet and pleasant; to the student of Old London it is possessed of all the charms which can be given by five centuries of change and the long residence of the great and noble. The present Ely Place, and a knot of neighbouring tenements, streets, and alleys, occupy the site of the town house, or "hostell," of the Bishops of Ely. And to the history of the old mansion, and its sometimes gay and sometimes sober inmates, we shall devote the following chapter.

The earliest notice of Ely Place belongs to the close of the thirteenth century. John de Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely, died in the year 1290, and left to his successors in the see a messuage and nine cottages in Holborn. His intention was to found a London residence for the Bishops of Ely, suitable to their rank. Previous to this time they had their London residence in the Temple, but things do not seem to have gone smoothly with them there. In 1250 Bishop Balsham was denied entrance there by the master, when Hugh Bigod was Justiciary of England. He insisted, however, on the rights which his predecessors had enjoyed, from the Conquest, of using the hall, chapel, chambers, kitchen, pantry, buttery, and wine-cellar, with free ingress and egress, by land and water, whenever he came to London, and he laid his damages at £200. The master not being able to overthrow the claim, the bishop won the case. But this was not an agreeable way of obtaining town lodgings, so no wonder John de Kirkeby was induced to bequeath the Holborn property for the benefit of his successors. The next bishop, William de Luda, probably built the chapel of St. Etheldreda, and we find him adding a further grant to the bequest of John de Kirkeby, accompanied by the condition that "his next successor should pay one thousand marks for the finding of three chaplains" in the chapel there. The next benefactor to the episcopal residence was John de Hotham, another bishop, who added a vineyard, kitchen-garden, and orchard, and, altogether, seems to have given the finishing touch to the premises; so that Camden speaks of Ely Place as "well beseeming bishops to live in; for which they are beholden to John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely under King Edward III." Other and subsequent prelates did their duty by building, altering, and repairing, and conspicuous amongst these was the well-known Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who erected a large and handsome "gate-house or front," towards Holborn, in the stone-work of which his arms remained in Stow's time. Thus Ely Place, by the liberality of many successive prelates, came to be one of the most magnificent of metropolitan mansions.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Christopher Hatton was the occupant of Ely Place; and we shall tell in a few words the interesting story of his coming in, and the bishop's going out. Meanwhile—pursuing our rapid notice of the history of the house—let us only say that Sir Christopher died, in Ely Place, in 1591, and was succeeded in his estates by his nephew, Newport, who took the name of Hatton. When he died, his widow, "the Lady Hatton," who married Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer, held the property. The Bishops of Ely, upon her death, came in again, though in what appears a confused and unsatisfactory sort of way; and the subsequent history has been thus summarised by Mr. Peter Cunningham:—"Laney, Bishop of Ely, died here in 1674–5, and in Bishop Patrick's time (1691–1707) a piece of ground was made over to the see for the erection of a new chapel, and the Hatton property saddled with a rent-charge of £100 per annum, payable to the see. In this way matters stood till the death, in 1762, of the last Lord Hatton, when the Hatton property in Holborn reverted to the Crown. An amicable arrangement was now effected, the see, in 1772, transferring to the Crown all its right to Ely Place, on an act (12 Geo. III., c. 43) for building and making over to the Bishops of Ely a spacious house in Dover Street, Piccadilly, still in possession of the see, with an annuity of £200 payable for ever."

In Ralph Agas's map of London, in the reign of

Elizabeth, we see the vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard of Ely Place, extending northward from Holborn to the present Hatton Wall and Vine Street, and east and west from Saffron Hill to nearly the present Leather Lane. Except a cluster of houses—Ely Rents—standing on Holborn Hill, the surrounding ground was about that time entirely open and unbuilt upon. In the names of Saffron Hill, Field Lane, Turnmill and Vine Streets, we get a glimpse of the rural past. In the Sutherland View (1543) the gate-house, banqueting-hall, chapel, &c., of this house are shown.

During the imprisonment of Bishop Wren by the Long Parliament, most of the palatial buildings were taken down, and upon the garden were built Hatton Garden, Great and Little Kirby Streets, Charles Street, Cross Street, and Hatton Wall. The present Ely Place was not built till about 1773. We find a fragment of the old episcopal residence preserved in, and giving its name to, Mitre Court, which leads from Ely Place to Hatton Garden. Here, worked into the wall of a tavern known as "The Mitre," is a bishop's mitre, sculptured in stone, "which probably," Mr. Timbs conjectures, "once adorned Ely Palace, or the precinct gateway.

A writer in Knight's "London" has been at the pains to put together, from existing material, a description of Ely Place as it existed immediately before the bishop's residence was levelled to the ground. "Let us imagine ourselves," he says, "entering the precincts from Holborn. The original gate-house, where the bishop's armed retainers were wont to keep watch and ward in the old style, is now gone, and we enter from Holborn at once upon a small paved court, having on the right various offices, supported by a colonnade, and on the left a wall, dividing the court from the garden.

"Passing from the court, we reach the entrance to the great hall, which extends along in front, and to our left. This fine edifice, measuring about 30 feet in height, 32 in breadth, and 72 in length, was originally built with stone, and the roof covered with lead. The interior, lighted by six fine Gothic windows, was very interesting. It had its ornamental timber roof, its tiled and probably originally chequered floor, its oaken screen at one end, and its dais at the other; and when filled with some of the brilliant and picturesque-looking crowds that have met under its roof, must have presented a magnificent spectacle.

"Beyond the hall, and touching it at the north-west corner, were the cloisters, enclosing a quadrangle nearly square, of great size, and having in the midst a small garden—made, perhaps, after the grant of the principal garden to Hatton. Over the cloisters were long, antique-looking galleries, with the doors and windows of various apartments appearing at the back; in the latter, traces of painted glass—the remnants of former splendour—were still visible. Lastly, at the north-west corner of the cloisters, *in a field* planted with trees and surrounded with a wall, stood the chapel—now all that remains of what we have described, and of the still more numerous buildings that at one time constituted the palace of the Bishops of Ely."

Having now got an idea of the appearance of Ely Place, and a notion of, at least, the skeleton of its history, we may proceed to add to our information, and to tell of the characters who have lived in it, and the incidents of which it has been the scene.

A famous character in English history—"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—resided here at the close of his eventful life. He died here in 1399. How this came to be his residence is unknown: it is conjectured by Cunningham, and with some show of probability, that the bishops occasionally let the house—or rather, perhaps, the greater part of it—to distinguished noblemen. Certainly John of Gaunt stood at this time in need of a town-house, for his palace of the Savoy had been burned to the ground by the insurgents during Wat Tyler's rebellion. Froissart thus speaks of his death:—"So it fell that, about the feast of Christmas, Duke John of Lancaster—who lived in great displeasure, what because the king had banished his son out of the realm for so little cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm by his nephew, King Richard—(for he saw well, if he long persevered, and were sufiered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost)—with these imaginations and others, the duke fell sick,-whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed by all his friends and lovers."

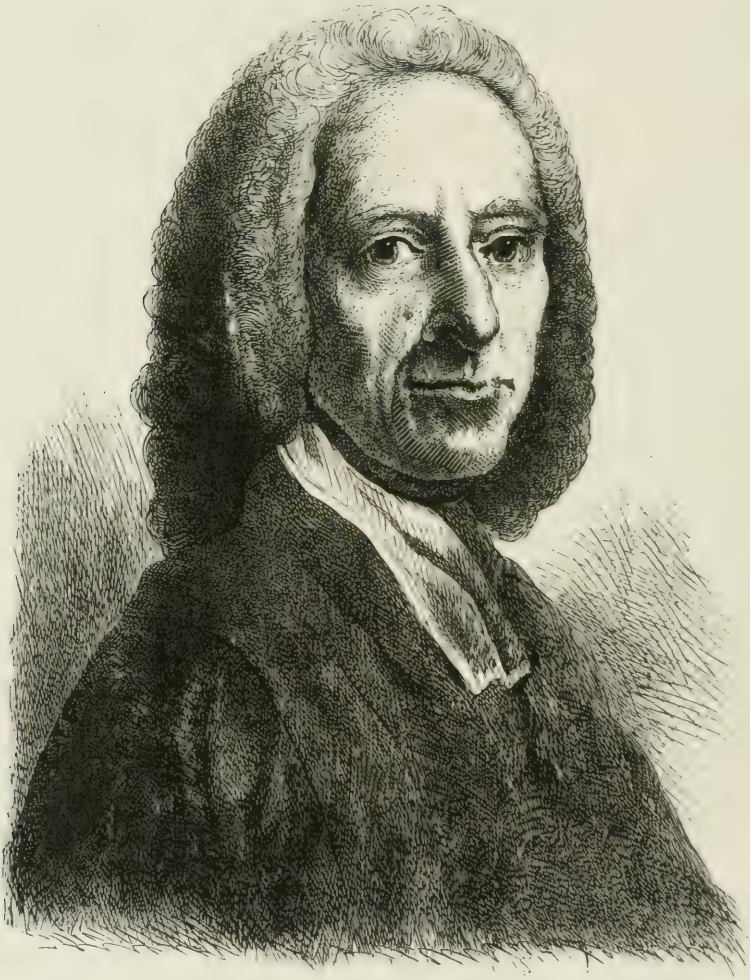
Shakespeare, in his -play of *Richard II.*, Act ii., sc. 1, represents the dying nobleman in Ely House admonishing with his last breath his dissipated nephew, the king:—

"A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incagèd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king."

Another nobleman who at one time resided in Ely Place was Henry Radclyff, Earl of Sussex. We find him writing to his countess "from Ely Place, in Holborn," to tell her of the death of Henry VIII. And in Ely Place—then the residence of the Earl of Warwick (afterwards Duke of Northumberland—the council met and planned of the coronation of the young King Edward V. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., enters, and after a few words exchanged with Buckingham, turns—possibly to conceal his deep and bloody design—to the bishop:—

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them!
Ely. Marry, I will, my lord, with all my heart."



WILLIAM WHISTON.

the remarkable conspiracy which resulted in the execution of the Protector Somerset.

The pleasant gardens which surrounded Ely House rejoiced in the growth of fine strawberries, and it is in connection with this fruit that the name of Ely Place has been enshrined in the memory of all readers of Shakespeare. No one needs to have recalled the scene in the Tower which ended in the execution of Hastings. Buckingham, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, and others, are talking together He goes out, and shortly returning, finds Gloucester gone.

"*Ely.* Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester? I have sent for those strawberries.
Hastings. His grace looks cheerful and smooth this morning.
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit."

Ill-judging Hastings! Little did he guess that a few minutes after he would hear the Lord

Protector thundering out, with reference to himself, "'Thou'rt a traitor! Off with his head!'" After the execution the cold-blooded Gloucester likely enough sat down with relish to a dessert of the bishop's strawberries.

How closely in this scene Shakespeare followed the historical truth we may see in this passage from Holinshed :—"On the Friday (being the 13th of June, 1483) many lords were assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's (the young Edward V.'s) coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the Protector (Gloucester) came in amongst them, just about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my lord,' quoth he. 'Would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that.' And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries."

In the time of Richard III., it may be added, strawberries were an article of ordinary consumption in London. In Lydgate's poem of "London Lyckpeny" we learn as much :—

> "Then unto London I did me hie,
> Of all the land it beareth the prize;
> 'Good peascod!' one began to cry—
> '*Strawberry ripe!* and cherries in the rise.'"



ELY HOUSE—THE HALL. (*From Grose's "Antiquities,"* 1772.)

To make clear the connection existing between Lord Chancellor Hatton and Ely Place, to which we alluded at the beginning of this chapter, it will be necessary to give a short sketch of that worthy man who, says Malcolm, was "the cause of infinite loss and trouble to the Bishops of Ely for upwards of an hundred years." He was the youngest of three sons of William Hatton, of Holdenby, a gentleman of good family. In early life he was entered at one of the inns of court, where he studied law, but as a gentleman lawyer only, and not with the view of deriving any advantage from it as a profession. Whilst engaged in this way he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and became in turn Gentleman Pensioner,

Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chamberlain, Member of the Privy Council, and Lord Chancellor. It seems he was possessed of many graces of person, and had great ability as a dancer. Elizabeth's fancy for him grew to such a height, that Leicester did his best to make his rival ridiculous, by offering to introduce to the queen a dancing-master whose abilities far excelled those of Hatton. But his project was not successful. "No," said Elizabeth, "I will not see your man; it is his trade." She abandoned herself to her extravagant passion, and Hatton and she corresponded in the most fond and foolish style, of which there exists plenty of proof on the shelves of the State Paper Office.

But it can hardly be said that by dancing alone he skipped up to position and influence. He had many good mental qualities, and his advancement is one of the numerous proofs the queen gave of her penetration in the choice of great State officers. On his becoming Lord Chancellor, the lawyers were unable to stifle their indignation. Some of the serjeants-at-law even refused to plead before him. But Hatton, though deficient in reading and practice as a lawyer, had common sense enough to hold his place, and at the same time to prove himself qualified for it. In all doubtful cases he was in the habit of consulting one or two learned legal friends, and the result was that his decisions were by no means held in low repute in the courts of law.

In 1576, to oblige Queen Bess, Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, granted to her Majesty's handsome Lord Chancellor the gate-house of the palace (excepting "two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms used for the porter's lodge"), the first courtyard within the gate-house, the stables, the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some other apartments. Hatton also obtained fourteen acres of ground, and the keeping of the gardens and orchards; and of this pleasant little domain he had a lease of twenty-one years. The rent was not a heavy one. A red rose was to be paid for the gate-house and garden, and for the ground ten loads of hay and ten pounds sterling per annum. The grumbling bishop had to make the best of a bad bargain; and the only modification he could obtain in the terms was the insertion of a clause giving him and his successors free access through the gate-house, and the right to walk in the garden, and gather twenty baskets of roses yearly.

Once in possession of this property, Hatton began building and repairing, and soon contrived to expend £1,897 5s. 8d. (about £6,000 of our money), part of which amount, we may as well say here, was borrowed from his royal mistress. As he went on, his views expanded, and, not satisfied with what he had, he petitioned Queen Elizabeth to alienate to him the whole house and gardens. This, in days when sovereigns laid greedy hands on so many acres of rich Church property, was no unusual request, and the queen wrote to the bishop requesting him to demise the lands to her till such time as the see of Ely should reimburse Sir Christopher for the money he had laid out, and was still expending, in the improvement of the property. The bishop wrote an answer befitting the dignity of his position. "In his conscience," he said, "he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. When he became Bishop of Ely he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling; that these he had received, by the queen's favour, from his predecessors, and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer; that he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments." And he concluded by telling her that he could scarcely justify those princes who transferred things appointed for pious purposes to purposes less pious.

But arguments and moral reflections were thrown away on the queen, and the bishop had to consent to a conveyance of the property to her Majesty, who was to re-convey it to Hatton, but on condition that the whole should be redeemable on the payment of the sum laid out by Sir Christopher.

On the death of Dr. Cox, his successor, Dr. Martin Heton, seemed extremely unwilling to carry out this agreement, and in a fit of fury the queen sat down and wrote him one of her most characteristic epistles :—

"PROUD PRELATE!—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by —— I will immediately unfrock you. "ELIZABETH."

According to some writers, this letter was addressed to Bishop Cox; but it is of no great consequence: the sender is of more interest here than the receiver.

The debt of the Lord Chancellor to the Queen had now reached some forty thousand pounds. His prudence had fallen asleep when he allowed her Majesty to become his principal creditor. She required a settlement of their account, and poor Hatton was unable to produce the necessary funds. It killed him. There is something pathetic in the

quaint account which Fuller gives of the close of his prosperous life and fortunes. "It broke his heart," says the biographer of the "Worthies," "that the queen, which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts, rigorously demanded the present payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, and did only desire to have forborne: failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial broths unto him with her own hands; but all would not do. There's no pulley can draw up a heart once cast down, though a queen herself should set her hand thereunto." He died in Ely House in 1591.

The scenes in Ely Place during Hatton's days must often have been gay enough.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls—
The seal and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

So Gray, in his "Long Story," wrote of Hatton in his manor house of Stoke Pogis; and in his town residence we can picture him quite as eager as in the country to shake the light fantastic toe, and cutting quite as quaint a figure as there.

It was in Ely House that Sir Edward Coke courted the rich widow, Lady Hatton, relict of the nephew of Sir Christopher, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. The lady was young, beautiful, eccentric, and, it would seem, possessed of a most vixenish temper. As she was rich, she had no scarcity of wooers, and among them were two celebrated men, Coke and Bacon. Many a curious scene must Hatton House have witnessed, as those two rivals in law pursued their rivalry in love, and cherished their long-felt enmity towards each other. Bacon's ever-faithful friend, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, pled his cause hard with the enchanting widow and with her mother. To the latter he says, in one of his letters, "If she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you;" and in another epistle he adds, "If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles." However, Sir Edward Coke carried off the prize, such as it was, and bitterly did he afterwards repent it.

That the marriage was not a happy one we have already told when speaking of the entries in the register-books of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. After her quarrel with her husband, Lady Hatton betook herself again to Ely House, and there she effectually repelled the entrance of Sir Edward. In Howell's "Letters" we catch a sight of her in one of her peculiar humours. He is speaking of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. "He hath waded already very deep," he says, "and ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially: yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton; whom he desired lately, that in regard he was her next neighbour [at Ely House], he might have the benefit of her back-gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment: whereupon, in a private audience lately with the king, among other passages of merriment, he told him that my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door, and so related the whole business."

The "strange lady," as she is called by Howell, "dyed in London on the 3rd January, 1646, at her house in Holborne."

During the anxious period of the civil war, Ely Place was turned to good account, and made use of both as an hospital and a prison. We may show this by the following extracts from the Journals of the House of Commons:—

"1642-3. Jan. 3. The palace was this day ordered to be converted into a prison, and John Hunt, sergeant-at-arms, appointed keeper during the pleasure of the House. He was at the same time commanded to take care that the gardens, trees, chapel, and its windows, received no injury. A sufficient sum for repairs was granted from the revenues of the see."

"1660. March 1. Ordered, that it be referred to a committee to consider how and in what manner the said widows, orphans, and maimed soldiers at Ely House may be provided for and paid, for the future, with the least prejudice, and most ease to the nation, and how a weekly revenue may be settled for their maintenance; and how the maimed soldiers may be disposed of, so as the nation may be eased of the charge, and how they may be provided of a preaching minister."

"March 13. £1,700 was voted for the above purpose, and for those at the Savoy, and certain members of the committee were named to inquire into the receipts and expenditures of the keepers of the *hospitals*."

Malcolm gives a lamentable account of the inconvenience and mortification to which the bishops were in succession subjected in consequence of the unfortunate lease given to the Hatton family.

He is speaking of the latter part of the seventeenth century:—"The gate-house was taken down, and great part of the dwelling, and their lordships were compelled to enter the apartments reserved for their use by the old back way; several of the cellars, even under the rooms they occupied, were in possession of tenants; and those intermixed with their own, all of which had windows and passages into the cloisters.

"One half of the crypt under the chapel, which had been used for interments, was then frequented as a drinking place, where liquor was retailed; and the intoxication of the people assembled often interrupted the offices of religion above them. Such were the encroachments of the new buildings, that the bishop had his horses brought through the great hall, for want of a more proper entrance."

Some of the most memorable of feasts have been held here, the Bishops of Ely, in the true spirit of hospitality, having apparently been in the habit of lending their hall for the festive gatherings of the newly-elected serjeants of law. No doubt the halls of the Inns of Court were often too small to accommodate the number of guests. We shall notice three of these serjeants' merry-makings. The first took place in Michaelmas Term, 1464, and is noticeable for the fact that the Lord Mayor took great offence at a slight which the learned gentlemen unthinkingly put upon him. He came to the banquet, and found a certain nobleman—Grey of Ruthin, then Lord Treasurer of England—preferred before him, and sitting in the seat of state. That seat, by custom, he held, should have been occupied by himself; so, in high dudgeon, his lordship marched off, with his following of aldermen, to his own house, where he compensated his faithful adherents by a splendid entertainment, including all the delicacies of the season. He was wonderfully displeased, says Stow, at the way in which he had been treated, "and the new serjeants and others were right sorry therefore, and had rather than much good (as they said) it had not so happened."

Another banquet took place in 1495, and on this occasion Henry VII. was present, with his queen. This was one of the occasions, it has been pointed out, when the victor of Bosworth strove to correct a little the effect of his sordid habits, his general seclusion, and his gloomy, inscrutable nature, which altogether prevented him from obtaining the popularity which is agreeable to most monarchs—even to those the least inclined to purchase it at any considerable cost. "The king," says his great historian, Bacon, "to honour the feast, was present with his queen at the dinner, being a prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law; having a little of that, that as he governed his subjects by his laws, so he governed his laws by his lawyers."

But the last feast we shall mention was the most splendid of all. Eleven serjeants had been created in November, 1531, and it was resolved to celebrate the event on an unparalleled scale of magnificence. The entertainment lasted five days, and on the fourth day the proceedings were graced by the presence of Henry VIII. and his queen, Catherine of Aragon; but these two dined "in two chambers," Stow parenthetically observes. At this very time the final measures were in progress for the divorce of the unfortunate queen, and Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn. Besides these distinguished personages, the foreign ambassadors were there, and they also had a chamber to themselves. In the hall, at the chief table, sat Sir Nicolas Lambard, Lord Mayor of London, and with him were the judges, Barons of the Exchequer, and certain aldermen. The Master of the Rolls and the Master of the Chancery were supported at the board on the south side by many worshipful citizens, and on the north side of the hall there were other aldermen and merchants of the City. The remainder of the company, comprising knights, esquires, and gentlemen, were accommodated in the gallery and the cloisters, and, there being, apparently, a great scarcity of room, even in the chapel.

"It would be tedious," says Stow, to set down all "the preparation of fish, flesh, and other victuals, spent in this feast;" and he hints that no one would believe him if he did. To excite the wonder and the appetite of his readers, however, he gives a few particulars. There were twenty-four "great beefs," or oxen, at 26s. 8d. each, and one at 24s.; one hundred "fat muttons," at 2s. 10d.; fifty-one "great veals," at 4s. 8d.; thirty-four "porks," or boars, at 3s. 3d.; ninety-one pigs, at 6d.; ten dozen "capons of Greece of one poulter (for they had three)," at 1s. 8d.; nine dozen and six "capons of Kent," at 1s.; nineteen dozen "capons course," at 6d.; innumerable pullets, at 2d. and 2½d.; pigeons, at 10d. the dozen; larks, at 5d. the dozen; and fourteen dozen swans at a price not mentioned. And the feast, says the honest historian, "wanted little of a feast at a coronation."

No doubt it was at Ely Place that a ludicrous scene took place between the Bishop of Ely and two bailiffs, about the close of the seventeenth century—the conclusion of an adventure with the celebrated comedian, Joe Haines. Haines (who died in 1701) was always indulging in practical jokes and swindling tricks, and meeting with

comical adventures. One day he was arrested by two bailiffs for a debt of twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding by in his carriage. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." The bishop ordered his carriage to stop, whilst Joe—quite a stranger to him—whispered in his ear, "My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves." "Very well," replied the bishop. So, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men, come to me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed, and went their way. Joe, tickled in the midriff, and hugging himself with his device, took himself off. The next morning the bailiffs repaired to Ely Place. "Well, my good men," said his lordship, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples!" replied they, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for twenty pounds. Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day; and we hope you will be as good as your word." The bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid all that was owing.

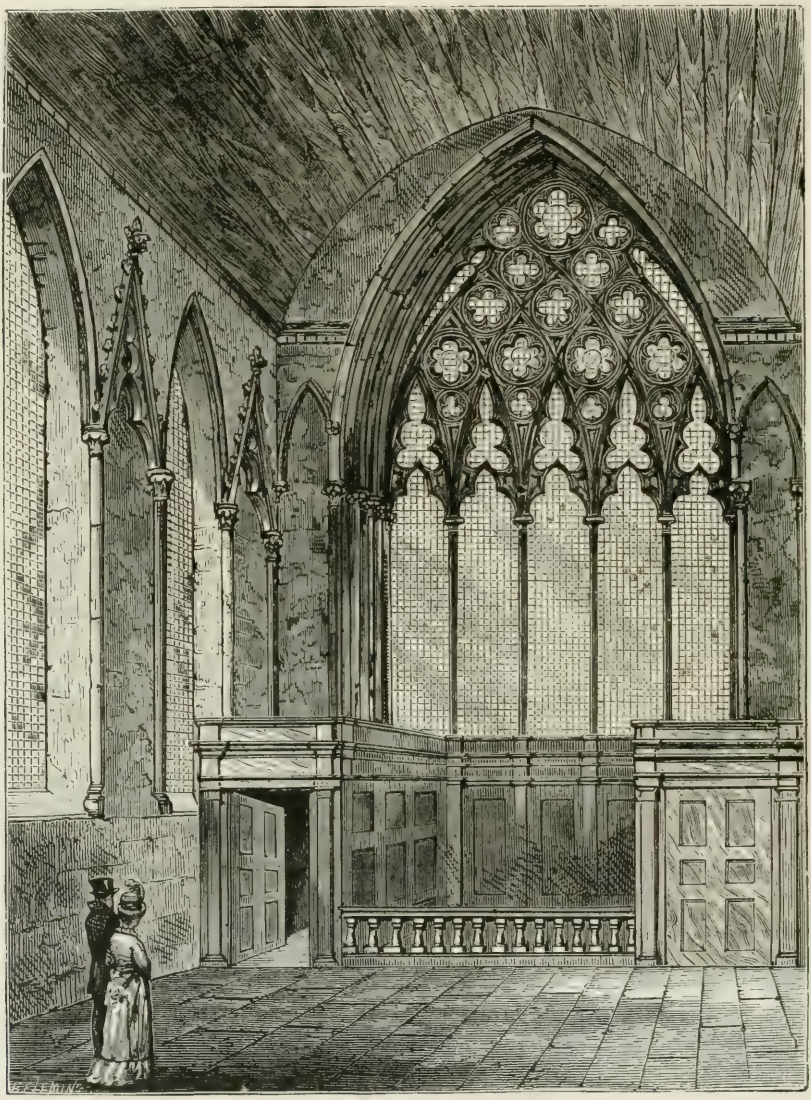
A scene almost without a parallel was once arranged in Ely Place. This was a famous masque, with its attendant anti-masque, which came off during the brilliant part of the reign of the ill-fated Charles I. "Not the least interesting circumstances," it has been observed, "attending the splendid pageant, are the character and position of the men who had the management of the affair, and of him who has made himself its historian." This last was Whitelock, the learned and estimable lawyer, who, during the period preceding, comprising, and following the Commonwealth, enjoyed the respect of all parties, and has left us one of the most valuable records of the momentous events he witnessed and in which he took a part. That his heart was in this masque and anti-masque is evident from the enthusiasm with which he describes both, and the space which he devotes to them in his great work.

The year before this gorgeous display, the irrepressible Mr. Prynne had published his "Histrio-Mastix," in which he discharged a perfect broadside of abuse against plays and players, masques and masquers, and generally against all kinds of sport and pastime. The Queen Henrietta Maria, not long before, had engaged in some sort of theatrical performance with her maids of honour. The book was therefore offensive to the whole court, and no doubt to this circumstance the writer owed in part the infamous severity of his punishment. But before he took his turn in the pillory, and lost his ears, the members of the four Inns of Court designed a masque, "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties." It was whispered to them from the court that it would be well taken from them; and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and serve to confute his "Histrio-Mastix" against interludes. It was therefore agreed by the benchers to have the solemnity performed in the most nobly and stately manner that could be invented.

A committee was formed, consisting of two members from each House; among the committee-men being Whitelock himself, Edward Hyde (who afterwards became Lord Clarendon), and the famous Selden. They set to work, and Whitelock's part in the arrangements was to superintend the music. This he did with energy. "I made choice," he says, "of Mr. Simon Ivy, an honest and able musician, of excellent skill in his art, and of Mr. Lawes (a name familiar to every lover of Milton) to compose the airs, lessons, and songs for the masque, and to be master of all the music, under me." He goes on to tell what meetings he had of "English, French, Italian, German, and other masters of music; forty lutes at one time, beside other instruments in concert." At last everything was arranged, and one Candlemas, in the afternoon, "the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, according to order, met at Ely House, in Holborn; there the grand committee sat all day to order all affairs; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall." And here we can picture to ourselves the crowded streets, the enthusiastic spectators, the loyal lawyers, and Prynne and his sympathisers scowling and muttering in the background, all on a sharp evening in February, 1633.

"The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries, with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other; these were the marshal's men, who made way, and were about the marshal, waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal—then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king: he was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman. He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious, his horsemanship very gallant; and besides his marshal's men, he

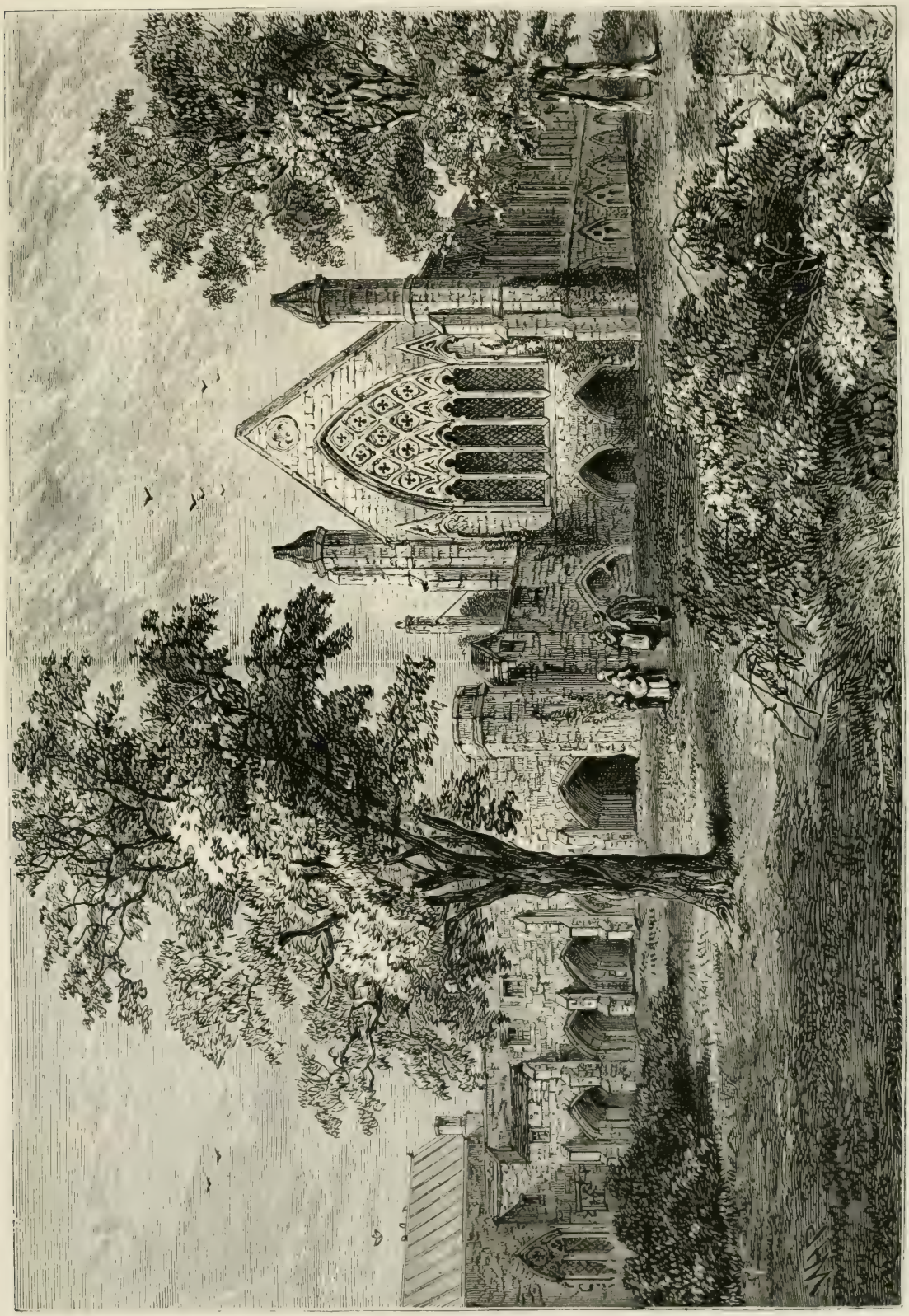
had two lackeys who carried torches by him, and a page in livery that went by him carrying his cloak. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the societies. Every one of them was lackeys carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal



ELY CHAPEL. (*From a View by Malcolm.*)

mounted on the best horses, and with the best furniture that the king's stables, and the stables of all the noblemen in town, could afford; and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the Inns of Court. Every one of these hundred gentlemen was in very rich clothes—scarce anything but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys waiting on him, in his livery, by his horse's side; the beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was beheld in England.

"After the horsemen came the anti-masquers, and, as the horsemen had their music—about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their livery—sounding before them—so the first anti-masquers, being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs,



ELY HOUSE. (*From a Drawing made in* 1772.)

and the like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert, before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples and beggars were most ingeniously fitted (as of all the rest) by the committee's direction, wherein (as in the whole business) Mr. Attorney Noy, Sir John Finch, Sir Edward Herbert, Mr. Selden, those great and eminent persons, and all the rest of the committee, had often meetings, and took extraordinary care and pains in the ordering of this business, and it seemed a pleasure to them.

"After the beggars' anti-masque came men on horseback playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert, and were followed by the anti-masque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster, gazing, as it were, upon her. These were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches in their hands; and there were some, besides, to look unto the children; and this was very pleasant to the beholders.

"After this anti-masque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following anti-masque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen, with torches, waiting on them. —First in this anti-masque rode a fellow upon a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they would buy of him. Then came another fellow, with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon on his fist, describing a projector who begged a patent of monopoly as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might have use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this anti-masque; and it pleased the spectators the more because by it an information was covertly given to the king of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this anti-masque of projectors."

Other anti-masques followed, and then came chariots with musicians, chariots with heathen gods and goddesses, then more chariots with musicians, "playing upon excellent and loud music," and going immediately before the first grand masquer's chariot. This "was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved and painted with an exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion." Its colours were silver and crimson: "it was all over painted richly with these colours, even the wheels of it, most artificially laid on, and the carved work of it was as curious for that art, and it made a stately show. It was drawn with four horses, all on breast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue, of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion, of the same stuff and colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white silk stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen, in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which, with the torches, gave such a lustre to the paintings, the spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious." Similar chariots, similarly occupied, followed from each of the other three Inns of Court, the only difference being in the colours. And in this manner the procession reached Whitehall, where the king, from a window of the Banqueting House—it might possibly be the very one out of which he stepped to the scaffold—saw, with his queen Henrietta Maria, the whole pageant pass before him. The royal spectators were so pleased with the show, that they sent a message to the marshal requesting him to conduct his following round the Tilt Yard opposite, that they might see it a second time. This done, they entered the palace, where the masque, to which all this gorgeous spectacle was but a preliminary, began, and, says Whitelock, it was "incomparably performed, in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes; the dances, figures, and properties; the voices, instruments, songs, airs, and composures; the words and actions were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts." Henrietta Maria was so charmed, that she resolved to have the whole

repeated shortly afterwards. The festivities concluded with dancing, when the queen and her ladies of honour were led out by the principal masquers. The expense of this spectacle was not less than £21,000. Some of the musicians had £100 apiece for their blowing and fiddling.

The last "mystery" represented in England was that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of James I., which, Prynne tells us, was "performed at Elie House, in Holborne, when Gondomar lay there, on Good Friday, at night, at which there were thousands present."

This incident suggests one or two facts relating to the performance in England of miracle-plays and mysteries. These were founded on the lives of the saints, and on those parts of the Scriptures best represented by the latter term. About the earliest mention of a miracle-play is of the date of 1110, when one was performed in the Abbey of St. Albans. Whether Geoffrey, a learned Norman, who composed this religious drama, then first introduced the custom of acting such pieces, is by no means certain. London had plays representing the working of miracles and the sufferings of the saints about the year 1170; so we learn from the monk Fitz-Stephen. That these exhibitions "were well attended," says Malcolm, in his "Manners and Customs of London," "we cannot doubt for a moment, as there was a double inducement, compounded of curiosity and devotion. Piers Plowman and Chaucer both confirm the fact of the general approbation with which they were received." They were, it is certain, introduced into England from the Continent.

As an interesting specimen of the "mysteries," we may take the play of *Noah*, preserved in the Towneley collection. It will serve as an example of the corrupt and not very reverent manner in which the events of Scripture history were, during the Middle Ages, communicated to the common people. When Noah carries to his wife the news of the impending Flood, she is introduced abusing him for his credulity, sneering at him as an habitual bearer of bad tidings, and complaining of the hard life she leads with him. He tells her to "hold her tongue," but she only becomes more abusive, till he is provoked to strike her. She returns the blow with interest, and they fall to fighting, till Noah has had enough of it, and runs off as hard as he can to his work. When the ark is finished there is another quarrel, for Noah's wife laughs at the structure, and declares she will never go into it. But the water rises fast, and the danger becomes so great, that she changes her mind and jumps on board, only, however, to pick another quarrel with her husband. They fight again, but this time Noah comes off victorious, and his partner complains of being beaten "blue," whilst their three sons lament over the family discord.

The chapel of Ely Place, still standing, was dedicated to St. Etheldreda. And who was she? She was the daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and was born in Suffolk, about the year 630. She took part in the erection of the cathedral of Ely, and in course of time was elected to fill the position of its patron saint. She died, in 679, the abbess of the convent of Ely. Sometimes St. Etheldreda is called by the more homely name of St. Audry; and from this second appellation is derived the familiar adjective *tawdry*. It is a digression, but we may as well tell how this came about. At the fair of St. Audry, at Ely, in the olden time, a description of cheap necklaces used to be sold, which under the name of *tawdry laces*, were long very popular. In process of time the epithet *tawdry* came to be applied to any piece of glittering tinsel or shabby magnificence.

The builder of the chapel is unknown, but Malcolm conjectures that it is to Thomas Arundel that we are indebted for this beautiful but solitary fragment, "now left for the admiration of the antiquary and man of taste—the product of an architect familiar with the rich fancy of the Edwardian style, fully indulged in the grand east window."

"In spite of patchings and modernisings," says Mr. J. Saunders, in 1842, "St. Etheldreda's Chapel retains much of its original aspect. On looking at the exterior, if we shut our eyes to the lower portion, where a part of the window has been cut away, and an entrance made where evidently none was ever intended to exist, we perceive the true stamp of the days when men built the cathedrals—works which no modern art has rivalled, and which yet seemed so easy to them, that the names of the architects have failed to be preserved. And in the interior the effect of the two windows, alike in general appearance, yet differing in every respect in detail, is magnificent, although the storeyed panes, which we may be sure once filled them, are gone. The bold arch of the ceiling, plain and whitewashed though now be its surface, retains so much of the old effect, that, though we miss the fine oak carvings, we do not forget them. The noble row of windows on each side are in a somewhat similar condition. All their exquisite tracery has disappeared, but their number, height, and size tell us what they must have been in the palmy days of Ely Place; and if we are still at a loss, there is fortunately ample evidence remaining in the ornaments which surround the upper por-

tions of the windows in the interior, and divide them from each other. We scarcely remember anything more exquisite in architecture than the fairy workmanship of the delicate, pinnacle-like ornaments which rise between and overtop these windows. Of the original entrances into the chapel one only remains, which is quite unused, and is situated at the south-west corner of the edifice. Stepping through the doorway into a small court that encloses it, we perceive that it has been a very beautiful, deeply-receding, pointed arch, but now so greatly decayed that even the character of its ornaments is but partially discoverable. Here, too, is a piece of the wall of one of the original buildings of the palace—a stupendous piece of brickwork and masonry; and on looking up, one of the octagonal buttresses, with its conical top, which ornamented the angles of the building, is seen. Descending a flight of steps, we find a low window looking into the crypt. . . . It is now filled with casks, and we can but just catch a glimpse of the enormous chestnut posts and girders with which the floor of the chapel is supported."

There are five windows in the length. As for the west and east windows, the former differs from the latter, but it is at present hidden from view by a gallery and a small organ.

The diarist, Evelyn, has two notices of Ely Place chapel which may be worth our attention. The first runs thus:—"November 14th, 1668. In London. Invited to the consecration of that excellent person, the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin (Bishop of Durham), the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others, officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, invariably beloved by all who knew him." The other is of a domestic character, and gives us a pleasant glimpse of the kindly parental feelings of this estimable man:—"27th April, 1693. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln (since Archbishop). I gave her in portion £4,000. Her jointure is £500 per annum. I pray God Almighty to give her his blessing on this marriage."

The chapel was at one time leased to the National Society for a school-room, after which it remained for a while untenanted; but on the 19th of December, 1843, it was opened for the service of the Established Church in the Welsh language, being the first service of the kind ever attempted in London. In 1874 it was bought by the Roman Catholic Church.

An amusing incident took place in Ely Chapel on the arrival of the news of the defeat of the young Pretender by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746. The clerk allowed his loyalty to overcome his devotion, and struck up a lively ditty in praise of the reigning family. Cowper thought this worthy of notice in his "Task:"—

> "So in the chapel of old Ely House,
> When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
> Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
> The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
> And eke did roar, right merrily, two staves
> Sung to the praise and glory of King George."

CHAPTER LIX.

HOLBORN, TO CHANCERY LANE.

The Divisions of Holborn—A Miry Thoroughfare—Oldbourne Bridge—In the Beginning of the Century—Holborn Bars—The Middle Row—On the Way to Tyburn—A Sweet Youth in the Cart—Clever Tom Clinch—Riding up Heavy Hill—The Hanging School—Cruel Whippings—Statue to the late Prince Consort—The "Rose" Tavern—Union Court—Bartlett's Buildings—Dyers' Buildings—A Famous Pastry-cook—Castle Street—A Strange Ceremony—Cursitor Street—Lord Chancellor Eldon—A Runaway Match—Southampton House—An old Temple—Southampton Buildings—Flying for Dear Life—Jacob's Coffee House—Ridiculous Enactments—Dr. Birkbeck and Mechanics' Institutions—An Extraordinary Well—Fulwood's Rents—Ned Ward and the "London Spy"—Selling a Horse—Dr. Johnson—A Lottery Office—Lotteries: Their History and Romance—Praying for Luck—A £20,000 Prize—Lucky Numbers—George A. Stevens—Gerarde, the old Herbalist, and his Garden—The Flying Pieman of Holborn Hill—An old Bellman of Holborn.

LEAVING the gates of Ely Place we turn westwards, and pursue our way along the main thoroughfare of Holborn. And, to begin, let us speak of the divisions of this street. From Farringdon Street to Fetter Lane used to be known as Holborn Hill; from Fetter Lane to Brooke Street as Holborn, and from Brooke Street to Drury Lane as High Holborn. Since the recent alterations and improvements, Holborn extends from Holborn Viaduct to Holborn Bars, and High Holborn from the Bars to Drury Lane.

One of the first great improvements effected in Holborn was its being paved, in 1417, at the expense of Henry V., when the highway, we learn

from Rymer's "Fœdera," "was so deep and miry that many perils and hazards were thereby occasioned, as well to the king's carriages passing that way as to those of his subjects."

In Holborn, at what is now Farringdon Street, there was of old a stone bridge over the Fleet, called "Oldbourne Bridge." Stow thus describes this locality:—"Old borne or Hilborne, breaking out about the place where now the Bars do stand, and it ran down the whole street till Oldborne Bridge, and into the river of the Wells or Turnemill Brook. This bourn was likewise long since stopped up at the head, and in other places where the same hath broken out, but yet till this day the said street is here called High Oldborne Hill, and both the sides thereof, together with all the grounds adjoining, that lie betwixt it and the river of Thames, remain full of springs, so that water is there found at hand, and hard to be stopped in every house."

Agas's map of London, in the time of Elizabeth, represents Holborn as a very different sort of a place from what it is now. All the ground from Shoe Lane to Chancery Lane was then gardens with trees and shrubs; and long before Agas's day part of that space was a rural region belonging to the see of Bangor.

Holborn in the beginning of this century is described by Malcolm, the careful compiler of "Londinium Redivivum." "Holborn," he says, writing in 1803, "is an irregular long street, narrow and inconvenient at the north end of Fleet Market, but widening from Shoe Lane, up the hill, westward; thence to Middle Row, or the south end of Gray's Inn Lane. It is an excellent broad and dry place, or oblong square." In the additional Act for rebuilding London, 1670, it was enacted "that the passage to Holborn Bridge is too strait and narrow, incommodious for the many passengers daily using and frequenting the same, and it is therefore necessary to be enlarged: that it may be lawful for the Mayor, &c., to make it run in a bevil line from a certain timber-house on the north side thereof, named the Cock, to the Swan Inn, on the north side of Holborn Hill."

Holborn was anciently of much consequence, not only on account of the many eminent people who resided here, but because of the Inns of Court, which graced both its north and south sides. Besides, it contained an hospital for the poor, and a cell to the house of Clugny in France, suppressed with the Priories Alien.

"Holborn Bars" used to stand a little west of Brooke Street. They marked the termination of the City Liberties in that direction. The spot is now shown by two granite obelisks bearing the City arms. The Corporation of London formerly received a penny and two-penny toll from the carts and carriages of non-freemen entering the City. These tolls were levied at the six bars, including Holborn Bars. The richest inlets were Temple Bar and Whitechapel Bar.

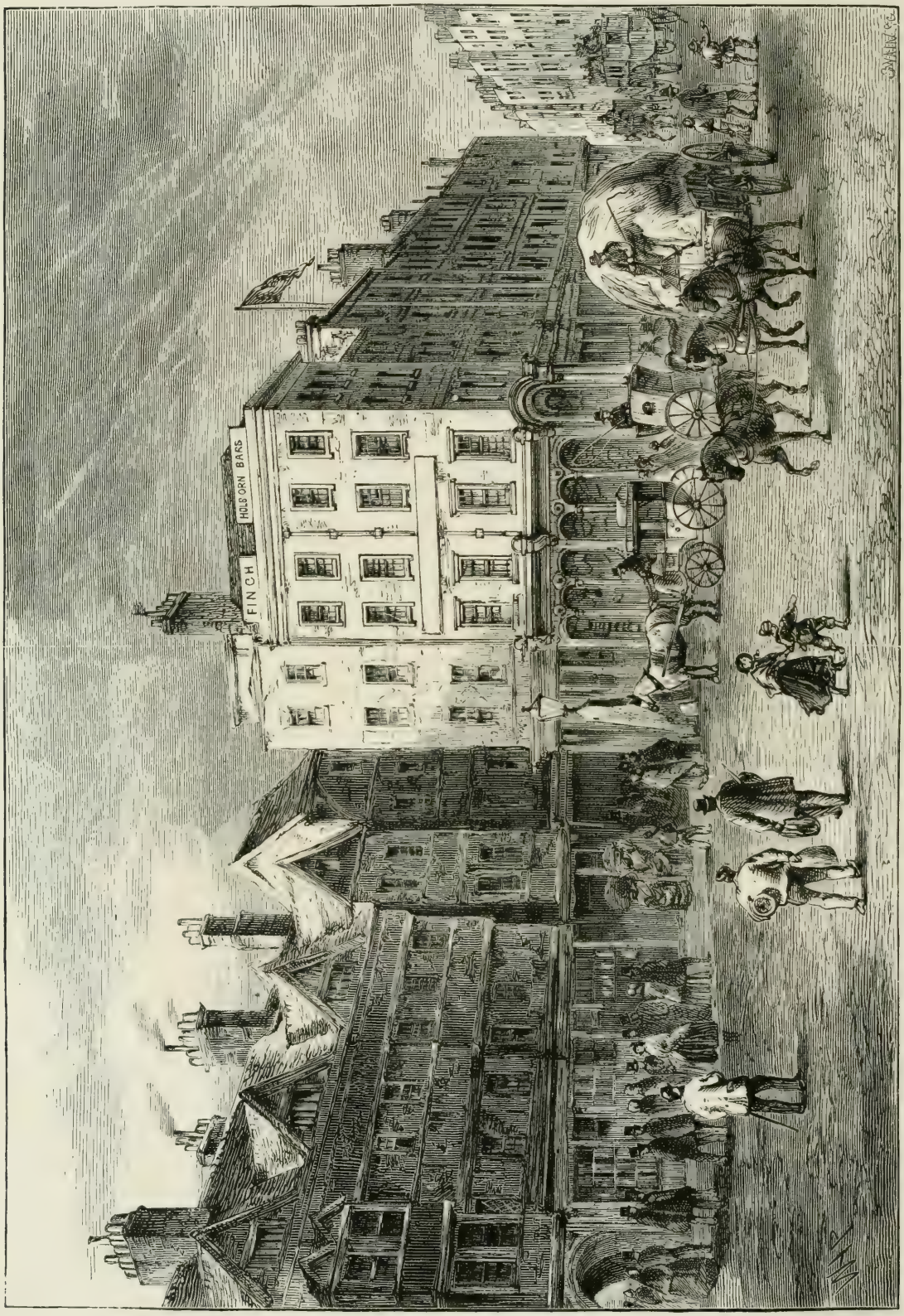
The Middle Row, Holborn, has disappeared, like the Bars. This was a block of houses which stood half blocking up the street at the south end of Gray's Inn Lane. For at least a couple of centuries it was considered an obstruction. Howel, in his "Perlustration of London," 1657 (p. 344), says:—"Southward of Gray's Inn Lane there is a row of small houses, which is a mighty hindrance to Holborn, in point of prospect, which if they were taken down there would be from Holborn Conduit to St. Giles-in-the-Fields one of the fairest rising streets in the world." The obstructive buildings were at last made an end of in 1868. There is a view of the old Row in Faithorne's ichnographical delineation of London in the reign of Charles I.

Holborn was the old road from Newgate and the Tower to the gallows at Tyburn. At regular and frequent intervals both sides of the way were lined and all the windows were covered with curious and often sympathising spectators to see light-fingered gentlemen, murderers, forgers, and such like, riding to their doom.

"Now I am a wretch indeed," says Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, alarmed on account of Captain Macheath; "methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay"—which he had received at St. Sepulchre's—"in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears! even butchers weep! Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?"

Swift gives us a picture of an execution procession in his "Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged:"—

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat and stockings and breeches were white,
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie 't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, 'Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!'
But as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box he bowed low on each side!
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, 'It was all a ——lie!'
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee,
Tom gave him a kick—for his fee:



MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN. (*From a Drawing taken shortly before its Demolition.*)

Then said, 'I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all ——— before I will whittle.
My honest friend Wild (may he long hold his place!)
He lengthened his life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;

procession ascending it, bound for Tyburn, in our old authors :—

"Sirrah," says Sir Sampson, in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), "you'll be hanged; I shall live to see you go up Holborn Hill."



STAIRCASE IN SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE.

My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without Prayer-book or Psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero and never would flinch."

Holborn Hill, we mentioned in a previous page, was sometimes known as "Heavy Hill." To speak of any one having the privilege of riding in a cart up the Heavy Hill, was equivalent, in the free and easy talk of our forefathers, to saying that he was sure to be hung.

There are many allusions to Heavy Hill, and the

"Daughter Pad," says Aldo, in Dryden's *Limberham* (1678), "you are welcome. What! you have performed the last Christian office to your keeper; I saw you follow him up the Heavy Hill to Tyburn."

And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have the following :—

"*Knockem:* What! my little lean Ursula! my she-bear! art thou alive yet with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha!

Ursula: Yes, and to amble a-foot, when the Fair is

done; to hear you groan out of a cart up the Heavy Hill——

Knockem: Of Holborn, Ursula, mean'st thou so?"

It is told in Tom Brown's works that an old counsellor who lived in Holborn used every execution-day to give his clerks a half-holiday, sending them to see the show, and giving them this piece of advice: "Go, ye young rogues, go to school, and improve!"

The Holborn line of road was selected for the cruel whippings which Titus Oates and Dangerfield had to suffer, in the reign of James II. Titus Oates, as every one knows, was the chief informer in what was called the Popish plot; a plot, as he pretended to prove, that was promoted for the destruction of the Protestant religion in England. Several persons of quality were tried and executed chiefly on his evidence, and Oates, in return for his kind and timely information, received a pension of £1,200 a year, and was lodged in Whitehall. Scarcely, however, had King James II. ascended the throne, than he was cast into prison, and tried for perjury with respect to what he had asserted regarding the alleged plot. Being convicted, he was sentenced to stand in the pillory five times a year during his life, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from thence to Tyburn; which sentence, says Neal, was exercised with a severity unknown to the English nation. "The impudence of the man," says the historian Hume, "supported itself under the conviction, and his courage under the punishment. He made solemn appeals to Heaven, and protestations of the veracity of his testimony. Though the whipping was so cruel that it was evidently the intention of the Court to put him to death by that punishment, yet he was enabled, by the care of his friends, to recover, and he lived to King William's reign, when a pension of £400 a year was settled upon him. A considerable number of persons adhered to him in his distress, and regarded him as a martyr to the Protestant cause." He died in 1705. Hume describes him as the most infamous of mankind, and tells us that in early life he had been chaplain to Colonel Pride, and that he was afterwards chaplain on board the fleet, whence he had been ignominiously dismissed. He then became a convert to the Roman Catholics, but used to boast in after years that his conversion was a mere pretence, which he made in order to get into their secrets and betray them.

The gentle Evelyn saw the Holborn part of Oates' punishment inflicted. He has this entry in his "Diary," on the 22nd of May, 1685: "Oates, who had but two days before been pilloried at several places, and whipped at the cart's tail from Newgate to Aldgate, was this day placed on a sledge, being not able to go, by reason of so late scourging, and dragged from prison to Tyburn, and whipped again all the way, which some thought to be very severe and extraordinary: but if he was guilty of the perjuries, and so of the death of so many innocents, as I fear he was, *his punishment was but what he deserved.* I chanced to pass just as execution was doing on him—a strange revolution."

Dangerfield, who had been the inventor of the "Meal-Tub Plot," was condemned, in the same year, to about as severe a punishment as Oates. He was ordered to stand twice in the pillory; to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate on one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn on another; and to pay a fine of £500. He was not made of such tough material as his brother scoundrel, Oates. He "was struck with such horror at this terrible sentence, that he looked upon himself as a dead man, and accordingly chose a text for his funeral sermon, but persevered in asserting that all he had delivered in evidence before the House of Commons was true. The whipping was executed with full rigour, as before upon Oates, and was scarce over before one Mr. Robert Frances, a barrister, of Gray's Inn, gave him a wound with his cane in or near the eye, which, according to the deposition of the surgeon, was the cause of his death." This furious barrister, Mr. Frances, was consequently tried for the murder, and as it was found that the popular feeling was very violent against him, it was judged a politic proceeding to permit his conviction and execution.

So much for general observations upon Holborn. The first object which catches the eye as we look about for particulars on which to comment, is the statue erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort in Holborn Circus. This statue was unveiled on Friday, the 9th of January, 1874. It is a gift from a patriotic gentleman, who desires to remain unknown, to the Corporation of London. The prince is represented as responding to a salute. The pedestal, which is composed of stones weighing two to ten tons each, includes two sitting figures illustrating History and Peace, and bas-reliefs illustrating important events in Prince Albert's life. The statue is the work of Mr. Bacon. The pedestal is the joint design of the sculptor and Mr. William Haywood.

We must not forget to speak of an inn called the "Rose," which stood formerly on Holborn Hill, and only disappeared within the recollection of the present generation. From it Taylor the

water-poet started in the Southampton coach for the Isle of Wight on the 19th of October, 1647, while Charles I. was there.

"We took one coach, two coachmen, and four horses,
And merrily from London made our courses,
We wheeled the top of the heavy hill called Holborn
(Up which hath been full many a sinful soul borne),
And so along we jolted past St. Giles's,
Which place from Brentford six or seven miles is."

So says Taylor in the beginning of his "Travels from London to the Isle of Wight."

Union Court, situated over against St. Andrew's Church, was originally called Scroop's Court. It derived this name from the noble family of Scrope of Bolton, who had a town house here, which was afterwards let to the serjeants-at-law. It ceased, it is said, to be a serjeants' inn about the year 1498.

Bartlett's Buildings, on the south side of Holborn, is described by Strype as "a very handsome place, graced with good buildings of brick, with gardens behind the houses," and he adds, that it is a region "very well inhabited by gentry, and persons of good repute." Were Strype to come alive again, he would not recognise the locality. Bartlett's Buildings is mentioned in the burial register of St. Andrew's (the parish in which it lies) as far back as November, 1615, and it is there called Bartlett's Court.

We read in Thoresby's Diary, "13th May, 1714.—At the meeting of the Royal Society, where was Sir Isaac Newton, the president. I met there, also, with several of my old friends, Dr. Sloane, Dr. Halley, &c. But I left all to go with Mr. Chamberlayn to Bartlett's Buildings, to the other society, viz., that for promoting Christian Knowledge, which is to be preferred to all other learning."

In Dyers' Buildings, the site of some almshouses of the Dyers' Company, lived William Roscoe, when he published his edition of Pope's Works, with notes and a life of the poet, 10 vols. 8vo, 1824. One of the principal objects of this new edition was to give a fuller and more accurate life of the poet than had yet appeared. Of the various biographical notices of him, it is not unjust to say that there was not one worthy of the subject. The *Quarterly Review* (October, 1825), in summing up the merits of Mr. Roscoe's work, says, "His original criticism is not much, but is enlightened and liberal; and the candour with which that and the life are written, is quite refreshing after the blighting perversity of the preceding editors, whose misrepresentations and calumnies he has industriously examined and patiently refuted, with a lucid arrangement both of facts and arguments."

At the corner of Furnival's Inn, on the opposite side of the street from Dyers' Buildings, Edward Kidder, the famous pastry-cook, had a school. He had another establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in these two places is said to have taught, from first to last, nearly six thousand ladies the delightful art of making pastry. Kidder published his receipts, engraved on copper, in a thin 8vo volume, with his portrait as a frontispiece. He died in April, 1739, in his seventy-third year. His book is somewhat dull reading, being unenlivened by any of those touches of fancy and eccentricity which make a work like Dr. Kitchener's "Cook's Oracle" so delightful to spend half an hour over.

And now crossing the street again we come to Castle Street, which runs from Holborn into Cursitor Street. Its proper name is Castle Yard, perhaps from the name of Castle Inn, on the site of which it is built. Lord Arundel, the great collector of art and antiquities, was living in 1619-20 in "Castle Yard, in Holborn." And here died Lady Davenant, the first wife of Sir William Davenant, the poet.

And having by Castle Street reached Cursitor Street, we may as well say a little about it, having omitted to do so in the beginning of our pilgrimage when speaking of Chancery Lane, of which it is a tributary. It is named after the Cursitor's Office or Inn, founded by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and father of the famous Lord Bacon. Stow, speaking of Chancery Lane, says, "In this street the first fair building to be noted on the east side is called the Cursitor's Office: built with divers fair lodgings for gentlemen, all of brick and timber, by Sir Nicholas Bacon, late Lord Keeper of the Great Seal." Cursitor is said to be a corruption of chorister, and this seemeth the more probable, because "anciently all or the most part of the officers and ministers of Chancery, or Court of Conscience (for so the Chancery hath been called) were churchmen, divines, and canonists." The business of the Cursitors is to make out and issue writs in the name of the Court of Chancery.

When passing once through Cursitor Street with his secretary, Lord Chancellor Eldon said: "Here was my first perch; how often have I run down to Fleet Market with sixpence in my hand to buy sprats for supper."

It was here he lived with that pretty young wife whom he married so imprudently, though he used in after life to reflect upon the step as one of the most fortunate of his early career. "The romance of the law," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "contains few more pleasant episodes than the story of the elopement of Jack Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) with Bessie

Surtees. There is no need to tell in detail how the comely Oxford scholar danced with the banker's daughter at the Newcastle assemblies; how his suit was at first recognised by the girl's parents, although the Scotts were but rich 'fitters,' whereas Aubone Surtees, Esquire, was a banker and gentleman of honourable descent; how, on the appearance of an aged and patrician suitor for Bessie's hand, papa and mamma told Jack Scott not to presume on their condescension, and counselled Bessie to throw her lover over, and become the lady of Sir William Blackett; how Bessie was faithful and Jack was urgent; how they had secret interviews on Tyneside and in London, meeting clandestinely on horseback and on foot, corresponding privately by letters and confidential messengers; how, eventually, the lovers, to the consternation of 'good society' in Newcastle, were made husband and wife at Blackshiels, North Britain. Who is ignorant of the story? Does not every visitor to Newcastle pause before an old house in Sandhill, and look up at the blue pane which marks the window from which Bessie descended into her lover's arms?" After a short residence at Oxford, the future Lord Eldon naturally came (as mostly all talent does come) to London, and established himself in a humble little house in Cursitor Street. The pretty wife made it cheerful for him. He had in after life to regret her peculiarities, her stinginess, and her nervous repugnance to society; but he remained devoted in his attachment. "Poor Bessie!" he said, in his old age, after she was dead; "if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter, is to be exemplary in his conduct towards her."

Returning to Holborn and proceeding westward, we come to Southampton Buildings, built on the site of Southampton House. They lie on the south side of Holborn, a little above Holborn Bars. Speaking of the old mansion-house, Peter Cunningham, in 1849, remarked that fragments still remained in his day. He was shown, in 1847, what was still called "the chapel" of the house, a building with rubble walls and a flat timbered roof. The occupant also told him that his father remembered a pulpit in the chapel, and that he himself, when forming the foundation of a workshop adjoining, had seen portions of a circular building which he supposed to be part of the old temple mentioned in a passage from Stow, which we shall make the subject of the following paragraphs:—

"Beyond the Bars [Holborn Bars]," says Stow, "had ye in old time a temple built by the Templars, whose order first began in 1118, in the nineteenth of Henry I. This temple was left and fell to ruin since the year 1184, when the Templars had builded them a new Temple in Fleet Street, near to the river of Thames. A great part of this old temple was pulled down but of late, in the year 1595.

"Adjoining to this old temple was some time the Bishop of Lincoln's inn, wherein he lodged when he repaired to this city. Robert de Curars, Bishop of Lincoln, built it about the year 1147. John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, Chancellor of England in the reign of Richard III., was lodged there. It hath of late years belonged to the Earl of Southampton, and therefore called Southampton House. Master Roper hath of late much built there, by means whereof part of the ruins of the old temple are seen to remain, built of Caen stone, round in form as the new Temple by Temple Bar, and other temples in England."

We must not forget that in Southampton House, Thomas, the last Earl of Southampton, the faithful and virtuous servant of Charles I., and Lord Treasurer in the beginning of the reign of Charles II., ended his days. Pennant, the historian, when he comes to this point in his "Account of London," writes with all the pathos of an honest and feeling heart. "He died," he says, "in 1667, barely in possession of the white rod, which his profligate enemies were with difficulty dissuaded from wresting out of his dying hands. He had the happiness of marrying his daughter and heiress to a nobleman of congenial merit, the ill-fated Lord Russell. Her virtues underwent a fiery trial, and came out of the test if possible more pure. I cannot read of her last interviews with her devoted lord without the strongest emotions. Her greatness of mind appears to uncommon advantage. The last scene is beyond the power of either pen or pencil. In this house they lived many years. When his lordship passed by it, on the way to execution, he felt a momentary bitterness of death in recollecting the happy moments of the place. He looked towards Southampton House, the tear started into his eye, but he instantly wiped it away."

Southampton House was taken down and private tenements erected on the site in the middle of the seventeenth century. Howel, writing in 1657, mentioning this fact, breaks out in his quaint way: "If any one should ask what the Almighty doth now in London, he might (as the pulse of the times beats) give the same answer that was given by the pagan philosopher, who, being demanded what Jupiter did in heaven, he said, 'Jupiter breaks great vessels, and makes small ones of their pieces.'"

In Southampton Buildings, in the house of a relative, Ludlow, the Parliamentary general, lay

concealed from the Restoration till the period of his escape. And a very narrow escape it was. When the proclamation was issued by Charles II., requiring all the late king's judges to surrender themselves in fourteen days, on pain of being left out of the act of indemnity, he determined to fly the country. He bade farewell to his friends, and went over London Bridge in a coach to St. George's Church in the borough of Southwark, where he took horse, and travelling all night, arrived at Lewes, in Sussex, by break of day next morning. Soon after, he went on board a small open vessel prepared for him; but the weather being very bad, he quitted that, and took shelter in a larger which had been got ready, but it stuck in the sands going down the river. He had hardly got on board this, when some persons came to search that which he had just left. After waiting a night and a day for the storm to abate (during which time the master of the vessel asked him whether he had heard that Lieutenant-General Ludlow was confined among the rest of the king's judges), he put to sea, and landed at Dieppe in the evening, before the gates were shut. Having thus got him out of the reach of danger, we shall leave him, only waiting to tell the reader that he died at Vevay, in Switzerland, in 1693, his last wishes being for the prosperity, peace, and glory of his country.

One of the early coffee-houses of London was established in Southampton Buildings. In the autobiography of Anthony à Wood (ii. 65) we come upon the following passage in connection with the year 1650:—"This year Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffey-house at the Angel in the parish of St. Peter, in the East Oxon, and there it was by some, who delighted in noveltie, drank. When he left Oxon, he sold it in old Southampton Buildings, in Holborne, near London, and was living there in 1671."

When coffee was first introduced into England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the new beverage, as was to be expected, had its opponents as well as its advocates. There were broadsides against coffee, just as there had been counterblasts against tobacco; but in spite of opposition it became a favourite drink, and the shops where it was sold grew to be places of general resort. They were frequented by *quidnuncs*, and were the great marts for news of all kinds, true and false.

In 1675, a paternal Government issued a proclamation for shutting up and suppressing all coffee-houses. They found, however, that in making this proclamation they had gone a step too far. So early as this period the coffee-house had become a power in the land as Macaulay tells us—a most important political institution, when public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the machinery of agitation, had not come into fashion, and nothing like a newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. Consequently, on a petition of the merchants and retailers of coffee, permission was granted to keep the coffee-houses open for six months, under an admonition that the masters of them should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them, and hinder every person from declaring, uttering, or divulging all manner of false and scandalous reports against Government or the ministers thereof. The absurdity of constituting every maker of a cup of coffee a censor of the press was too great even for those days: the proclamation was laughed at, and no more was heard of the suppression of coffee-houses.

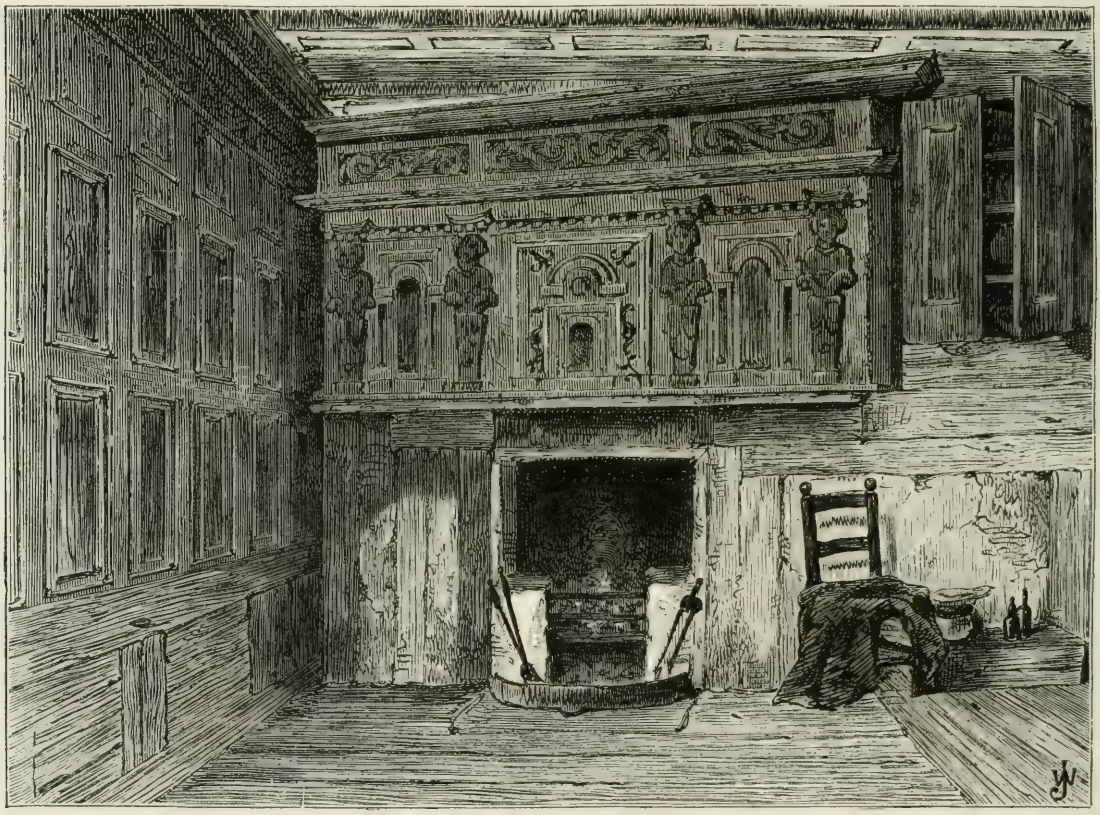
Dr. Birkbeck, in 1823, founded a Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings, for the dissemination of useful knowledge among the industrious classes of the community, by means of lectures, classes, and a library.

"In inquiring," says a writer from whom we have already quoted, "into the origin of that movement for popular instruction which has occupied so broad a space during this century, we are met by the name of George Birkbeck standing out in conspicuous characters. The son of a banker at Settle, in Yorkshire, and reared as a medical practitioner, he was induced at an early period of life to accept a professorship in what was called the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, a kind of popular university which had just then started into being. Here Birkbeck found great difficulty in getting apparatus made for a course of lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and this suggested to him the establishment of popular lectures to working men, with a view to the spread of knowledge in various matters relating to the application of science to the practical arts. This was the germ from which Mechanics' Institutions afterwards sprung. The trustees of the Andersonian Institution had not Birkbeck's enthusiasm; they deemed the scheme visionary, and refused at first to support it. In the autumn of 1800 he went to Yorkshire for a vacation, and there digested a plan for forming a class solely for persons engaged in the practical exercise of the mechanical arts, men whose education in early life had precluded even the possibility of acquiring the smallest portion of scientific knowledge. This mechanics' class was to be held in one of the rooms of the Andersonian Institution.

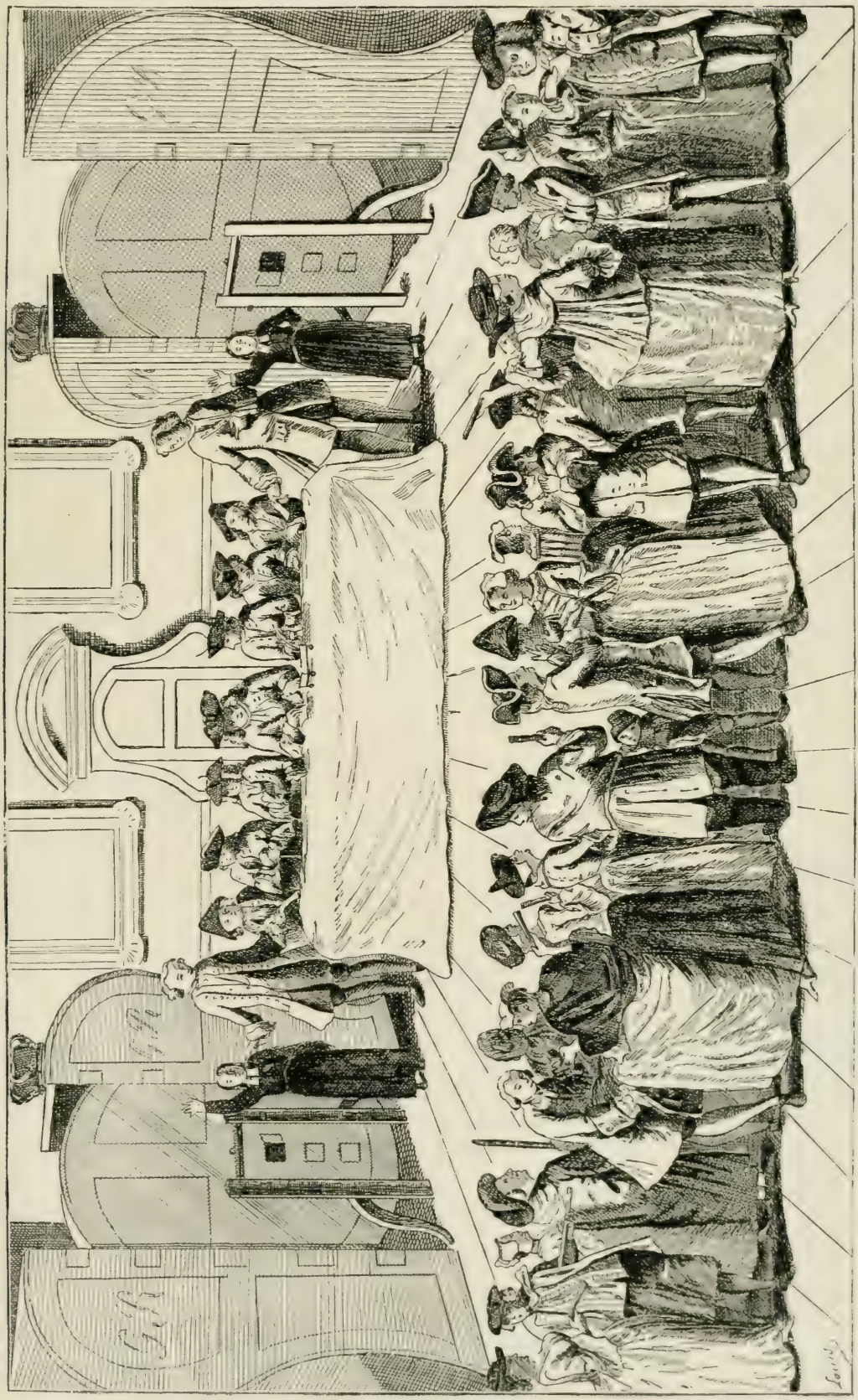
"On his return to Glasgow, he opened communications with the chief owners of manufacturing establishments, offering to the more intelligent workmen free admission to his class. The first lecture was attended by seventy-five artisans; it excited so much interest, that two hundred came to the second lecture, three hundred to the third, and five hundred to the fourth. His grateful pupils presented him with a silver cup at the close of the course, as a token of their appreciation of his disinterested kindness. He repeated these labours year after year till 1804, when he resigned his position at Glasgow to Dr. Ure, who, like him, was at that time struggling into fame. Birkbeck married, came to London, and settled down as a physician.

"Many years elapsed during which Dr. Birkbeck was wholly absorbed in his professional duties. He did not, however, forget his early schemes, and as he advanced in life, he found or made opportunities for developing them. In 1820 he gave a gratuitous course of lectures at the London Institution. Gradually a wish spread in various quarters to put in operation the plan which had so long occupied the thoughts of Dr. Birkbeck—viz., to give instruction in science to working men. In 1821 a School of Arts was established in Edinburgh, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Leonard Horner. In 1823 a Mechanics' Institution was founded at Glasgow, and another in London, of which last Dr. Birkbeck was very appropriately elected president, an office he filled till his death, eighteen years afterwards.

"On the 2nd of December, 1824, being the first anniversary of the formation of the London Mechanics' Institution, the foundation-stone was laid of an edifice to be used as a theatre for delivering the lectures of the professors, on the premises occupied by the Institution in Southampton Buildings. The newly-established concern was at first highly successful. Men of great attainments offered their services as lecturers, and the lecture-hall very often contained a thousand persons listening with the greatest attention to discourses on astronomy, experimental philosophy, chemistry, physiology, the steam-engine, &c. Many persons who afterwards attained to a more or less distinguished position in society, owed their first knowledge of the principles of science to the London Mechanics' Institution. The novelty and success of the enterprise were so great that similar institu-



ROOM OF A HOUSE IN FULWOOD'S RENTS. (*After Archer.*)



DRAWING THE STATE LOTTERY AT GUILDHALL. (*From a Print of about 1750.*)

tions sprung up rapidly in various parts of the kingdom."

When the first enthusiasm wore off, Mechanics' Institutions hardly realised, perhaps, the expectations of their founders. The reasons for this have been thus set down by a careful observer:—"In large towns," he says, "the energy and enthusiasm that originated them carried them on for a time; but as the novelty wore off the members and revenue decreased, modifications of plan had to be adopted, new features introduced, and radical changes made. If these proved acceptable to the public, the institution flourished; if not, it decayed. If the original idea of giving scientific education only were strictly carried out, the number of members was small, while, if amusement took the place of study, the institution lived in jeopardy from the fickle and changing taste for amusement on the part of the public."

The Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings has now departed considerably from the design of the founder, and flourishes under the title of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution.

A well by which wonderful cures were effected, both on the blind and the lame, was discovered in 1649 near Southampton House. It was known as the Soldier's Well, the finder having been of the military profession, and is mentioned in "Perfect Occurrences from August 24th to August 31st, 1649."

Fulwood's Rents, commonly called Fuller's Rents, in Holborn, is a narrow-paved court nearly opposite the end of Chancery Lane. It leads into Gray's Inn Walks, Gray's Inn Gardens. Strype, in 1720, describes it thus:—"Fulwood's Rents, opposite to Chancery Lane, runneth up to Gray's Inn, into which it hath an entrance, through the gate; a place of a good resort, and taken up by coffee-houses, ale-houses, and houses of entertainment, by reason of its vicinity to Gray's Inn. On the east side is a handsome open place, with a free-stone pavement, and better built, and inhabited by private housekeepers. At the upper end of this court is a passage into the Castle Tavern, a house of considerable trade, as is the Golden Griffin Tavern, on the west side, which also hath a passage into Fulwood's Rents."

Here stood "John's," one of the earliest coffee-houses. "When coffee first came in (circ. 1656)," says Aubrey, in his "Lives," "he (Sir Henry Blount) was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple-gate, and lately John's Coffee-house, in Fuller's Rents."

Adjoining Gray's Inn Gate, on the west side, was Squire's Coffee-house, from whence several of the *Spectators* are dated.

Ned Ward, the author of the "London Spy," kept a punch-house within one door of Gray's Inn, and here he died, in the year 1731. This writer, whom, in the course of our rambles through Old London, we have already several times quoted, was of low extraction, and born in Oxfordshire, about 1667. His residence was not always in Fulwood's Rents, for we find him living a while in Gray's Inn, then, for some years after, keeping a public-house in Moorfields, and after that in Clerkenwell. In his last establishment, off Holborn, he would entertain any company who invited him with stories and adventures of the poets and authors he was acquainted with. Pope honoured him with a place in the "Dunciad," but Ward took his revenge, and retorted with some spirit. He died on the 20th of June, 1731, and, on the 27th of the same month, was interred in St. Pancras Churchyard, with one mourning coach for his wife and daughter to attend the hearse, as he had himself directed in a poetical will, written by him on the 24th of June, 1725. Ward is best known by his "London Spy," a coarse production, but, in some respects, a true representation of the metropolitan manners of his day.

The "Castle Tavern," of which Strype makes mention, was kept for many years by Thomas Winter, better known as "Tom Spring," the pugilist, who died here on the 20th of August, 1851.

A curious gabled and projecting house, of the time of James I., stands about the centre of the east side of Fulwood's Rents. A ground-floor room of this house is engraved by Mr. Archer, in his "Vestiges of Old London," and is given by us on page 534. The apartment was entirely panelled with oak, the mantelpiece being carved in the same wood, with caryatides and arched niches; the ceiling-beams were carved in panels, and the entire room was original, with the exception of the window. On the first floor, a larger room contained another carved mantelpiece, of very florid construction. The front of the house is said to be covered with ornament, now concealed by plaster.

In the "Banquet of Jests" (1639) we find mention made of a tavern near this, called the "Sun:"—"A pleasant fellow, willing to put off a lame horse, rode him from the 'Sunne Tavern,' within Cripplegate, to the 'Sunne' in Holborn, neere the Fuller's Rents; and the next day offering to sell him in Smithfield, the buyer asking him why he looked so leane, 'Marry, no marvell,' answered he,

'for but yesterday I rid him from sunne to sunne, and never drew bit."

Dr. Johnson, in 1748, lived at the "Golden Anchor," at Holborn Bars.

At the east corner of the Middle Row, Sir James Branscombe kept a lottery-office for forty years, He had been footman to the Earl of Gainsborough, and was knighted when Sheriff of London and Middlesex, in 1806.

The history of lotteries in England is an entertaining one. The earliest English lottery was drawn in 1569. The drawing began on the 11th of January, at the west door of St. Paul's, and continued day and night till the 6th of May. The scheme, which had been announced two years before, shows that the lottery consisted of 40,000 lots, or shares, at 10s. each, and that it comprehended "a great number of good prizes, as well of ready money as of plate, and certain sorts of merchandise." Any profit that might be derived from the scheme was to be devoted to the reparation of harbours and other useful public works. The second lottery, in 1612, was projected to benefit the new colony in Virginia, and there is a tradition that the principal prize—4,000 crowns—was gained by a poor tailor. Down to 1826 (except for a short time following upon an Act of Queen Anne) lotteries continued to be sanctioned by the English Government as a source of revenue. It seems strange, says a popular writer, that so glaringly immoral a project should have been kept up under such auspices so long. The younger people at the present day may be at a loss to believe that, in the days of their fathers, there were large and imposing offices in London, such as this one in Holborn, and pretentious agencies in the provinces, for the sale of lottery-tickets; while flaming advertisements on walls, in new books, and in the public journals, proclaimed the preferableness of such and such "lucky" offices—this one having sold two-sixteenths of the last £20,000 prize, another having sold an entire £30,000 ticket the year before, and so on. It was found possible to persuade the public, or a portion of it, that where a blessing had once lighted, it was the more likely to light again. The competition amongst the lottery-offices was intense. One firm, finding an old woman in the country of the name of Goodluck, gave her £50 a year, on condition she should join them as a nominal partner, for the sake of the attractive effect of her name. In their advertisements each was sedulous to tell how many of the grand prizes had in former years fallen to the lot of persons who had bought at *his* shop.

"The State lottery," Dr. Chambers remarks, "was founded on the simple principle that the State held forth a certain sum, to be repaid by a larger. The transaction was usually managed thus:—The Government gave £10 in prizes for every share taken, on an average. A great many blanks, or of prizes under £10, left, of course, a surplus for the creation of a few magnificent prizes, wherewith to attract the unwary public. Certain firms in the City, known as lottery-office keepers, contracted for the lottery, each taking a certain number of shares; the sum paid by them was always more than £10 per share, and the excess constituted the Government profit. It was customary, for many years, for the contractors to give about £16 to the Government, and then to charge the public from £20 to £22. It was made lawful for the contractors to divide the shares into halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, and they always charged relatively more for these aliquot parts. A man with 30s. to spare could buy a sixteenth, and the contractors made a large portion of their profit out of such customers."

"The Government sometimes paid the prizes in terminable annuities, instead of cash, and the loan system and the lottery system were occasionally combined in a very odd way. Thus, in 1780, every subscriber of £1,000 towards a loan of £2,000,000, at four per cent., received a bonus of four lottery-tickets, the value of each of which was £10, and any one of which might be the fortunate number for a £20,000 or £30,000 prize."

The culminating point in the history of lottery gambling appears to have been the year 1772. The whole town then went crazed on the chance of making large gains by small ventures. There were lottery magazines, lottery tailors and dressmakers; lottery glovers, hat-makers, and tea-dealers; lottery snuff and pig-tail merchants; lottery barbers, who promised, on payment of 3d., to shave you and give you a chance of being paid £10; lottery shoe-blacks; lottery ordinaries, where one might obtain, for 6d., a plate of beef and the chance of winning sixty guineas; lottery oyster-stalls, where 3d. yielded a dozen of oysters and a very distant prospect of five guineas; and, lastly, a sausage-stall, in a blind alley, where you might, by purchasing a farthing's worth of sausages, should the fates prove propitious, gain a bonus of 5s.

The demoralising effect of this state of affairs may be readily imagined. By creating illusive hopes lotteries supplanted steady industry. Shopmen robbed their masters, servant-girls their mistresses, friends borrowed from each other, under false pretences, and husbands stinted their wives and children of necessaries—all to raise the

means for buying a portion or the whole of a lottery-ticket. There was no exaggeration in the report of a committee of the House of Commons, a considerable time prior to the abolition of lotteries in 1826, which remarked that "the foundation of the lottery is so radically vicious that under no system can it become an efficient source of gain, and yet be divested of the evils and calamities of which it has proved so baneful a source. Idleness, dissipation, and poverty are increased; sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comfort is destroyed; madness often created; crimes subjecting the perpetrators to death are committed. No mode of raising money appears so burdensome, pernicious, and unproductive. No species of adventure is known where the chances are so great against the adventurers, none where the infatuation is more powerful, lasting, and destructive. In the lower classes of society the persons engaged are, generally speaking, either immediately or ultimately tempted to their ruin; and there is scarcely any condition of life so destitute and so abandoned but its distresses have not been aggravated by this allurement to gaming."

Amidst all this immoral and unhealthy excitement, however, many incidents occurred which, to read about at least, afford amusement. In 1767, for example, a lady in Holborn had a lottery-ticket presented to her by her husband, and on the Sunday preceding the drawing, her success was prayed for in the parish church—St. Andrew's, most probably—in this form: "The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking." Possibly she was one of those who followed the lottery-loving clergy who used to defend the appeal to chance by reference to Scripture, urging that "by lot it was determined which of the goats should be offered to Aaron; by lot the land of Canaan was divided; by lot Saul was marked out for the kingdom; by lot Jonah was found to be the cause of the tempest; by lot the apostles filled up the vacant place of Judas." But "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose."

In the same year (1767) the prize (or *a* prize) of £20,000 fell to the lot of a tavern-keeper at Abingdon. We are told, in the journals of the time—"The broker who went from town to carry him the news he complimented with £100. All the bells in the place were set a-ringing. He called his neighbours, and promised to assist this one with a capital sum, that one with another. He gave away plenty of liquor, and vowed to lend a poor cobbler money to buy leather to stock his stall so full that he should not be able to get into it to work; and, lastly, he promised to buy a new coach for the coachman who brought him down the ticket, and to give a set of as good horses as could be bought for money."

The theory of "lucky numbers" attracted great attention in the days of lotteries. When the drawing took place, papers inscribed with as many different numbers as there were shares, or tickets, were placed in a hollow wheel; one of these was drawn out, usually by a Bluecoat boy, and the number was audibly announced. Another Bluecoat boy then drew out of another wheel a paper, representing either a "blank" or a prize for a certain sum of money, and the purchaser of that particular number got nothing or gained a prize accordingly. With a view to getting lucky numbers, one man would select his own age, or the age of his wife; another would select the date of the year, a third a row of odd or of even numbers. Some, in their excitement, dreamt of numbers, and purchased tickets in harmony with their dreams. There is an amusing paper in the *Spectator* (No. 191, October 9, 1711) in which the subject of lucky numbers is dealt with in a strain of pleasant banter. It tells of one man who selected 1711, because it was the year of our Lord; of another who sought for 134, because it constituted the minority on a celebrated bill in the House of Commons; and of a third who selected the number of the beast, 666, on the ground that wicked beings were often lucky. In 1790 a lady bought No. 17090, because it was the nearest *in sound* to 1790, which had been already sold to some other applicant. A story is told of a tradesman who, on one occasion, bought four tickets consecutive in number. He thought it foolish to have them so close together, and took one back to the office to be exchanged. The one thus taken back turned up a £20,000 prize!

The last "State lottery" was drawn in England on the 18th of October, 1826, at Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street. Public suspicion had, however, by this time been aroused, and though such numbers turned out to see the last of a long series of legalised swindles, as to inconveniently crowd the hall, the lottery-office keepers could not dispose of all the tickets. The abolition of lotteries deprived the Government of a revenue equal to £250,000 or £300,000 per annum.

In Holborn was born the once popular lecturer and poet, George Alexander Stevens, "a man," says the late Mr. J. H. Jesse, "whose misfortunes were only equal to his misconduct—at one time the idol of a Bacchanalian club, and at another the inmate of a gaol; at one time writing a drinking-

song, and at another a religious poem. Stevens is now, perhaps, best remembered from his 'Lectures on Heads,' a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other person but himself could have given the proper effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shuter, who entirely failed in the performance. Stevens, however, no sooner attempted the task himself than it became instantly popular."

At the commencement of his career Stevens attempted the stage, a line of life which he soon abandoned. As an actor his merit was below mediocrity. As a humorous writer he acquired considerable fame, but his life being neither regulated by the rules of virtue nor of prudence, his health was soon impaired, his finances were often at a low ebb, and his person was not unfrequently in durance. His pecuniary position, however, was much improved by his happily conceived lecture, by means of which he soon amassed a large sum of money. After delivering it in England and Scotland, with extraordinary approbation, he visited America, and was well received in all the principal towns. In fact, in the course of a few years he became worth about £10,000; but the greater part of this sum had melted from his hands before his death. He died on the 6th of September, 1784, his mind having for some time previous been in a state of hopeless idiotic ruin.

Stevens is the first instance that can be produced of one man, single-handed, keeping an audience amused for the space of four hours. As he was the inventor of this species of entertainment, it may naturally be inquired by what means it was suggested to him. The first idea of his lecture, it is said, was got at a village, where he was manager of a theatrical company. He met there with a country mechanic, who described the members of the corporation with great force and humour. Upon this idea Stevens improved, and was assisted in making the heads by his friend, who little imagined what a source of profit he had established.

Gerarde, the herbalist, had a large physic-garden in Holborn. The site is uncertain, but we may as well notice it here. He dates his "Herbal" "From my house in London, within the suburbs of London, this first of December, 1597." He mentions in his famous work many rare plants which grew well in the garden behind his house.

Of his botanic garden in Holborn, says Chalmers, "Gerard published a catalogue in 1596, and again in 1599. Of this work scarcely an impression is known to exist, except one in the British Museum, which proved of great use in preparing the 'Hortus Kewensis' of Mr. Aiton, as serving to ascertain the time when many old plants were first cultivated. It contains, according to Dr. Pulteney, 1,033 species, or at least supposed such, though many, doubtless, were varieties; and there is an attestation of Lobel subjoined, vouching for his having seen nearly all of them growing and flowering. This was one of the earliest botanic gardens in Europe."

This last statement of Chalmers' is a little of an exaggeration. The fact is, there was a botanic garden in England, at Syon House, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was under the superintendence of Dr. Turner, whom Dr. Pulteney considers as the father of English botany. A great deal of interest seems to have been taken in botany during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and many new plants were brought into the country. Gerarde mentions Nicholas Lete, a merchant in London, "greatly in love with rare and fair flowers, for which he doth carefully send into Syria, having a servant there at Aleppo, and in many other countries, for which myself and the whole land are much bound unto him." The same author also gives due honour to Sir Walter Raleigh; to Lord Edward Zouch, who, assisted by the celebrated Lobel, brought plants and seeds from Constantinople; and to Lord Hunsdon, Lord High Chamberlain of England, who, he says, "is worthy of triple honour for his care in getting, as also for his care in keeping, such rare and curious things from the farthest parts of the world."

Gerarde was born at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in 1545. He practised surgery in London, and rose to eminence in that profession. After the publication of his "Herbal," he lived for about ten years, his death taking place in 1607. Many errors have been pointed out in Gerarde's work, but he had the great merit of a practical knowledge of plants, with unbounded zeal and indefatigable perseverance. He contributed greatly to forward the knowledge of plants in England, and his name will be remembered by botanists with esteem, when the utility of his "Herbal" is superseded. "He was patronised," says Pennant, "by several of the first characters of the time. During twenty years he superintended the garden of the great statesman, Lord Burleigh; on his death, he found in Sir Walter Raleigh another patron; and the same in Lord Edward Zouch and Lord Hunsdon, Lord High Treasurer of England. All of those noblemen were much smitten with the useful and agreeable study of botany."

Many districts of London have in past times had the good fortune to be haunted by characters of an original type, and a most interesting volume

might be compiled of these metropolitan oddities. At present we shall notice one who used to frequent the region of Holborn, and who has been taken notice of by "Aleph," in his "London Scenes and London People." This was Peter Stokes, known as "the Flying Pieman of Holborn Hill." He is thus described, dressed in all the finery of an old-fashioned costume, by Mr. Harvey, writing in 1863:—"When I was a youngster, the steep roadway from Hatton Garden to Fleet Market was tray or board, just large enough to receive an appetite-provoking pudding, about three inches thick. This was divided into twelve slices, which he sold at a penny a slice. A broad blunt spatula, brilliantly bright, which he carried in his left hand, enabled him to dispense his sweets without ever touching them. His countenance was open and agreeable, expressive of intellect and moral excellence."

And about this man, engaged in such a humble



OLD HOUSES IN HOLBORN NEAR MIDDLE ROW.

highly attractive to me on account of the 'Flying Pieman,' though he did not vend pies, but a kind of baked plum-pudding, which he offered smoking hot. He was a slim, active, middle-sized man, about forty years old. He always wore a black suit, scrupulously brushed, dress-coat and vest, knee-breeches, stout black silk stockings, and shoes with steel buckles, then rather fashionable. His shirt, remarkably well got up, had a wide frill, surmounted by a spotless white cravat. He never wore either hat or cap; his hair, cropped very close, was plentifully powdered, and he was decorated with a delicate lawn apron, which hardly reached to his knees. In his right hand he held a small circular trade, shone the light of a somewhat romantic history. He was by profession a painter, and, it was believed, possessed considerable talent. When he was a very young man he married, "all for love." His practice as an artist did not keep pace with the growing wants of a small family, and at last, with an eccentricity which, in the circumstances, may be pardoned, he determined to begin a street-trade on Holborn Hill, and conducted this business for many a day. From twelve to four o'clock he was to be seen shouting, "Buy, buy, buy!" as he moved to and fro, from Fetter Lane to Ely Place, thence to Thavies Inn or to Field Lane, Hatton Garden or Fleet Market, rapidly

getting rid of his tempting wares. After four o'clock he betook himself to genteel lodgings in Rathbone Place, where Stokes was himself again, resumed his palette and easel, and found sitters increase as his means made them less necessary, for the street business proved a money-making one.

Peter Stokes' history recalls that of a remarkable hawker of savoury patties, who might be constantly seen in the streets of Paris, during the earlier years of Louis XVI. He was of higher origin than our London "Flying Pieman," however, but reckless extravagance had reduced him to poverty while he was yet in the prime of life. His dress was fastidiously elegant, and while standing, basket in hand, on the steps of the Palais Royal, he wore round his neck the decoration of St. Croix. Sterne had seen him, and declares that his manners and address were those of a man of high rank.

Let us now speak about another character of this neighbourhood, namely, an old bellman of Holborn, and take the opportunity of saying a few words about bellmen in general. "In London, and probably in other English cities in the seventeenth century," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "the bellman was the recognised term for what we would now call a night watchman, being derived from the handbell which the man carried in order to give alarm in case of fire. In the Luttrell Collection of Broadsides (British Museum) is one dated 1683–4, entitled, 'A Copy of Verses presented by Isaac Ragg, Bellman, to his Masters and Mistresses of Holbourn Division, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.' It is headed by a woodcut representing Isaac in professional accoutrements—a pointed pole in the left hand, and in the right a bell, while his lantern hangs from his jacket in front. Below is a series of verses on St. Andrew's Day, King Charles the First's birthday, St. Thomas's Day, Christmas Day, St. John's Day, Childermas Day, New Year's Day, the 13th of January, &c., all of them being very proper, and very insufferable. The 'prologue' indeed is the only specimen worth giving, being the expression of Mr. Ragg's official duty. It runs as follows :—



BLEEDING HEART YARD.

> 'Time, master, calls your bellman to his task,
> To see your doors and windows all are fast,
> And that no villany or foul crime be done
> To you or yours in absence of the sun.

If any base lurker I do meet,
In private alley or in open street,
You shall have warning by my timely call;
And so God bless you, and give rest to all."

One of our Holborn bellman's professional brethren, Thomas Law, issued a similar but unadorned broadside in 1666, which has had the good fortune to be preserved for our enlightenment. In it he greets his masters of "St. Giles, Cripplegate, within the Freedom," in no less than twenty-three dull stanzas, of which the last may be given here:—

"No sooner hath St. Andrew crowned November,
But Boreas from the north brings cold December;
And I have often heard a many say
He brings the winter month Newcastle way:
For comfort here of poor distressed souls
Would he had with him brought a fleet of coals."

At a fixed season of the year—most often, no doubt, Christmas—it seems to have been customary for the bellman to distribute copies of his broadside through the district of which he had the charge, expecting his masters to favour him in return with some small gratuity. The execrable character which usually belonged to these rhymed productions is shown by the contempt with which the wits used to speak of "bellman's verses."

Robert Herrick has a little poem in which he wishes good luck to his friends in the form of the nightly addresses of the bellman. Like all Herrick's productions, it is daintily musical. With its good wishes applied to the reader, we shall leave him for the present, and conclude this chapter:—

"From noise of scare fires rest ye free,
From murders benedicite;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night;
Mercie secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two:
My masters all, 'good-day to you!'"

CHAPTER LX.

THE NORTHERN TRIBUTARIES OF HOLBORN.

Field Lane—A Description by Dickens—Saffron Hill—Old Chick Lane—Thieves' Hiding Places—Hatton Garden—A Dramatist's Wooing—The Celebrated Dr. Bate—Charles Street—Bleeding Heart Yard—Love or Murder—Leather Lane—George Morland, the Painter—Robbing One's Own House—Brooke Street—The Poet Chatterton—His Life in London, and his Death—The Great Lord Hardwicke—A Hardworking Apprenticeship—Coach-hire for a Barrel of Oysters—A Start in Life—Greville Street—Lord Brooke's Murder—A Patron of Learning—Gray's Inn Lane—Tom Jones' Arrival in Town—"Your Money or Your Life"—Poets of Gray's Inn Lane—James Shirley, the Dramatist—John Ogilby—John Langhorne—The "Blue Lion"—Fox Court—The Unfortunate Richard Savage.

In speaking of the tributary streams of human activity which flow into Holborn from the north, we shall begin a little to the east of Ely Place, and mention one which has lately been improved out of existence, namely, Field Lane. Field Lane, extending from the foot of Holborn Hill northward, and in this way lying parallel with Fleet Ditch, used to be an infamous haunt of the "dangerous classes." Now, its site, entered off Charterhouse Street, may be visited by the inquiring stranger with somewhat of a feeling of disappointment that respectability is not half so picturesque as its opposite. In 1837, Field Lane was vividly sketched by Charles Dickens, in his "Oliver Twist." "Near to the spot," he says, "on which Snow Hill and Holborn meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley, leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of pocket-handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns, for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows or flaunting from the door-posts, and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself—the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting-in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back parlours and go as strangely as they come. Here the clothes-man, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant, display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief, and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars."

Northward from Field Lane ran Saffron Hill, which once formed a part of the pleasant gardens of Ely Place, and derived its name from the crops of saffron which it bore. But the saffron disappeared, and in time there grew up a squalid neighbourhood, swarming with poor people and thieves. Strype, in 1720, describes the locality as "of small account both as to buildings and inhabitants, and pestered with small and ordinary alleys and courts

taken up by the meaner sort of people; others are," he says, "nasty and inconsiderable." Saffron Hill ran from Field Lane into Vine Street, and here we have a name recalling the vineyard of old Ely Place. Cunningham (1849) mentions that so dangerous was this neighbourhood in his day that when the clergy of St. Andrew's, Holborn (the parish in which the purlieu lies), visited it, they had to be accompanied by policemen in plain clothes.

Old Chick Lane debouched into Field Lane. The beginning of its destruction was in 1844. The notorious thieves' lodging-house here, formerly the "Red Lion" tavern, we have already noticed. It had various cunning contrivances for enabling its inmates to escape from the pursuit of justice. Fleet Ditch lay in the rear, and across it by a plank the hunted vagabonds often ran to conceal themselves in the opposite knot of courts and alleys.

Moving westward, we come to Hatton Garden—so called after the Sir Christopher Hatton we have already met with as Lord Chancellor in Elizabeth's reign, and after "Christopher Hatton, his godson, son of John Hatton, cousin and heir-male of the celebrated Sir Christopher Hatton, created Baron Hatton of Kirby, in the county of Northampton, July 29th, 1643, and died 1670."

Strype describes Hatton Garden as "a very large place, containing several streets—viz., Hatton Street, Charles Street, Cross Street, and Kirby Street, all which large tract of ground was a garden, and belonged to Hatton House, now pulled down, and built into houses."

We get a glimpse of active building operations going on here in the middle of the seventeenth century, in Evelyn's "Diary:"—"7th June, 1659. To London to take leave of my brother, and see the foundations now laying for a long streete and buildings in Hatton Garden, designed for a little towne, lately an ample garden."

In Dennis's "Letters," 1721, we come upon a passage relating to an almost-forgotten poet and playwright who, on matrimonial thoughts intent, once haunted this locality. "Mr. Wycherly visited her [the Countess of Drogheda] daily at her lodgings, while she stayed at Tunbridge, and after she went to London, at her lodgings in Hatton Garden, where, in a little time, he got her consent to marry her." This is part of a romantic story told in Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," in repeating which we must begin by informing the reader that one of Wycherly's most successful plays was entitled *The Plain Dealer*. The writer went down to Tunbridge, to take either the benefit of the waters or the diversions of the place, and when walking one day upon the Wells Walk with his friend Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich and beautiful, came to the bookseller and inquired for *The Plain Dealer*. "Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for *The Plain Dealer*, there he is for you," pushing Mr. Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, when said to her would be plain dealing." "No, truly, sir," said the lady; "I am not without my faults, like the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain dealing, and never am more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault." "Then, madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and 'The Plain Dealer' seem designed by Heaven for each other."

The upshot of the affair was that Mr. Wycherley accompanied the countess on her walks, waited on her home, visited her daily at her lodgings, followed her to town, and, as we have seen, at Hatton Garden brought his wooing to a successful close.

A gallant beginning should have a good ending. But it was not so here: the lady proved unreasonably jealous, and led the poor poet a sad life. Even from a pecuniary point of view he made a bad bargain of his marriage, for after her death her bequest to him was disputed at law, and, drowned in debt, he was immured in a gaol for seven years.

The celebrated physician, Dr. George Bate, who attended Oliver Cromwell in his last illness, died in Hatton Garden in 1668. He was born in 1608 at Maid's Morton, near Buckingham. He rose to great eminence in his profession, and when King Charles kept his court at Oxford, was his principal physician there. When the king's affairs declined, he removed to London, and adapted himself so well to the changed times that he became chief physician to the Lord Protector, whom he is said to have highly flattered. Upon the restoration he got into favour again with the royal party, and was made principal physician to Charles II., and Fellow of the Royal Society. This, we are told, was owing to a report, raised on very slender foundation, and asserted only by his friends, that he gave Cromwell a dose of poison which hastened his death.

Charles Street, which intersects Hatton Garden, is interesting as that in which Joseph Strutt, the antiquarian writer, died, on the 16th of October, 1802. We have already given some particulars regarding him, when speaking of St. Andrew's Churchyard, in which he was buried. There is a public-house of the name of the "Bleeding Heart" in this street. This is a sign dating from before the Reformation. It is the emblematical representa-

tion of the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary—viz., the heart of the Holy Virgin pierced with five swords. Bleeding Heart Yard, adjoining the public-house in Charles Street, is immortalised by Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit."

Bleeding Heart Yard, says the novelist, "was a place much changed in feature and fortune, yet with some relish of ancient greatness about it. Two or three mighty stacks of chimneys, and a few large dark rooms, which had escaped being walled and subdivided out of the recognition of their old proportions, gave the yard a character. It was inhabited by poor people, who set up their rest among its faded glories as Arabs of the desert pitch their tents among the fallen stones of the Pyramids; but there was a family sentimental feeling prevalent in the yard, that it had a character. . . . . .

"The opinion of the Yard was divided respecting the derivation of its name. The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former time closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window, behind the bars, murmuring a love-lorn song, of which the burden was 'Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away,' until she died. It was objected by the murderous party that this refrain was notoriously the invention of a tambour-worker, a spinster, and romantic, still lodging in the yard. But forasmuch as all favourite legends must be associated with the affections, and as many more people fall in love than commit murder—which, it may be hoped, howsoever bad we are, will continue until the end of the world to be the dispensation under which we live—the Bleeding-Heart, Bleeding-Heart, bleeding-away story, carried the day by a large majority. Neither party would listen to the antiquaries, who delivered learned lectures in the neighbourhood showing the bleeding heart to have been the heraldic cognisance of the old family to whom the property once belonged. And considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little golden grain of poetry that sparkled in it."

The next Holborn tributary to be mentioned is Leather Lane, which runs from Holborn to Liquor-pond Street. "Then, higher up," says Stow, "is Lither Lane, turning also to the field, lately replenished with houses built, and so to the bar." Strype, describing it in his own time, says, "The east side of this lane is best built, having all brick houses. . . . . In this lane is 'White Heart Inn,' 'Nag's Head Inn,' and 'King's Head Inn'—all indifferent."

Following Leather Lane northwards, we come to Eyre Street. It is too far removed from our main thoroughfare to be mentioned without an excuse. We make the excuse, however, for the sake of the eminent artist who breathed his last here. Here, in 1804, died George Morland, the celebrated painter. It was in a sponging-house. He had been taken in execution by a publican, for a debt amounting, with costs, to about ten pounds, and was conveyed to this place in Eyre Street Hill, overwhelmed with misfortune, debt, and neglect; every evil being aggravated by the bitterness of self-reproach.

"In this state of desperation," says his biographer, "he drank great quantities of spirits, and more than once attempted to resume the exercise of those talents which hitherto had never failed to procure him the means of relief; but the period was arrived when even that resource failed him, for the next morning he dropped off his chair in a fit, while sketching a bank and a tree in a drawing. This proved to be the commencement of a brain fever; after which he never spoke intelligibly, but remained eight days delirious and convulsed, in a state of utter mental and bodily debility, and expired the 29th of October, 1804, in the forty-second year of his age.

With regard to the works of this unfortunate and dissipated artist, justly entitled to the appellation of "the English Teniers," it is certain that they will be esteemed so long as any taste for art remains in the kingdom. Even his ordinary productions will give pleasure to all who are charmed with an accurate representation of nature. His command over the implements of his profession was very great, so great, indeed, that the use of them became to him a second nature. Thus pictures flowed from his pencil with the most astonishing rapidity, and without that patience and industry which works even of inferior merit so often require. While he was in the prime of life, with a constitution unimpaired, his chief efforts were in picturesque landscape, in which every circumstance was represented with the utmost accuracy and spirit; and it is such subjects as these, to which he devoted his attention for about seven years, that have secured him an imperishable reputation. In such pieces, the figures he introduced were of the lowest order, but they retained a consistency appropriate to the surroundings. When, from increasing depravity of manners,

he left the green woodside, and became the constant inmate of the alehouse, his subjects were of a meaner cast, for he only painted what he saw. "In portraying drovers, stage-coachmen, postilions, and labourers of all descriptions," says Mr. F. W. Blagdon, "he shone in full glory; and his favourite animals, the ass, the sheep, and the hog, were represented with an accuracy peculiar to himself, though with a deficiency of that correctness which is requisite to form a *finished* picture; because a few strokes will represent a *picturesque* character, while beauty of form can only arise from repeated comparisons with and amendments from viewing the object delineated. Morland, however, made his sketches at once, and finished them from recollection, and hence his pictures afford the finest specimens of Nature in her roughest state, but nothing that in point of form can be called beautiful: it has even been said, though with what truth I cannot pretend to determine, that he was never able to draw a beautiful horse, like those delineated by Stubbs or Gilpin. But it will never be disputed that as a painter of old, rugged, and working cattle, together with all the localities of a farm-yard or stable, his equal does not, nor ever did, exist."

He was much given to mischievous amusement, and was fond of making a disturbance in the night, and alarming his neighbours. A frolic of this sort had nearly cost him dear:—Whilst living at Lambeth, he, with the assistance of a drunken companion, actually broke open his own house, and enjoyed beyond description the alarm it occasioned his family, some relations being at the time with him on a visit. He was at length taken up by some persons who witnessed the transaction, when it turned out that he had apprised the watchman of his intentions, and even bribed him to assist.

Brooke Street, Holborn, is familiar enough to the general public as leading to the church of St. Alban's—a church which, for sundry reasons, has been of late somewhat prominently before the world. Few, however, of those who pass up and down its well-trodden pavement are aware of the interesting memories which belong to the neighbourhood.

In a lodging in Brooke Street—most probably No. 39—on the 24th of August, 1770, the marvellous boy, Chatterton, put an end to his life by swallowing arsenic in water. The house was then No. 4, and in the occupation of a Mrs. Angel, a sackmaker. The poet was seventeen years and nine months old at the time of his death.

With Chatterton's career in Bristol—where he was born on the 20th November, 1752—with his Rowley forgeries, with his communications with Horace Walpole, and the discovery of their spurious nature, we shall not meddle at present. But we may profitably spend a short time here in speaking of his life from the time of his arrival in the great metropolis till his sad end. Dissatisfied with Bristol, and feeling certain that in London his talent would be duly honoured, he came here about the end of April, 1770. To his correspondents he boasted that he had had three distinct resources to trust to: one was to write, another was to turn Methodist parson, and the last was to shoot himself. The last resource, unfortunately, is in everybody's power. A friendly group saw him start; he arrived in town, and settled first in lodgings in Shoreditch, but afterwards removed to the above-mentioned address in Brooke Street. For the space of four months he struggled against fate, but the records we have of his doings are obscure and untrustworthy. It is true he sent flaming accounts to friends in Bristol of his rising importance; that he found money to purchase and transmit to his mother and sister useless articles of finery; and also that he did his best to form profitable connections: it may well be doubted, however, whether any large amount of success or remuneration rewarded his extraordinary efforts.

His first literary attempts were of a political kind, and he contrived to write on both sides of the question. He also produced numerous articles of a miscellaneous kind in prose and verse. At one time he seemed in a fair way for fortune, for Lord Mayor Beckford encouraged him, and accepted of the dedication of an essay; but before the essay could appear, Beckford died. He made a profit, however, on the Lord Mayor's death, and wrote down on the back of a MS., "I am glad he is dead, by £3 13s. 6d." Wilkes also took notice of him, but, likely enough, he was more ready with his praise than with his money.

At length, work failed the unfortunate poet, and he began to starve; his literary pursuits were abandoned, and he projected to go out to Africa as a naval surgeon's mate. He had picked up some knowledge of surgery from Mr. Barrett, the historian of Bristol, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation; but he thought proper to refuse. The short remainder of his days was spent in a conflict between pride and poverty.

"Mrs. Angel," says Dix, in his "Life of Chatterton," "stated that for two days, when he did not absent himself from his room, he went without sustenance of any kind. On one occasion, when she knew him to be in want of food, she begged he would take a little dinner with her; he was offended at the invitation, and assured her he was not

hungry. Mr. Cross also, an apothecary in Brooke Street, gave evidence that he repeatedly pressed Chatterton to dine or sup with him, and when, with great difficulty, he was one evening prevailed on to



LEATHER LANE.

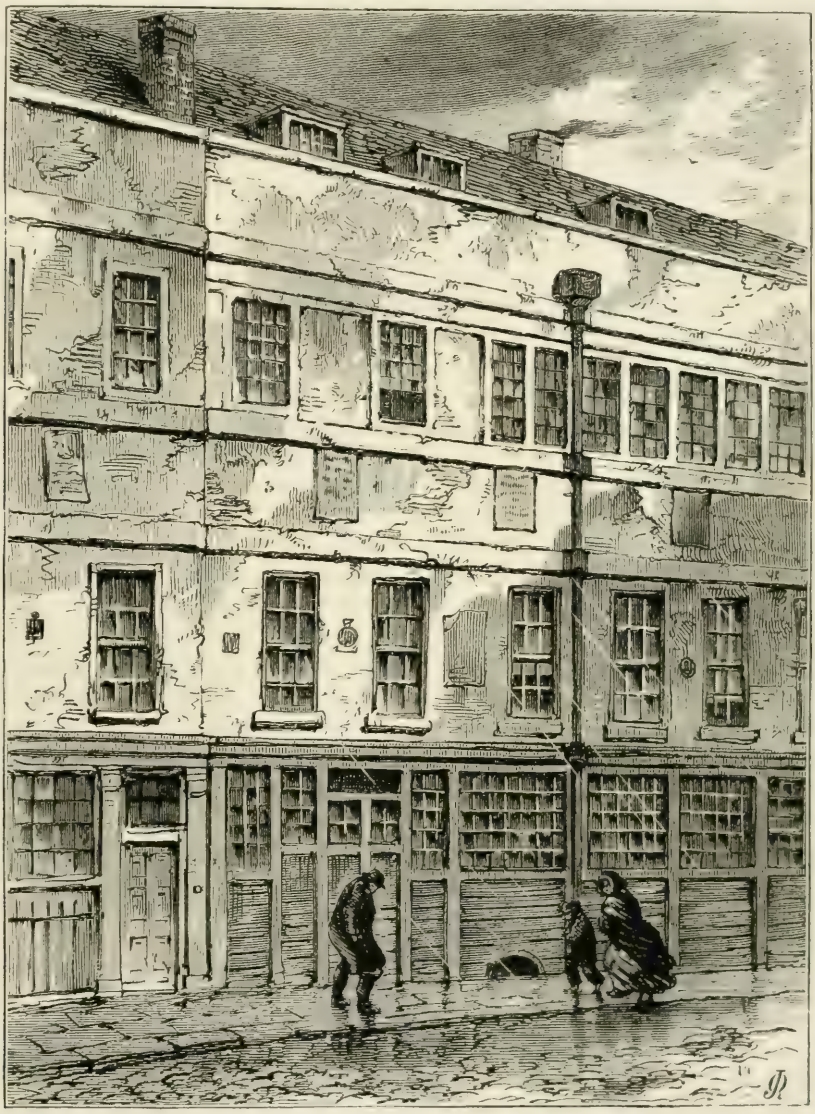
partake of a barrel of oysters, he was observed to eat most voraciously."

When he was found lying on his bed, stiff and cold, on the 25th of August, there were remains of arsenic between his teeth. Previous to committing suicide, he seems to have destroyed all his manuscripts; for when his room was broken open, it was found littered with little scraps of paper.

He was interred, after the inquest, in a pauper's burial-ground, as mentioned by us already (Vol. I., p. 134); but there is a story, also related by us elsewhere, to which some credit may perhaps be given, that his body was removed to Bristol, and secretly stowed away in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe. "There can be no more decisive proof," says Mr. Chalmers, "of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence which accompanied his death. This event, though so extraordinary—for young suicides are surely not common—is not even mentioned in any shape in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Annual Register*, *St. James's* or *London Chronicles*, nor in any of the respectable

publications of the day." And so perished in destitution, obscurity, and despair, one who, under happier circumstances, might have ranked among the first of his generation.

Of the house in which the poet terminated his strange career, Mr. Hotten, in his "Adversaria," as in 1770; for the walls were old and dilapidated, and the flooring decayed. It was a square and rather large room for an attic. It had two windows in it—lattice windows, or casements—built in a style which I think is called 'Dormer.' Outside ran the gutter, with a low parapet wall, over which



CHATTERTON'S HOUSE IN BROOKE STREET.

gives some interesting reminiscences. At the date of Mr. Hotten's writing, the house was occupied by a plumber, of the name of Jefford. "We know," he says, "from the account of Sir Herbert Croft, that Chatterton occupied the garret—a room looking out into the street, as the only garret in this house does. I remember this room very well as it was twenty-six years ago, soon after which the occupier made some alterations in it. It must then have been substantially in the same condition you could look into the street below. The roof was very low—so low that I, who am not a tall man, could hardly stand upright in it with my hat on; and it had a very long slope, extending from the middle of the room down to the windows. It is a curious fact that, in the well-known picture (the 'Death of Chatterton,' by Wallis) exhibited at Manchester, St. Paul's is visible through the window; I say a singular fact, because, although this is strictly in accordance with the truth, as now known, the

story previously believed was that the house was opposite, where no room looking into the street could have commanded a view of St. Paul's. This, however, could only have been a lucky accident of the painter's. About the time I have mentioned, the tenant divided the garret into two with a partition, carried the roof up, making it horizontal, and made some other alterations which have gone far to destroy the identity of the room. It is a singular coincidence, seeing the connection between the names of Walpole and Chatterton, that my friend, Mrs. Jefford, the wife of the now occupier, who has resided there more than twenty years, was for some years in the service of Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford. She is a very old lady, and remembers Lord Orford well, having entered his family as a girl, and continued in it till he died, near the end of the last century."

The epitaph adopted for Chatterton's monument in Bristol was one written by himself; and with it we leave him, to pass on to a happier subject:—

To the Memory of
THOMAS CHATTERTON.
Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian,
believe that he shall be judged by
a superior Power; to that Power
alone he is answerable.

Philip Yorke, the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke (born 1690), was articled, without a fee, it is said, to an attorney named Salkeld, in Brooke Street. It was rather against the wish of his mother, who was a rigid Presbyterian. She expressed a strong wish, "that Philip should be put apprentice to some '*honester trade;*'" and sometimes she declared her ambition to be that "she might see his head wag in the pulpit." However, an offer having been made by Mr. Salkeld, she withdrew her objections, and Philip was transferred to the metroplis, to exhibit "a rare instance of great natural abilities, joined with an early resolution to rise in the world, and aided by singular good luck." He had received an imperfect education—his family being in narrow circumstances—and whilst applying to business here with the most extraordinary assiduity, he employed every leisure moment in endeavouring to supply the defects of his early training. "All lawyer's clerks," says Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," "were then obliged, in a certain degree, to understand Latin, in which many law proceedings were carried on; but he, not content with being able to construe the 'chirograph of a fine,'* or to draw a '*Nar,*'* took delight in perusing Virgil and Cicero, and made himself well acquainted with the other more popular Roman classics, though he never mastered the minutiæ of Latin prosody, and, for fear of a false quantity, ventured with fear and trembling on a Latin quotation. Greek he hardly affected to be acquainted with."

By these means he gained the entire good-will and esteem of his master, who, observing in him abilities and application that prognosticated his future eminence, entered him as a student in the Temple, and suffered him to dine in the Hall during the terms. But his mistress, a notable woman, thinking she might take some liberties with a *gratis clerk*, used frequently to send him from his business on family errands, and to fetch in little necessaries from Covent Garden and other markets. This, when he became a favourite with his master, and entrusted with his business and cash, he thought an indignity, and got rid of it by a stratagem which prevented complaints or expostulation. In his accounts with his master there frequently occurred "*Coach hire for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden, and a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's, &c.*" This Mr. Salkeld observed, and urging on his wife the impropriety and ill housewifery of such a practice, put an end to it.

There were at that time in Mr. Salkeld's office several young gentlemen of good family and connections, who had been sent there to be initiated in the practical part of the law. With these Philip Yorke, though an articled clerk, associated on terms of perfect equality, and they had the merit of discovering and encouraging his good qualities.

"But the young man," continues Lord Campbell, "still had to struggle with many difficulties, and he would probably have been obliged, from penury, to go upon the roll of attorneys, rising only to be clerk to the magistrates at petty sessions, or, perhaps, to the dignity of town clerk of Dover, had it not been for his accidental introduction to Lord Chief Justice Parker, which was the foundation of all his prosperity and greatness. This distinguished judge had a high opinion of Mr. Salkeld, who was respected by all ranks of the profession, and asked him one day if he could tell him of a decent and intelligent person who might assist as a sort of law-tutor for his sons—to assist and direct them in their professional studies. The attorney eagerly recommended his clerk, Philip Yorke, who was immediately retained in that capacity, and, giving the highest satisfaction by his assiduity and his

* The record of a fictitious suit, resorted to for the purpose of docking estates tail, and quieting the title to lands.

* Familiar contraction of *Narratio*, the "Declaration" or Statement of the plaintiff's grievance, or cause of action.

obliging manners, gained the warm friendship of the sons, and the weighty, persevering, and unscrupulous patronage of the father." In Brooke Street

> "Three years he sat his smoky room in,
> Pens, paper, ink, and pounce consumin';"

but he now bade adieu to that legal haunt, and had a commodious chamber assigned him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "Released from the drudgery, not only of going to Covent Garden Market, but of attending captions and serving process, he devoted himself with fresh vigour to the abstruse parts of the law, and to his more liberal studies. Farther, he took great pains to acquire the habit of correct composition in English—generally so much neglected by English lawyers that many of the most eminent of them will be found, in their written 'opinions,' violating the rules of grammar, and, without the least remorse, construing their sentences in a slovenly manner for which a schoolboy would be whipped. The *Tatler* had done much to inspire a literary taste into all ranks. This periodical had ceased, but being now succeeded by the *Spectator*, Philip Yorke gave his days and nights to the study of Addison." And now we have started him fairly in the race for the Lord Chancellorship, the goal at which he arrived in 1736. He held the office of Lord Chancellor for twenty years. His reputation as a judge was very high; indeed, so great confidence was placed both in his uprightness and in his professional skill, that during the whole of his Chancellorship, not one of his decisions was set aside, and only three were tried on appeal.

Greville Street, running off Brooke Street, as well as Brooke Street itself, derives its name from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." Brooke House was subsequently known as Warwick House, and stood, according to Mr. Cunningham, where Greville Street now stands.

It was in Brooke House that, on the 1st of September, 1628, Lord Brooke met with his tragical fate. He had been attended for many years by one Ralph Haywood, a gentleman by birth, who thought that the least his master could do for him would be to reward his long services by bequeathing him a handsome legacy. It fell out, however, that Lord Brooke not only omitted Haywood's name from his will, but unfortunately allowed him to become cognisant of the fact. Irritated at this, and, besides, at having been sharply reprimanded for some real or imaginary offence, Haywood determined to have his revenge. He entered Lord Brooke's chamber, had a violent dispute with him, and ended by stabbing him in the back. The assassin then retreated to his own apartment, locked himself in, and committed suicide, killing himself by the same weapon with which he had stabbed his master. Lord Brooke survived only a few days.

Lord Brooke was born at Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire, in 1554, and was educated at Oxford. Upon his return to England, after a Continental tour to finish his education, he was introduced to the Court of Elizabeth by his uncle, Robert Greville. He speedily became a favourite with the Queen, though he did not fail to experience some of the capriciousness, as well as many of the delights, of royal favour. He and Sir Philip Sidney became fast friends, and when, in 1586, the latter unfortunately closed his earthly career, he left Lord Brooke (then simply Mr. Greville) one-half of his books. The reign of James I. opened happily for him. At the king's coronation he was made K.B., and an office which he held, in connection with the Council of the Court of Marches of Wales, was confirmed to him for life. In the second year of James I., he obtained a grant of Warwick Castle. This seems to have gratified him exceedingly; and the castle being in a ruinous condition, he laid out £20,000 in repairing it. He afterwards occupied the posts of Under-Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord of the King's Bedchamber. On the death of King James, he continued in the privy council of Charles I., in the beginning of whose reign he founded a history lecture in the University of Cambridge, and endowed it with a salary of £100 a year. He did not long survive this last act of generosity; for though he was a munificent patron of learning and learned men, he at last fell a victim to the extraordinary outrage, as we have seen, of a discontented domestic.

He was the author of several works; but it is for his generosity to more successful authors than himself that he is chiefly to be remembered. "He made Sir Philip Sidney, his dear friend," says Chalmers, "the great exemplar of his life in everything; and Sidney being often celebrated as the patron of the Muses in general, so, we are told, Lord Brooke desired to be known to posterity under no other character than that of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's master; Lord Chancellor Egerton and Bishop Overal's patron. His lordship also obtained the office of Clarencieux-at-Arms for Mr. Camden, who very gratefully acknowledged it in his lifetime, and at his death left him a piece of plate in his will. He also raised John Speed from a mechanic to be an historiographer." His kindness to Sir William Davenant must also be mentioned.

He took a fancy to that poet when he was very young, and received him into his family, and it is quite likely that the plan of the earlier plays of Davenant was formed in Brooke House; they were published shortly after Lord Brooke's death.

Gray's Inn Lane is the last northern tributary we have to mention. It derives its name, as one might naturally enough conclude, from the adjacent inn of court. "This lane," says Stow, "is furnished with fair buildings, and many tenements on both the sides leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampstead."

To the novel-reader Gray's Inn Lane will be always interesting. Tom Jones entered the great metropolis by its narrow, dingy thoroughfare, on his way to put up at the "Bull and Gate," in Holborn. Jones, as well as Partridge, his companion, says Fielding, "was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor Square (for he entered through Gray's Inn Lane), so he rambled about some time before he could even find his way to those happy mansions where fortune segregates from the vulgar those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors, being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit have entailed riches and honour on their posterity."

It was there he hoped to find Sophia Western, but "after a successless inquiry, till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at length yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the 'Bull and Gate,' in Holborn, that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose which usually attends persons in his circumstances"—the unquiet sleep that lovers have.

We can picture to ourselves the excitement with which Fielding's hero and his companion first rode down Gray's Inn Lane. They had, an hour or two before, had an adventure with a highwayman, an adventure told by the novelist in his chapter on "What Happened to Mr. Jones on his Journey from St. Albans," and which we shall repeat here for the benefit of those who, though perhaps on nodding acquaintance with the "Foundling," have not yet had leisure to listen to all his long history. "They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I shall be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the request, and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions. Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' said he, 'may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it. But, for my part, I was never less afraid in my life; for we are four of us"—the guide made the fourth of the party—"and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once; that's my comfort—a man can die but once.'

"Besides the reliance on superior numbers—a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory—there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered, for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

"Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

"Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it, but the other answered, with an oath, that would not do. Jones answered, coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

"The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding the pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hands of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together—the highwayman on his back, the victorious Jones upon him.

"The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror, for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, sir,' says he, 'I could have no intention to shoot

you, for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this.'

"At this instant, about one hundred and fifty yards distant, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

"In this posture he lay till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horse, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

"Partridge leaped up at this news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood, with his sword drawn in his hand, to guard the poor fellow, which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, sir! Run him through the body! Kill him, this instant!'

"Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones, having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up—namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he had mentioned, the greatest, indeed, imaginable—that of five hungry children, and a wife lying-in of the sixth, in the utmost want and misery; the truth of all which the highwayman most violently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off, saying he desired no favour, but on condition of proving all he alleged.

"Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honester means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and family, adding, he wished he had had more, for his sake, for the hundred pounds that had been mentioned was not his own."

They parted, and Jones and Partridge rode on towards London, conversing of highwaymen. Jones threw out some satirical jokes on his companion's cowardice; but Partridge gave expression to a new philosophy:—"A thousand naked men," said he, "are nothing to one pistol; for though, it is true, it will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himself?"

Among the famous residents in Gray's Inn Lane were Hampden and Pym. It was here that they held their consultations, when the matter of the ship-money was pleaded in the Star-Chamber.

Three poets are also to be mentioned in connection with the lane. The first of these is James Shirley, the poet and dramatist. This once well-known writer was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and was destined for the Church. Archbishop Laud advised him against carrying out the design, the reason being, according to Shirley's biographer, that the archbishop, who was a rigid observer of the canons of the Church, had noticed that the future poet had a large mole on one of his cheeks. Notwithstanding this, however, Shirley eventually took orders, and obtained a curacy near St. Albans. He would have been better to have remained as he was, for his religious opinions became unsettled, and leaving the Church of England, he soon went over to Rome. After trying to maintain himself by teaching, he made his way to London, took up his abode in Gray's Inn Lane, and became a writer for the stage.

Happily, he lived in a golden age for dramatic genius. Charles I. appreciated him, and invited him to court, and Queen Henrietta Maria conferred on him an appointment in her household. But soon the Civil War broke out. The poet then bade adieu to wife and children, and accompanied the Duke of Newcastle in his campaigns. On the failure of the king's cause he returned to London, ruined and desponding. His patron had perished on the scaffold, and his occupation as a playwright was being denounced from every pulpit in the land. He did the most sensible thing possible in the circumstances—he resumed his occupation of schoolmaster. His success was considerable; and he showed his attention to his profession by publishing several works on grammar.

After a time came the Restoration, and with it the revival of his plays, but it brought no long career of prosperity to the poet. His death was remarkable. His house, which was at that time in Fleet Street, was burned to the ground in the Great Fire of 1666, and he was forced, with his wife, to retreat to the suburbs, where the fright and loss so affected them both, that they died within some hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

The second poet to be noticed is John Ogilby, whom the late Mr. Jesse terms "unfortunate," but whom Mr. Chalmers characterises by the juster

terms of "a very industrious adventurer in literary speculation," and "an enterprising and honest man." He was in his youth bound apprentice to a dancing-master in Gray's Inn Lane. In this line of life he soon made money enough to purchase his discharge from his apprenticeship. His talents as a dancer led to his introduction at court; but unluckily, at a masque given by the Duke of Buckingham, in executing a caper, he fell, and so severely sprained one of the sinews of his leg as to be incapacitated from such lively exhibitions for the future. He had, however, a resource still left for him, as he continued to teach dancing. After a time he became author by profession, and wrote, translated, and edited all the rest of his days. Towards the close of his career he was appointed cosmographer and geographic printer to Charles II.

The third and last poet is the Rev. John Langhorne, known to every school-boy and girl for his lines "To a Redbreast," beginning—

> "Little bird with bosom red,
> Welcome to my humble shed."

His favourite haunt was the "Peacock," in this lane, a house celebrated in the last century for its Burton ale. It is a pity that Langhorne was too fond of the pleasant beverage: over-indulgence in it is said to have hastened his end. Chalmers certainly suggests a lame excuse for his tippling habits—that he had twice lost his wife. Langhorne deserves remembrance, if for nothing else than the excellent translation of Plutarch's "Lives," which he executed in company with his brother William, and which has become so universally popular. To judge from his writings, he was a man of an amiable disposition, a friend to religion and morality; and, though a wit, we never find him descending to grossness or indelicacy. He was born in 1735, and died on the 1st of April, 1779.

Numerous indeed are the spots in Gray's Inn Lane about which some memory hovers, or concerning which some good anecdote might be unearthed. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there was a public-house in this lane called the "Blue Lion;" but the lion being the work of an artist who had not given very deep study to the personal appearance of the monarch of beasts, the establishment was commonly spoken of by its humorous frequenters as the "Blue Cat." It bore no good character. A Mr. Francis Head, in giving evidence, in 1835, before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of education of the people of England and Wales, said, "I have seen the landlord of this place come into the long room with a lump of silver in his hand, which he had melted for the thieves, and paid them for it. There was no disguise about it; it was done openly."

Walking up Gray's Inn Lane, the first turning one comes to on the right is Fox Court. There is nothing attractive about its outward appearance, but, like nearly every nook and corner of old London, it has its own story to tell. "In this wretched alley," says Mr. Jesse, "the profligate Countess of Macclesfield was delivered of her illegitimate child, Richard Savage. In 'the Earl of Macclesfield's Case,' presented to the House of Lords, will be found some curious particulars respecting the *accouchement* of the countess, and the birth of the future poet. From this source it appears that Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, under the name of Madame Smith, was delivered of a male child in Fox Court, Holborn, by a Mrs. Wright, a midwife, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1697, at six o'clock in the morning; that the child was baptised on the Monday following, and registered by Mr. Burbridge, assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as the son of John Smith; that it was christened, on Monday, the 18th of February, in Fox Court, and that, from the privacy maintained on the occasion, it was supposed by Mr. Burbridge to be a 'by-blow.' During her delivery, Lady Macclesfield wore a mask. By the entry of the birth in the parish register of St. Andrew's, it appears that the child's putative father, Lord Rivers, gave his son his own Christian name: 'January 1696-7, Richard, son of John Smith and Mary, in Fox Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, baptised the 18th.'"

The life of Savage was a singular one, and, as narrated by his intimate friend, Dr. Johnson, has attracted great interest from all classes of readers. After undergoing experiences of the strangest diversity, at one time living in the most lavish luxury, at another on the brink of starvation; a successful poet to-day, and standing in the felon's dock on a charge of murder to-morrow, he died in 1743, in the debtors' prison at Bristol, exhibiting, as Johnson observes, with characteristic solemnity of antithesis, a lamentable proof that "negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Fox Court opens into Brooke Street, and Mr. Cunningham points out this strange coincidence between the career of Savage, and that of the equally unfortunate Chatterton: "Savage was born in Fox Court, Brooke Street; Chatterton died in Brooke Street; Savage died in Bristol, and Chatterton was born in Bristol."



THE HALL OF GRAY'S INN.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE HOLBORN INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY.

Gray's Inn—Its History—The Hall—A Present from Queen Elizabeth—The Chapel—The Library—Divisions of the Inn—Gray's Inn Walks—Bacon on Gardens—Observing the Fashions—Flirts and Flirtations—Old Recollections—Gray's Inn Gateway—Two Old Booksellers—Alms for the Poor—Original Orders—Eggs and Green Sauce—Sad Livery—Hats Off!—Vows of Celibacy—Mootings in Inns of Court—Joyous Revels—Master Roo in Trouble—Rebellious Students—A Brick Fight—An Address to the King—Sir William Gascoigne—A Prince imprisoned—Thomas Cromwell—Lord Burleigh—A Call to Repentance—Simon Fish—Sir Nicholas Bacon—Lord Bacon—A Gorgeous Procession—An Honest Welsh Judge—Bradshaw—Sir Thomas Holt—A Riot suppressed—Sir Samuel Romilly.

HOLBORN has long been famous as a law quarter of London. In it are situated Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, and Barnard's Inn, together with what used to be the old legal haunts of Thavie's Inn and Furnival's Inn. Of these we have now to speak, and the most important of them demands the earliest and deserves a large share of our attention.

Gray's Inn, on the north side of Holborn, and to the west of Gray's Inn Lane, is the fourth Inn of Court in importance and size. It derives its name from the noble family of Gray of Wilton, whose residence it originally was. Edmund, Lord Gray of Wilton, in August, 1505, by indenture of bargain and sale, transferred to Hugh Denny, Esq., "the manor of Portpoole, otherwise called 'Gray's Inn,' four messuages, four gardens, the site of a windmill, eight acres of land, ten shillings of free rent, and the advowson of the Chauntry of Portpoole."

From Denny's hands the manor passed into the possession of the Prior and Convent of East Sheen, in Surrey, an ecclesiastical establishment celebrated as having been the nursery of Cardinal Pole, and

many other distinguished churchmen, in the sixteenth century. By the Convent the mansion of Portpoole was leased to certain students of law, who paid, by way of rent, £6 13s. 4d. per annum. This arrangement held good till that lively time when Henry VIII. seized all the monastic property he could lay hands on. The benchers of Gray's Inn were thenceforth entered in the king's books as the fee-farm tenants of the Crown, and paid annually into the Exchequer the same rent as was formerly due to the monks of Sheen. The domain of the society extends over a large tract of ground between Holborn and King's Road.

The name of Portpoole still survives in Portpool Lane, which runs from the east side of Gray's Inn Lane into Leather Lane; and Windmill Hill still exists to point out the site of the windmill mentioned in the deed of transfer we have just quoted.

The old buildings of Gray's Inn are spoken of by a contemporary writer as boasting neither of beauty, uniformity, nor capacity. They had been erected by different persons, each of whom followed the dictates of his own taste, and the accommodation was so scanty that even the ancients of the house had to lodge double.

The Hall of the Inn was begun to be built in the reign of Queen Mary. It was finished in the reign of Elizabeth (1560), and cost £863 10s. 8d. In appearance the Hall is acknowledged to be "a very handsome chamber, little inferior to Middle Temple Hall, and its carved wainscot and timber roof render it much more magnificent than the Inner Temple, or Lincoln's Inn Hall." Its windows are richly emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Burleigh, Lord Verulam, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Judge Jenkins, and others. "The roof of oak," we are told by the historian of the "Inns of Court and Chancery," "is divided into six bays, or compartments, by seven arched and moulded Gothic ribs or principals. The spandrels, or spaces, are divided by upright timbers, with a horizontal cornice in the centre. At the extremity of the projecting spandrels is a carved pendant ornament, partaking of the nature of an entablature. The screen of this Hall is supported by six pillars of the Tuscan order, with caryatides supporting the cornice, in accordance with the style of ornament prevalent at that time. The Hall is also lighted by a handsome louvre, on which was formerly a dial, with the motto *Lux Dei, lex Dei.* Paintings of King Charles I., King Charles II., King James II., Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Bacon, and Lord Raymond—Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—hang upon the walls."

There is a tradition in Gray's Inn that the Bench tables in the Hall were the gift of Queen Elizabeth, and that Her Majesty once honoured the society by partaking of a magnificent banquet here. "On every grand day," says Mr. Pearce, in his "Guide to the Inns of Court and Chancery" (1855), "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth is drunk with much formality. Three benchers rise to drink the toast; when they sit down, three others rise; and in this manner the toast passes down the Bar table, and from thence to the Students' table. It deserves to be remarked, too, that this is the only toast drunk in the Hall, and from the pleasure which Elizabeth derived from witnessing the performances of the gentlemen of Gray's Inn at her own palaces, and the distinction with which she on several occasions received them, it seems probable that the tradition to which reference has been made is correct, more especially as the Cecils, the Bacons, the Sidneys, and other illustrious personages of her court, were members of this house."

The Chapel of Gray's Inn is of modern erection. Likely enough, it was built on the site of the "Chauntry of Portpoole" mentioned in the grant to Hugh Denny. Divine service was of old performed here daily, and masses sung for the repose of the soul of John, son of Reginald de Gray—certain lands having been left for this purpose to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

The Chapel was an important institution in the olden time. All gentlemen of the Inn were ordered, in 1600, to frequent it regularly at service-time, as well as at sermons, and to receive the communion every term yearly, if they were in commons or resided in the house. If they omitted to do so, they forfeited 3s. 4d. for every time they neglected to receive the communion; and if they did not receive it at least once a year, they were liable to be expelled.

The Library of the Inn was rebuilt and enlarged in 1839-41. It consists of three handsome apartments, ceiled and wainscoted with oak. One of these is appropriated to the benchers, and the two larger rooms to the barristers and students of the society. In the principal room is a bust of Lord Bacon. The Library contains a complete series of reports, from the commencement of the year-books to the present day, with a large collection of valuable legal treatises and authorities.

The Inn was originally divided into four courts—viz., Coney Court; Holborn Court, which lay to the south of the Hall; Field Court, between Fulwood's Rents and the shady Walks of the Inn; and Chapel Court, between Coney Court and the

Chapel. Now it comprises South Square, Gray's Inn Square, Field Court, Gray's Inn Place, Raymond Buildings, Verulam Buildings, and the Gardens. The chambers are well adapted for study and retirement; they are commodious, airy, and quiet, and free from the fogs which, in the winter season, afflict the region near the river. The whole Inn is extra-parochial.

Gray's Inn Walks, or Gray's Inn Gardens, form one of the most interesting features connected with this learned region. In Charles II.'s time, and in the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, Gray's Inn Walks formed a fashionable promenade on pleasant summer evenings. As late as 1633 one could obtain from this spot a delightful and uninterrupted view of the rising ground of Highgate and Hampstead.

Gray's Inn Gardens had their principal entrance from Holborn by Fulwood's Rents, then a fashionable locality—very unlike what it is now.

"This spot," says the late Mr. J. H. Jesse, "was a favourite resort of the immortal Bacon during the period he resided in Gray's Inn. It appears, by the books of the society, that he planted the greater number of the elm-trees which still afford their refreshing shade; and also that he erected a summer-house on a small mound on the terrace, where it is not improbable that he often meditated, and passed his time in literary composition. From the circumstance of Lord Bacon dating his essays from his 'Chambers in Graie's Inn,' it is not improbable that the charming essay in which he dwells so enthusiastically on the pleasure of a garden was composed in, and inspired by, the floral beauties of this his favourite haunt. 'God Almighty,' he says, 'first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works.' And he adds, 'Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air—where it comes and goes like the warbling of music—than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.' As late as the year 1754 there was standing in the Gardens of Gray's Inn an octagonal seat, covered with a roof, which had been erected by Lord Bacon to the memory of his friend, Jeremiah Bettenham."

Howell, writing from Venice, June 5th, 1621, to a friend at Gray's Inn, says, "I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at Gray's Inn; though I hold your Walks to be the pleasantest place about London, and that you have there the choicest society."

Our often-quoted Pepys had an eye to the "choicest society," and on the 4th of May, 1662, we find him coming here after church-time, with his wife, to observe the fashions of the ladies; the reason being that Mrs. Pepys was just then bent on making some new dresses. Here pretty Fanny Butler was, in her brief day, the belle of the ground, and perhaps Pepys was thinking about her quite as much as about the latest fashions. He used to express his admiration at Fanny's beauty with a fervid candour by no means agreeable to the fair young wife on his own arm.

Sir Roger de Coverley is mentioned by Addison as walking here on the terrace, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

In the old dramatists we not unfrequently come across Gray's Inn Walks as a place of fashionable rendezvous. For example, in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* (1668) there is this reference to Gray's Inn Walks:—

"*Sir John Shallow.* But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mrs. Millisent. In Gray's Inn Walks."

And in the *Miser*, by Thomas Shadwell (1672), Cheatly says: "He has fifteen hundred pounds a year, and his love is honourable too. Now, if your ladyship will be pleased to walk in Gray's Inn Walks with me, I will design it so that you shall see him, and he shall never know on't."

Walking in these Gardens, we may thus call up many old associations. In addition to those just mentioned, we may picture to ourselves how those trees once shaded from the hot summer sun young men who loitered here with Butler and Cleveland. We can imagine Mr. Palmer, of Gray's Inn—the ingenious mechanician—pacing up and down these broad Walks, considering the qualities of the last addition to his collection of "telescopes and mathematical instruments, choice pictures, and other curiosities;" or devising some new contrivance for the improvement of that marvellous clock which roused the diarist's wonder and enthusiasm; or listening to John Evelyn's description of the museum of natural curiosities belonging to Mr. Charlton, of the Middle Temple, which collection eventually passed, by purchase, into the hands of Sir Hans Sloane.

The Gardens became, in time, the resort of dangerous classes; expert pickpockets and plausible ring-droppers found easy prey there on crowded days; and there were so many meetings

of clandestine lovers, that it was thought expedient to close them, except at stated hours.

Many a married barrister, long ago, had his wife and family residing with him within the precincts of the Inns of Court. When that was the case, the children must have been bound over to keep the peace, and the lady strictly forbidden, during business hours, to practise on the piano. "Under the trees of Gray's Inn Gardens," says Mr. Jeaffreson (1867), "may be seen two modest tenements, each of them comprising some six or eight rooms and a vestibule. At the present time they are occupied as offices by legal practitioners; and many a day has passed since womanly skill decorated their windows with flowers and muslin curtains; but a certain venerable gentleman, to whom the writer of this page is indebted for much information about the lawyers of the last century, can remember when each of those cottages was inhabited by a barrister, his young wife, and three or four lovely children."

The origin of Gray's Inn Gateway we may read of in the following extract from an old author of the beginning of the seventeenth century:—"In this present age there hath been great cost bestowed therein upon faire buildings, and very lately the gentlemen of this House [Gray's Inn] purchased a Messuage and a Curtillage, scituate uppon the south side of this House, and thereuppon have erected a fayre Gate, and a Gate-house, for a more convenient and more honourable passage into the high street of Holborn, whereof this House stood in much neede; for the other former Gates were rather Posterns than Gates.

The celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, had his shop here, within Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane. Here he published Addison's "Campaign;" and from this place also he wrote the following letter to Pope:—

"Gray's Inn Gate, April 20th, 1706.

"Sir,—I have lately seen a pastoral of yours, in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir, yours, &c., "Jacob Tonson."

Tonson was the second son of Jacob Tonson, a barber-chirurgeon in Holborn. He was born in the year 1656; and by his father's will, which was executed July 10th, 1668, and proved in the following November, he and his elder brother, Richard, and their three sisters, were each to receive the sum of £100 on their attaining the age of twenty-one—the money to be paid in Gray's Inn Hall. On the 5th of June, 1670, we find him bound apprentice for eight years to a bookseller called Thomas Basset, and on the 20th of December, 1677, he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company. His first shop was in Chancery Lane, very near Fleet Street, and was distinguished by the sign of the "Judge's Head." About 1697 he removed to Gray's Inn, where he remained till about 1712, when he removed to a house in the Strand, over against Catherine Street, and here he chose Shakespeare's head for a sign. He died, very rich, on the 18th of March 1735–6.

The successor of Tonson in the Gray's Inn shop was another eminent bookseller, Thomas Osborne, who is oftener than once introduced in the "Dunciad." Pope makes him contend for the prize among the booksellers, and prove the successful competitor:—

> 'Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
> Crowned with the jorden, walks contented home."

Osborne is perhaps best remembered by his well-known feud with Dr. Johnson. Of this Boswell writes: "It has been confidently related with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself—'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.'" Johnson, in his life of Pope, speaks of Osborne as a man entirely destitute of shame—without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He is said to have combined the most lamentable ignorance with extraordinary expertness in all the petty tricks of his trade.

Alms were distributed thrice a week at Gray's Inn Gate, for the better relief of the poor in Gray's Inn Lane, in 1587, the 29th year of Elizabeth's reign. The alms consisted of the broken victuals of the Hall table. The third butler was instructed to see that due consideration was had to the poorest sort of aged and impotent persons, and in case the panyer-man and under-cook should appropriate any of the said alms to themselves, they were allowed, by way of lessening the temptation, three loaves a-piece. The panyer-man here mentioned was a waiter. The Inner Temple Hall waiters are still called *panniers*—according to Mr. Timbs, from the *panarii* who attended the Knights Templars.

Some of the orders for the government of Gray's Inn are very curious—a remark, however, which might be applied to the regulations of all the other Inns. Let us notice a few of the more remarkable of these orders, as given by Herbert in his "Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery" (1804).

At a *pension*, or meeting, held in the beginning

of the reign of King James, it was intimated to be the royal pleasure that none but gentlemen of descent should be admitted to the society. The names of all candidates were therefore ordered to be delivered to the Bench, that inquiries might be made as to their quality.

In the reign of Edward VI. it was ordered that double readers were to have in commons only two servants, and single readers one. If a reader was elected, and he refused to serve, he had to forfeit ten pounds. For his trouble he was allowed thirty-five shillings for a hogshead of wine, and he fared well also as regards venison. In 28 Elizabeth (6 Junii) the reader for that summer was allowed "for every week ten bucks, and no more." In 1615 the House allowed the then two readers two hogsheads of wine, thirty bushels of flour, thirty pounds of pepper, and a "reward for thirty bucks and two stags, which were to be equally divided between them."

To ensure the orderly management of the public table, many regulations were made. In 1581 there was a cupboard-agreement regarding Easter Day, from which we learn that the members who came to breakfast after service and communion were to have "eggs and green sauce" at the cost of the House, and that "no calves'-heads were to be provided by the cook." At dinner and supper-time all were to be on their good behaviour. No gentleman was to be served out of his proper course; and by a regulation made in 1598, if any one "took meat by 'strong hand' from such as should serve him, he was to be put out of commons *ipso facto*."

In the sixteenth year of Elizabeth, the subject of dress was discussed, and an order was made "that every man of this society should frame and reform himself for the manner of his apparel, according to the proclamation then last set forth, and within the time therein limited; else not to be accounted of this house;" and that no one should wear any gown, doublet, hose, or outward garment of any light colour, upon penalty of expulsion; and within ten days following it was also ordered that no one should wear any white doublet in the house after Michaelmas Term ensuing.

Hats were forbidden to be worn in the Hall at meal-time, in 27 Elizabeth, under a penalty of 3s. 4d. for each offence. In 1600 the gentlemen of the society were instructed not to come into the Hall with their hats, boots, or spurs, but with their caps, decently and orderly, "according to the ancient orders." When they walked in the City or suburbs, or in the fields, they had to go in their gowns, or they were liable to be fined, and at the third offence to be expelled, and lose their chamber.

One cannot, however, oppose fashion; and though the benchers might talk grandly, in their council-chamber, of its being frivolity, and issue instructions about wearing this, and not wearing that, it is to be feared they did not always get themselves attended to. Was it likely that handsome youngsters were going to make guys of themselves? "Even in the time of Elizabeth," says one writer, "when authority was most anxious that utter-barristers should, in matter of costume, maintain that reputation for 'sadness' which is the proverbial characteristic of apprentices of the law, counsellors of various degrees were conspicuous through the town for brave attire. At Gray's Inn, Francis Bacon was not singular in loving rich clothes, and running into debt for satin and velvet, jewels and brocade, lace and feathers. Even of that contemner of frivolous men and vain pursuits, Edward Coke, biography assures us that 'the jewel of his mind was put into a fair case—a beautiful body with a comely countenance: a case which he did wipe and keep clean, delighting in good clothes well worn; being wont to say that the outward neatness of our bodies might be a monitor of purity to our souls.'"

Among other ancient constitutions of Gray's Inn were the following:—That no officer of this house shall hold or enjoy his office longer than he shall keep himself sole and unmarried, excepting the steward, the chief butler, and the chief cook; that no fellow of the society stand with his back to the fire; that no fellow of the society make any rude noise in the Hall at exercises, or at meal-time; that no fellow of the society, under the degree of an ancient, keep on his hat at readings or moots, or cases assigned; and that search be made every Term for lewd and dangerous persons, that no such be suffered to lodge in the house.

Mootings, or disputations, in the Inns of Court and Chancery have long been disused. Danby Pickering, Esq., of Gray's Inn, was the last who voluntarily resumed them, but they were not of long continuance. Indeed, the course of legal education has greatly changed, and scarcely any of the ancient customs mentioned by authors are known, except as matters of curiosity.

The Inns of Court were, in the olden time, the scene of many joyous masques and revels, thus following the example set by the nobility in their castles and palaces. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, masques, and other goodly "disguisings" sanctioned by the "grave and reverend Bench," were frequently performed at Gray's Inn. The first entertainment of this kind of which we have specific notice was a masque performed here

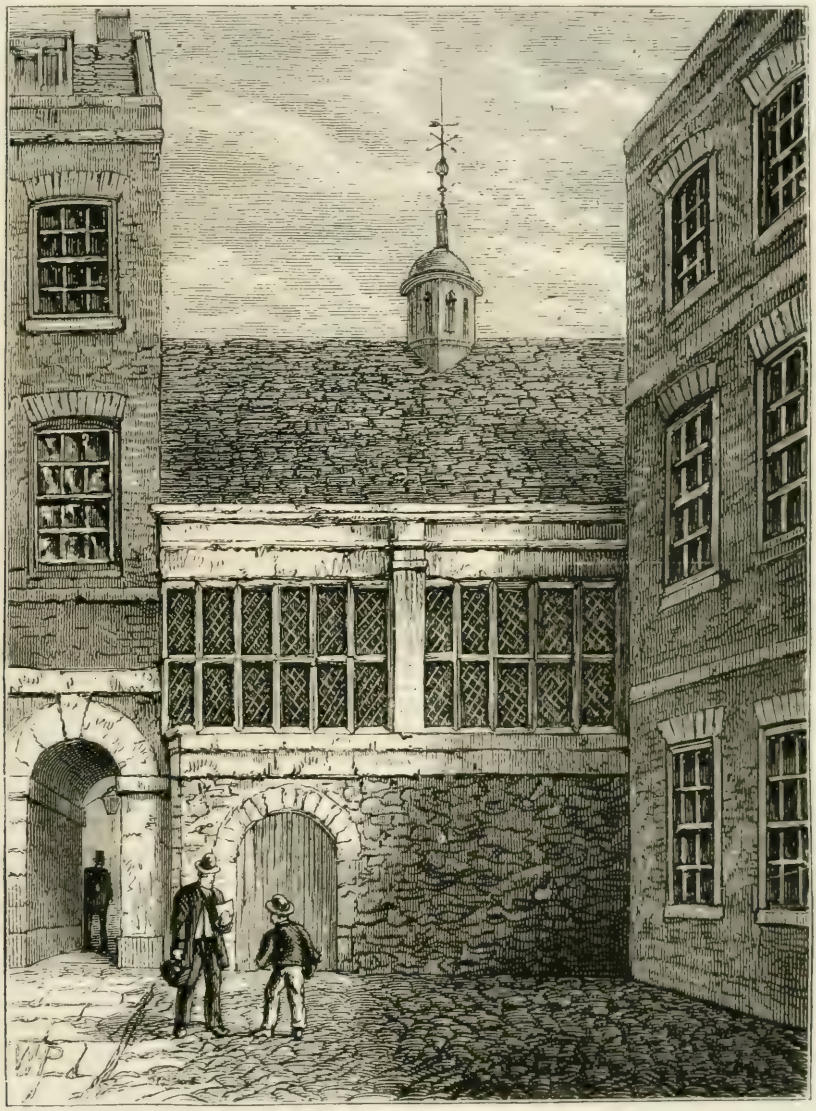
at Christmas, 1527. It was composed by John Roo, serjeant-at-law, and was chiefly remarkable for the great offence which it gave to Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambition and misgovernment it was supposed to satirise. The old chronicler, Hall, giving an account of the events of the eighteenth year of Henry VIII., thus speaks of it:—"This Christmas was a goodly disguising played at Gray's Inn, which was compiled by John Roo, serjeant-at-the-law, twenty year past, and long before the cardinal had any authority. . . . This play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel, and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised of all men, except by the cardinal, who imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for Master Roo, and took from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet; and afterwards he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and highly rebuked and threatened them, and sent one of them, called Master Moyle, of Kent, to the Fleet; but, by means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at last. This play sore displeased the cardinal, and yet it was never meant for him, wherefore many wise men grudged to see him take it so to heart."



GRAY'S INN GARDENS.

Perhaps Roo, when he wrote his comedy, did not intend any special reference to Wolsey. It seems, however, that the performers were aware that the cardinal would likely take it home to himself. We learn as much from Fox's notice, in his "Acts and Monuments," of a Mr. Simon Fish, one of the gentlemen who acted in the piece.

That the presentation of plays was a customary feature of the festivities at Gray's Inn, we may infer from a passage from Dugdale, in his notes on this society. He says :—"In 4 Edward VI. (November 17) it was also ordered that henceforth there should be no comedies, called interludes, in this house out of Term time but when the feast of the Nativity of our Lord is solemnly observed. And that when there shall be any such comedies, then all the society at that time in commons, to bear the charge of the apparel."



BARNARD'S INN.

The Prince of Purpoole's revel at Gray's Inn, in 1594, was a costly entertainment, and, in point of riotous excess, not inferior to any similar festivity in the time of Elizabeth. "On the 20th of December (St. Thomas's Eve) the prince (one Master Henry Holmes, a Norfolk gentleman) took up his quarters in the Great Hall of the Inn, and by the 3rd of January the grandeur and comicality of his proceedings had created so much talk throughout the town, that the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, the Earls of Cumberland, Essex, Shrewsbury, and Westmoreland; the Lords Buckhurst, Windsor, Sheffield, Compton; and a magnificent array of knights and ladies, visited Gray's Inn Hall on that day, and saw the masque which the revellers put upon the stage. After the masque there was a banquet, which was followed by a ball. On the day after, the prince, attended by eighty gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Temple (each of them

wearing a plume on his head), dined in state with the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the City, at Crosby Place. The frolic continued for many days more, the royal Purpoole, on one occasion, visiting Blackwall with a splendid retinue; on another, (Twelfth Night) receiving a gallant assembly of lords, ladies, and knights at his court in Gray's Inn; and on a third (Shrovetide) visiting the Queen herself, at Greenwich, when Her Majesty warmly applauded the masque set before her by the actors who were members of the prince's court.

"So delighted was Elizabeth with the entertainment, that she graciously allowed the masquers to kiss her right hand, and loudly extolled Gray's Inn as 'an house she was much indebted to, for it did always study for some sport to present unto her;' whilst to the mock prince she showed her favour by placing in his hand the jewel (set with seventeen diamonds and fourteen rubies) which he had won by valour and skill in a tournament which formed part of the Shrovetide sports."

When the Prince of Purpoole kept his court at Gray's Inn on this occasion, we are told that his champion rode into the dining-hall upon the back of a fiery charger, which, like the rider, was clothed in a panoply of steel.

In 1612 the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, in company with those of the other Inns of Court, acted in a great masque at Whitehall, given in honour of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Count Palatine. To cover the expense of this display an assessment was made of £4 from each reader; the ancients paying £2 10s., the barristers £2, and the students 20s. apiece.

The society of Gray's Inn took an active part in the gorgeous masque which we have described as starting from Ely Place at Allhallowtide, 1633 (see p. 521 *et seq.*). One of the representatives of Gray's Inn, on that occasion, was a Mr. Read, whom all the women, and some of the men, pronounced "as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham." The only accident that happened that day was an unfortunate display of temper towards a Gray's Inn member. "Mr. May," says Garrard, in one of his letters to Lord Strafford, "of Gray's Inn, a fine poet—he who translated Lucan—came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the banqueting-house, and he broke his staff across his shoulders, not knowing who he was. The king was present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces." This hot-headed Lord Chamberlain was Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the "memorable simpleton" of Horace Walpole, and one of whom Anthony Wood quaintly observes that he broke many wiser heads than his own.

The students of the Inns were never the quietest members of the community. Among the disturbances of Gray's Inn is one mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, May, 1667:—"Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the benchers the other day, who outlawed them; a great to-do; but now they are at peace again."

A few years later we find them up in arms again; but this time their strength is turned against outsiders, and not expended in hitting each other hard knocks. When building operations commenced in Holborn Fields, and the country about Gray's Inn began to give place to streets and squares, the legal fraternity, anxious to preserve the rural character of their neighbourhood, were greatly displeased. Lawyers, it is true, were the earliest householders, but that did not serve to mend the matter. Under date of June 10th, 1684, Narcissus Luttrell wrote in his Diary: "Dr. Barebone, the great builder, having some time since bought the Red Lyon Fields, near Graie's Inn Walks, to build on, and having, for that purpose, employed severall workmen to goe on with the same, the gentlemen of Graie's Inn took notice of it, and thinking it an injury to them, went with a considerable body of a hundred persons; upon which the workmen assaulted the gentlemen, and flung bricks at them. So a sharp engagement ensued, but the gentlemen routed them at last, and brought away one or two of the workmen to Graie's Inn. In this skirmish one or two of the gentlemen and servants of the house were hurt, and severall of the workmen."

The various eminent members of the Inn now claim our notice. Sir William Gascoigne, whose name is familiar to all, was one of the lawyers of the olden time connected with this house. He was reader here till 1398, in which year he was called to the degree of King's Serjeant-at-law. About three years afterwards he was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. His death took place on the 17th of December, 1413. For his integrity as a judge, as well as for his private virtues, he deserves to be ever held in remembrance.

He distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly in refusing to pass sentence on Archbishop Scroop as a traitor, though commanded to do so by the king; and still more by committing the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., to prison for contempt of court. This latter incident suggested to Shakespeare one of his most effective scenes.

Here is the account given by one of our old chroniclers of the Prince's committal to prison. It happened," he says, "that a servant of Prince Henry, afterwards the fifth English king of that Christian name, was arraigned before this judge, Sir William Gascoigne, for felony, whom the Prince, then present, endeavoured to take away, coming up in such fury that the beholders believed he would have stricken the judge. But he, sitting without moving, according to the majesty he represented, committed the Prince prisoner to the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the Prince's father were further known. Who, when he heard thereof by some pickthank courtier, who probably expected a contrary return, gave God thanks for His infinite goodness, who at the same instant had given him a judge who could administer and a son who could obey justice." The dramatist puts these words in his mouth :—

> "Happy am I, that have a man so bold
> That dares do justice on my proper son ;
> And not less happy, having such a son
> That would deliver up his greatness so
> Into the hands of justice."

It is a fine scene in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* (Part II., v. 2), where the future conqueror of Agincourt, after his accession to the throne, meets the independent judge :—

> "*King.* You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well ;
> Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;
> And I do wish your honours may increase,
> Till you do live to see a son of mine
> Offend you and obey you, as I did.
> . . . . You did commit me :
> For which, I do commit into your hand
> The unstained sword that you have used to bear,
> With this remembrance, that you use the same
> With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
> As you have done 'gainst me."

Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, a conspicuous enough individual in his day, and also kept in remembrance by Shakespeare, was another member of this Inn. He was a man of humble origin, and owed his rise in life to his having been admitted into the household of Cardinal Wolsey. He is said to have acted as law adviser to the Cardinal, who recognised his abilities, rewarded his devotion, and left him a parting counsel :—

> "Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell,
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, he would not in my age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Cromwell was admitted of Gray's Inn in 1524. Ten years afterwards he was one of the ancients of the society, and in 1535 he was raised to the offices of Secretary to the Privy Council, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Privy Seal. The new doctrines in religion, it was well known, had his sympathy and support.

> "*Bishop Gardiner.* Do I not know you for a favourer
> Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.
> *Cromwell.* Not sound?
> *Gardiner.* Not sound I say,
> *Cromwell.* Would you were half so honest.
> Men's prayers then would see you, not their fears.
> *Gardiner.* I shall remember this bold language.
> *Cromwell.* Do ;
> Remember your bold life too."—*Henry VIII.*, v. 1.

His successful career did not last long. As often happens, wealth and honour created envious enemies : the clergy, too, viewed him with hatred, and to the nobility he was odious on account of his mean extraction. He fell into disfavour with King Henry, and on the 10th of June, 1540, was committed to prison. He was impeached before Parliament, the articles accusing him of being "the most false and corrupt traitor and deceiver that had been known in that reign ;" of being a "detestable heretic," and of having acquired "innumerable sums of money and treasure by oppression, bribery, and extortion." He was not allowed to answer these charges in open court, and was sentenced to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into effect on Tower Hill on the 28th of July of the same year.

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was another eminent member of whom Gray's Inn can boast. He entered at Gray's Inn in 1540. "Whether this removal to Gray's Inn," says Dr. Nares, "were for the purpose of his being bred wholly up to the profession of the law, we are not able to say, since it was no unusual thing in those days for young men of family and talents, who had any prospect of becoming members of the legislature, to go through a course of law at some one of our Inns of Court, in order to become better acquainted with the laws and constitution of their country. It was regarded, indeed, as almost a necessary qualification."

An anecdote of Burleigh's Gray's-Inn days, as quaintly related by his old historian, may afford the reader some gratification. "A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never used play before. And being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall, near his playfellow's bedhead, and in a fearful voice spake thus through the trouke :—'O mortal

man, repent! repent of thy horrid time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned and canst not be saved!' Which being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamesters were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more. Many other the like merry jests I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted."

"Who Burleigh's 'playfellows' were," says a writer in Knight's "London," "nowhere appears, but the future statesman himself was a married man during the greater part of his sojourn at Gray's Inn, and ought to have been more steady than to stake his 'books and bedding,' after losing his money. However, from many memoranda of Gray's Inn which have come down to our time, it would seem that the students of this society were rather an unruly set."

The most distinguished writer on the laws of England who flourished in the sixteenth century was Anthony Fitzherbert, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. He once filled the office of reader in Gray's Inn. "His books"—"De Natura Brevium," and others—says Fuller, "are monuments which will longer continue his memory than the flat blue stone in Norbury Church, under which he lieth interred." Fitzherbert assisted to draw up the articles of impeachment against Cardinal Wolsey, which concluded by praying King Henry "that he be so provided for, that he never have any power, jurisdiction, or authority, hereafter to trouble, vex, and impoverish the Commonwealth of this your realm, as he hath done heretofore, to the great hurt and damage of almost every man, high and low."

We have already referred to Simon Fish, a student of this inn, who, for taking part in a masque supposed to satirise Wolsey, had to fly the kingdom, in 1527. During his residence in Germany, he composed a work called "The Supplication of Beggars," attacking the monastic orders in England. It was shown by Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., who was so pleased with it, as falling in with his projects of plunder, that he not only permitted the return of the author to his native land, but took him under his protection. Fish did not long enjoy his good fortune; he died in 1531.

Passing from him, however, we come to two much more celebrated members of our inn. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England during the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, kept his terms here. In the year 1532 he was admitted a student of Gray's Inn; in 1536 he rose to the degree of ancient in the society, and in 1550 was created a bencher.

Sir Nicholas Bacon had much of that penetrating genius, solidity of judgment, persuasive eloquence, and comprehensive knowledge of law and equity, which afterwards shone forth with so great a lustre in his son, who was, it has been remarked, "as much inferior to his father, in point of prudence and integrity, as his father was to him in literary accomplishments." He was the first Lord Keeper who ranked as Chancellor.

Towards the end of his life he became very corpulent, which gave occasion to Elizabeth to make a jest once: "Sir Nicholas's soul lodged well," she said. To himself, however, his bulk was very cumbersome, insomuch that, after walking from Westminster Hall to the Star Chamber, which was but a little way, he was usually so much out of breath that the lawyers forbore speaking at the bar till he recovered himself, and gave them notice of it by knocking with his staff. His death, in 1579, is reported to have happened through a cold, caught from having fallen asleep with his window open, after having been under the hands of his barber.

But the name of which, above all others, Gray's Inn is proud, is that of Francis Lord Bacon, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. This great man's history is well known, so we shall not repeat it, but content ourselves with recording the dates of his admission as a student here, and of his various degrees in the society. He was admitted in 1576; became ancient, 21st November, 1576; became barrister, 27th June, 1582; became bencher, 1586; became reader, 1588, and was duplex reader in 1600.

The errors and foibles of this great man were, no doubt, exaggerated by the malice of his enemies, and they have died with him; but his writings will exercise an influence for good on mankind as long as our language lasts; and his "name and memory," which he proudly bequeathed "to foreign nations and to his own countrymen, after some time passed over," will long be regarded as one of the most valuable inheritances of this ancient and honourable legal society.

After his downfall, when he had parted with York House, he resided again at his old chambers at Gray's Inn, whence, in 1626, he went one day, with his physician, towards Highgate, to take the

air. "It occurred to Bacon to inquire if flesh might not be preserved in snow as well as in salt. Pulling up at a small cottage, near the foot of Highgate Hill, he bought a hen from an old dame, plucked and drew it, gathered up snow in his palms, and stuffed it into the fowl." He was smitten by a sudden chill, became too ill to return to Gray's Inn, and was carried to the Earl of Arundel's house, close at hand, where he died within a week. In his brief will it was directed that the lease of his rooms, valued at £300, was to be sold, and the money given to poor scholars.

Francis Bacon's progress from Gray's Inn to Westminster, on the 7th of May, 1617, has been described by many writers, who, however widely they differ in estimating the moral worth of the new Lord Keeper, concur in celebrating the gorgeousness of his pageant:—"On the first day of Trinity Term, May 7th, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his "Story of Lord Bacon's Life," "he rode from Gray's Inn, which he had not yet left, to Westminster Hall, to open the courts in state, all London turning out to do him honour, the queen sending the lords of her household, Prince Charles the whole of his followers—the lords of the council, the judges, and serjeants composing his immediate train. On his right hand rode the Lord Treasurer, on his left the Lord Privy Seal, behind them a long procession of earls and barons, knights and gentlemen. Every one, says George Gerard, who could procure a horse and a foot-cloth fell into the train, so that more than 200 horsemen rode behind him, through crowds of citizens and apprentice boys from Cheap, of players from Bankside, of the Puritan hearers of Burgess, of the Roman Catholic friends of Danvers and Armstrong; and he rode, as popular in the streets as he had been in the House of Commons, down Chancery Lane and the Strand, past Charing Cross, through the open courts of Whitehall, and by King Street into Palace Yard. He wore on that day, as he had worn on his bridal day, a suit of purple satin. Alighting at the gates of Westminster Hall, and passing into the Court, he took his seat on the bench; when the company had entered, and the criers commanded silence, he addressed them on his intention to reform the rules and practices of the court."

Lord Bacon's chambers, says Mr. Pearce, "were in No. 1, Coney Court, which formerly stood on the site of the present row of buildings at the west side of Gray's Inn Square, adjoining the gardens. The whole of Coney Court was burnt down by a fire which occurred in the inn about the year 1678."

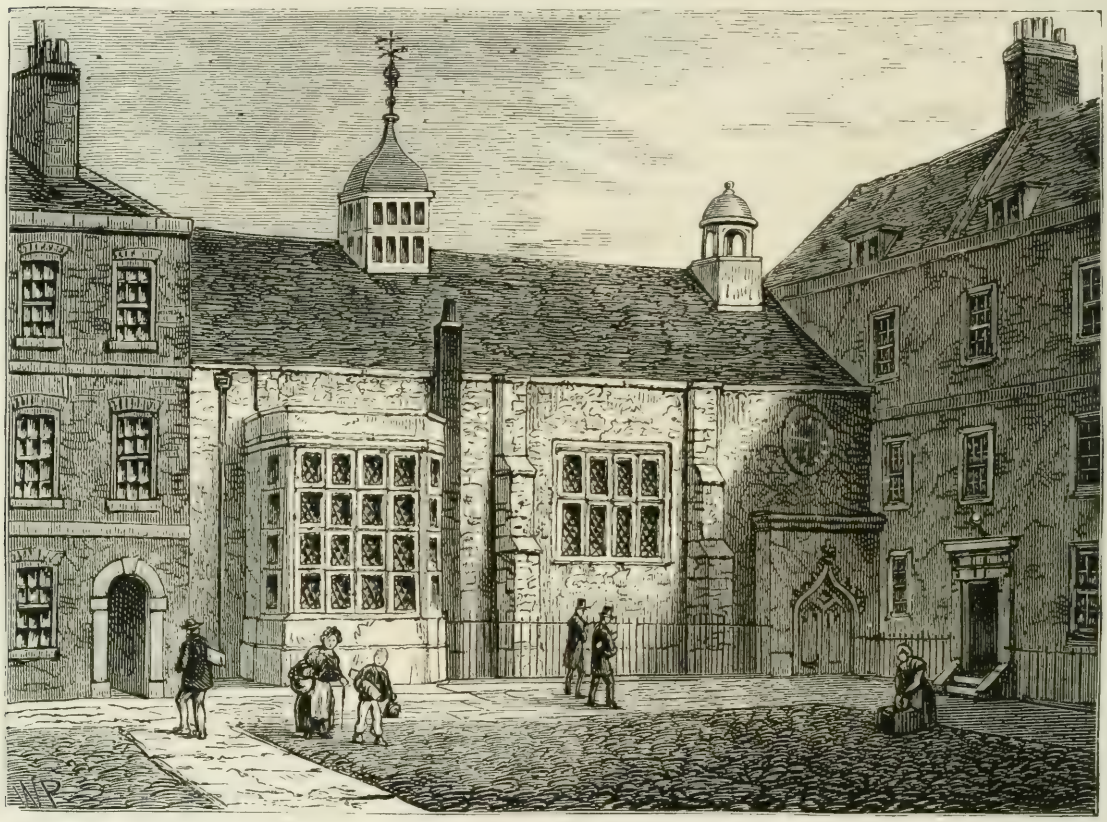
Gray's Inn can boast of having had as one of its members the patriotic and honest Welsh judge, David Jenkins. He was a famous champion of the royal cause, and in the most troublous time of England's history displayed undaunted courage and unbending devotion to his lawful sovereign. He was admitted a student of Gray's Inn in the year 1602, was called to the Bar in 1609, and on the 28th of May, 1622, was advanced to the degree of ancient in this house. In the discharge of his official duty he imprisoned and condemned several persons bearing arms against King Charles. For this the parliamentarians laid violent hands upon him, and on Monday, 21st of February, 1647, the keeper of Newgate brought Judge Jenkins, described as "Mr. David Jenkins, judge in Wales, now a prisoner in that gaole," to the bar of the House of Commons, upon an impeachment of high treason. The Speaker asked him what he had to say for himself, and David Jenkins was not slow to reply. We are informed by a contemporaneous account of his arraignment, that he said "that they had no power to try him, and at the bar, and in the open house, gave very contemptuous words and reproaches against the Houses and power of Parliament. He threatened Parliament with the king's numerous issue, with divers other reproachful words, such as the like were never offered in the face of a parliament. After he came out of the House, he put off his hat, and spake to this effect before the soldiers of the guard, and divers gentlemen at the doore: 'Gentlemen, God bless you all, protect the laws of the kingdom!'"

His carriage was declared to be a high contempt and misdemeanour, and he was ordered to be fined £1,000, and sent back to Newgate. When in prison he expected daily to be hanged, and formed the original resolution of being suspended from the gallows-tree with a Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other. It never came to that, however; and Judge Jenkins escaped with his life.

Bradshaw, who sat as president at the trial of Charles I., was a bencher of Gray's Inn. He was "a stout man," to quote the words of Whitelock, "and learned in his profession; no friend to monarchy." He entered Gray's Inn in the year 1622, was called to the bar on the 23rd of April, 1627, and was advanced to the degree of ancient on the 23rd of June, 1645.

Sir Thomas Holt was once Treasurer of Gray's Inn, and his son, who became Lord Chief Justice, was entered upon the society's books before he was ten years old. Lord Chief Justice Holt is

deservedly regarded as a bright ornament of this Inn, and his escutcheon holds a prominent place in the principal window of the hall. He was born at Thame, in Oxfordshire, about 1642. His rise as a lawyer was very rapid, and in 1689 we find him appointed by King William III. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, an office which he held till his death. On the removal of Lord Somers he was offered the Chancellorship, but he declined it. On the bench he is said to have conducted himself



STAPLE'S INN.

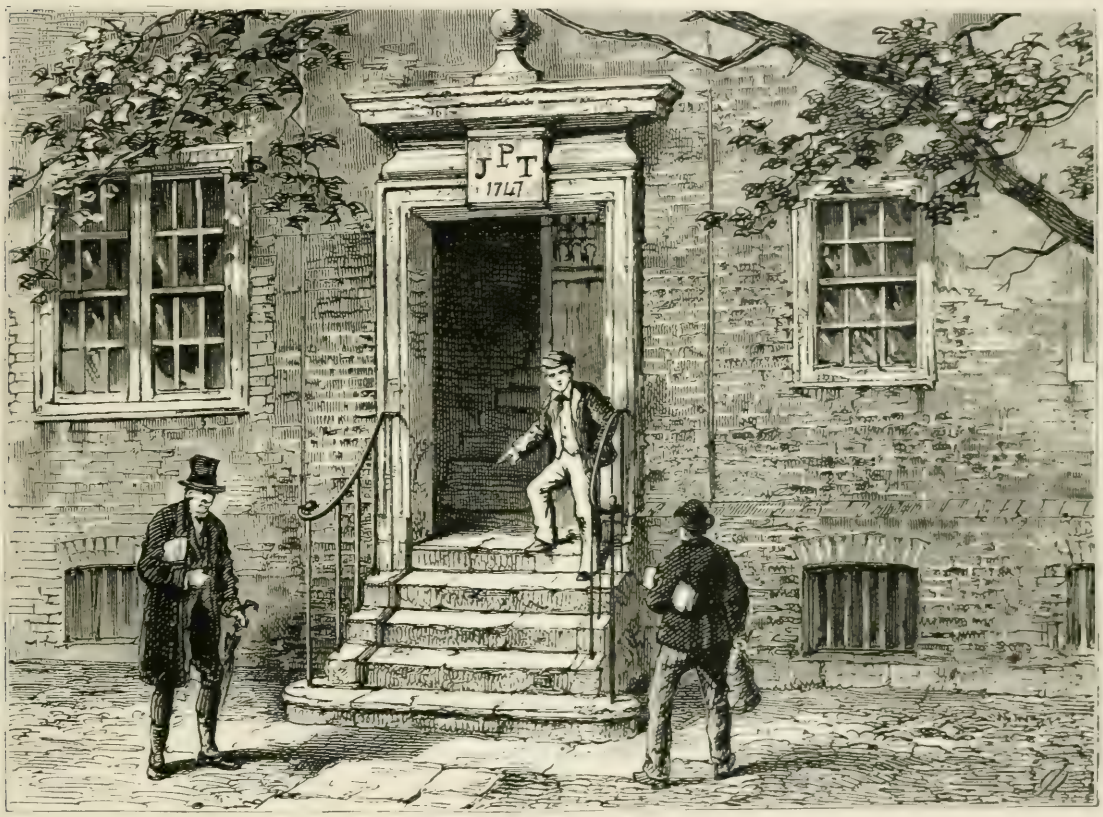
in a lofty and dignified manner, and to have set an example of spirit and temper which has continued since his day to adorn the English bench. On several occasions he was forced, in the conscientious discharge of his duty, to resist the encroachments of the Crown as well as of the Houses of Parliament. When he died, in March, 1709, he left behind him, says his biographer, "a reputation for learning, honour, and integrity, which has never been surpassed even among the many eminent individuals who have succeeded him in his dignified office."

There is a sketch of the character of Lord Chief Justice Holt in the 14th number of the *Tatler*. "It would become all men as well as me," remarks the writer, "to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate, who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of vice; he never searched after it or spared it when it came before him. At the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, Chief Justice, as we call it in Felicia (Britain). He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it; the prisoner knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him."

The following story concerning this eminent judge has appeared in many books of anecdote:—A party of the guards was once ordered from

Whitehall to put down a dangerous riot which had arisen in Holborn, from the practice of kidnapping, then carried to a great extent; and at the same time an officer was dispatched to inform the Chief Justice of what was doing, and to desire that he would send some of his people to attend and countenance the soldiers. "Suppose, sir," said Holt—"let us suppose that the populace should not disperse on your appearance, or at your command?" "Our orders are then to fire upon them." "Then mark, sir, what I say. If there should be a man killed in consequence of such orders, and you are tried before me for murder, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Return to those who sent you, and tell them that no officer of mine shall accompany soldiers; the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword. This affair belongs to the civil power, and soldiers have nothing to do here." Then ordering his tipstaves and some constables to accompany him, he proceeded to the scene of tumult; and the populace, on his assurance that justice should be done on the objects of their indignation, dispersed in a peaceable manner.

"This story," says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," "is very ridiculous, but it points to an interesting and significant event. Of course, it is incredible that Holt said, 'the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword.' He was too sound a constitutional lawyer to hold that military force could not be lawfully used in quelling civil insurrection. The interesting fact is this: On the occasion of a riot in Holborn, Holt was formally required, as the supreme conservator of the king's peace, to aid the military; and instead of converting a street row into a massacre, he prevailed upon the mob to disperse, without shedding a single drop of blood. Declining to co-operate with soldiers on an unarmed multitude, he discharged the ancient functions of his office with words, instead of sabres—with grave counsels, instead of cruel violence. Under similar circumstances, Chief Justice Odo would have clad himself in mail, and crushed the rabble beneath the feet of his war-horse. At such a summons George Jeffreys, having fortified himself with a magnum of claret and a pint of strong water, would have accompanied the king's guards, and with noisy oaths would have bade them give the rascals a taste of



DOORWAY IN STAPLE'S INN.

cold steel. Wearing his judicial robes, and sustained by the majesty of the law, William III.'s chief justice preserved the peace without sacrificing life."

Sir Samuel Romilly, the celebrated English lawyer and M.P. for Westminster, was a member of Gray's Inn. As a student he seems to have had no anticipation of the brilliancy of his future career. We find him writing despondingly to a friend, in 1783—"I sometimes lose all courage, and wonder what fond opinion of my talents could ever have induced me to venture on so bold an undertaking; but it often happens (and I fear it has been in my case) that men mistake the desire for the ability of acting some distinguished part." He died by his own hand, in November, 1818, during an attack of brain fever, brought on by grief for the death of his wife.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE HOLBORN INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY *(continued)*.

Ecclesiastics of Gray's Inn—Stephen Gardiner—Whitgift—Bishop Hall, the "Christian Seneca"—Archbishop Laud—William Juxon—On the Scaffold—The "Bruised Reed"—Baxter's Conversion—Antiquaries and Bookworms—The Irritable Joseph Ritson—John Britton—Hall and his "Chronicles"—Rymer and his "Fœdera"—The Original of "Tom Folio"—George Chapman—A Celebrated Translation—Oliver Goldsmith—A Library of One Book—William Cobbett—Rental of the Inns of Court and Chancery—What are Inns of Chancery?—Furnival's Inn—A Street Row—Sir Thomas More—Snakes and Eels—A Plague of a Wife—A Scene in the Tower—Scourges and Hair Shirts—No Bribery—Charles Dickens and "Pickwick"—Thavie's Inn—Barnard's Inn—The Old Hall—The Last of the Alchemists—A Given Quantity of Wine—The "No Popery" Riots—Staple Inn—Steevens correcting his Proof Sheets—Dr. Samuel Johnson—A "Little Story Book"—Fire! Fire!

The Inns of Court were instituted chiefly for the benefit of those desiring to devote themselves to the legal profession, but from an early period they were resorted to by Churchmen and sons of the nobility and gentry, to whom it was thought fitting to give some instruction in the principles and maxims of our municipal law. We shall mention a few of the more eminent ecclesiastics who have studied at Gray's Inn.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor of England, is the first of these. He was Cromwell's great adversary. His abilities it is impossible to over-rate, and one cannot but admire his inflexible courage in the most trying circumstances; but he was artful, ambitious, and revengeful, even to blood. He died in 1555. The dexterous equivocations by which he habitually endeavoured to secure the advantages and escape the penalties of untruthfulness gave rise to the remark, "My Lord of Winchester is like Hebrew, to be read backwards."

Whitgift, the third primate after the Reformation, was admitted to Gray's Inn on the 16th of March, 1592. He was distinguished for his learning, piety, and integrity, and is described by Fuller as "one of the worthiest men that ever the English hierarchy did enjoy." By his influence he obtained the mastership of the Temple for Hooker, and in gratitude for his kindness that famous divine dedicated to the Archbishop his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

In the books of Gray's Inn we find entered the name of another distinguished Churchman, Joseph Hall, successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich. His works have gained him the appellation of the "Christian Seneca." His "Meditations" are well known and much esteemed for the force and brilliancy of their language and the fervour of their piety. The knowledge of the world and depth of thought possessed by Bishop Hall place him nearer our own time than many of his contemporaries. He was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in 1574, and died in 1656. His last resting-place was the churchyard of Higham, and there he was interred without any memorial. In his will he says, "I leave my body to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of my executors, with this only monition, that I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints."

Another ecclesiastical member of Gray's Inn was Archbishop Laud. He was admitted on the 1st of November, 1615. Speaking of Laud, Fuller, in his characteristic style, remarks, "Indeed, I could instance in some kind of coarse venison, not fit for food when first killed; and therefore cunning cooks bury it for some hours in the earth, till the rankness thereof being mortified thereby, it makes most palatable meat. So the memories of some persons, newly deceased, are neither fit for a writer's or reader's repast, till some competent time after their interment. However, I am confident, that impartial posterity, on a serious review of all passages, will allow his name to be reposed among the heroes of our nation, seeing such as hold his expense on St. Paul's as but a cypher, will assign his other benefactions a very valuable significance, viz., his

erecting and endowing an almshouse in Reading; his increasing of Oxford Library with books and St. John's College with beautiful buildings." He was beheaded January 10th, 1644.

William Juxon, Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was admitted a member of Gray's Inn on the 2nd of May, 1635. It was this prelate, the reader will remember, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and did his best, by suitable exhortations, to prepare the unfortunate king for his end. "There is, sir," said he, "but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find to your great joy the prize to which you hasten a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown;" and a moment afterwards his head, streaming with blood, was being exhibited to the assembled populace as "the head of a traitor."

The author of the "Bruised Reed," which led to the conversion of Richard Baxter, and which Izaak Walton bequeathed to his children, was once the preacher of Gray's Inn. He was Dr. Richard Sibbes. His death took place at his chambers, here, in 1635.

Baxter himself tells us of the happy influence which this book had upon him. His father was pious, but his surroundings generally were adverse to all religious impressions. The neighbourhood in which he passed his youth—a village near the foot of the Wrekin, in Shropshire—was all that Queen Elizabeth or King James could have wished; or, says one writer, "if it exceeded her Majesty's allowance—'two preachers enough for one county,' in complying with her kinsman's 'Book of Sports,' it showed an excess of loyalty." The Maypole was erected beside a great tree, near the dwelling of Baxter's father, and as soon as the reader had rushed through the morning prayer the congregation turned out to the village green, and the lads and lasses began dancing. Young Baxter, however, seems to have been seriously inclined, and the religious teaching of his father was not wholly thrown away. When about fifteen years old, he had, with some other boys, been stealing apples, and whilst his mind was in a state of more than ordinary disquiet, he read a very awakening book called "Bunny's Resolution." He became filled with anxiety and foreboding. In the midst of those gloomy days a poor pedlar came to the door selling books. His stock consisted chiefly of ballads, but he chanced to have one good book, and that was the "Bruised Reed" of Dr. Richard Sibbes. The elder Baxter bought it, and to the son it proved a messenger of salvation. The perusal of it, and one of Parkins's works, lent him by a servant, established his faith. "And thus," he says, "without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me unto Himself." Nor is it wonderful, that, as he elsewhere remarks, "The use that God made of books above ministers to the benefit of my soul made me somewhat excessively in love with good books, so that I thought I had never enow, but scraped up as great a treasure of them as I could."

A few members of the picturesque race of antiquaries and bookworms—irritable, eccentric, and hermit-like—have resided in Gray's Inn. Joseph Ritson, for instance, had chambers here. He lived and died in No. 8, Holborn Court. The building stood against the south wall of the chapel, and has since been pulled down.

In that entertaining work, the "Bookhunter," by Mr. John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland gives some curious particulars regarding Ritson. He was a man endowed with almost superhuman irritability of temper, and he had a genius fertile in devising means of giving scope to its restless energies. One of his obstinate fancies was, when addressing a letter to a friend of the male sex, instead of using the ordinary prefix of Mr. or the affix of Esq., to employ the term *Master*, as—when writing to two well-known fellow-workers in the ways of old antiquity—Master John Pinkerton, Master George Chalmers. The agreeable result of this eccentricity was that his communications on delicate and antiquarian disputes were invariably delivered to, and perused by, the young gentlemen of the family, so opening up new little delicate avenues, fertile in controversy and misunderstanding.

But he had another and more varied peculiarity. In his numerous books he insisted on a peculiar spelling. It was not phonetic, nor was it etymological, it was simply Ritsonian. To understand the efficacy of this arrangement as a source of controversy, it must be remembered that the instinct of a printer is to spell according to rule, and that every deviation from the ordinary method can only be carried out by a special contest over each word. Ritson, in seeing his works through the press, fought every step of the way, and such peculiarities as the following, profusely scattered over his books, may be looked upon as the names of so many battles or skirmishes with his printers: "Compilür," "writür," "wil," "kil," "onily," "probablely." Even when he condescended to use the spelling common to the rest of the nation he insisted on the employ-

ment of little irritating peculiarities; as, for instance, in the word "ass," a word pretty often in his mouth, he would not follow the practice of his day, in the use of the long and short "ſs," but inverted the arrangement thus, "sſ."

"This strange creature," adds Mr. Burton, "exemplified the opinion that every one must have some creed—something from without having an influence over thought and action, stronger than the imperfect apparatus of human reason. Scornfully disdaining revelation from above, he groped below, and found for himself a little fetish made of turnips and cabbage. He was as fanatical a devotee of vegetarianism as others have been of a middle state or adult baptism; and after having torn through a life of spiteful controversy with his fellowmen, and ribaldry of all sacred things, he thus expressed the one weight hanging on his conscience, that 'on one occasion, when, tempted by wet, cold, and hunger, in the south of Scotland, he ventured to eat a few potatoes dressed under the roast, nothing less repugnant to feelings being to be had.'"

Opposite Ritson's chambers lived John Britton, the eminent writer on topography and architecture, for three years clerk to one Simpson, an attorney, at the handsome salary of fifteen shillings a week. "Yet," he says, "with this small income, I felt comfortable and happy, as it provided me with a decent lodging, clothes, and food, and with the luxury of books." Britton's account of his master is a strange one, and gives an instructive picture of our legal friends at work amassing their six and eightpences. "At eleven o'clock he came to the office to receive business letters, each of which he read several times, with pauses between each sentence; by which process six short letters would occupy at least an hour of his time. He devoted more than another hour to dictating equally laconic letters in reply; whilst a third was employed in reading those answers when written. This vapid waste of time was the practice of every succeeding day for three years." Britton used occasionally to visit Ritson in his chambers.

Most of Britton's works were devoted to topography and architectural antiquities, biography, and the fine arts. Amongst these may be named his "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," and the "Cathedral Antiquities of England," works of national value, which will secure lasting fame for their author. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Britton was a frequent contributor, thus speaks of him:—"To his labours, the architecture, and particularly the ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, of the country, is deeply indebted for the restoration of what was decayed, and the improvement of what was defective; and in his beautiful sketches and masterly engravings, extending through many volumes, he has given us a treasure-house of antiquarian art, and made the pencil and the graver not only perpetuate and preserve much that has long been mouldering into shapeless ruin, but has also supplied many a new model of improved beauty, suggested by his own genius, and carried into effect by his own zeal and perseverance." Britton was born in 1771, and died in 1857.

The well-known historian, Edward Hall, who wrote the "Chronicles," a work which furnished material for so many of the dramatic productions of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a reader, at one time, in Gray's Inn. We find his name mentioned in connection with a pension of the bench of Gray's Inn, held 16th May (31 Henry VIII.), when the king's command that all images of Thomas à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II., should be removed from churches and chapels, was taken into consideration. It was then ordered that Edward Hall should see to the taking out of a certain window in the chapel of this house, "wherein the picture of the said archbishop was *gloriously* painted," and place another in its stead, descriptive of Christ praying on the mount. Hall was born about the last year of the fifteenth century, in the parish of St. Mildred's, London. He died in 1547, and was buried, but without any memorial, in the church of St. Benet Sherehog, London. His "Chronicles" has been differently appreciated by antiquaries. Bishop Nicholson speaks of it disrespectfully, and says it is but a record of the fashions of summer clothes; but Peck vindicates Hall with some energy. Hall was no favourer of the clergy.

Amongst other antiquarian members of Gray's Inn we may mention Rymer, whose work, the "Fœdera," has given him a European reputation. Rymer was born in Yorkshire, and after studying at Cambridge removed to Gray's Inn. He adopted the profession of the law, and in 1692 succeeded Shadwell in the post of historiographer to King William III. His death took place on the 10th of December, 1713, and he found a grave in St. Clement Danes.

In Gray's Inn lived Dr. Rawlinson, who stuffed four chambers so full of books that he had to sleep in the passage. He was the original of Tom Folio, so pleasantly described in No. 158 of the *Tatler*: "Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not

an auction where his name is not heard, and that, too, in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draft of the proposals, nor a catalogue printed that does not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censure which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harvey Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts."

The quiet seclusion of Gray's Inn has, in bygone times, formed the retreat of many distinguished poets and literary men. It was the residence of George Chapman, the poet, who was born in 1557, and died, honoured and beloved, in 1634.

Chapman deserves best to be kept in remembrance for his translation of Homer, whom he speaks of as "the prince of poets, never before truly translated"—a production which has excited the admiration of many distinguished critics. Coleridge, in sending it to a friend for perusal, specially recommends the "Odyssey." "The 'Iliad,'" he says, "is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakespeare is really true and appropriate of Chapman — mighty faults, counterpoised by mighty beauties. Excepting his quaint epithets, which he affects to render literally from the Greek, . . . it has no look, no air of a translation. It is as truly an original poem as the 'Fairy Queen.' It will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams or Cowper's cumbersome, most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In short, it is an exquisite poem, in spite of its frequent and perverse quaintnesses and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language, all over spirit and feeling. In the main, it is an English heroic poem, the tale of which is borrowed from the Greek."

Sir Philip Sidney, the author of "Arcadia," and the gallant Governor of Flushing, was at one time a student here. And Butler, the immortal author of "Hudibras," seems also, says Mr. Pearce, "to have had a chamber some time in the inn, as one of his biographers has supposed he was a member of the house."

About the year 1756 Dr. Johnson was a resident in Gray's Inn, but for a short time only.

Oliver Goldsmith occupied chambers in Gray's Inn early in 1764, while his attic in the library staircase of the Temple was preparing. He was now at work for the Dodsleys, and we get a glimpse of his straitened circumstances in the following brief note to Mr. James Dodsley:—"Sir," it runs, being dated from "Gray's Inn," and addressed "to Mr. James Dodesley in Pall Mall," on the 10th of March, 1764, "I shall take it as a favour if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. P.S. I shall call to see you on Wednesday next with copy, &c." Whether the money was advanced, or the copy supplied in time, does not appear.

A nephew of Goldsmith, when in town with a friend, proposed to call on Uncle Oliver, in Gray's Inn, when he was setting to work on his "Animated Nature." They expected to find him in a well-furnished library, with a host of books; when, greatly to their surprise, the only book they saw in the place was a well-thumbed part of Buffon's "Natural History."

The outspoken William Cobbett, the writer of the famous "Political Register," and as true a representative of the John Bull character as ever lived, was for some years a clerk in the chambers of a gentlemen of this inn.

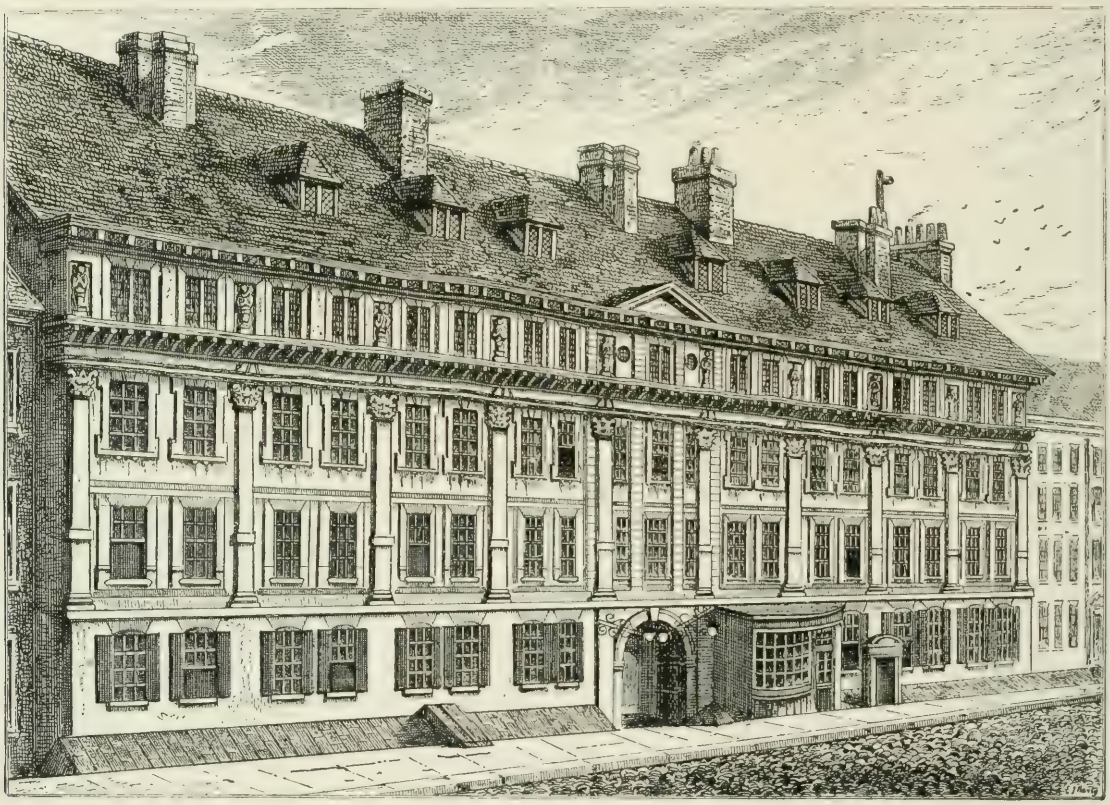
We may conclude this notice of Gray's Inn with the following table, exhibiting the yearly rental of the Inns of Court and Chancery, as given in Murray's "Handbook to Modern London," 1874.

Lincoln's Inn	£33,329	Clement's Inn	£1,053
Inner Temple	25,676	Clifford's Inn	818
Gray's Inn	16,035	Lyon's Inn	423
Middle Temple	12,640	New Inn	1,646
Furnival's Inn	4,386	Serjeants' Inn	1,600
Staple's Inn	2,553		
Barnard's Inn	1,031	Total	£101,790

Besides Gray's Inn, there lie in Holborn, Furni-

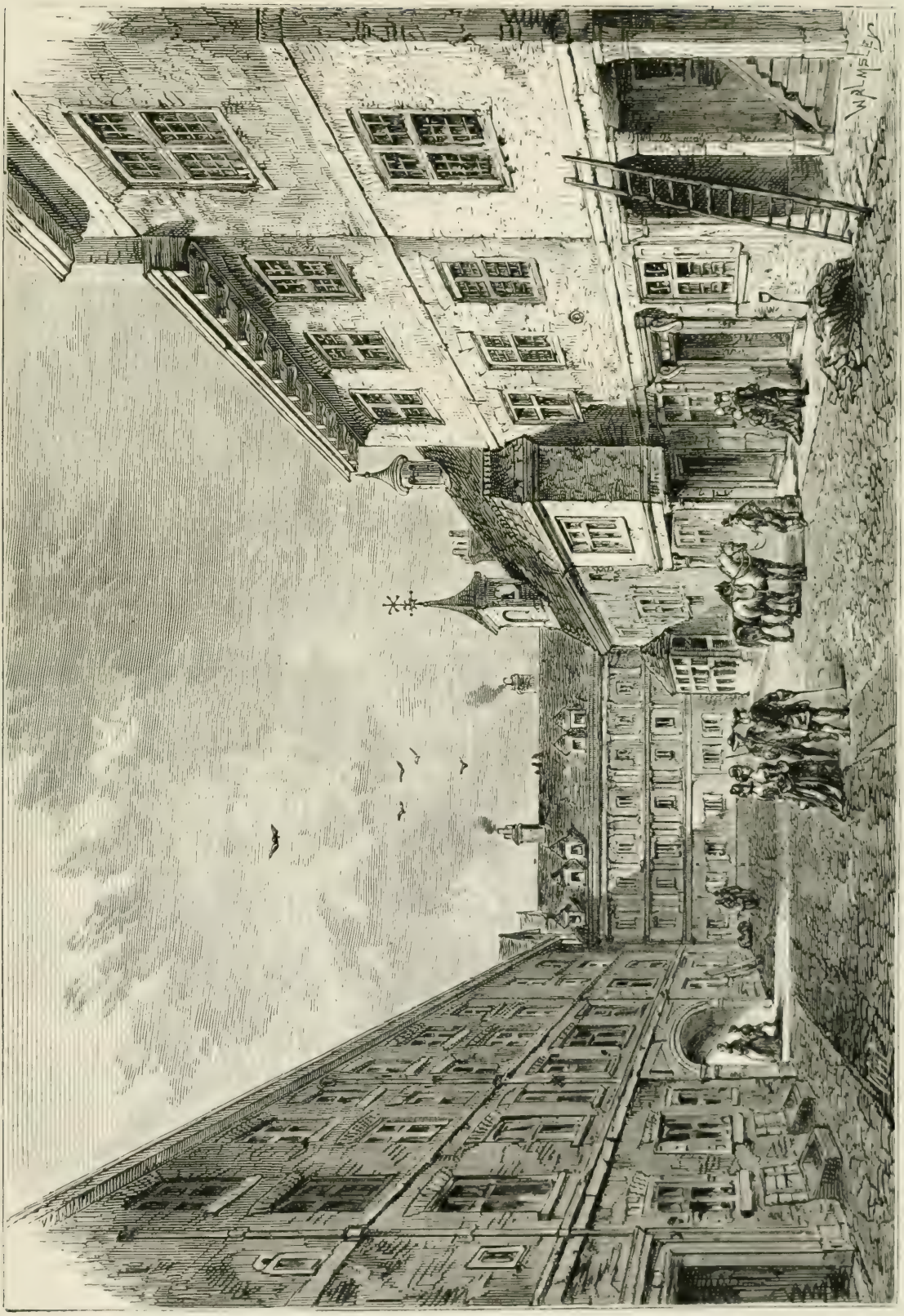
val's Inn, Thavie's Inn, Barnard's Inn, and Staple's Inn. Of these the first two have ceased to be directly representative of the law; the other two Inns of Chancery, however, still retain many legal features of interest.

To some an explanation of the nature and object of the Inns of Chancery may here be acceptable. These then will welcome the following extract from the interesting work of Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, "A Book about Lawyers." "The Inns of Chancery," he says, "for many generations maintained towards the Inns of Court a position similar to that which Eton School maintains towards King's at Cambridge, or that which Winchester School holds to New College at Oxford. They were seminaries in which lads underwent preparation for the superior discipline, and greater freedom of the four colleges. Each Inn of Court had its own Inns of Chancery, yearly receiving from them the pupils who had qualified themselves for promotion to the status of Inns-of-Court-men. In course of time students, after receiving the preliminary education in an Inn of Chancery, were permitted to enter an Inn of Court, on which their Inn of Chancery was not dependent; but at every Inn of Court higher admission fees were charged to students coming from Inns of Chancery over which it had no control, than to students who came from its own primary schools. If the reader bear in mind the difference in respect to age, learning, and privileges between our modern public schoolboys, and university undergraduates, he will realise with sufficient nearness to truth the differences which existed between the Inns of Chancery students and the Inns of Court students in the fifteenth century; and in the students, utter-barristers, and benchers of the Inns of Court at the same period he may see three distinct orders of academic persons closely resembling the undergraduates, bachelors of arts, and masters of arts in our own universities."



EXTERIOR OF FURNIVAL'S INN, 1754.

Furnival's Inn, between Brooke Street and Leather Lane, was originally the town mansion of the Lords Furnival. It belonged some time, says Stow, "to William Furnivall, knight, who had in Holborn two messuages and thirteen shops, as appeareth by record of Richard II., in the 6th of his reign." It was an Inn of Chancery in the 9th of Henry IV., was held under lease in the time of Edward VI., and was sold, early in Elizabeth's



INTERIOR OF FURNIVAL'S INN (*after Nicholls*), 1754.

reign, to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who appear to have formerly had the lease of it.

In Charles I.'s time the greater part of the old inn described by Stow was taken down and a new building erected in its stead. "The Gothic Hall," says Cunningham, "with its timber roof (part of the original structure), was standing in 1818, when the whole inn was rebuilt by Mr. Peto, the contractor, who obtained a lease of the ground." In the square is a statue of Peto. Furnival's Inn is let in chambers, but is no longer an Inn of Chancery. Part of its interior is occupied by a hotel. The Society of Furnival's Inn ceased to exist as a community about 1817.

The arms of Furnival's Inn are—argent, a bend between six martlets, with a bordure azure.

A street disturbance is mentioned by Stow, in his "Annals," in which the leading member of this Inn got into trouble:—"In the 32nd of Henry VI. a tumult betwixt the gentlemen of Inns of Court and Chancery and the citizens of London, happening in Fleet Street, in which some mischief was done, the principals of Clifford's Inn, Furnival's Inn, and Barnard's Inn were sent prisoners to Hartford Castle."

The famous Sir Thomas More was "reader by the space of three years and more" in this Inn. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn. Of this great Lord Chancellor of the reign of Henry VIII., one of the most illustrious men of that period, how much might be told! He was the son of Sir John More, an honest judge of the King's Bench, who had some humour in him, if what Camden records be true. Speaking of the lottery of marriage, he used to say, "I would compare the multitude of women which are to be chosen for wives unto a bag full of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now if a man should put his hand into this bag, he may chance to light on the eel, but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by a snake." It has been observed, however, that he himself ventured to put his hand three times into the bag, for he married three wives; nor was the sting so hurtful as to prevent his arriving at the age of ninety, and even then he did not die of anything else than a surfeit, occasioned by eating grapes.

Sir Thomas was his son by his first wife. He also was not afraid of snakes. "Having determined," we are told, "by the advice and direction of his ghostly father, to be a married man, there was at that time a pleasant conceited gentleman, of an ancient family in Essex, one Mr. John Colt, of New Hall, that invited him into his house, being much delighted in his company, proffering unto him the choice of any of his daughters, who were young gentlewomen of very good carriage, good complexions, and very religiously inclined; whose honest and sweet conversation, and virtuous education, enticed Sir Thomas not a little; and although his affection most served him to the second, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he thought within himself that it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have the younger sister preferred before her, he, out of a kind of compassion, settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon afterwards married her, with all his friends' good liking."

This marriage proved fairly happy, but, before many years had passed, Jane Colt died. More then put his hand a second time into the bag, and this time had the ill luck to draw out a scorpion. He proposed to a widow, named Alice Middleton, who would have done well enough for a superior domestic servant: his good judgment and taste deserted him when he decided to make her a closer companion. Bustling, loquacious, tart, the good dame scolded servants and petty tradesmen with admirable effect; but, even at this distance of time, the sensitive ear is pained by her sharp, garrulous tongue, when its ascerbity and virulence are turned against her pacific and scholarly husband. She had no sympathy for, no feelings in common with him; he had as little in common with her.

Both humorous and pathetic, it has been remarked, was that memorable interview between More and Mrs. Alice, in the Tower, when she, regarding his position by the light with which she had been endowed by Nature, advised him to yield even then to the king. "What the good-year, Mr. More!" cried she, bustling up to the tranquil and courageous man. "I marvel that you, who have been hitherto always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close-fitting prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and good will of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best learned of his realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what, in God's name, you mean here thus fondly to tarry." Having heard her out, preserving his good-humour, he said to her, with a cheerful countenance, "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing." "What is it?" saith she. "Is not this house as near heaven as my own?" The two were thinking of very different things. Sir Thomas More had his eye on

heaven. Mrs. Alice had hers on "the right fair house at Chelsea."

More, with all his talent, learning, and wit, had in him a great deal of bigotry and superstition. When about twenty years old he began to practise monkish austerities, wearing a sharp shirt of hair next his skin, which he never left off entirely, even when he was Lord Chancellor. As a lay Carthusian he at one time disciplined his bare back with scourges, slept on the cold ground or a hard bench, with a log for a pillow, allowed himself but four or five hours' sleep in the night, and by a score of other strong measures sought to preserve his spiritual by ruining his bodily health.

He comes before us, very life-like and pleasing, in connection with the charges of bribery, which at the time of his fall were preferred against him before the Privy Council. One story of this period has been often repeated. A Mrs. Croker being opposed in a suit to Lord Arundel, sought to win Sir Thomas More's favour; so she presented him with a pair of gloves containing forty angels. With a courteous smile he accepted the gloves, but constrained her to take back the gold. The gentleness of the rebuff is charming.

In Furnival's Inn Charles Dickens lived from shortly after his entering the reporters' gallery till 1837, and it was here that the proposal that originated "Pickwick" was made to him. Dickens has himself described to us what passed at an interview which must be regarded as a happy one by all admirers of the novelist. Mr. Seymour, the artist, had proposed to do a series of cockney sporting plates, which it was thought would take with the public, if accompanied by letterpress, and published in monthly parts. "The idea," says Dickens, "propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, Mr. Hall, that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of 'Pickwick,' and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club and his happy portrait of its founder. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour." Between the first and second number of "Pickwick," Mr. Seymour died by his own hand, and Mr. H. K. Browne was eventually chosen to fill his place as illustrator. But that is apart from Furnival's Inn history, so we may leave the rest of the story untold.

Thavie's Inn was formerly an Inn of Chancery, appertaining to Lincoln's Inn. It was sold, however, by that society in 1771 to a Mr. Middleton. Having been subsequently destroyed by fire, a range of private buildings was erected on its site. The name it bears is derived from John Thavie, a liberal-minded armourer, with whom we have already met when speaking of St. Andrew's. In 1348 he bequeathed certain houses in Holborn, returning a large rental, for the support of the fabric of that interesting edifice.

"I must and will begin with Thavies Inne," says Sir George Buc, "for besides that at my first coming to London, I was admitted for probation into that good house, I take it to be the oldest Inn of Chancery, at the least in Holborn. It was before the dwelling of an honest citizen called John Thavie, an armourer, and was rented of him in the time of King Edward III. by the chief professors then of the law, viz., Apprentices, as it is yet extant in a record in the Hustings, and whereof my Lord Coke showed to me the transcript, but since that time it was purchased for the students and other professors of the Law of Chancery by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, about the reign of King Henry VII., and retaineth the name of the old landlord or owner, Master Thavie."

Barnard's Inn is an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. Formerly it was called Mackworth's Inn, and in the days of Henry VI. we find it a messuage belonging to Dr. John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln. At the time of its conversion into an Inn of Chancery, it was in the occupation of one Barnard, and his name it has retained ever since.

The arms of Barnard's Inn are those of Mackworth—party per pale, indented ermine and sables, a cheveron, gules, fretted or.

The old hall of Barnard's Inn is the smallest of all the halls of the London Inns; it is only thirty-six feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high. It contains a fine full-length portrait of the upright and learned Lord Chief Justice Holt, for

some time principal of Barnard's Inn; and also of Lord Burleigh, Lord Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry, and other eminent men.

In the time of Elizabeth there were 112 students in this Inn in term, and 24 out of term; in 1855 there were, including the principal, ancient, and companions, in all, 18 members.

A believer in alchemy, Mr. Peter Woulfe, F.R.S., lived, about seventy years ago, in Barnard's Inn, No. 2, second-floor chambers. He was an eminent chemist, and, according to Mr. Brande, "the last true believer in alchemy." But little is known of his life. "Sir Humphrey Davy tells us," says Mr. Timbs, in his "Century of Anecdotes," "that he used to hang up written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to reach the fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the room. His breakfast hour was four in the morning; a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break with an acquaintance, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender and never seeing him again. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died."

His last moments were remarkable. In spite of his serious illness, he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chamber, and left him. She returned at midnight, when he was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead, his countenance being calm and serene; apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had seen him last.

A contemporary of Woulfe, also an alchemist, is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his paper on astrology and alchemy, in the *Quarterly Review* (1821). About 1801 this enthusiast lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of an editor of an evening journal. He expected to compound the alkahest, if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out the adept never could guess; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septennary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded.

An order made by the authorities of Barnard's Inn, in November, 1706, throws some light on legal manners in the beginning of the eighteenth century. This order named two quarts as the allowance of wine to be given to each mess of four men, on going through the ceremony of "initiation." Of course this amount of wine was an "extra" allowance, in addition to the ale and sherry allotted to members by the regular dietary of the house. "Even Sheridan," Mr. Jeaffreson remarks, "who boasted he could drink any *given* quantity of wine, would have thought twice before he drank so large a given quantity, in addition to a liberal allowance of stimulant. Anyhow, the quantity was fixed—a fact that would have elicited an expression of approval from Chief Baron Thomson, who, loving port wine wisely, though too well, expressed at the same time his concurrence with the words and his dissent from the opinion of a barrister who observed, 'I hold, my lord, that, after a good dinner, a certain quantity of wine does no harm.' With a smile, the Chief Baron rejoined, 'True, sir, it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief.'"

During the "No Popery" riots of 1780, Barnard's Inn very nearly fell a sacrifice to one of those wild acts of incendiarism which at that time disgraced the metropolis. It stood next to the extensive premises of Langdale's distillery, and Mr. Langdale was both the object of indignation and interest to the mob: in the first place, he was a Roman Catholic; and in the second, he had a plentiful store of tempting liquor in his hands. The attack on Langdale's distillery, and its subsequent destruction by fire, were among the most striking scenes of the famous riots. What ardent spirits escaped from the flames were swallowed by the rioters. Many of them are said to have literally drunk themselves dead; women and children were seen drinking from the kennels, which flowed with gin and other intoxicating liquors; and many of the rabble, who had drunk themselves into a state of insensibility, perished in the flames. A Dr. Warner, who had passed the night in his chambers in Barnard's Inn, writes thus on the following morning to George Selwyn:—"The staircase in which my chambers are is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. However, I fear there are many scores of

poor creatures in this town who have suffered this night much more than I have, and with less ability to bear it. Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? There can be no living here, even if the fire stops immediately, for the whole place is a wreck; but there will be time enough to think of this. But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than anything; I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will; and what can have become of her is horrible to think! I fervently hope that you and yours are free from every distress. . . . . Six o'clock. The fire, I believe, is nearly stopped, though only at the next door to me. But no maid appears. When I shall overcome the horror of the night, and its consequences, I cannot guess. But I know, if you can send me word that things go well with you, that they will be less sad with me."

Staple Inn is an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. The tradition is that it derives its name from having been originally an inn or hostell of the merchants of the (wool) staple. With this explanation, until a better is given, we must rest satisfied. It became an Inn of Chancery in the time of Henry V., and the inheritance of it was granted, 20th Henry VIII., to the Society of Gray's Inn. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and is worthy of notice as one of the oldest existing specimens of our metropolitan street architecture. The hall is of a later date, has a clock turret, and originally possessed an open timber roof. Some of the armorial glass in the windows of the hall date as far back as 1500. There are a few portraits —amongst them are those of Charles II., Queen Anne, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Lord Camden—and at the upper end is the woolsack, the arms of the Inn. Upon brackets are casts of the twelve Cæsars. In the garden adjoining used to be a luxuriant fig-tree, which had spread itself over nearly all the south side of the hall. Upon a terrace opposite, the offices of the taxing-masters in Chancery are situated. They were completed in 1843, and are in the purest style of the reign of James I. The arched entrances and semi-circular oriels are highly effective. The open-work parapet of the terrace, and the lodge and gate leading to Southampton Buildings, are very picturesque. The Inn is divided into two courts, with a pleasant garden behind.

The doorway shown in our illustration on page 365 is mentioned by Dickens in "Edwin Drood." By it one entered the chambers of Mr. Grewgious. What P. J. T. meant, carved on the stone above the door—whether Possibly John Thomas, or Possibly Joe Tyler, or what—the reader will recollect occasionally formed an innocent subject of speculation to Mr. Grewgious.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there were 145 students in Staple Inn, in term, and 69 out of term—the largest number in any of the houses of Chancery.

Reading and mootings were observed here with commendable regularity. Sir Simon d'Ewes mentions that, on the 17th of February, 1625, he went in the morning to Staple Inn, and there argued a moot point, or law case, with others, and they did not abandon the exercise till near three o'clock in the afternoon.

Isaac Reed, who died in 1807, had chambers here. It was in Reed's chambers that Steevens corrected the proof-sheets of his well-known edition of Shakespeare. His habits were peculiar. He used, says Peter Cunningham, to leave his house at Hampstead at one in the morning, and walk to Staple Inn. Reed, who went to bed at a reasonable hour, allowed his facetious fellow-commentator the luxury of a latch-key, so Steevens stole quietly to his work, without disturbing the repose of his friend.

Dr. Samuel Johnson removed to chambers in this Inn, on the breaking up of his establishment in Gough Square, Fleet Street, where he had resided for ten years. We find him writing, under date of 23rd March, 1759, to Miss Porter:—

"Dear Madam,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London. . . . I am going to publish a little story-book, which I will send you, when it is out. Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you.—I am, my dear, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

The "little story-book" was "Rasselas," which he seems to have written here, at least, in part. Of this entertaining and, at the same time, profound performance, Boswell says:—"Johnson wrote it, that with the profits he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to press in portions, as it was written, and had never since read it over. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Dodsley purchased it for £100, but afterwards paid him £25 more, when it came to a second edition."

"Considering the large sums which have been

received for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder," adds Boswell, "at the very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance, which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This tale, with all the charms of Oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of 'vanity and vexation of spirit!' To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail; but those who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom."

There was an alarming fire in Staple Inn, 27th November, 1756. It consumed several chambers, and two women and two children perished in the flames. The hall fortunately escaped destruction.

With this description of Holborn and the Inns of Court, which form its most interesting feature, we terminate our account of Old and New London east of Temple Bar. In the succeeding volumes we shall move westward, from the same starting point, along the Strand, through Westminster, and the western portions of London, and across the water into Southwark. The ground over which we shall travel will be found as replete with memories and associations of past history, and striking features of modern progress, as any of that which we have already surveyed.

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